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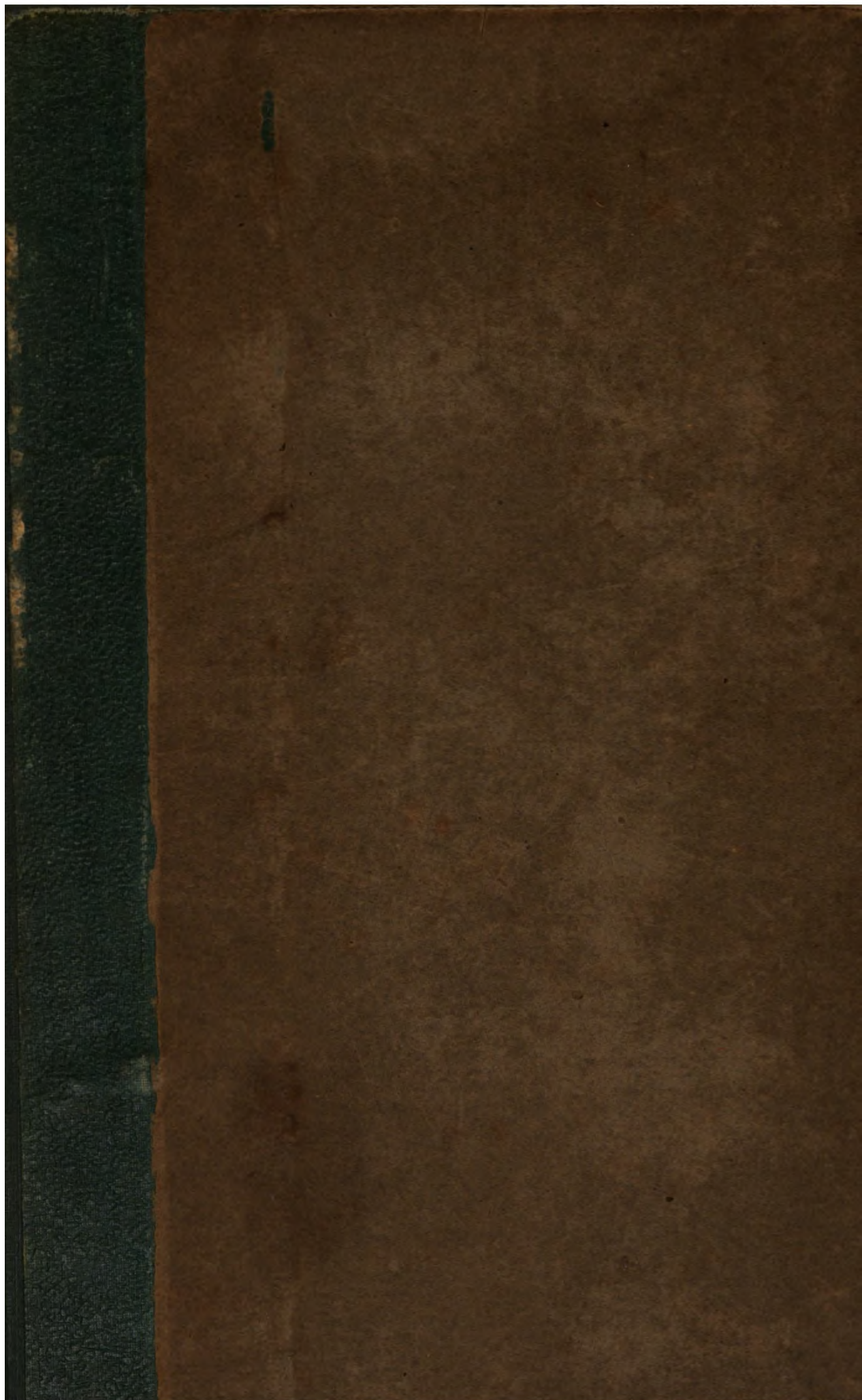
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PARADISE LOST
AND
REGAINED,
WITH THE LATIN AND OTHER POEMS,
OF
JOHN MILTON.

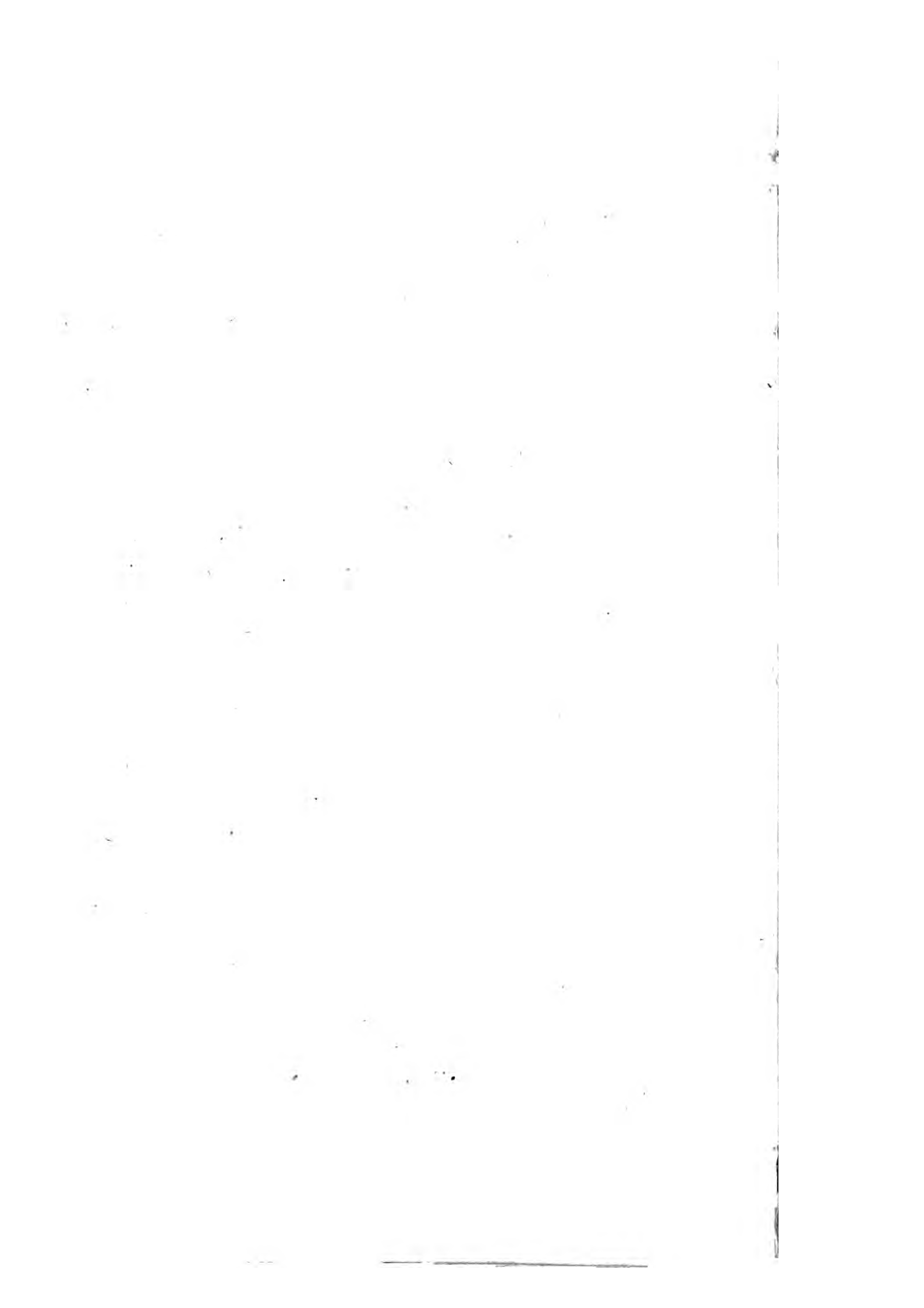
NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS
BY W. COWPER,
AND
LIFE BY WILLIAM HAYLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HENRY WASHBOURNE,
SALISBURY SQUARE.



ADAM:

A SACRED DRAMA,

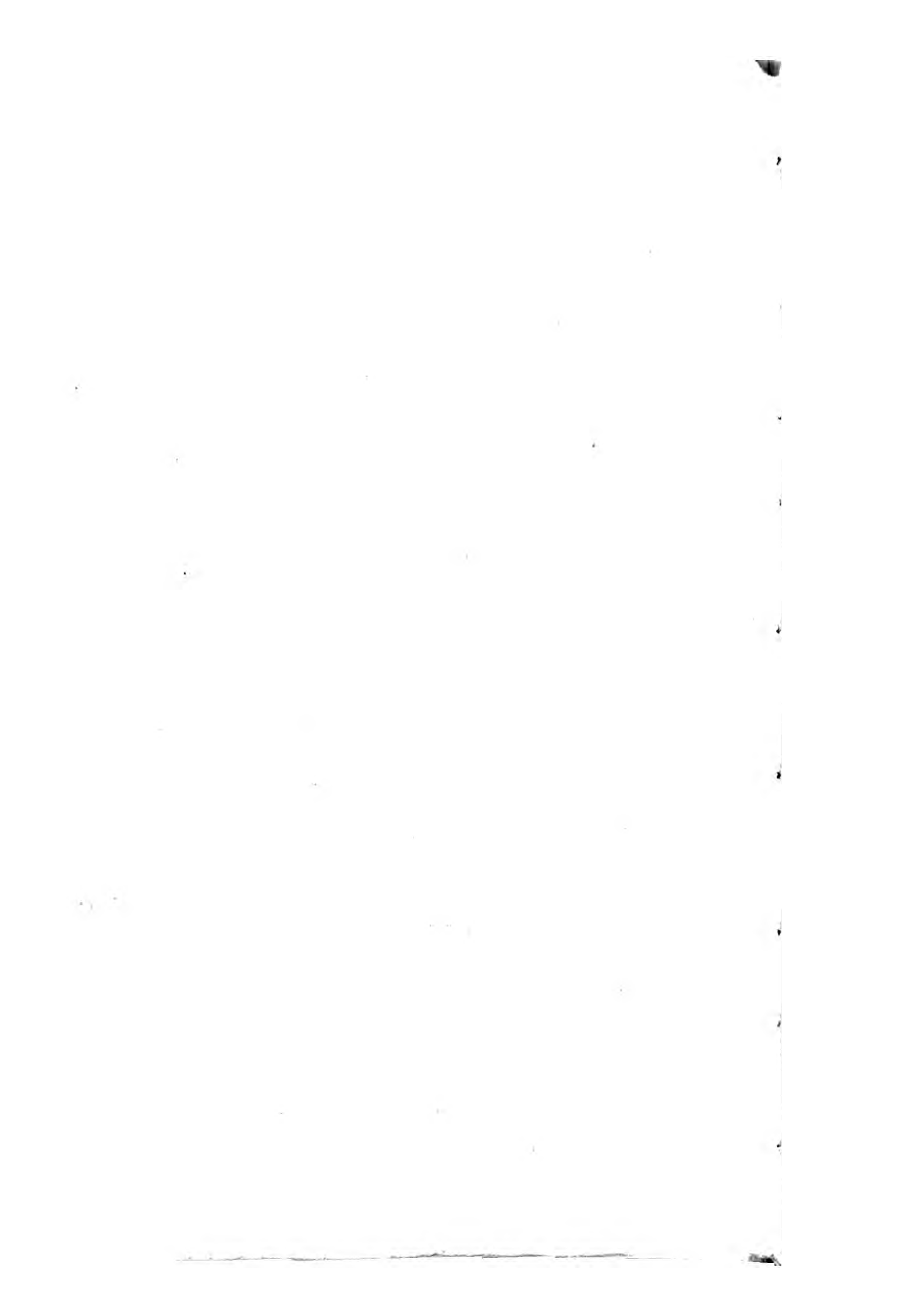
TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN,

OF

GIO. BATTISTA ANDREINI.

VOL. III.

B



TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

HAVING satiated, and fatigued my eyes gentle reader, by too intent an observation of what is passing on earth; and raising therefore my thoughts to higher contemplations, to the wonders diffused by the supreme Being, for the benefit of man, through the universe; I felt my heart penetrated by a certain christian compunction, in reflecting how his inexpressible goodness, though perpetually and grievously offended by us, still shews itself in the highest degree indulgent towards us in preserving those wonders with a continual influence to our advantage; and how on the first provocation to vengeance, Almighty power does not enlarge the ocean, to pass its immense boundary, does not obscure the light of the sun, does not impress sterility on the earth, to ingulph us, to blind us, and finally to destroy us. Softened and absorbed in these divine emotions, I felt myself transported and hurried by a delightful

violence into a terrestrial paradise, where I seemed to behold the first man Adam, a creature dear to God, the friend of Angels, the heir of heaven, familiar with the stars, a compendium of all created things, the ornament of all, the miracle of nature, the lord of the animals, the only inhabitant of the universe, and enjoyer of a scene so wonderfully grand. Whence charmed more than ever, I resolved with the favour of the blessed God, to usher into the light of the world, what I bore in the darkness of my imagination; both to render it known in some measure, that I know myself, and the infinite obligations, that I have to God; and that others, who do not know, may learn, the true nature of man, and from the low contemplation of earthly things, may raise their minds to things celestial and divine.

I remained however a considerable time in doubt if I ought, or if I were able to undertake a composition most difficult to me on many accounts, since in beginning the sacred subject from man's creation, to the point where he is driven from the terrestrial paradise, a period of six years (as St. Augustin relates in his book on the city of God) I did not clearly perceive, how an action so brief, could be formed into five acts, especially allowing to every act the number of at least six or seven scenes, difficult from the dispute that the Devil maintained with Eve, first, that he might induce her to eat the apple, since we have only the

PREFACE.

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text, that mentions it in saying “ nequaquam moriemini et eritis sicut Dii scientes bonum et malum,” difficult from the words of Eve in persuading Adam, (who had indeed the gift of knowledge infused) to taste the apple: but difficult above all, from my own infirmity, since the composition must remain deprived of those poetic ornaments, so dear to the muses: deprived of the power to draw comparisons from implements of art introduced in the course of years, since in the time of the first man there was no such thing, deprived also of naming (at least while Adam speaks or discourse is held with him) for example, bows, arrows, hatchets, urns, knives, swords, spears, trumpets, drums, trophies, banners, lists, hammers, torches, bellows, funeral piles, theatres, exchequers, infinite things of a like nature, introduced by the necessities of sin. And yet, as circumstances of affliction, and punishment, they ought not to pass through the mind, or through the lips of Adam, although he had knowledge infused into him, as one who lived most happy in a state of innocence: deprived moreover of introducing points of History sacred or profane, of relating fictions of fabulous deities, of rehearsing loves, furies, sports of hunting, or fishing, triumphs, shipwrecks, conflagrations, enchantments, and things of a like nature, that are in truth the ornament and the soul of poetry, difficult from not knowing in what style Adam ought to speak, since

in respect to his knowledge it might be proper to assign to him verses of a high majestic and flowing style; but considering him as a shepherd and inhabitant of the woods, it appears, that he should be simple and sweet in his discourse, and I endeavoured on that account to render it such, as much as I could by variety of versification. And here taking courage in my greatest doubt, I formed, I know not how, a beginning; I advanced, if I may say so, without any determinate plan: and arrived at the end, before I was aware. Whence I am inclined to believe, that the favour of God regarding rather my good intention, than my defects (for as he often withdraws the heart of Man, from evil so he conducts it insensibly to good) gave direction to my hand, and completed my work. Wherefore to that alone I am indebted for the little grace that may perhaps be found in the present labour; knowing, that as Omnipotence is accustomed to produce wonders from the rude and unformed Chaos, so, from the still ruder Chaos of my mind, it may have called forth this production, if not for any other purpose, yet to be sacred and to make as it were a mute speak in my person, in despite of poverty of genius, as on the other hand it is accustomed to strike mute the most eloquent tongues, when they employ themselves on subjects low and profane. Let it be surveyed therefore, with an eye of indulgence, and blame not the poverty of style,

the want of dignity in the conduct of the circumstances, sterility of conceits, weakness of spirit, insipid jokes, and extravagant episodes, to mention (without speaking of an infinitude of other things) that the world, the flesh, and the devil, present themselves in human shapes to tempt Adam, since there was then in the universe no other man, or woman, and the serpent discovered himself to Eve with a human similitude; more over this is done, that the subject may be comprehended by the understanding through the medium of the senses: since the great temptations that Adam and Eve at once sustained, were indeed in the interior of their own mind, but could not be so comprehended by the spectator; nor is it to be believed that the serpent held a long dispute with Eve, since he tempted her rather by a suggestion to her mind, than by the conference, saying these words, *nequaquam moriemini et eritis sicut Dii scientes Bonum et malum,*” and yet it will be necessary in order to express those internal contentions to find some expedient to give them an outward representation. But, if it is permitted to the painter, who is a dumb poet, to express by colours God the Father under the person of a man silvered by age, and to describe under the image of a white dove the purity of the Spirit, and to figure the divine messengers, or Angels, in the shape of winged youths; why is it not permitted to

the poet, who is a speaking painter, to represent in his theatrical production another man and another woman, besides Adam and Eve, and to represent their internal conflicts through the medium of images, and voices entirely human? not to mention that it appears more allowable to introduce in this work the Devil under a human shape, than it is to introduce into it the Eternal Father, and even an Angel; and if this is permitted, and seen every day exhibited in sacred representations, why should it not be allowed in the present, where, if the greater evil is allowable, surely the lesser should be allowed. Attend therefore, gentle reader, more to the substance, than to the accident, considering in the work the great end of introducing into the theatre of the soul the misery, and lamentation of Adam, to make your heart a spectator of them, in order to raise it from these dregs of earth, to the magnificence of heaven, thro' the medium of virtue, and the assistance of God; by whom may you be blessed.

THE CHARACTERS.



Chorus of Seraphim, Cherubim, and Angels.

The Archangel Michael.

Adam.

Eve.

A Cherub, the Guardian of Adam.

Lucifer.

Satan.

Beelzebub.

Seven Mortal Sins.

The World.

The Flesh.

Famine.

Labour.

Despair.

Death.

Vain Glory.

The Serpent.

Volano, an Infernal Messenger.

A Chorus of Phantoms.

A Chorus of Fiery, Airy, Aquatic, and Infernal Spirits.



CHORUS OF ANGELS

Singing the Glory of God.

TO Heaven's bright lyre, let Iris be the bow,
 Adapt the spheres for chords for notes the stars,
 Let new born gales discriminate the bars,
 Nor let old Time, to measure times be slow.
 Hence to new Music of th' eternal Lyre,
 Add richer harmony and praise to praise ;
 For him who now his wondrous might displays,
 And shews the Universe, its awful Sire.
 O Thou who ere the World, or Heav'n, was made,
 Did'st in thyself, that World, that Heav'n enjoy,
 How does thy bounty all its powers employ ;
 What inexpressive good hast thou display'd ?
 O thou of sovereign love almighty source,
 Who know'st to make thy works thy love express,
 Let pure devotion's fire the soul possess
 And give the heart and hand a kindred force.
 Then shalt thou hear how, when the world
 began,
 Thy life producing voice, gave myriads birth,
 Call'd forth from nothing, all in Heaven and
 Earth,
 Bless'd in thy light as Eagles in the Sun.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

God the Father—Chorus of Angels.

RAISE from this dark abyss thy horrid visage;
O Lucifer, aggriev'd by light so potent,
Shrink from the blaze of these refulgent planets,
And pant beneath the rays of no fierce sun;
Read in the sacred volumes of the sky,
The mighty wonders of a hand divine.
Behold thou frantic rebel
How easy is the task,
To the great Sire of Worlds,
To raise his empyrean seat sublime :
Lifting humility
Thither whence pride hath fallen
From thence with bitter grief,
Inhabitant of fire, and mole of darkness,
Let the perverse behold,
Despairing his escape, and my compassion,

His own perdition in another's good ;
 And Heav'n now clos'd to him, to others open'd,
 And sighing from the bottom of his heart.
 Let him in homage to my pow'er exclaim,
 Ah this creative Sire,
 (Wretch as I am) I see,
 Hath need of nothing but himself alone
 To re-establish all.

The Seraphim sing.

O scene worth heavenly musing,
 With sun and moon their glorious light diffusing ;
 Where to Angelic voices,
 Sphere circling sphere rejoices,
 How dost thou rise, exciting
 Man to fond contemplation
 Of his benign creation.

The Cherubim sing.

The volume of the stars,
 The sov'reign Author plann'd,
 Inscribing it with his eternal hand,
 And his benignant aim
 Their beams in lucid characters proclaim,
 And man in these delighting ;
 Feels their bright beams inviting,
 And seems tho' prison'd in these mortal bars,
 Walking on earth to mingle with thee stars

God the Father.

Angels desert your Heaven! with you to Earth,

That Power descends, whom Heaven accompanies ;
 Let each spectator of these works sublime
 Behold, with meek devotion,
 Earth into flesh transform'd, and clay to man,
 Man to a sovereign lord,
 And souls to Seraphim.

The Seraphim sing.

Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold,
 The world be paradise,
 Since to its fruitful breast,
 Now the great sov'reign of our quire descends ;
 Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold ;
 Strew yourselves flow'rs beneath the step divine,
 Ye rivals of the stars !
 Summon'd from every sphere
 Ye gems of heav'n, heav'n's radiant wealth appear ;
 Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold.

God the Father.

Behold ye springing herbs, and new-born flow'rs,
 The step that used to press the stars alone
 And the sun's spacious road,
 This day begins, along the sylvan scene,
 To leave its grand impression :
 To low materials now I stretch my hand,
 To form a work sublime.

The Angels sing.

Lament, lament in anguish,
 Angel to God rebellious,

See, on a sudden rise
 The creature doom'd to fill thy radiant seat,
 Foolish thy pride took fire
 Contemplating thy birth;
 But he o'er pride shall triumph,
 Acknowledging he sprung from humble dust.
 From hence he shall acquire
 As much as thou hast lost.
 Since the Supreme Inhabitant of Heav'n
 Receives the humble, and dethrones the proud.

God the Father.

Adam arise, since I to thee impart,
 A spirit warm from my benignant breath;
 Arise, arise, first man,
 And joyous let the world
 Embrace its living miniature in thee.

Adam. O marvels new, O hallow'd, O divine;
 Eternal object of the angel host;
 Why do I not possess tongues numerous
 As now the stars in heav'n?
 Now then, before
 A thing of earth so mean,
 See I the great artificer divine?
 Mighty Ruler supernal,
 If 'tis denied this tongue
 To match my obligation with my thanks,
 Behold my hearts affection,
 And hear it speaking clearer than my tongue,

And to thee bending lower
 Than this my humble knee.
 Now, now, O Lord, in extacy devout,
 Let my mind mount, and passing all the clouds,
 Passing each sphere, e'en up to heav'n ascend,
 And there behold the stars, a seat for man !
 Thou Lord who all the fire of genuine love
 Convertest to thyself ;
 Transform me into thee, that I a part
 E'en of thyself, may thus acquire the power
 To offer praises not unworthy thee.

The Angels sing.

To smile in paradise,
 Great demigod of earth, direct thy step ;
 There like the tuneful spheres,
 Circle the murm'ring rills
 Of limpid water bright ;
 There the melodious birds,
 Rival angelic quires ;
 There lovely flow'rs profuse,
 Appear as vivid stars ;
 The snowy rose is there
 A silver moon, the heliotrope a sun :
 What more can be desir'd.
 By earth's new lord in fair corporeal vest,
 Than in the midst of earth to find a heaven ?

Adam. O ye harmonious birds !
 Bright scene of lovely flow'rs.

But what delightful slumber
 Falls on my closing eyes?
 I lay me down, adieu
 Unclouded light of day, sweet air adieu.

God the Father.

Adam, behold I come,
 Son dear to me, thou son
 Of an indulgent sire ;
 Behold the hand that never works in vain :
 Behold the hand that join'd the elements,
 That added heav'n to heav'ns,
 That fill'd the stars with light,
 Gave lustre to the moon,
 Prescrib'd the sun his course,
 And now supports the world,
 And forms a solid stage for thy firm step.
 Now sleeping, Adam from thy open'd side
 The substance I will take
 That shall have woman's name, and lovely form.

The Angels sing.

Immortal works of an immortal maker !
 Ye high and blessed seats
 Of this delightful world,
 Ye starry seats of heav'n,
 Trophies divine, productions preordain'd :
 O power ! O energy !
 Which out of shadowy horror form'd the Sun !
Eve. What heav'nly melody pervades my heart,

Ere yet the sound my ear ! inviting me
 To gaze on wonders, what do I behold,
 What transformations new ;
 Is earth become the heaven ?
 Do I behold his light
 Whose splendor dazzles the meridian sun ?
 Am I the creature of that plastic hand,
 Who form'd of nought the angels, and the heav'ns ?
 Thou sov'reign Lord ! whom lowly I adore,
 A love so tender penetrates my heart,
 That while my tongue ventures on utterance,
 And words with difficulty
 Find passage from my lips,
 For in a tide of tears,
 (That sighs have caus'd to flow) they seem absorb'd ;
 Thou pure celestial love
 Of the benignant power,
 Who pleas'd to manifest on earth his glory,
 Now to this world descends,
 To draw from abject clay
 The governour of all created things :
 Lord of the hallow'd and concealed affection,
 Thou in whom love glows with such fervent flame,
 Inspirit ev'n my tongue
 With suitable reply, that these dear vales,
 And Sylvan scenes may hear
 Thanks, that to thee I should devote, my Sire,
 But if my tongue be mute, speak thou my heart.

God the Father.

Adam, awake ! and cease
 To meditate in rapt'rous trance profound,
 Things holy and abstruse,
 And the deep secrets of the Trinal Lord.

Adam. Where am I? where have I been ? what
 Sun

Of triple influence that dims the day
 Now from my eye withdraws, where is he vanish'd?
 O hallow'd miracles
 Of this imperial seat,
 Of these resplendant suns,
 Which tho' divided, form
 A single ray of light immeasurable,
 Embellishing all Heaven,
 And giving grace and lustre
 To every winged Seraph,
 Divine mysterious light,
 Flowing from sov'reign good,
 To him alone thou art known,
 Who mounts to thee an eagle in his faith.
 What rose of snowy hue and sacred form,
 In these celestial bowers,
 Wet with Emyreal dews, have I beheld
 Op'ning its bosom to these suns ! or rather
 One of these suns making the rose its Heav'n ;
 And in a moment's space,
 (O marvels most sublime)

With deluges of light,
 And in a lilly's form,
 Rise from that lovely virgin bosom blest.
 Can suns be lilies then,
 And lilies children of the maiden rose.

God the Father.

The Heav'ns too lofty, and too low the world,
 Suffice it that in vain
 Mans humble intellect
 Attempts to sound the depth of deeds divine :
 Press in the fond embraces of thy heart
 The consort of thy bosom
 And let her name be Eve.

Adam. O my belov'd companion,
 Support of my existence ;
 My glory, and my power,
 Flesh of my flesh, and of my bone the bone :
 Behold I clasp thy bosom
 In plenitude of pure and hallow'd love.

God the Father.

I leave you now my children, rest in peace,
 Receive my blessing, and so fruitful prove
 That for your offspring earth may scarce suffice ;
 Man be thou lord of all that now the sun
 Warms or the Ocean laves ; impose a name
 On ev'ry thing that flies, or runs, or swims ;
 Now thro' the ear descending to your soul
 Receive th' immutable decree hear Adam

Let thy companion hear, and in your hearts
 Made the abode of love,
 Cherish the mighty word !
 Of fruits whatever from a spreading branch
 Each copious tree may offer to your hands,
 Of dainty viands whatsoe'er abound
 In this delightful garden,
 This paradise of flow'rs,
 The gay delight of man,
 The treasure of the earth,
 The wonder of the world; the work of God,
 These O my son, these thou art free to taste :
 But of the tree comprising good and evil
 Under the pain of dying
 To him, who knows not death,
 Be now the fruit forbidden !
 I leave ye now and thro' my airy road
 Departing from the world, return to Heaven.

The Seraphim sing.

Let every airy cloud on earth descend,
 And luminous and light
 Repose with God upon this glowing sphere !
 Then let the stars descend,
 Descend the moon and sun,
 Forming bright steps to the Empyrean world,
 And each rejoice that the supreme Creator
 Has deign'd to visit what his hand produc'd.

Adam. O scene of splendour ! viewing which I see

The glories of my God in lovelier light ;
How thro' my eyes do you console my heart !
See, at a single nod of our great sire
(Dear partner of my life)
Fire bursting forth with elemental power !
The Sea, Heav'n, Earth, their properties assume
And air grows air, altho' there were before
Nor fire, nor heav'n, nor air, nor earth, nor sea ;
Behold the azure sky, in which oft times
The lovely glittering star
Shall wake the dawn, attir'd in Heavn'ly light,
The herald of the morn,
To spread the boundless lustre of the day ;
Then shall the radiant sun
To gladden all the world,
Diffuse abroad his energy of light,
And when his eye is weary of the earth,
The pure and silvery moon
And the minuter stars
Shall form the pomp of night.
Behold where fire o'er every element,
Lucid, and light, assumes its lofty seat !
Behold the simple field of spotless air
Made the support of variegated birds
That with their tuneful notes
Guide the delightful hours !
See the great bosom of the fertile earth

With flow'rs embellish'd and with fruits mature!
 See on her verdant brow she seems to bear
 Hills as her crown, and as her sceptre trees!
 Behold the oceans fair cærulean plain,
 That midst its humid sands and vales profound,
 And midst its silent, and its scaly tribes
 Rolls over buried gold, and precious pearl,
 And crimson coral raising to the sky
 Its wavy head with herbs and amber crown'd!
 Stupendous all proclaim
 Their Maker's power and glory.

Eve. All manifest thy might
 O archirect divine!

Adam. Dear Partner let us go
 Where to invite our step
 God's other wonders shine, a countless tribe.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Lucifer. Who from my dark abyss
 Calls me to gaze on this excess of light?
 What miracles unseen,
 Shew'st thou to me O God?
 Art thou then tir'd of residence in heav'n?
 Why hast thou form'd on earth
 This lovely paradise?

And wherefore place in it
Two earthly demi-gods of human mould ?
Say thou vile architect ;
Forming thy work of dust,
What will befall this naked helpless man,
The sole inhabitant of glens and woods ?
Does he then dream of treading on the stars ?
Heav'n is impoverish'd and I alone
The cause, enjoy the ruin I produc'd :
Let him unite above
Star upon star, moon, Sun,
And let his God-head toil
To re-adorn and re-illumine his Heav'n,
Since in the end derision
Shall prove his works, and all his efforts vain :
For Lucifer alone was that full light
Which scatter'd radiance o'er the plains of heav'n.
But these his present fires, are shade, and smoke,
Base counterfeits of my more potent beams ;
I reckon not what he means to make his heav'n,
Nor care I what his creature man may be :
Too obstinate and firm
Is my undaunted thought,
In proving that I am implacable
'Gainst Heav'n, 'gainst Man, the Angels, and their
God.

SCENE THE THIRD.**SATAN, BEELZEBUB, AND LUCIFER.**

To light, to light raise the embattled brows
A Symbol of the firm and generous heart
That ardent dwells in the unconquer'd breast.
Must we then suffer such excessive wrong ?
And shall we not with hands thus talon arm'd
Tear out the stars from their celestial seat ;
And as our sign of conquest
Down in our dark abyss
Shall we not force the sun, and moon to blaze,
Since we are those, who in dread feats of arms
Warring amongst the stars,
Made the bright face of Heav'n turn pale with fear ?
To arms ! to arms ! redoubted Beelzebub !
Ere yet tis heard around,
To our great wrong and memorable shame
That by the race of man (mean child of clay)
The stars expect a new sublimity.

Beelzebub. I burn with such fierce flame,
Such stormy venom deluges my soul,
That with intestine rage
My groans like thunder sound, my looks are light-
ning :

And my extorted tears are fiery showers !
Tis needful therefore from my brow to shake
The hissing serpents that o'ershade my visage,
To gaze upon these mighty works of heav'n,
And the new demi-gods :
Silent be he, who thinks
(Now that this man is form'd,)
To imitate his voice and thus exclaim,
Distressful Satan, ye unhappy spirits,
How wretched is your lot, from being first,
Fallen and degenerate, lost as ye are
Heaven was your station once, your seat the stars,
And your great Maker God !
Now abject wretches, having lost for ever,
Eternal morn, and each celestial light,
Heaven calls you now the denizens of woe ;
Instead of moving in the solar road,
You press the plains of everlasting night,
And for your golden tresses
And looks angelical ;
Your locks are snaky, and your glance malign,
Your burning lips a murky vapour breathe,
And every tongue now teems with blasphemy ;
And all blaspheming raise
A cloud sulphurous of foam, and fire ;
Arm'd with the eagles talon, feet of goat,
And dragons wing, your residence in fire,
Profoundest tartarus unblest, and dark,

The theatre of anguish,
 That shuts itself against the beams of day !
 Since the dread angel born to brook no law,
 To desolate the sky
 And raise the powers of hell,
 Ought to breathe sanguine fire, and on his brow
 Display the ensign of sublimest horror.

Satan. Though arm'd with talons keen, and eagle
 beak,

Snaky our tresses, and our aspect fierce,
 Cloven our feet, our frames with horror plum'd
 And tho' our deep abode
 Be fix'd in shadowy scenes of darkest night,
 Let us be Angels still in dignity ;
 As far surpassing others, as the Lord
 Of highest power, his low, and humble slaves ;
 If far from heav'n our pennons we expand,
 Let us remember still
 That we alone are lords, and they are slaves ;
 And that resigning meaner seats in heav'n,
 We in their stead have rais'd a royal throne
 Immense, and massy, where the mighty chief
 Of all our legions higher lifts his brow,
 Than the proud mountain that upholds your heaven ;
 And, there with heav'n still waging endless war
 Threatening the stars, our adversaries ever,
 Bears a dread sceptre kindling into flame,
 That while he wheels it round, darts forth a blaze

More dazzling than the sun's meridian ray.

Lucifer. Tis time to shew my power, my brave
compeers,

Magnanimous and Mighty

Angels ! endow'd with martial potency,

I know the grief that gives you living death,

Is to see man exalted

To stations so sublime,

That all created things to him submit,

Since ye already doubt,

That to those lofty seats of flaming glory,

(Our treasure once and pride, but now renounc'd)

This pair shall one day rise,

With all the numerous train

Of their posterity.

Satan. Great Lord of the infernal deep abyss,

To thee I bow, and speak

The anguish of my soul,

That for this man, grows hourly more severe,

Fearing the Incarnation of the Word.

Lucifer. Can it be true, that from so little dust
A deity shall rise !

That flesh, that deity, that lofty power,

That chains us to the deep ?

To this vile clod of earth,

He who himself yet claims to be ador'd ?

Shall angels then do homage thus to men ?

And can then flesh impure,

Give to angelic nature higher powers?
Can it be true? and to devise the mode
Escape our intellect, ours who so dear,
Have bought the boast of Wisdom?
I yet am He, I am,
Who would not suffer, that above in heav'n,
Your lofty nature should submit to outrage,
When that insentate wish
Possess'd the tyrant of the starry throne,
That you should prostrate fall,
Before the Incarnate Word:
I am that Spirit, I, who for your sake
Collecting dauntless courage, to the north
Led you far distant from the senseless will,
Of him who boasts to have created heav'n.
And ye are those, your ardour speaks you well,
And your bold hearts that o'er the host of heav'n
Gave me assurance of proud victory;
Arise, let glory's flame
Blaze in your breast nor be it ever heard,
That him whom ye disdain
To worship in the sky,
Ye stoop to worship in the depth of hell;
Such were your oaths to me,
By your inestimable worth in arms,
Your worth alas so great
That heav'n itself deserv'd not to enjoy it;
Oh, 'twere an outrage, and a shame too great,

Were we not ready to revenge it all ;
 I see already flaming in your looks,
 The matchless valour of your ardent hearts,
 Already see your pinions spread in air,
 To overwhelm the world, and highest heaven,
 That, all creation sunk in the abyss,
 This mortal may be found
 Instantly crush'd, and buried in his birth.

Satan. At length pronounce thy orders :
 Say what thou wilt, and with a hundred tongues
 Speak, speak ; that instant in a hundred works,
 Satan may toil, and hell strain all her powers.

Lucifer. Behold ! to smooth the rough and arduous
 way
 By which they deem'd they may ascend to glory,
 Behold, a God assumes
 A human form in vain.
 A mode too prompt and easy,
 To crush the race of mortals,
 The ancient God affords to new-born man.
 Nature herself too much inclines, or rather
 Forces this creature, to support his life
 Frequent to feed on various viands, hence
 Since on delicious dainties
 His bitter fall depends,
 He may be tempted now to fruit forbidden,
 And by the paths of death,
 As he was nothing once, return to nothing.

Beelzebub. Great Angel! greatly thought!

Lucifer. Rather the noble spirit
Of higher tow'ring thought prompts me to speak,
That God perchance indignant that his hands
Have stoop'd to stain themselves in abject clay,
Seeing how different angel is from man,
Repenting of his work,
Forbad him to support his frail existence
Upon this sweet allurements; hence to sin
Prompted by nat'ral motives, tho' tyrannic,
He should himself the earth's destroyer prove,
Converting his vile clay to dust again.
And plucking up again
The rooted world, thus to the highest heav'n
Opening a faithful passage,
Repenting of his wrong to us of old
Its ornaments sublime!

Satan. Pardon, O pardon, if my humble thought
Aspiring by my tongue
Too high, perhaps offend your sov'reign ear!
Long as this man shall rest
Alive, and breathe on earth,
Exhausted we must bear
Fierce war in endless terror of the Word,

Lucifer. Man yet shall rest alive, he yet shall
breathe
And sinning ev'n to death,

This new-made race of mortals
Shall cover all the earth,
And reign o'er all its creatures ;
His soul shall prove eternal,
The image of his God.

Yet shall th' Incarnate Word, I trust, be foil'd.

Beelzebub. Oh precious tidings to angelic ears,
That heal the wounds of all our shatter'd host.

Lucifer. Let man exist to sin, since he by sinning
Shall make the weight of sin his heritage ;
Which shall be in his race
Proclaim'd original,
So that mankind existing but to sin,
And sinning still to death,
And still to error born,
In evil hour the Word,
Will wear the sinners' form, if rightly deem'd
The enemy of sin ;
Now rise ye spirits from the dark abyss,
You who would rest assur'd,
That man the sinner is now doom'd to death.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

MELECANO, LURCONE, LUCIFER, SATAN, *and*
BEELZEBUB.

Melecano. Command us mighty Lord, what are
thy wishes?

Would'st thou extinguish the new-risen sun?
Behold what stores I bring
Of darkness, and of fire,
Alas! with fury Melecano burns.

Lurcone. Behold Lurcone, thou supreme of hell,
Who 'gainst the highest heaven
Pants to direct his rage, whence light of limb,
Tho' loaded deep with wrath,
He stands with threat'ning aspect in thy presence.

Lucifer. Thou Melecan assume the name of
Pride!

Lurcone thou of Envy! both united
(Since power combin'd with power
Acquires new force) to man direct your way;
Nor him alone essay, it is my will
That woman also mourn;
Contrive that she may murmur at her God,
Because in birth not prior to the man,

Since ev'ry future man is now ordain'd
 To draw his life from woman, with such thoughts
 Let her wax envious, that she cannot soar
 Above the man, as high as now below him.
 Hence Lurcon be it thine to make her proud,
 Let her give law to her Creator God,
 Wishing o'er man priority of birth.

Melecano. Behold, where Melecon a dog in fierce-
 ness,

The savage dog of Hell,
 Darts growling to his prey,
 He flies, and he returns
 All cover'd, and all drench'd with human gore.

Lurcone. I rapid too depart,
 And, on a swifter wing
 Than thro' the cloudless air
 Darts the keen eagle to his earthly prey,
 Behold, I too return!
 My beak with carnage fill'd, and talons full.

Lucifer. Haste Arfarat, and Ruspican, rise all,
 Rise from the center to survey the earth!

SCENE THE FIFTH.

RUSPICAN, ARFARAT, LUCIFER, SATAN, *and*
BEELZEBUB.

Ruspican. Soon as I heard the name of Ruspican,
With rapid pinions spread, I sought the skies,
To bend before the great Tartarian chief,
And aggravate the woes
Of this new mortal blest with air and light.

Arfarat. Scarce had thy mighty voice
Re-echoed thro' the deep,
When the Tartarian fires
Flying I left for this serener sky,
Forth from my lips, and heart,
Breathing fierce rancour 'gainst the life of man!

Lucifer. Fly Ruspican with all your force and
fury.
Since now I call thee by the name of Anger,
Find Eve, and tell her that the fair endowment
Of her free will, deserves not she should live
In vassalage to man :
That she alone in value far exceeds
All that the sun in his bright circle warms,
That she from flesh, man from the meaner dust
Arose to life, in the fair garden she
Created pure, he in the baser field!

Ruspican. I joy to change the name of Ruspican
 For Anger, dark and deadly:
 Hence now by my tremendous aid, destructive,
 And deadly be this day!
 Behold I go with all my force, and fury;
 Behold I now transfuse
 My anger all into the breast of woman!

Lucifer. Of Avarice I give
 O Arfarat to thee the name and works;
 Go, see, contend, and conquer!
 Contrive that wandering Eve,
 With down-cast eyes, may in the fruitful garden
 Search with solicitude for hidden treasure.
 Then stimulate her heart
 To wish no other Lord,
 Except herself, of Eden and the world.

Arfarat. See me already plum'd
 With wings of gems, and gold!
 See with an eye of Sapphire
 I gaze upon the fair!
 Behold to her I speak,
 With lips that emulate the ruby's lustre!
 Receive now as thy own,
 (Thus I accost her) all the worlds' vast wealth;
 If she reject my gift,
 Then will I tempt her with a show'er of pearls ;
 A fashion yet unknown ;
 Thus will she melt, and thus I hope at last

In chains of gold to drag her to destruction.

Lucifer. Rise Gular, Dulciato, and Maltia,
To make the band of enemies compleat :
That like a deadly Hydra
Shall dart against this man,
Your seven crests portentous, and terrific !—



SCENE THE SIXTH.

MALTIA, DULCIATO, GULAR, LUCIFER, SATAN,
BEELZEBUB.

Behold ! we come with emulation fierce
To your severe command,
In prompt obedience let us rise to heav'n ;
Let us with wrath assail
This human enemy of abject clay.

Lucifer. Maltia thou shalt take the name of Sloth,
Sudden invest thyself with drowsy charms,
And mischievous repose ;
Now wait on Eve, in slothfulness absorb'd,
Let all this pomp of flowers,
And all these tuneful birds
Be held by her in scorn ;

And from her consort flying,
Now let her feel no wishes but for death.

Maltia. What shall I say? shall I to others
mute,

Announce to thee my sanguinary works?
Savage and silent, I
Would be loquacious in my deeds alone.

Lucifer. Thee *Dulciato* we name *Luxury*;
Haste thou to *Eve*, and fill her with desires
To decorate her fragil form with flowers;
To bind her tresses with a golden fillet,
With various vain devices to allure
A new found paramour;
And to her heart suggest,
That to exchange her love may prove delightful.

Dulciato. Can *Lord* so mighty, from his humble
slave
Demand no higher task?
The way to purchase honour
Now will I teach all hell,
By the completion of my glorious triumph,
Already *Eve* beside a chrystal fount
Exults to vanquish the vermillion rose
With cheeks of sweeter bloom,
And to exceed the lily,
By her yet whiter bosom;
Now beauteous threads of gold

She thinks her tresses floating in the air ;
Now amorous, and charming,
Her radiant eyes she reckons suns of love,
Fit to inflame the very coldest heart.

Lucifer. Gular, be thou call'd Gluttony; now go,
Reveal to Eve that the forbidden fruit
Is manna all within,
And that such food in heav'n
Forms the repast of Angels, and of God.

Gular. Of all the powerful foes
Leagued against man, Gular is only he,
Who can induce him to oppose his maker :
Hence rapidly I fly
To work the woe of mortals.

Satan. To arms, to arms, to ruin, and to blood,
Yes ! now to blood infernal leeches all !
Again, again, proclaiming war to heaven,
And let us put to flight
Every audacious foe
That ventures to disturb our ancient peace !

Beelzebub. Now, now great Chief, with feet
That testify thy triumph,
I see thee crush the sun,
The moon, and all the stars ;
For where thy radiance shines
O Lucifer, all other beams are blind !

Lucifer. Away ; heav'n shudders at the mighty
ruin

That threatens it from our infernal host ;
Already I behold the moon opaque,
And light supplying sun,
The wandering stars, and fixt,
With terror pale, and sinking in eclipse.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Chorus of Angels singing.

Now let us garlands weave
Of all the fairest flow'rs,
Now at this early dawn
For new made man, and his companion dear;
Let all with festive joy,
And with melodious song,
Of the great Architect
Applaud this noblest work.
And speak the joyous sound,
Man is the wonder both of Earth and Heav'n.

First Angel.

Your warbling now suspend,
You pure angelick progeny of God
Behold the labour emulous of Heav'n!
Behold the woody scene
Deck'd with a thousand flow'rs of grace divine;

Here man resides, here ought he to enjoy
In his fair mate eternity of bliss.

Second Angel.

How exquisitely sweet
This rich display of flow'rs,
This airy wild of fragrance
So lovely to the Eye,
And to the sense so sweet.

Third Angel.

O the sublime Creator
How marvellous his works ! and more his power !
Such is the sacred flame
Of his celestial love,
Not able to confine it in himself,
He breath'd, as fruitful sparks
From his creative breast,
The Angels, Heav'n, Man, Woman, and the World.

Fourth Angel.

Yes ! mighty Lord, yes ! hallow'd love divine,
Who, ever in thyself completely blest,
Unconscious of a want,
Who from thyself alone, and at thy will
Bright with benignant flames,
Without the aid of matter, or of form,
By efficacious pow'r
Hast of mere nothing form'd
The whole Angelic Host ;
With potency endow'd,

And that momentous gift,
Either by sin to fall,
Or by volition stand.

Fifth Angel.

Hence, our Almighty Maker
To render us more worthy of his Heav'n,
And to confirm us in eternal grace,
Presented to our homage
The pure Incarnate Word;
That as a recompence for hallow'd toil
So worthily achieved,
We might adore him humble;
For there's a written law
In the records of Heav'n,
That not a work of God that breathes and lives
And is endow'd with reason,
Shall hold a seat in Heav'n,
If it incline not first with holy zeal,
In tender adoration to the Word.

Sixth Angel.

Justly each Spirit in the realms above,
And all of mortal race,
And every foe to Heav'n
Should bow the knee in reverence of the Word;
Since this is he whom from eternity
God in the awful depth
Of his sublime, and fruitful mind, produc'd;
He is not accident, but substance true,

As rare as perfect, and as truly great
As his high Author holy, and divine.

Seventh Angel.

This living Word, image express of God,
Is a resemblance of his mighty substance ;
Whence he is called the Son, the Son of God,
Ev'n as the Father God
The generated Word
By generation yields not unto time,
Since from eternity the eternal Father
Produc'd this Son, whence he rejoices there,
Great offspring of great Father there for ever !
For ever he is born,
There he is fed, and fostered
With plenitude of Grace
Imparted by his Sire :
There was the Father ever, and the Son
Was ever at his side, or in the Father ;
Nor younger is the Son
Than his Almighty Sire,
Nor elder is the Father
Than his eternal Son.

Eighth Angel.

O Son, O Sire, O God, O Man, O Word,
Let all with bended knee
With humble adoration rev'rence you !

Ninth Angel.

O Lucifer now doom'd to endless pain,

Had'st thou been join'd with us
 In worship of the Word,
 How had'st thou now been blessed in thy God.
 But thou in pride alone, yes thou alone
 In thy great wisdom foolish,
 Hast scorn'd the Paragon,
 And wou'dst not rev'rence the Incarnate God.
 Whence by thy folly thou hast fallen as far
 As thy proud Soul expected to ascend.

Tenth Angel.

Monster of fierceness dwell
 In thy obscure recess !
 And for thy weighty crime
 Incessant feel, and infinite thy pain ;
 For infinite has been thy vast offence.

Eleventh Angel.

Reside for ever in the deep abyss.
 For well the worlds, eternal Master knows
 Again to fill those high celestial seats,
 That by your ruin you have vacant left ;
 Behold man fashion'd from the Earth, who lives,
 Like plants that vegetate ;
 See in a moment's space
 How the pure breath of life
 Breath'd on this visage by the power divine,
 Endows the wonderous creature with a soul,
 A pure immortal soul !
 That grac'd, and lovely with exalted powers,

Shines the great faithful Image of its God.
Behold it has the gift to merit highly
The option, to deserve or heav'n, or hell,
In free will perfect, as the first of angels.

Twelfth Angel.

Yes, man alone was form'd in just derision,
Of all th' infernal Host,
As Lord of this fair World, and all that lives,
The ornament of all,
The miracle of nature,
The perfect Heir of Heav'n,
Related to the Angels,
Adopted Son of God,
And semblance of the Holy Trinity;
What could'st thou hope for more, what more attain
Creature miraculous,
In whom th' eternal Lord
Has now vouchsaf'd to signalize his pow'r?

Thirteenth Angel.

How singular, and worthy is his form,
Upright in stature, meek in dignity,
Well fashion'd are his limbs, and his complexion
Well temper'd, with a high majestic brow,
A brow, turn'd upward to his native sky;
In language eloquent, in thought sublime,
For contemplation of his maker form'd!

Fourteenth Angel.

Plac'd in a state of innocence is man,

Primæval justice is his blessed gift,
 Hence are his senses to his reason subject,
 His body to his mind,
 Enjoying reason as his prime endowment,

Fifteenth Angel.

Supernal love held him too highly dear,
 To let him dwell alone ;
 And thence of lovely woman
 (Fair faithful aid) bestow'd on man the gift.
 Adam tis thine alone
 To keep thy duty to thy Lord unstain'd ;
 In his command of the forbidden fruit,
 Thy gift of freedom keep inviolate,
 Since he who fashion'd thee, without thy aid,
 Think not without thy aid he means to save thee.
 But since descending from the heights of Heav'n
 We come as kind attendants upon man,
 Now let us haste to Edens, flowr'y banks.

All the Angels sing.

Now take we happy flight
 To Paradise, adorn'd with fairest flow'rs ;
 There let us almost worship
 The mighty Lord of this transcendant World
 And joyous let us sing
 This flow'ry Heav'n, and Adam as its God

SCENE THE SECOND.

Adam. O mighty Lord of mighty things sublime !
O my supreme Creator !
O bounteous in thy love
To me thy humble servant ! such rare blessings
With liberal hand thou givest ;
Where'er I turn my eyes,
I see myself rever'd ;
Approach ye animals, that range the field,
And ye now close your variegated wings ;
Ye pleasing birds in me you look on Adam,
On him ordain'd to name
All things that gracious God has made for man ;
And praise, with justice praise
Him who created me, who made you all,
And in his bounteous love with me rejoice.
But what do I behold ? blest that I am,
My dear, my sweet companion !
Who comes to hail me, with a gift of flow'rs,
And with these sylvan honours crown my brow.
Go ! stately lion go ! and thou with scales
Impenetrable arm'd
Rhinoceros, whose pride can strike to earth
The unconquer'd elephant !
Thou fiery courser bound along the fields,

And with thy neighing shake the echoing vale;
 Thou camel, and all here, or beast, or bird,
 Retire, in homage to approaching Eve!

Eve. O what delight more dear,
 Than that, which, Adam in my sight enjoys,
 Draws him far off from me? Ye tender flow'rs,
 Where may I find on you
 The traces of his step?

Lurcone. See man and woman! hide thyself and
 watch!

Adam. No more fatigue my eyes,
 Nor with thy animated glances dart
 Such radiant lightning round;
 Turn the clear Heav'n of thy serener face,
 To him who loves its light;
 See thy beloved Adam,
 Behold him my sweet love:
 O thou, who art alone
 Joy of the world, and dear delight of man.

Lurcone. Dread the approach of evil!

Guliar. Dread the deceit of hell!

Eve. By sovereign content
 I feel my tongue enchain'd,
 But tho' my voice be mute,
 My countenance may seem more eloquent,
 Expressing, tho' in silence, all my joy.

Adam. O my companion dear!

Lurcone. And soon perchance thy foe!

Adam. O thou my sweetest life.

Guliar. Perchance thy bitter death !

Eve. Take gentle Adam from my hand these flow'rs,
With these my gift, let me entwine thy locks.

Adam. Ye lilies, and ye shrubs of snowy hue,
Jasmin as ivory pure,
Ye spotless graces of the shining field,
And thou most lovely rose
Of tint most delicate,
Fair consort of the morn,
Delighted to imbibe
The genial dew of Heav'n,
Rich vegetations vermil-tinctur'd gem,
April's enchanting herald,
Thou flow'r supremely blest,
And queen of all the flow'rs,
Thou form'st around my locks
A garland of such fragrance,
That up to Heav'n itself
'Thy balmy sweets ascend.
Let us in pure embraces
So twine ourselves my love,
That we may seem united,
One well compact, and intricate Acanthus

Lurcone. Soon shall the fetters of infernal toil
So spread around ye both,
Th' indissoluble bond,
No mortal effort shall have pow'r to break !

Eve. Now, that with flow'rs so lovely
 We have adorn'd our tresses,
 Here let us both with humble reverence kneel,
 And praise our mighty Maker.
 From this my thirsting heart
 No longer can refrain.

Adam. At thy engaging words,
 And thy pure heart's desire
 On these pure herbs, and flow'rs,
 I bend my willing knee in hallow'd bliss.

Lurcone. Away! far off must I
 From act so meekly just
 Furious depart, and leave the light of day.

Gubiar. I must partake thy flight,
 And follow thee, alas, surcharg'd with grief.

Adam. Now that these herbs, and flow'rs, to our
 bent knees,
 Such easy rest afford,
 Let us with zealous ardour raise our eyes,
 Contemplating with praise our mighty Maker,
 First then, devout and favour'd Eve, do thou
 With sacred notes invite
 To deeds so fair thy Adam.

Eve. My Lord Omnipotent,
 In his celestial essence
 Is first, supreme, unlimited, alone,
 Eternal, uncompounded,
 He no beginning had, no end will have!

Adam. My sovereign Lord, so great,
Is irresistible, terrific, just,
Gracious, benign, indulgent,
Divine, unspotted, holy, loving, good :
In justice most rever'd,
Antient of days, in his sublimest court !

Eve. He rests in highest Heaven,
Yet more exalted in his boundless self ;
Thence his all-searching eye, looks down on all ;
Nought is from him conceal'd
Since all exists in him :
Without him nothing could retain existence,
Nor is there aught, that he
For his perfection needs,
Except himself alone.

Adam. He every place pervades,
But is confin'd in none :
In him the limits of all grandeur lie,
But he exists unlimited by space.

Eve. Above the universe himself he rais'd,
Yet he behind it rests ;
The whole he now encircles, now pervades,
Now dwells apart from all,
So great, the universe
To comprehend him fails.

Adam. If he to all inclines,
In his just balance all he justly weighs :
From him if all things flow,

All things in him acknowledge their support,
But he on nothing rests.

Eve. To time my great director is not subject,
For time in him sees no vicissitude :
In awful and sublime eternity
One being stands for ever ;
For ever stands one instant,
And hence this power assumes the name of God.

Adam. It is indeed a truth,
That my eternal mighty Lord is God.
This deity incomprehensible
That, ere the Heaven was made,
Dwelt only in himself, and heaven in him.
Eve let us joyous rise, in other scenes,
With admiration of celestial splendor,
And of this lovely world
With notes of hallow'd bliss
Let us again make the glad air resound.

Eve. Lead on, my faithful guide,
Quick is my willing foot to follow thee,
Since my fond soul believes
That I in praising heav'n to heav'n ascend,
So my pure bosom feels
Full of divine content.

Adam. To speak on every theme
Our mighty Maker made thee eloquent
So that in praising heav'n thou seemest there
My fair associate ! Treasure of my life !

Upon the wings of this exalted praise
Devotion soars so high, that if her feet
Rest on the earth, her spirit reaches heaven.



SCENE THE THIRD.

The SERPENT, SATAN, SPIRITS.

To arms, to battle, O ye sons of power !
Ye warring spirits of th' infernal field !
A new and wondrous war
Awaits you now, within the lists of earth ;
Most strange indeed the mode
Of warring there, if triumph, wars great end,
Proves its beginning now.
Behold the sun himself turn pale with terror,
Behold the day obscur'd !
Behold each rapid bird directs his flight
Where thickest foliage spreads,
But shelter seeks in vain ;
The leaves of every bough,
As with a palsy struck,
Affright him more, and urge his wings to flight.
I would not as a warrior take the field
Against the demi-goddess girt with angels,

Since she has now been us'd
To gaze on spirits tender and benign,
Not such as I, of semblance rough and fierce,
For battles born to subjugate the sky.
In human form I would not
Defy her to a great important conflict,
The world she knows contains one only man.
Nor would I of the tiger
Or the imperious lion
Or other animal assume the shape,
For well she knows they could not reason with her,
Who are of reason void.
To make her knowledge vain,
That I exist to the eternal maker,
A source of endless fear,
Wrapt in the painted serpent's scaly folds,
Part of myself I hide ; giving the rest
A human semblance, and a damsel's face.
Great things I tell thee, and behold I see
My adversary prompt to parley with me.
Of novelty to hear
How eager woman is !
Now, now I loose my tongue,
And shall entangle her in many a snare.

Satan. But what discordant sound
Rises from hell, where all was lately concord,
Why do hoarse trumpets bellow thro' the deep ?

SCENE THE FOURTH.

VOLAN, *the* SERPENT, SPIRITS, SATAN.

Great Lord ordain'd to found infernal realms,
 And look with scorn upon the pomp of heav'n,
 Behold thy Volan fly
 To pay his homage at thy scaly feet !
 The chieftains of Avernus
 The prime infernal powers
 To rise in rivalship
 Of heav'n in all, as in that lofty seat,
 (The Word to us reveal'd,
 The source of such great strife,)
 They wish, that on the Earth
 A goddess should prepare a throne for man,
 And lead him to contemn
 His own Almighty Maker,
 Yet more th' inhabitants of fire now wish
 That having conquer'd Man,
 And with such triumph gay
 To the great realms of deep and endless flames
 Ye both with exultation may descend :
 'Then shall I see around
 Hell dart its rays, and hold the sun in scorn.
 But if this man resist,

Then losing ev'ry hope
 Of farther victory,
 They wish that on the throne
 Of triumph he may as a victor sit,
 Who teaches it to move,
 And thou perform the office
 With an afflicted partner,
 With him, who labours to conduct the car,
 That cloth'd in horrid pomp
 The region of Avernus
 May speak itself the seat of endless pain,
 And at the sound of inauspicious trumpets
 The heav'ns may shake, the universe re-echo.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

*VAIN GLORY drawn by a Giant, VOLAN, the SER-
PENT, SATAN and SPIRITS.*

King of Avernus, at this harp's glad sound
 I weave a starry garland for thy locks,
 For well I see thy lovely scales portend
 Honour to me, ruin and shame to man.
 I am Vain Glory, and I sit on high,
 Exulting Victress of the mighty Giant :
 He has his front in heav'n, on earth his feet,
 A faithful image of mans mighty worth :

But shake not thou with fear ! strong as he is
 So brittle is the crown of glass he wears
 That at my breath, which drives him fiercely on,
 Man loses power, and falls a prey to death.

Serpent. Angel, or Goddess, from thy lofty triumph
 Descend with me at the desire of hell,
 Hasten to a human conflict ;
 You all so light, and quick,
 That by your movement not a leaf is shaken
 In all these woods around,
 Your mighty triumphs now together hide,
 Now that in silence we may pass unseen,
 Quick let us enter neighbouring paradise.

Vain Glory. Wherefore delay ? Point out the
 path we go,
 Since prompt to follow thee,
 Full as I am of haughtiness and pride,
 With expeditious foot
 I will advance
 Among these herbs, and flow'rs,
 And let infernal laurels
 Circle thy towering crest, and circle mine !

Serpent. What tribes of beauteous flow'rs,
 And plants how new, and vivid !
 How desolate shall I
 Soon make these verdant scenes of plant, and flow'r !
 Behold ! how with my foot
 I now as much depress them,

As they shoot forth with pride to rear their heads :
 Behold ! their humid life
 I wither with my step of blasting fire.
 How I enjoy, as I advance thro' these
 Fair bow'rs of rapid growth,
 To poison with my breath the leaf, and flow'r
 Embittering all these sweet, and blooming fruits.
 We are arriv'd, behold the lovely tree
 Prohibited by heav'n,
 There mount, and be embower'd
 In the thick foliage of a wood so fair !

Vain Glory. See I prepare to climb :
 I am already high,
 And in the leaves conceal'd.
 Climb thou, great chief, and rapidly encircle,
 And with thy scaly serpent train ascend
 The tree, be quick since now arising higher
 I can discern where lonely Eve advances.

Serpent. Behold, enrag'd I twine around the
 trunk
 With these my painted and empoison'd folds ;
 Behold, I breathe towards this woman, love,
 Tho' hate is in my heart :
 Behold, me now ; more beautiful than ever,
 Tho' now of each pestiferous cruel monster
 In poison, and in rage, I am the model ;
 Now I behold her, now

In silence I conceal my gift of speech
Among these leaves embower'd.



SCENE THE SIXTH.

EVE, SERPENT, and VAIN GLORY.

I ought, the servant of a Mighty Lord,
A servant low, and humble,
With reverential knee bending to earth,
I ought to praise the boundless love of him,
Since he has made me queen
Of all the sun delights to view on earth.
But if to heav'n I raise my eyes, and heart,
Clearly can Eve not see
She was created for these great, eternal,
Celestial miracles?
So that in spirit, or in mortal frame,
She ever must enjoy or earth, or heav'n.
Hence this fair flowering tree
Wreathing abroad its widely branching arms,
As if desirous to contend with heav'n,
Seems willing in my locks
To spread a shining heav'n of verdant leaves;
And if I pass among the herbs, and flow'rs

Those, I behold, that by my step are press'd,
Arise more beautiful ; the very buds
Expand, to form festoons
To decorate the grassy scene around ;
Other new flow'rs with freshest beauty fair,
That stand from me sequester'd,
Form'd into groups, or scatter'd in the vale,
Seem with delight to view me, and to say,
The neighbouring flow'rs rejoice
To give thy foot support,
But we, aspiring Eagles,
From far behold thy visage,
Mild portraiture of the almighty form ;
While other plants, and flow'rs,
Wishing that I may form my seat among them,
Above their native growth
So seem to raise themselves, that of sweet flow'rs
A fragrant hedge they form,
And others in a thousand tender ties,
Form on the ground so intricate a snare,
That the incautious hand which aims to free
The captive foot, must be itself insnar'd ;
If food I wish, or draft,
Lo various fruit, lo honey, milk, and manna,
Behold, from many a fount, and many a rill,
The crystal beauty of the cooling stream.
If melody, behold the tuneful birds,
Behold angelic bands !

If welcome day,
 Or mild, and wish'd for night,
 Behold the sun, behold the moon, and stars !
 If I a friend require,
 Adam, sweet friend, replies,
 And if my God in heav'n, th' Eternal Maker
 Dwells not unmindful but regards my speech.
 If creatures subject to my will I wish,
 Lo at my side all subject to my will :
 What more can I desire, what more obtain ?
 Now nothing more my Sovereign
 Eve is with honour loaded.
 But what's before me ? do I wake or dream ?
 Among these boughs I see
 A human visage fair ; what ! are there then
 More than myself and Adam,
 Who view the glorious sun ?
 O marvellous tho' I am distant far,
 I yet discern the truth ; with arms, with hands,
 A human breast it has,
 The rest is Serpent all :
 O, how the sun emblazing with his rays
 These gorgeous scales with glowing colours bright
 O'erwhelms my dazzled eyes !
 I would approach it.

Serpent. Now then, at length you see
 I have precisely ta'en the semblance fit,
 To overcome this woman.

Eve. The nearer I approach, more and more
lovely

His semblance seems of emerald and sapphire
Now ruby and now amethyst, and now
Of jasper, pearl, and flaming chrysolite
Each fold it waving forms around the trunk
Of this fair flow'ring tree !

Serpent. I will assail my foe,
Come to survey me better,
Thou dazzler of the eye,
Enchantress of the soul,
Soft idol of the heart,
Fair nymph approach ; Lo, I display myself,
Survey me all, now satisfy thine eyes,
View me attentive, paragon of beauty,
Thou noblest ornament of all the world,
Thou lovely pomp of nature,
Thou little paradise,
To whom all things do homage :
Where lonely from thy friend, thy Adam, far
Where art thou ? now advancing where
The numerous bands of Angels,
Become such fond admirers of thy beauty !
Happy I deem myself, supremely happy,
Since 'tis my blessed lot,
With two fond eyes alone to gaze on that,
Which with unnumber'd eyes, heav'n's scarce surveys.
Trust me if all the loveliness of heav'n

Would wrap itself within a human veil,
Nought but thy beauteous bosom,
Could form a mansion worthy such a guest.
How well I see, full well
That she above with thy light agile feet,
Imprints her step in heav'n, and there she smiles
With thy enchanting lip,
To scatter joy around those blessed spheres,
Yes with thy lips above,
She breathes, she speaks, she pauses,
And with thine eyes communicates a lustre
To all that's fair in heaven, or fair on earth.

Eve. And who art thou, so eager
To lavish praise on me ?
Yet never did mine eyes see form like thine.

Serpent. Can I be silent now ?
Too much, too much, I pant,
To please the lovely model of all grace ;
Know when the world was fashion'd out of nought,
And this most fruitful garden,
I was ordain'd to dwell a gard'ner here,
By him who cultivates
The fair celestial fields ;
Here joyful I ascend,
To watch that no voracious bird may seize
On such delicious fruit ;
Here it is my delight,
Tho' all be marvellously fair around,

Lily to blend with lily, rose with rose,
 And now the fragrant hedge
 To form, and now between the groups of flow'rs,
 And o'er the tender herb
 To guide the current of the chrystal stream ;
 O what sweet scenes to captivate the eye
 Of such a lovely virgin,
 Will I disclose around ;
 Thou, if thou can'st return
 To this alluring spot,
 And ever with fresh myrtle, and new flow'rs,
 More beauteous thou shalt find it,
 This wond'rous faculty I boast infus'd
 By thy supernal Maker,
 To guard in plant, and flow'r, their life, and fragrance.

Eve. Since I have found thee courteous,
 No less than wise, reveal to me thy name,
 Speak it to me, unless
 I seek to know too much.

Serpent. Wisdom, I name myself,
 Sometimes I life am call'd,
 For this my double nature, since I am
 One part a serpent, and the other human.

Eve. Strange things this day I hear ; but tell me
 why
 Thou serpent art combin'd with human form ?

Serpent. I will inform thee ; when the sov'reign
 God

On nothing resting yet gave force to all,
 To balance all things in an even scale
 The sage of heav'n desir'd,
 And not from opposite extremities
 To pass without a medium justly founded:
 Hence 'tween the brute, and man,
 It pleased him to create this serpent kind,
 And even this participates in reason,
 And, with a human face, has human speech;
 But what can fail to honour with submission,
 The demi god of earth?
 O! if proportion'd to thy charms, or equal
 To the desert of man,
 You had high knowledge, doubt not but in all
 Ye would be reckon'd as immortal gods;
 Since the prime power of lofty science, is
 One of the first, and greatest
 Of attributes divine; O could this be,
 Descending from the base
 Of this engaging plant,
 How as a goddess should I here adore thee!

Eve. What, dost thou think so little then the sum
 Of knowledge given to man? does he not know
 Of every living herb, and flower, and plant,
 Of minerals, and of unnumber'd gems,
 Of fish, of fowl, and every animal;
 In water, or on earth, of fire, of air,
 Of this fair starry heav'n,

And of the moon, and sun,
The virtues most concealed ?

Serpent. Ah, this is nothing ; since it only serves
To make the common things of nature known ;
And I, altho' I am
Greatly inferior in my rank to man,
Yet, one by one, e'en I can number these !
More worthy it would be
To know both good, and ill ;
This, this is the supreme
Intelligence, and mysteries most high,
That on the earth would make you like to God.

Eve. That, which hath power sufficient to impart
This knowledge so sublime of good, and ill,
(But mixt with mortal anguish,)
Is this forbidden tree, on which thou sittest.

Serpent. And tell me why a law
So bitter, rises from a fruit so sweet ?
Where then, where is the sense
That you so lately boasted as sublime ?
Observe, if it be just,
That man so brave, so lovely, man that rules
The world with skilful hand, man, that so much
Pleas'd his creating God, when power almighty
Fashion'd the wonders both of earth, and heav'n ;
That man at last a little fruit should crush,
And all be form'd for nothing, or at best
But for a moments space !

No, no, far from thee, far be such a doubt !
 Let colour to thy cheek, and to thy lip,
 The banish'd rose return !
 Say, but I know—Thy heart,
 Within thee speaks, the language that I speak.

Eve. The Lord commanded me I should not taste,
 This fruit ; and to obey him is my joy.

Serpent. If tis forbidden thee
 To taste a fruit so fair,
 Heav'n does not choose, that man should be a God;
 But thou with courtesy, to my kind voice
 Lend an attentive ear : say, if your Maker
 Requir'd such strict obedience, that you might
 Depend but on his word to move, and guard you ;
 Was there not power sufficient in the laws
 Sublime of hope, of faith, and charity ?
 Why then, fair creature, why, without occasion
 Thus should he multiply his laws for man,
 For ever outraging with such a yoke
 Your precious liberty, and of great lords
 Making you slaves, nay, in one point inferior
 E'en to the savage beasts,
 Whom he would not reduce to any law ?
 Who does not know that loading you so much
 With precepts, he has lessen'd the great blessing
 Of joyous being, that your God first gave you ?
 Perchance he dreaded that ye soon might grow
 His equals both, in knowledge, and be gods ?

No, for tho' like to God you might become
 By such experiment, the difference still
 Between you must be great, since this your know-
 ledge,

And acquisition of divinity,
 Could be but imitation, and effect
 Of the first cause divine, that dwells above.

And can it then be true,
 That such a vital hand,
 Can do a deadly deed ?

O hadst thou tasted this, how wouldst thou gain
 Advantage of the Lord, how then with him,
 Would thy conversing tongue,
 Accuse the latent mysteries of heav'n !
 Far other flow'rs, and other plants ; and fields,
 And elements, and spheres,
 Far different suns, and different moons, and stars,
 There are above, from those thou viewest here
 Buried below these, all to thee are near,
 Observe how near ; but at the very distance
 This apple is from thee : extend thy hand,
 Boldly extend it, ah ! Why dost thou pause ?

Eve. What should I do ? who counsels me, O
 God ?

Hope bids me live, and fear at once destroys me.
 But say, how art thou able
 To know such glorious things exist above,
 And that on earth, one thus may equal God,

By feeding on this apple,
If thou in heav'n wert never,
And ne'er permitted of the fruit to taste ?

Serpent. Ah ! is there ought I can deny to her
Whose happiness I wish ; now listen to me.
When of this garden I was made the keeper,
By him who fashion'd thee,
All he has said to thee, to me he said ;
And opening to me heav'n's eternal bosom,
With all his infinite celestial pomp,
He satiated my eyes, and then thus spake :
Thy paradise thou hast enjoy'd O Serpent,
No more thou shalt behold it ; now retain
Memory of heav'n, on earth,
Which thou may'st do by feeding on such fruit !
A heavenly seat alone is fit for man,
For that's the seat of beauty ;
Since thou art partly man, and partly brute,
'Tis just thou dwell on earth ;
The world was made for various beasts to dwell in,
He added, nor can'st thou esteem it hard,
Serpent, and man, to dwell on earth for ever,
Since thou already in thy human portion
Most fully hast enjoy'd thy bliss above.
Thus I eternal live,
Forming my banquet of this sav'ry fruit,
And paradise is open to my eyes,

By the intelligence, thro' me transfus'd
From this delicious viand.

Eve. Alas ! what should I do ? to whom apply ?
My heart, what is thy counsel ?

Serpent. Tis true, thy sov'reign has impos'd upon
thee,

Under the pain of death,
To taste not of this fruit ;
And to secure from thee
A dainty so delightful,
The watchful guard he made me
Of this forbidden tree ;
So that if I consent, both man, and thou,
His beautiful companion
May rise to equal God in happiness.
Tis but too true that to participate
In food, and beverage, with savage beasts,
Gives us in this similitude to them ;
It is not just you both,
Works of a mighty Maker,
Great offspring of great God,
Sould in a base condition,
Among these groves, and woods,
Lead a life equal to the lowest beast.

Eve. Ah ! why art thou so eager
That I should taste of this forbidden food ?

Serpent. Wouldst thou, that I should tell ?

Eve. Tis all my wish,

Serpent. Now lend thine ear, now arch
 With silent wonder, both thy beauteous brows!
 For two proud joys of mine,
 Not for thy good alone, I wish to make thee
 This liberal overture, and swear to keep
 Silence, while thou shalt seize the fruit denied.
 First to avenge that high unworthy wrong
 Done me by God, in fashioning my shape,
 For I was deem'd the refuse of his heav'n,
 For these my scaly parts,
 That ever like a snake I trail behind;
 And then, because he should to me alone
 Have given this world, and o'er the numerous
 beasts
 Have made me lord, not wholly of their kind,
 But this my empire mighty, and supreme,
 O'er all these living things,
 While man is doom'd
 To breath on vital air,
 Must seem but low and servile vassalage;
 Since man, and only man
 Was chosen high, and mighty Lord of all
 This wond'rous scene, and he thus rais'd to grandeur
 Was newly form'd of nought;
 But when the fairest of all Eden's fruits
 Is snatch'd, and tasted, when you rise to Gods,
 Tis just that both ascending from this world,
 Should reach the higher spheres,

So that on earth to make me
 Of every creature lord,
 Of human error I my virtue make :
 Know, that command is grateful e'en to God,
 Grateful to man, and grateful to the serpent.

Eve. I yield obedience, Ah ! what is't I do ?

Serpent. Rather what do you not ? Ah boldly
 taste

Make me a God on earth, thyself in heav'n.

Eve. Alas how I perceive
 A chilling tremor wander thro' my bones,
 That turns my heart to ice.

Serpent. It is thy mortal part that now begins
 To languish, as o'ercome by the divine,
 Which o'er its lowly partner
 In excellence ascends.
 Behold the pleasant plant,
 More lovely, and more rich,
 Than if it rais'd to heav'n branches of gold,
 And bore the beauteous emerald as leaves,
 With roots of coral, and a trunk of silver.
 Behold this jewell'd fruit,
 That gives enjoyment of a state divine !
 How fair it is, and how
 It takes new colours from the solar rays,
 Bright as the splendid train
 Of the gay peacock, when he whirls it round
 Full in the sun, and lights his thousand eyes !

Behold how it invites !
 'Tis all delicious, it is sweetness all :
 Its charms are not deceitful,
 Thine eye can view them well,
 Now take it ! now I watch
 If any angel spy thee ! dost thou pause ?
 Up ! for once more I am thy guide ; at last
 The victory is thine !

Eve. At length behold me the exalted mistress
 Of this most lovely fruit !
 But why alas does my cold brow distill
 These drops, that overwhelm me ?

Serpent. Lovely Virgin,
 Will not our reason tell us
 Supreme felicity is bought with pain ?
 Who from my brow will wipe
 These drops of keener pain ?
 Who dissipate the dread that loads my heart ?

Eve. Tell me what wouldst thou ? tell me who
 afflicts thee ?

Serpent. The terror of thy Lord ; and hence I pray
 thee

That when thou hast enjoy'd
 That sweet forbidden fruit,
 When both of you become eternal Gods,
 That you would guard me from the wrath of heav'n ;
 Since well indeed may he,
 Whom we call God, kindle his wrath against me

Having to you imparted
Taste of this fruit against his high command.
But tell him, my desire
To make me Lord of this inferior world,
Like man a god in heav'n,
Render'd me mute, while Eve attained the apple.

Eve. The gift I owe thee Serpent, well deserves
That I should ne'er forget thee.

Serpent. Now in these verdant leaves, I hide
myself
Till thou with sounds of joy
Shalt call, and re-assure me.

Eve. Now then conceal thyself, I promise
thee
To be thy shield against the wrath of God.
O what delicious odour ! 'tis so sweet
That I can well believe
That all the lovely flowers
From this derive their fragrance.
These dewy leaves to my conception seem
Moistened with manna, rather than with dew.
Ah, it was surely right
That fruit so exquisite
Should flourish to impart new life to man,
Not waste its sweets upon the wind and sun.
Nothing for any ill
To man could spring from God's creative hand,
Since he for man assuredly has felt

Such warmth of love unbounded I will taste it :
 How sweet it is ! how far
 Surpassing all the fruits, of every kind,
 Assembled in this soil !
 But where is Adam now ? O, Adam ! Adam !
 He answers not ; then thou with speed depart
 To find him ; but among these flow'rs and leaves
 Conceal this lovely apple, lest the angels
 Descrying it, forbid
 Adam to taste its sweets,
 And so from man be made a mighty God.

Serpent. Extinguish in the waves thy rays O sun!
 Nor more distribute light !
 Thus Lucifer ordains, and thus the apple !
 Man, man is now subdued !

Vain Glory. O joyous day ! O day
 To Hell of triumph, and of shame to Heav'n !
 Eve has enjoy'd the apple
 And now contrives that man may taste it too.
 Now see by direst fate
 Life is exchang'd for death.
 Now I exulting sing,
 And hence depart with pride,
 Since man's high boast is crush'd !
 And his bright day now turned to hideous night !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE THE FIRST.



ADAM *and* EVE.

Oh my belov'd companion !
Oh thou of my existence
The very heart and soul !
Hast thou, with such excess of tender haste,
With ceaseless pilgrimage,
To find again thy Adam
Thus solitary wandered ?
Behold him ! Speak ! what are thy gentle orders ?
Why dost thou pause ? what ask of God ? what dost
thou ?

Eve. Adam my best belov'd !
My guardian, and my guide !
Thou source of all my comfort ! all my joy !
Thee, thee alone I wish,
And in these pleasing shades
Thee only have I sought.

Adam. Since thou hast call'd thy Adam
(Most beautiful companion)
The source, and happy fountain of thy joy,
Eve, if to walk with me
It now may please thee, I will shew thee love,
A sight, thou hast not seen :
A sight so lovely, that in wonder thou
Wilt arch thy graceful brow :
Look thou, my gentle bride, towards that path
Of this so intricate and verdant grove,
Where sit the birds embow' red !
Just there, where now, with soft and snowy plumes,
Two social doves have spread their wings for flight,
Just there, thou shalt behold (oh pleasing wonder)
Springing amid the flow'rs
A living stream, that with a winding course
Flies rapidly away ;
And as it flies, allures,
And tempts you to exclaim, sweet river stay !
Hence eager in pursuit
You follow, and the stream, as if it had
Desire to sport with you,

Thro' many a florid, many a grassy way,
Well known to him, in soft concealment flies :
But when at length he hears,
You are afflicted to have lost his sight,
He rears his watery locks, and seems to say ;
Gay with a gurgling smile,
" Follow ! ah follow still my placid course !
If thou art pleas'd with me, with thee I sport."
And thus with sweet deceit he leads you on
To the extremest bound
Of a fair flow'ry meadow ; then at once
With quick impediment,
Says, " Stop ! Adieu ! for now, yes, now I leave you :"
Then down a rock descends :
There, as no human foot can follow farther,
The eye alone must follow him, and there,
In little space you see a mass of water
Collected in a deep, and fruitful vale,
With laurel crown'd and olive,
With cypress, oranges and lofty pines.
The limpid water in the sun's bright ray
A perfect crystal seems ;
Hence in its deep recess,
In the translucent wave,
You see a precious glittering sand of gold,
And bright as moving silver
Innumerable fish ;
Here with melodious notes

The snowy swans upon the shining streams
 Form their sweet residence ;
 And seem in warbling to the wind to say
 " Here let those rest who wish for perfect joy !
 So that, my dear companion,
 To walk with me will please thee.

Eve. So well thy language to my sight has
 brought

What thou desir'st to shew me,
 I see thy flying river, as it sports,
 And hear it, as it murmurs :
 And beauteous also is this scene, where now
 Pleas'd we sojourn, and here perhaps e'en here
 The lily whitens with the purest lustre,
 And the rose reddens with the richest hue.
 Here also bath'd in dew
 Plants of minutest growth
 Are painted all with flow'rs.
 Here trees of amplest leaf
 Extend their rival shades
 And stately rise to heaven.

Adam. Now by these cooling shades,
 The beauty of these plants,
 By these delightful meadows,
 These variegated flow'rs,
 By the soft musick of the rills, and birds,
 Let us sit down in joy !

Eve. Behold then I am seated !

How I rejoice in viewing not alone
These flow'rs, these herbs, these high and graceful
plants.

But Adam, Thou, my lover,
Thou, thou art he, by whom the meadows seem
More beautiful to me,
The fruit more blooming, and the streams more clear.

Adam. The decorated fields
With all their flowery tribute cannot equal
Those lovelier flow'rs, that with delight I view
In the fair garden of your beauteous face.
Be pacified, you flowers,
My words are not untrue ;
You shine besprinkled with ethereal dew,
You give the humble earth to glow with joy
At one bright sparkle of the blazing Sun ;
But with the falling sun ye also fall :
But these more living flow'rs
Of my dear beauteous Eve
Seem freshen'd every hour
By soft devotion's dew,
That she with pleasure sheds
Praising her mighty Maker :
And by the rays of two terrestrial suns
In that pure Heav'n, her face,
They rise, and not to fall,
Decking the Paradise
Of an enchanting visage.

Eve. Dear Adam, do not seek
 With tuneful eloquence
 To sooth my ear by speaking of thy love!
 The heart is confident,
 That fondly flames with pure and hallow'd ardour.
 In sweet exchange accept, my gentle love,
 This vermeil-tinctur'd gift, you know it well;
 This is the fruit forbidden,
 This is the blessed apple.

Adam. Alas! what see I! ah! what hast thou done,
 Invader of the fruit,
 Forbidden by thy God!

Eve. It would be long to tell thee
 The reason that induc'd me
 To make this fruit my prey: let it suffice
 I gain'd thee wings to raise thy flight to Heav'n.

Adam. Ne'er be it true, ah never
 That to obtain thy favour
 I prove to Heav'n rebellious and ungrateful,
 And to obey a woman,
 So disobey my Maker, and my God!
 Then did not death denounc'd
 With terrors icy paleness blanch thy cheek?

Eve. And think'st thou, if the apple
 Were but the food of death,
 The great producer would have rais'd it there,
 Where being is eternal?
 Thinkst thou, that if of error

This fruit-tree were the cause,
 In man's delighted eye
 So fertile, and so fair,
 He would have form'd it flourishing in air !
 Ah were it so he would indeed have given
 A cause of high offence,
 Since nature has ordain'd
 (A monitress sagacious)
 That to support his being, man must eat,
 And trust in what looks fair, as just and good.

Adam. If the celestial tiller,
 Who the fair face of Heav'n
 Has thickly sown with stars,
 Amidst so many plants, fruitful and fair,
 Plac'd the forbidden apple,
 The fairest, and most sweet ;
 'Twas to make proof of man
 As a wise keeper of his heav'nly law ;
 And to afford him scope for high desert,
 For he alone may gain the name of brave,
 Who rules himself, and all his own desires.
 Man might indeed find some excuse for sin,
 If scantily with fruits
 This garden were supplied ;
 But this abounding in so many sweets
 Man ought not to renounce
 The clear command of Heav'n.

Eve. And is it thus you love me ?

Ne'er be it true, ah never,
 That I address you as my heart, my life !
 From you I'll only wander
 Bath'd in my tears, and sighing,
 And hating e'en myself,
 I'll hide me from the sun.

Adam. Dear Eve ! my sweetest love !
 My spirit and my heart !
 Oh haste to dry thine eyes,
 For mine are all these tears,
 That bathe thy cheek, and stream upon thy bosom.

Eve. Ah my unhappy state !
 I that so much have said, so much have done
 To elevate this man
 Above the highest Heav'n, and now so little
 Can he or trust, or love me ?

Adam. Ah do not grieve, my life,
 Too much it wounds my soul
 To see thee in affliction.

Eve. I know your sole desire
 Is to be witness to my sighs, and tears :
 Hence to the winds, and seas,
 I pay this bitter tribute.

Adam. Alas ! my heart is splitting :
 What can I do ? when I look up to heav'n,
 I feel an icy tremor
 E'en to my bones oppress me,
 Anxious alone to guard the Heav'nly precept :

If I survey my partner,
I share her tears, and echo back her sighs.
Tis torture, and distraction,
To wound her with refusal: my kind heart
Would teach my op'ning hand to seize the apple,
But in my doubtful breast
My spirit bids it close.
Adam ! thou wretch ! how many
Various desires besiege thy trembling heart !
One prompts thee now to sigh ;
Another to rejoice ; nor canst thou know
Which shall incline thee most,
Or sighs, or joyous favour,
From woman, or from God.

Eve. Yet he reflects, and wishes
That Eve should now forsake
Her hope of being happy
In elevating man,
E'en while I hold the fruit of exaltation.

Adam. Tho mute, yet eloquent
Are all your looks, my love ;
Alas ! whate'er you ask,
You're certain to obtain ;
And my heart grants, before your tongue can speak.
Eyes, that to me are suns,
The Heav'n of that sweet face
No more, no more obscure !
Return ! alas ! return

To scatter radiance o'er that cloudy cheek !
 Lift up, O lift thy brow
 From that soft mass of gold, that curls around it !
 Locks like the solar rays !
 Chains to my heart, and light'ning to my eyes !
 O let thy lovely tresses
 Now light, and unconfined,
 Sport in the air, and all thy face disclose !
 That paradise, that speaks a heart divine !
 I yield thee full obedience ;
 Thy prayers are all commands :
 Dry, dry thy streaming eyes, and on thy lips
 Let tender smiles like harmless lightning play !

Eve. Ah misbelieving Adam,
 Be now a kind receiver
 Of this delightful fruit !
 Hasten, now hasten to extend thy hand
 To press this banquet of beatitude !

Adam. Oh my most sweet companion,
 Behold thy ardent lover !
 Now banish from his heart
 The whirlpool of affliction ! turn'd to him
 His dearest guide, his radiant polar star.
 Show me that lovely apple,
 Which midst thy flow'rs and fruits,
 Ingenious plunderer, thou hid'st from me !

Eve. Adam ! behold the apple !
 What sayst thou ? I have tasted, and yet live :

Ah 'twill insure our lives,
 And make us equal to our God in Heav'n.
 But first the fruit entire
 We must between us eat,
 And when we have enjoy'd it,
 Then to a radiant throne, a throne of stars,
 Exalting Angels will direct our flight.

Adam. Give me the pilfer'd fruit,
 Thou courteous pilferer !
 Give me the fruit, that charms thee !
 And let me yield to her,
 Who to make me a God has toil'd and wept !
 Alas ! what have I done ?
 How sharp a thorn is piercing in my heart
 With instantaneous anguish !
 How am I overwhelm'd
 In a vast flood of sorrow !

Eve. Alas ! what do I see ?
 Oh bitter knowledge ! unexpected sight !
 All is prepar'd for human misery.

Adam. O precious liberty ! where art thou fled ?

Eve. Oh precious liberty ! O dire enthrallment !

Adam. Is this the fruit so sweet ?
 The source of so much bitter !
 Say why wouldst thou betray me !
 Ah why of heav'n deprive me !
 Why make me forfeit thus
 My state of innocence !

Where cheerful I enjoy a blissful life ?
Why make me thus a slave
To the fierce arms of death,
Thou, whom I deem'd my life ?

Eve. I have been blind to Good,
Quick-sighted but to evil !
An enemy to Adam,
A rebel to my God,
For daring to exalt me
To the high gates of heav'n,
I fall presumptuous to the depths of hell.

Adam. Alas, what dart divine appears in heav'n
Blazing with circling flame ?

Eve. What punishment,
Wretch that I am, hangs o'er me ? am I naked !
And speaking still to Adam ?

Adam. Am I too naked ? hide me ! hence !

Eve. I fly.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Volano. Thou'rt fall'n, at length thou'rt fallen,
O thou presuming
With new support from the resplendent stars
To mount to seats sublime !
Adam at length thou'rt fall'n to the deep
As far, as thy ambition hop'd to soar :
Now see thou hast attain'd
To learn the distance between heav'n and hell.
Now let Avernus echo,
To the hoarse sound, of the funereal trumpet
Joyful arise to light !
And pay your homage to the prince of hell !

*SCENE THE THIRD.*

SATAN, VOLANO, *Chorus of SPIRITS, with their
flags flying and infernal instruments.*

Volan. Man is subdued, subdued !
Palms of eternal glory !

Why pause ye now? to your infernal reeds
 And pipes of hoarsest sound, with pitch cemented,
 And various instruments of discord,
 Now let the hand, and lip be quick applied!
 Behold how triumph now to us returns,
 As rightly he foretold
 Our Stygian Emperor! Spread to the wind
 Your fluttering banners! Oh thou festive day
 To hell of glory! and to heav'n of shame!



SCENE THE FOURTH.

SERPENT, VAIN GLORY, SATAN, VOLANO, and
 SPIRITS.

Serpent. To pleasures, and to joys,
 Ye formidable dark sulphurious Warriors!
 Let fame to heav'n now on her raven plumes
 Direct her rapid flight,
 Of Man's completed crime
 The mournful messenger.

Satan. Behold! again expanded in the air
 Th' insignia of hell!
 Hear now the sounds of triumph,
 And voices without number
 That raise to heav'n the shout of victory!

Serpent. Lo, I return, ye Spirits of Avernus,
 And as I promis'd, a proud conqueror !
 Lo, to these deep infernal realms of darkness
 I bring transcendent light, transcendent joy,
 Thanks to my fortitude, which from that giant
 Now wretched, and in tears,
 Forc'd his aspiring crown, of fragile glass ;
 And thanks to her, this martial heroine,
 Vain Glory, whom to my proud heart I press.

Satan. The torrent hastes not to the sea so rapid,
 Nor yet so rapid in the realm of fire
 Flashes kindle, and die,
 As the quick circling hours
 Of good, are join'd to evil
 In life's corrupted state ;
 The work of my great Lord, nor less the work
 Of thee, great Goddess of the scene condemn'd ;
 Up, up with homage quick
 To shew ourselves of both the blest adorers !

Serpent. Now, from their bended knees let all
 arise,
 And to increase our joys
 Let thy glad song, Canoro,
 Now memorize the prosperous toil of hell.

Canoro. Happy Canoro, rais'd to matchless bliss,
 Since tis thy lot to speak
 The prosperous exploits of Lucifer,
 Behold ! I bend the knee,

And sing thy triumph in a joyous strain.
 Behold ! the glorious triumph
 Of that unconquer'd power,
 Who every power surpasses,
 The mighty monarch of the deadly realm.
 Now raise the tumid form
 Avernus, banish grief ;
 Man is involv'd in snares,
 And death is glutted with his frail existence.
 This is the potent, brave,
 And antient enemy
 Of man, the dauntless foe,
 And dread destroyer of the starry court.
 No more contentment dwell
 In the terrestrial seat :
 Thou moon, and sun, be darken'd,
 And every element to chaos turn !
 Man is at length subdued ;
 From a corrupted source,
 A weak, and hapless offspring,
 Thanks to the fruit, his progeny shall prove.
 To that exalted seat
 By destiny our due,
 Can deaths vile prey ascend,
 Who now lies prostrate at the feet of hell?

Serpent. Silence, no more ! now in superior
 joys

Ye quick and flutt'ring spirits,

Now, now, your wings expand,
And active in your pleasure,
Weave a delightful dance !



SCENE THE FIFTH.

*A Chorus of SPRIGHTS in the shape of ANTICS,
SERPENT, SATAN, VOLAN, CANORO, VAIN GLORY,
and SPIRITS.*

To thee behold us flying,
Round thee behold us sporting,
O monarch of Avernus !
To recreate thy heart in joyous dance !
Come let us dance, happy and light,
Ye little Sprights ;
Man was of flesh, now all of dust,
Such is the will of hideous death ;
A blessed lot
No more is his, wretched in all.
Now let us weave, joyous and dancing,
Ties as many,
As now hells prosperous Chieftain

Spreads around man, who weeps, and wails,
 And now lifeless,
 Is almost render'd by his anguish.
 Enjoy, enjoy in fragile vesture
 Man O heaven ;
 Stygian Serpent has o'erwhelm'd him,
 Wherefore let each dance in triumph,
 Full of glory,
 Since our king has prov'd victorious.
 But, what think'st thou ? heav'n in sorrow
 On the sudden
 He will spring to scenes celestial ;
 And he there will wreck his vengeance
 On the Godhead
 That is now in heav'n so troubled.

Serpent. Ah what lofty sounding trumpets
 Thro' the extensive fields of heav'n rebellow ?

Vain Glory. Ah from my triumph, now I fall to
 hell

Thro' subterraneous scenes exhaling fire,
 With all my fatal pomp at once I sink !

Serpent. And I alas ! am plunging
 With thee to deepest horror!

Satan. Avoid, avoid companions
 This unexpected lustre ;
 That brings alas to us a night of horror!

Volano. Alas, why should we tarry ?
 Fly all, O fly with speed

This inimical splendor,
These dread and deadly accents,
The utterance of God!



SCENE THE SIXTH.

GOD THE FATHER, ANGELS, ADAM *and* EVE.

God the Father.

And is it thus you keep the law of heav'n
Adam and Eve? O ye too faithless found,
Ye children of a truly tender father!
Thou most unhappy, how much hast thou lost,
And in a moment, Adam,
Fool, to regard the Serpent more than God:
Ah could repentance e'er belong to him,
Who cannot err, then might I well repent me
Of having made this man.
Now Adam thou hast tasted
The apple, thou hast sinn'd,
Thou hast corrupted God's exalted bounty:
The elements, the heavens,
The stars, the moon, the sun, and whatsoever
Has been for man created,
Now seems by man abhorr'd, and as unworthy

Now to retain existence,
 To his destruction he solicits death ;
 But since 'tis just that I, who had proportion'd
 Reward to merit, should now make chastisement
 Keep pace with guilt, contemplating myself,
 I view Astrea, in whose righteous stroke
 Lo, I myself descend, for I am justice.
 Why pausest thou O sinner ? in his presence
 Who on a starry throne,
 As an offended judge prepares thy sentence ;
 Appear; to whom do I address me ? Adam,
 Adam, where art thou ? say ! dost thou not hear ?

Adam. Great Sovereign of Heav'n ! if to those
 accents,

Of which a single one form'd Earth, and Heav'n,
 My God, if to that voice,
 That call'd on Adam, a deaf asp I seem'd,
 It was terror struck me dumb :
 Since to my great confusion,
 I was constrain'd, naked, to come before thee.

God the Father.

And who with nakedness has made acquainted
 Him, who altho' he was created naked,
 With innocence was cloath'd ?

Adam. Of knowledge the dread fruit, that I have
 tasted;

The fault of my companion !

Eve. Too true it is, that the malignant serpent,

Made me so lightly think of thy injunction,
That the supreme forbiddance
Little, or nought I valued.

God the Father.

Adam, thou sinner ! O thou bud corrupted
By the vile worm of error !
Tho' eager to ascend celestial seats,
An angel in thy pride, thy feeble wings
Left thee to fall into the depths of hell ;
By thy disdain of life,
Death is thy acquisition ;
Unworthy now of favour,
I strip thee of thy honours ;
And soon thou shalt behold the herbs, and flowers,
Turn'd into thorns, and thistles,
The earth itself this day by me accurst :
Then shalt thou utter sighs in want of food,
And from thy alter'd brow thou shalt distil
Streams of laborious sweat,
A suppliant for bread ;
Nor ever shall the strife of man have end,
Till as he rose from dust, to dust he turn.
And thou, first author of the first offence,
With pain thou shalt produce the human birth,
As thou hast taught, with anguish infinite,
The world this fatal day to bring forth sin.
Thee cruel Serpent I pronounce accurs'd,
Be it henceforth thy destiny to creep

Prone on the ground, and on the dust to feed.
Eternal strife between thee, and the woman,
Strife barbarous, and deadly,
This day do I denounce :
If one has fallen, the other yet victorious,
Shall live to bruise thy formidable head.
Now midst the starry spheres,
Myself I will seclude from human sight.



SCENE THE SEVENTH.

An ANGEL, ADAM, and EVE.

Angel. Ah Eve! what hast thou lost,
Of thy dread sovereign slighting the commands ;
Thou Adam, thou hast sinn'd,
And Eve too sinning with thee,
Ye have together, of the highest heav'n
Shut fast the gates, and open'd those of hell ;
In seeking sweeter life,
Ye prove a bitter death ;
And for a short delight,
A thousand tedious sufferings ;
How much it had been better for this man
To say, I have offended, pardon Lord !

Than to accuse his partner, she the Serpent :
 Hence let these skins of beasts thrown over both,
 Become your humble cloathing ;
 And hence let each be taught,
 That God approves the humble,
 And God in anger punishes the proud.

Adam. O man ! O dust ! O my frail destiny !
 O my offence ! O death !

Eve. O woman ! O of evil
 Sole gluttonous producer !
 O fruit ! my sin ! O Serpent ! O deceit !

Angel. Now, let these skins, that you support
 upon you,
 Tell you the grievous troubles
 That you have to sustain,
 Rude vestments are these skins,
 From whence you may perceive,
 That much of misery must be endur'd
 Now in the field of life,
 Till death shall reap ye both.
 Now, now lament, and weep,
 From him solicit mercy,
 For still your mighty Maker may be found
 Gracious in heav'n, indulgent to the world,
 Most merciful to man,
 If equal to the pride
 That made him err, his penitence will weep.

Adam. Ah whither art thou fled ?

Where lonely dost thou leave me ?
 O too disgusting apple,
 If thou canst render man to angels hateful.
 Alas, my dread destruction
 Springs from a source so high,
 That it will find no end.
 Most miserable Adam ! if thou fallest,
 Ah who will raise thee up ?
 If those eternal hands
 That should uphold the heav'n, the world, and man,
 Clos'd for thy good, are open for thy ill,
 How much should'st thou express ! but tears, and
 grief
 Fetter the tongue, and overwhelm the heart !
 O sin ! O agony !

Eve. Adam, my Adam, I will call thee mine,
 Altho' I may have lost thee !
 Unhappy Eve acknowledges her error,
 She weeps, and she laments it,
 She sees thee in great anguish :
 O could her tears wash out the grievous stain
 Thou hast upon thy visage ;
 Adam ! alas thou answer'st not, and I
 Suffer in seeing thee so pale and pensive !
 Thy hands united in the folds of pain !
 But, if thro' deed of mine thou hast occasion
 For endless shame, and silence,
 Wilt thou reply to me ? do I deserve it ?

I merit only woe by being woman ;
 Eve has invented weeping,
 Eve has discover'd anguish,
 Labour, and lassitude,
 Distraction, and affright,
 Eve ! Eve has minister'd to death, and hell !

Adam. Enjoy, enjoy O woman
 My anguish, my perdition, and my death !
 Banish me hence for loving thee too well ;
 Ah if thou wert desirous of my tears,
 Now, now extend thy hands, receive these streams
 That I must pour abundant from mine eyes ;
 If thou didst wish my sighs, lo sighs I give thee ;
 If anguish, view it ! if my blood, tis thine !
 Rather my death, it will be easy to thee
 Now to procure my death,
 If thou hast render'd me of life unworthy !



The ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, ADAM, *and* EVE.

Michael. Why this delay ? come on, be quick,
 depart
 Corrupted branches from this fair, and beauteous
 Terrestrial paradise ; are ye so bold

Ye putrid worms? come on, be quick, depart,
 Since with a scourge of fire I thus command you.

Adam. Alas! I am destroy'd

By the fierce blow of this severe avenger!

Eve. Now sunk in vital power

I feel my sad existence,

E'en at the menace from this scourge of fire!

Michael. These stony plains now must thy naked
 foot

Press in the stead of sweet and beauteous flow'rs

Since thy erroneous folly

Forbids thy dwelling in this pleasant garden.

Behold, in me the punisher of those,

Who 'gainst their God rebel, and hence I bear

These radiant arms, that with tremendous power

Make me invincible; I was the spirit,

Who, in the mighty conflict

Advancing to the north

Struck down great Lucifer, the haughty leader

Of wicked angels, so that into hell

They plung'd precipitate, and all subdued;

And thus it has seem'd good to my tremendous

Celestial chief, that I shall also drive

Man, rebel to his God, with this my sword

Of ever blazing fire,

Drive him for ever from this seat of bliss!

You angels all depart, and now with me

Expand your plumes for heav'n,

As it has been your lot,
Like mine, on earth here to rejoice with man,
Man once a demi god, and now but dust,
Here soon with falchions arm'd,
Falchions that blaze with fire,
As guardians of these once delightful gates
The brave and active Cherubim shall aid you.



SCENE THE NINTH.

*Chorus of ANGELS that sing, ARCH ANGEL, ADAM,
and EVE.*

Adieu remain in peace !
O thou that liv'st in war !
Alas how much it grieves us,
Great sinner, to behold thee now but dust !
Weep ! weep ! indulge thy sighs,
And view thy lost possession now behind thee,
Weep ! weep ! for all thy sorrow
Thou yet may'st see exchange'd for songs of joy :
This promise to the sinner heav'n affords
Who contrite turns to heav'n with holy zeal.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT THE FOURTH.




SCENE THE FIRST.



VOLAN, *Chorus of FIERY, AIRY, EARTHLY, and
AQUATIC SPIRITS.*

Volan. Forth from a thousand clouds of flame
and smoke,
From the deep bosom of the spacious earth
I to these scenes a messenger return :
Now to the fatal sound
Of these entwisted pipes,
By hissing snakes united,
And all attun'd to the fierce notes of death,
Now cease, now cease ye all
Ye potent spirits to reside in fire,
Or in the air, in water, or in earth !
Appear ! why pause ye ? such is the command



Of your brave emperor, the chief of hell !
Hark ! hear ye not the sound,
That calls you forth from out your various dwellings ?
Behold ! how from the sphere of blazing fire
Arsiccio, of the blazing legion prince,
Comes to pay homage to his mighty Lord.

Arion. Lo ! from the field of air I too descend,
I who am call'd Arion,
The mighty ruler of this winged band,
At the command of hell.

Tarpalce. Of the infernal palace
To bend before the prince,
Forth from a thousand subterraneous paths
The great Tarpalce, chief of earthy sprights,
Raises his brow to heav'n.

Ondoso. From many a vein of water,
From many a rising fount,
From rills, and rivers, torrents, floods, and streams,
And from a thousand marshes, pools, and lakes
Such as I am, Ondoso, of soft spirits
The humid, floating ruler, now on wing
Here even I attend, to reverence
The subterranean power.

Volan. Lo from the dark abyss to lightsome air
Great Lucifer now rising ! and with him
The most sagacious band
Of hellish counsellors !

SCENE THE SECOND.

LUCIFER, FIERY, AIRY, EARTHLY, AQUATIC,
INFERNAL SPIRITS, *and* VOLANO.

Lucifer. Ah light ! detested light !
Yet once again I look toward thy rays,
The sightless mole of hell,
And like a frantic angel
Dazzled, and griev'd at heart,
Immortally I die.

Beliar. Of what dost thou complain ? why grieves
our God ?

Clear up thy countenance ! and see around
How thy palms shake ! thy banners float in air !
Signs of that valour, which has conquer'd heav'n !
And now in triumph may enjoy the world !
Ah too imperfect is the victor's glory,
If he exult not in his victory.

Lucifer. Destructive victory ! unworthy boast !
Laughter to weeping turn'd,
Is that, which thou esteem'st the praise of hell.
Ah heav'n's high power has found
A new expedient to our endless shame,
To make our vanquish'd foe remain the victor
And triumph, tho' defeated.

Mirim. What barbed arrows in my wounded
heart,

Great Lord! hast thou enfixt!

Lucifer. Ah! for no other purpose have I call'd
you

From realms of air, and fire,
From earth, from water, and the cent'ral depths,
Save that we might project in council here
How man may fall entirely overwhelm'd,
If to destroy him by the fruit I fail'd.

Digrignan. Ah how can Adam live,
If he indeed has eat the fruit forbidden?
Condemning him to death
Now well may we exclaim,
That heav'n this day inures itself to falshood.

Lucifer. Hear it oh hell! and shudder at the sound!
And let thy lively joys now turn to languor!
Tell me, thou, Beliar! how seems to thee
After the tasted fruit, man on the sudden
Discover'd naked! and amid the branches
Of thickest growth hastening to hide his shame!

Beliar. In viewing his own nakedness, he shews us,
The tasted fruit has robb'd him of all grace;
The very foliage where he hides informs him
He is become a beast,
And like a beast is doom'd in death to lose
His body, and his soul.

Lucifer. Thou Coriban relate why man has form'd

With the figs ample leaf

A mantle for his waist

Coriban. I'll tell you, 'tis the nature of the fig
To rise not high; and prove of short duration;
Still less may man expect to Glory's highth
To raise himself; for short shall be his date.
All the contentious elements at war
Occasion'd by his sin, now in their conflict
Shall overwhelm him, and the hope with souls
More to embellish heav'n shall be in vain.

Lucifer. And thou Ferèa! what denotes the ser-
pent,

Whom in his anger God is pleas'd to curse?

Ferea. I will be brief in telling all that's true;
When he pronounc'd a curse upon the serpent,
Man had already heard his malediction;
And thus to that he added
Prone on thy belly serpent thou shalt grovel
As if to man suggesting,
Dark as a riddling God, man is of clay;
And clay shall now be destitute of soul,
As destitute of soul each other reptile.

Lucifer. Thou, Solobrico, tell me, what think'st
thou

Of this strange speech to man!

Thou by thy sweat must gain

The bread, that forms thy food!

Solobrico. This bread to us discovers.

The life of man's frail body,
 A body form'd of earth, as now indeed
 Grain must be drawn from earth to make this bread
 The vital element :
 His sweat denotes the element of water,
 His countenance is air, his labour fire ;
 So that this dark expression
 Of being doom'd to gain his bread by sweat,
 To man says, thou shalt live,
 In many griefs and troubles,
 A short space in the world ;
 Then is thy lot to die,
 Turning again to earth, air, water, fire.

Lucifer. And Gismon thou ! to woman when he
 said

That with the pangs of birth
 She should produce her offspring, say what meaning
 Lurk'd in that new expression to bring forth ?

Gismon. This said expression birth
 Denotes the being born ;
 When her young progeny shall rise to light:
 He also might denote a new partition
 By this new word bring forth,
 Innumerable pains,
 In which the suff'ring parents
 Shall both participate to rear their children :
 Of body, and of soul
 The certain death I see in this expression :

That this may be, turning to man he said
 That he should die, and then to Eve he added,
 That she with bitter anguish should bring forth.
 Now this mysterious saying nothing means,
 If not that man is meant
 By death corporeal, and his frail companion
 By death that strikes the soul ;
 Thus from mortality,
 With loss reciprocal, the soul is taken :
 And thus, when each has languish'd,
 The body in its dying,
 The soul in its departure,
 Leaving at length its transient dear abode ;
 So verified shall be the mighty sentence
 From him, the mighty judge,
 Of bringing forth with dire excess of pain.

Lucifer. All you, that most sagacious
 I reckon'd once in my infernal kingdoms,
 I find now least sagacious ;
 To thee I turn, Arsiccio, tell me now
 What means that mystery
 The cursing of the earth !

Arsiccio. And to the blame of man I too return ;
 Can it be true this cursing of the earth ?
 What does the mys'try mean ?
 Means it indeed the earth ?
 Foolish is he, who thinks so ! what offence
 Has she committed ? no twas not the earth

Was curs'd, but only man, who is of earth ;
And human nature all is curs'd with him ;
And that decree, it should no more bear fruit
Was utter'd for no purpose
But to proclaim to man,
That as a sinner, heav'n is shut against him.

Lucifer. Arion thou exalt thyself in air !
Do thou inform me why with skins of beasts
This man and his companion were array'd !

Arion. This clearly shews to us,
That God no longer makes account of man.
Hear me, unconquer'd sov'reign,
This clothing Adam with the lifeless skins
Of fleeced animals to us imports,
That as with dying beast
The body, soul, and spirit, also die,
So death shall also prove
The dread destroying ravager of men
By the dread fruits effect.

Lucifer. Ondoso thou who art profest a diver,
Canst thou pervade the depth
Of these confus'd decrees ? inform me now
What means the mystery
Of Cherubim with fiery falchions
Forbidding entrance to the gates of Eden !

Ondoso. No mystery, great king !
But the destruction of the human race,
Portended by these falchions !

They mean indeed the death
Of man's terrestrial form,
And their fierce blades of fire
Damnation to his soul :
So that when struck by death
The body shall be ashes, and the soul
Shall by eternal justice
Within the dark Avernus
Become a prisoner, lost to light, and heav'n.
Now blest are we, since we behold it clear,
That rising to the realms above, 'tis ours
To make Olympus joyful, since when we
Resign'd our seat in heav'n,
At those exalted gates
No armed cherubim was plac'd to guard ;
Thus all is justly weigh'd,
And in an even balance ;
For now the world's inhabitants shall be
The birds, the fish, the beasts :
Of the Tartarean gulph
Man, and his numerous race ;
We only on gay wine shall soar to heav'n,
On this supreme condition,
That heav'n's great Lord shall pardon ask of thee
Repenting of his error, and that both
Shall rule the realm of heav'n,
Both Lucifer, and God.

Lucifer. Tarpalce, say what thinkest thou of man!

Turpalce. 'Tis not my sentiment, man can be
sav'd ;

In short this man has sinn'd ;
And he who draws from man his flesh, and life,
He shall be called a sinner ;
And he who is a sinner shall be damn'd ;
And since it is denied,
That these the seats of heav'n, that once were ours,
Neglected shall be left, and void of glory,
Well may we re-ascend, with brave condition,
The heav'n once more returning to itself.
Sufficiently we know
It otherways would still be void of splendor,
Since God no longer knows
What to achieve, that may embellish heav'n.

Lucifer. Alas ! 'tis fit that I
From a deep silence now
Loose this chill'd tongue, chill'd, tho' it seems to
burn
With cruel deadly rage !
My heart is bursting only at the thought
Of what I must relate :
Now with great efforts vanquishing myself,
Let that be heard, which anguish bids me utter !
The fear, he felt, to shew himself, when naked
Was from the mighty shame,
To see himself bespotted
With sin's deformity.

His flight with rapid step towards the woods,
 As to the sea the swollen torrent flies,
 Denotes his great repentance of his sin.
 That leafy screen, in which he hid himself,
 Denotes his coarse and rustic penitence,
 Till with long abstinence he shall atone
 With punishment for sin :
 The harsh and ample leaf
 Of fig, still more expressive,
 Tells it will be man's lot,
 With coarse and hairy vest
 To cover ev'ry fault ;
 And as upon the fig;
 Among its harshest leaves, a dulcet fruit
 Arises, thus at last shall man himself
 Midst all his penitence enjoy the fruit
 So sweet, and dear of heav'n, that he had lost :
 The verdure of the leaf
 Affords a certain hope,
 That man may have of Gods returning grace ;
 That he at length in heav'n
 Shall know a blooming spring of highest glory :
 The double summons, thus bestow'd on man,
 Tells us, he shall have time
 To weep, tho' sinning, his repented sin.
 If he was pleas'd to execrate the serpent,
 There hell may understand,
 That it was not the serpent,

Who then offended God; from whence he said
Prone on thy belly serpent thou shalt creep!
Alas too clearly saying,
Quit every hope! O ye that now abide
By the infernal streams!
Quit every hope of heav'n!
And when between this woman and the serpent
His word denounc'd alas! eternal war,
Ah then he comprehended human nature,
Which bears a female name.
What then are now our direst enemies?
Inhabitants of heav'n!
So that our most tormenting adversary
Is now no other but this human nature
Made an eternal denizen of heav'n!
What more! alas! have I the force to speak it?
The saying that the woman
Shall one day bruise his head
With mystery severe
Shews us the incarnation of the Word:
Saying to man his bread
He now by sweat must earn, is it not saying
After hard toil thou shalt to heav'n ascend?
Alas! perhaps it means
That bread may life denote,
Since man is destin'd to have life in heav'n:
If for the apple God was pleas'd to say
That man transgressing shall be doom'd to death,

He of the body spake ;
 The spirit is immortal.
 When in his speech to Eve
 He doom'd her to bring forth, that indicates
 Eternity assign'd to human nature.
 The guard of cherubim that wheel around
 Their fiery swords, forbidding
 All feet to tread on that delicious garden,
 I would declare to mean—
 But to cold marble turns my fault'ring tongue.

Briar. Shall it be said, that Briar checks his
 tongue ?

Believe not thou, our Lord,
 That man to heav'n shall soar !
 Too feeble are his wings ;
 Had he no other bar,
 I am alone prepar'd to give him death :
 Arm'd with a mighty club, or with a stone,
 Tho' sure to be condemn'd
 Myself alone to all the pains of hell !
 Since I can well discern,
 That in continual thinking of my glory,
 Infernal pain will turn to heavenly joy.

Lucifer. O noble generous ardour !
 Trust me not less avails
 A heart magnanimous for glory panting,
 Than a decided triumph !
 Let us remain in hell !

Since there is more content
To live in liberty, tho' all condemn'd,
Than, as his vassals, blest.
Up from these filthy dregs!
A hideous mass sulphurous, rough, and round,
Let there be rais'd to light;
So wills the mighty chieftain of damnation.



SCENE THE THIRD.

*The Infernal Cyclops arm'd with hammers, and
all those of the preceding scene.*

Behold the Smiths of hell,
That worn with toil, and smoke,
To heav'n are raising this enormous ball
Now fashion'd in Avernus.

Lucifer. Now as a perfect rival
Of God, I will, that Lucifer be seen.
He highly seated, on his throne in heav'n,
To us reveal'd the world, and thence arose
Our banishment from heav'n, and I this day,
Raising Vain Glory to a throne of splendor
Have now contriv'd to exterminate mankind:
If he from nothing, made the ample world

I too a nothing will now make of worlds,
 Or of the world a nothing !
 Now let this dark and misty mass dissolve,
 And in the place of elements, and heav'ns,
 Of all the stars, the moon, and radiant suns,
 Let there come forth a strange unfinish'd monster !

Ondoso. O what a stormy burst, what monsters
 rise,

All horrible and hissing,
 With forms enormous howling,
 And breathing blasts of fire !

Lucifer. Thou, that now seem'st a dark, and
 hideous monster,

I will array thee in a human semblance,
 Though but of vapour form'd ;
 Thou shalt be call'd the world.
 Instead of shags, and vestments wild,
 Sweat thou beneath a load of gems and gold,
 For well I know how hence forth in my service,
 Gold may be us'd in tempting man to sin.
 Such thou shalt have around thee ;
 On thee I will bestow voice, gesture, snares,
 In strictest tie to catch
 The human foot of clay that walks incautious,
 And all that thou canst wish
 To overwhelm this man, all thou shalt have !
 Thou beast of monstrous shape,
 Thou like a lovely damsel shalt appear

Thou shalt be call'd the flesh,
With wiles, deceits, and ardours in thy train,
Whence man may fall in unbecoming errors;
And monster! thou, that art
So hideous and so meagre, death be call'd!
Be thou all human bone,
All ice, all madness, all a mass of horror,
To th' unhappy sinner.
Ye four terrific forms, of wildest semblance,
For horrid deeds I chuse you,
Ill omen'd words, and acts of cruel nature,
Your fashion to display!
Up, up, let each return
To his own element, his proper sphere,
Come! why delay to fire?
Haste all with me
And hence in silence glide,
Abandoning the light.



SCENE THE FOURTH.

Adam. Wretch that thou art! now cast thine
eyes around
No longer shalt thou see
Ought to console thy pain!

Ah ! in that very thought,
Sorrow so wounds my heart,
My tears so overwhelm me,
That in a sigh I seem to breath my last.
Where Adam is thy beauty ? where thy grace,
That made thee dear to angels and to God ?
Ah ! thou alone hast dared
To stain thy nature, and to wound thy soul !
Is this ? is this the way,
To please that being, who on thee bestow'd,
Whate'er thou see'st around thee, with a promise
To give thee in the stars a heav'nly mansion ?
Rather on fruit forbidden
To feed, than on the living words of God
Has been thy choice, and lo !
Thou, from an angel, to a beast art chang'd !
And more than other beasts
Driven as a monster from this pleasant garden,
And thus in skins array'd ; alas ! I dare not
Lift up my eyes to heav'n, yet it becomes me,
Low on my knees, to view the good I lost,
And in lamenting, say
Dear seat of God, thou shouldst have been the seat
Of Adam also ; but thou'rt lost to me !
Thee have I lost alas ! and found in stead
Of thee, both death and hell.
O hide ! in pity hide thy splendour, heav'n !
Since Adam is a sinner.

Conceal your light ye stars !
Vanish thou moon and sun !
Eternal horror be the fate of man,
Since Adam is a sinner.
Now in the faithful choir of angels cease
Ye soothing melodies
Since Adam is a sinner !
Behold ! with pain behold !
How, from thy dread offence,
All things, this day appear to change their form,
All hold thee in abhorrence,
All from thy aspect fly !
Ah thou mayst well exclaim !
There, from the verdant stem and parent tree,
The rose is fled, and leaves thee but the thorn !
There sinks each flow'r, within the grassy earth
Hiding its head precipitate, and scarce
Where it display'd its pride, now shews its stalk :
Well mayst thou add, in plucking here the apple
Thou gav'st a fatal shake to ev'ry tree,
Then bringing to the ground,
Each leaf, each flow'r, and ev'ry blooming fruit.
Ah how despoil'd, and waste
All now appears to me ! all shade and horrors !
Produc'd by man's rebellion to his God!
Where, where are now the gay, and sprightly birds,
That on their painted plumes,
Round me were us'd to sport, and flutter here?

Ah! your clos'd wings I see
Amidst the thickest leaves, and fearing all
The deadly snares of Adam.
Where where is now the tiger, bear and lion,
The wolf, the pard, and thousand other beasts,
Obedient all to man, and in his train?
Alas! now made voracious
Of human carnage, and of smoking blood
I now behold you all,
Sharp'ning 'gainst man the talon, and tooth.
Where now, ah! where, their young
May all the fleecy kind,
Let fall in safety, for alas! I see
No longer will they offer
Their milky dugs to thee; their dugs or offspring
Since to escape from man,
Now, now, I see them eager.
Man turn'd into a wolf
By having seiz'd an apple.
All fly, and all abhor thee,
And from thee barbarous, learns barbarity!
Hence in the earth and sea,
Beyond their custom, now
All fish, and all the beasts,
To battle seem t'invite thee,
See now the wolf and lamb,
She who of late not far from him, might wander,
See how she bleating flies from his unfaithful

Tusk ! now expecting bloody violence !
Behold the hare ! behold
How timid she is made, and the dog fierce
In striving for her life ;
While more than native fear to flight inclines her.
Behold that dusky beast
That with white tusks of an enormous size
Extends its weighty jaw,
That now forgetting to revere the moon
Intractable ferocious !
Beyond its native temper,
Rushes in anger with its fib'rous trunk,
That serves it for a nose,
Against the horn, which the rhinoceros
Sharpens of hardest stone !
Behold the sea enrag'd,
Now by thy rage, the very sea inflam'd
Takes up the fish within its wat'ry arms,
And in a thousand caverns,
Against the mossy stones,
Now strikes, and now entombs them.
At length, behold that ox
That now beneath thy crooked yoke of wood
To turn the sterile earth
Thou must contrive to couple,
See ! how he darts an eye of fire upon thee,
And foaming now, and panting, fiercely points
His crooked horn, and threatens thee with death :

And more, yet more, the earth
Provokes thee now to conflict,
Thanks to thy dire offence ;
And since her bosom must by thee be wounded,
Strives with thee, for thy viands, arm'd herself
With thistles, and with thorns.
I've sinn'd ! O Lord ! I've sinn'd
I've sinn'd, and for my fault
My mournful heart, in weeping I distill.
Why wretched do I speak ? see what a band
Of beasts, made barbarous
Of hostile beasts, now wet
With crimsons deadly stain
I see around me, darting from their caves:
Alas ! what see I more ? wretch that I am !
Behold from them, affrighted Eve is flying !

SCENE THE FIFTH.

ADAM and EVE.

Eve. Ah whither shall I fly? and where conceal me?

Adam. Haste to my arms, O haste !

Let him who sinn'd like thee,
Like thee, become of savage beast the prey !

Eve. Ah ! every path becomes
The pass of death, to one of life unworthy !
Here in this caverns, depth,
Here, let us plunge O Adam.

Adam. Ah ! they at length depart ; yet not from
man
Will misery depart, or mortal anguish !
Oh wond'rous wretchedness, e'en pleasure weeps,
Joy wears the form of sorrow,
And life itself, now dies.

Eve. Ah how I grieve, O Adam !
Oh Heav'n ! what tears I shed,
How do I sigh O God ! wounded in heart,
Now, nor alive, nor dead.

Adam. But hark what horrid roarings
Make air rebellow, and the vallies shake !

—◆—

SCENE THE SIXTH.

FAMINE, THIRST, LASSITUDE, DESPAIR, ADAM,
and EVE.

Famine. In vain from our quick grasp
You strive to fly, vile offspring of the earth !
And from the thousand ills, that Heav'n intends thee

Fly not, for tis vain in. Ye now around
Block up the paths, and guard each avenue,
Famine am I ! who in this hideous form
Now shew myself to man,
To prove how keen I am,
With bitterness to poison all his sweets,
And from the semblance I reveal thou wretch
Clearly shalt thou perceive,
Beyond all other creatures,
How sharply Famine's piercing shaft shall wound
thee;
And as I now devour these tender shoots
Of the young fruitful vine,
And suck, with eager thirst, the dulcet juice,
So from thy feeble bones, that now derive
Infirmity from sin,
Soon will I tear the flesh,
And suck thus fiercely from thy veins, the blood.
And this fierce Monster that you now behold,
Keen at the limped fountain
To satiate its thirst, and foil'd, attempting
With harpy talon to pollute the water,
This is call'd Thirst; and now, in such a form
Both horrible, and fierce,
To thee appears, that thou may'st comprehend
How wildly raging thou shalt feel its fury.
And this is Lassitude,
That Lassitude, which now on thee shall pour

The mighty streams of sorrow :
See ! how her figure melts in drops of anguish,
In raising on her back
That heav'y burden of enormous weight;
Tis hers, to make thee Adam
So worn with toil, that from thy pallid visage,
The copious streams of painful sweat shall pour,
And Lassitude shall so annoy thy frame,
That thou shalt hate thy life.
Hence at the last, perforce ye both shall pass
Thro' unaccustom'd ways of wretchedness,
To this dire monster, savage, and tremendous !
Who henceforth on the earth
Shall bear of desperation,
The desperate name! look and behold how fiercely,
He in convulsion rolls, and shrieks and roars,
See how he tears his hair ! and grinds his teeth !
Wounds all his frame and makes his breast re-echo
With his repeated blows !
This fierce, relentless Monster,
Shall so afflict thee, that thou shalt be eager
To turn, and hasten to an end more wretched :
And if perchance, thou think'st I speak not true,
See him who from his deep and dark domain
In blackest vapour wrapt
Circled with globes of fire appears before thee !

*SCENE THE SEVENTH.**DEATH, ADAM, and EVE.*

Death. Thou art the creature, woman,
Who first hast summon'd me,
And with a sinful voice,
From the Tartarean shades;
Thou perishable flesh, and form of clay
Hast call'd this fearful monster,
Of human bones compacted,
This day to look upon the light of heav'n.
Say now what would'st thou speak?
Do'st thou abhor thy life?
Behold the sickle bearer, and the sickle
That now invites thee to desert the day.
Now with a lynx's eye,
I see, in looking into future time,
To my dread name, and these ungodly arms,
What fatal trophies rise.
But what! not here shall end the full perdition
With which heav'n threatens thee, such mighty evils
Hell now prepares for thee,
And such excess of horrors,
That I, I who am Death
Wish for destruction to escape their sight.

Thou art condemn'd to die,
 Thy residence is hell,
 Become a rebel to thy mighty Maker.

Adam. Oh source of tears ! Oh sorrow !
 Oh miserable sinner !

Eve. Ah me most wretched Eve !
 The origin of sin.

Adam. Ah, how the heav'n grows dark, how it
 withdraws
 Its light from us, who are of light unworthy,
 But ah! what flame in heav'n quickens, and dies,
 Dazzling our sight, and sudden darts away,
 A serpent all of fire ?

Eve. Alas! not here the wrath of heav'n shall end,
 First we must suffer death.

Adam. Ah what rebelling sounds I hear above!
 Perchance with such a voice
 Offended heav'n now drives us from the world,
 And sends us banish'd to the gulphs below !
 What shafts, how numberless
 Strike down the woods and groves! with what wild force
 The raging winds contend !
 Now rushes from the sky
 Water congeal'd to forceful globes of hail !

Eve. Alas! how from on high
 The swelling waters pour,
 That rising o'er their banks,
 The proud o'erflowing rivers

Now put the beasts to flight,
And in the groves, and woods,
Precipitately drive the fish to dwell.

Adam. Fly! let us haste to fly
Up to those lofty mountains,
Where heav'n now seems at last
Sate with ceaseless thund'ring, to repose!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

THE FLESH *and* ADAM.

The Flesh.

If in a bosom form'd in lonely woods,
An amorous lure, the engine of deceit,
May wake a blazing spark,
And raise an inextinguishable fire;
This day to me shall shine a day of triumph,
When in desire's fierce flames
I shall behold that heart,
Which love's devouring flame yet has not touch'd.
And now if aught of potency resides
In golden tresses, or a breast of snow,
A radiant eye, a cheek of rose and lily,
And teeth of pearl, and lips that vie with coral,
In beauty, grace, allurements, arts, and gestures
To make a wretched mortal heart, their captive,
Such tresses, such a breast,

A cheek, and teeth, and lips.
 And my intelligent engaging manners,
 Will hold thee fetter'd in a thousand snares.
 Behold, not distant far, the simple bird
 I opportunely see,
 Who for my tempting lure
 His habitation quits and his companion,
 To fall at once by amorous deceit.
 O how to earth dejected,
 He bends his wat'ry eyes in deep affliction ;
 Thou art not yet transfix'd
 By my prevailing shaft, but now it seeks thee.

She sings.

Dearest Adam, griev'd and fainting,
 Let my song thy spirit comfort !
 And with thee,
 O let me
 Lead a life of true enjoyment !
 Gentle Adam, son of glory,
 Hearken, hearken meek and humble
 Sounds the artless song unpolish'd
 That invites thee
 But to kindness,
 Give, O give me ease, and quiet,
 Gentle Adam son of glory !
 But if thou with different feelings
 Wish to wound this tender bosom,
 See it naked !

Strike, O cruel

Wherefore pause you? haste to kill me!

By your hand I fall contented.

Adam. O thou all seeing Lord,

If real grief may touch thee,

Survey the contrite sinner,

Who thro' his eyes distills his heart in tears,

No! of thy mercy do not close the hand,

Since what sustains me now must fall and perish,

Behold, behold dread Lord! unhappy man,

Who from the fatal fruit

Has to encounter all the snares of hell:

Defend him he is thine, thine thou hast call'd him.

And having once been thine, thou must have lov'd him.

The Flesh.

Go full of terror, and desire! I must

With the impetuous be meek, and coy,

And with the timid bold, and urge him on,

Till love's keen canker worm

Prey on the simple heart,

That never yet has felt the sting of passion.

Adam. Who may this be! alas, both hope and fear:

Urge me to seek, and bid me still be silent.

The Flesh.

This lowliness, and this affected coyness,

With an undaunted lover, this presumption

With one more soft and timid, are so prevailing

They seem two strong incentives

To kindle the fierce flame of love's desire.
 Whence I a skillful mistress
 Brandish my tongue,
 And give a mortal wound.
 Say why art thou so pensive,
 O my most gentle Adam ?

Adam. Restrain, restrain thy step
 Whoe'er thou art, nor with thy songs inveigle
 Him, who has only cause for ceaseless tears.

The Flesh.

Without thy strict injunction,
 Creature of noble semblance,
 To stand aloof from thee
 Grieves me ; I want the courage to approach
 The flow'ry bloom of thy engaging face,
 Fearing lest serpents in thy radiant eyes,
 For ever on the watch
 With stings devoid of pity, pierce my heart :
 But ev'ry bitter root
 That leads thee to suspicion,
 I from thy breast will pluck, for know, I am
 The very soul of love, yes ! of that love
 Which has induc'd thy Maker
 From nothing to make all :
 And since in that debas'd
 Condition into which thy sorrows sunk thee,
 This love alone can draw thee,
 To the low world I took my flight from heav'n.

Perchance thou may'st suppose, enjoying love,
That thou must therefore lead a savage life,
A lover of the brutes.

No, no, adorning all thy form with flow'rs,
And wearing on thy locks a wreath of palm,
Thou shalt enjoy a vest of gold and silver
Such as I wear, and such as high in heav'n
The radiant tissue shines, when sun and moon
Weave their united rays;
Thine eyes shall sparkle with resplendent fire,
On thy warm cheek a graceful blush shall glow,
And when in extacy, thy lip is press'd
Its richer hue shall make the coral pale.
Say at the very sound dost thou not feel
Thy heart dissolve in amorous joy? I see
Thou art delighted Adam.

Adam. I love, in truth I love,
But only burn with love
For my almighty Maker.

The Flesh.

The soul alone can love,
Can love this heav'nly lord:
But in these sublunary woodland scenes,
Love has delights of a corporeal kind.

Adam. The love thou speak'st of it is mine to prove
With my beloved consort.

The Flesh.

Yes! that is true, yet only sons of death

Can spring from your affection.

Adam. Sad fruit of my offence!

The Flesh.

Ah, but immortal children
From me shall spring, if thou wilt yield to me,
Amidst these herbs and flow'rs
Be ours sublimest love.
Simple! extend thy hand,
Behold, and touch my breast, that thou wilt find
Far different from the breast of mortal Eve.
If thou wilt love, shall I not make thee worthy
Of the unbounded joy
To steal thee from thyself? ah come, ah come,
To this pure bosom, that I shew thee Adam,
Oh say to me, I love thee;
Perchance thou may'st believe,
Each man to spring from thee,
Ought to be happy with a single woman:
Each woman too contented
To love one man alone!
Simple, if such thy thought:
For all the sweets of love
Become more poignant by the change of lovers.
See how each animal, that dwells on earth
Leads a delicious life,
By changing its affection,
And thou, sole sovereign of each living creature,
Shalt thou content thee with a single lover?

Adam. Let sorrow's flame convert my heart to
ashes,

Rather than it may burn with double love!
Hence then ! depart! for a blind mole am I
To all thy proffer'd beauty:
And truly in thy presence,
I feel no touch of love.

The Flesh.

O thou most icy heart !
Now kindle with the flame of my affection,
Behold this ample cavern of the earth ;
Lo it was made for love; whate'er it holds
Within its spacious circuit
Of love perceives the fire.
Love rules the earth, the sea, the air, and fire,
With endless love a hundred genial stars
Not moving from their sphere,
Scatter their flames thro' heav'n,
And other wand'ring planets
Thro' those exalted regions
Direct their golden steps.
What river, fount, or stream,
Unconscious flows, and destitute of love ?
What frozen sea does love not penetrate
With his imperious ardour?
What glowing ocean does not oft discover
A visage pale, and wan,
As if infirm with love?

What flow'r, what plant, or stone,
 Wishes for love in vain, of love depriv'd ?
 Whate'er inhabits heav'n, or earth, or sea,
 Burns in the flame of love.
 Behold that sportive bird of painted wing,
 That goes with flutt'ring joy from bough to bough,
 And in his song declares he sings of love :
 Behold the sweet, and oft repeated kisses
 Of those two doves, what dost thou think of them ?
 Of love they are the kisses.
 The beauteous peacock see
 That gaily fondles his attractive mate ;
 He whirls the plume of love :
 Hear you that nightingale, does she not mourn ?
 Now does she not exult ? now tis her joy
 With her melodious warble
 To stun the vallies, and make glad the hills.
 Simple what dost thou think ?
 Tis love that makes her tuneful :
 Behold that river with its banks of flow'rs,
 Its stream of purest silver,
 And of fine gold its sand,
 Behold dost thou not see within its bosom
 A thousand fishes glide ?
 They lead the dance of love :
 Behold that sportive goat, that butting runs
 Exulting o'er the plain,
 His conflicts are from love :

Look there, and see amidst a thousand folds
Those close entwisted snakes,
That in a single being seem combin'd :
Coy Adam, even these
Weave the close web of love.
Behold, at length where yonder clustring vine
Her amorous arms around the elm extends,
She also burns with love:
Even that flow'r, that ever courts the sun,
Thus in its glances speaks
I dart the glance of love!
And thou unmelting soul! wilt thou alone
Wilt thou disdain to feel
That which all creatures prove ?
Nought can resist my golden, pungent dart,
Nor air, nor fire, nor sea, nor earth, nor heav'n.



SCENE THE SECOND.

LUCIFER, THE FLESH, *and* ADAM.

Now burn with love, and bless the fond desire
Of her, whom the creator
Made blazing all with love.

Adam. And who art thou, whose thick, and
bushy locks

And beard of silver shade thy head and face ?

Lucifer. Adam, I am a man ; I am thy brother,
But of a higher rank ;

Since I have drawn the vital air of heav'n,
Thou in this lower world :

For well thou knowst, that station
Affords an airy grandeur to our birth.

In years too I surpass thee :

My voice too, and my language
Declare me old, as these my locks of silver ;
Now if all elder things

Are deem'd superior to their successors,
In this my merit must be more than than thine.

Adam. How I should answer thee, my tongue
knows not,

Thou lofty Lord of Heav'n !
Since my sad error with so thick a cloud
Of ever-during fear
O'ershades my eyes and heart.

Lucifer. Oh Adam, do not fear !

The Flesh.

Wait thou a little ! soon
That shall be known to thee, which now is hid:
All for thy good alone,
And to save man from many griefs, and pains:

Lucifer. Now Adam understand

How having made me in his lofty heav'n,
He next created thee ;
For a new wish he form'd
To make another man, and give the world
To be his grateful residence, and then
Clay he made Flesh, and of that Flesh made man :
Then from the side of man he woman drew,
And then ordain'd the law
Prohibiting the apple ;
Which if he tasted, man
Must be depriv'd of his celestial home ;
Hence is it thou hast felt,
Hence is it thou hast seen
Clouds rolling thro' the air,
And fiery scintillations in the sky,
Rebelling thunder and its rattling bolts,
And the tempestuous crash.
These mournful pomps of horror
Say, say, what canst thou think
That they portend below to new made man !
All these appear'd in heav'n, because from heav'n
Now the celestial Adam is dislodg'd.
As to terrestrial man,
(As if the world would drive him from the world)
The earth itself grew barren,
And every fruit grew harsh ;
The waters full of turbulence, and gall ;
And every creature sharp'ned

His beak, or tusk, or talon.
Behold at last, O heav'n ! a pair of brothers !
The citizens of earth !
O Adam, do not grieve,
That I by fault of thine have now lost heav'n,
Since to have haply found
Thee, my belov'd brother,
Now makes me not to feel the loss of heav'n :
And happy we will live
In this, a sylvan, and a sunny scene !
Or emulous of heav'n, in God's own heav'n
Rais'd to a noble seat,
I will, that we ascend,
And underneath our feet
Joy to behold the congregated choirs,
E'en like the blessed choirs !
The children of this man !
Now if we wish success to our desires,
And should delight to see
Springing like grass, and frequent as the flow'rs,
Our Children rapidly arise to light,
Turn we our eyes and heart
To this fair goddess of delightful love !
For easy tis to her
To form, in sweet array the troops we wish.
A plant so sweetly fruitful
Is not ; nor is the Earth herself so fertile ;
Nor does it raise so soon

Its nutritive production,
 As she will raise, if we are so dispos'd,
 The fruit of lovely children :
 Then to the lily whiteness
 Of her enchanting cheek
 Advance the living roses of the lip !
 And of so sweet a flow'r
 For this love's goddess let us form a garland !
 Oh to the living ruby
 Of this sweet fount of kisses,
 If he for kisses thirst,
 The hart of love shall run,
 There bathe his thirsty lip,
 And there on kisses quench his mighty ardour.

The Flesh.

Why this delay, O Adam ?
 Approach, approach, my heart !
 Sate thy thirst of love!
Lucifer. What! dost thou fear, and tremble?
 Now let the empty cloud
 Of all thy vain suspicion
 Disperse before the sun of heav'nly truth !
 Extend, extend thy arms
 And in one dear embrace encircle both !
 Happy who pants for thee ! alas what dost thou,
 At once thou givest, and again draw'st back
 Thy blandishments, like lightning,
 That in appearing flies, and vanishes.

Adam. What fear assaults my heart I cannot tell
But feel that like a timid deer I pant
At the dire barking of blood-thirsty hounds.



SCENE THE THIRD.

CHERUBIM, GUARDIAN OF ADAM, ADAM, THE
FLESH, and LUCIFER.

Cherubim. Tis time to succour man : Alas ! what
dost thou,
Most miserable Adam ?

Lucifer. Why dost thou silent stand ? what are
thy thoughts ?

Adam. I seem'd to hear a plaintive, pleasing voice,
That in this manner spoke : alas ! what dost thou ?
Most miserable Adam !

The Flesh.

A vain desire, and dread
Now lords it o'er thy heart.

Cherubim. Since thy heart trembles, evil must
be nigh.

Adam. I tremble at deceit.

Lucifer. Thou must have lost thy reason,
If thou canst fear thy mistress, and thy brother.

Cherubim. Fear, for they are thy foes.

Adam. Thou say'st thou art my brother, she my
mistress ;
But if ye were my foes.

The Flesh.

Cruel to treat us so !

What enemy can man now have on earth ?

Cherubim. The enemy of Eve.

Adam. He, who occasion'd misery to Eve,
And he, who was the cause, that from this brow
The painful sweat must now descend in streams.

Lucifer. So little wilt thou trust us ?
So lightly dost thou love us ?
Yet it is fit thy fault
Call forth the tears to flow into thy bosom.

The Flesh.

With treachery tis fit to treat with man
In gesture, tears, and voice,
Only to plunge him in Tartarean fires.

Adam. They weep in such abundance.
That every tear, they shed, strikes on my bosom,
And tho like marble hard,
I fear, I fear, that if it does not split,
It may at least be soften'd.

Angel. These are the poisonous waters of Avernus,

(Incautious man!) that from their eyes distill.

Lucifer. Ah heav'n! why didst thou form me,
Why didst thou join my lot
With this ungrateful, misbelieving Adam,
That feels not his own good, or my affliction?

Adam. Restrain thy grief, thy tears! and suffer me,
(If it is true, thy soul desires my good)
To speak to thee apart,
And I to thee will open all my thoughts.

Lucifer. Hast thou no other wish?

Adam. No! I require no more.

Lucifer. Behold us now apart! behold us far!
If any other wish
Strike thee, command! behold! we are obedient
Not to thy words alone, but to thy nod.

Adam. What wouldst thou, O my heart?
What is thy wish, my soul?
Now quiet thy desires! quiet thy pains!

Cherubim. Tell him, if he's thy brother,
And both descendants from the starry sphere,
They should with thee, in pure, and perfect zeal,
Adore the Maker of the heav'n, and earth.

Adam. That which my heart suggests, I now
will do.

The Flesh.

O tempter! now I fear
Some singular mischance.

Cherubim. Now, now the fraud is known.

Adam. Now brother, if you wish,
 With this your pure celestial paramour,
 Hail'd as the soul of love,
 That I should think the one an heav'nly Adam,
 And her the only love of our great Maker,
 Now bend with me your humble knees to earth!

Lucifer. How in one instant can two opposites,
 Humility, and pride,
 Together reign in me?

Adam. Can Adam so delay?

Lucifer. I'll tell thee; ah it seems a thing unfit
 That a celestial knee
 Should bend to this vile earth.

Adam. Thou hast already told me,
 That in the high celestial plains above
 Thou must no longer dwell,
 But here with me enjoy delightful days,
 Amid these sunny spots;
 Let it not then displease thee
 With earthly habitudes
 To have thy breast, O Adam, fraught like mine!

The Flesh.

Well dost thou speak, O Adam! I am ready
 To pay thee prompt obedience.

Lucifer. And I will also shew,
 This fair one's pleasure shall my pleasure be.

Adam. Behold I bow myself! behold me bend!
 Now let united hands be rais'd to heav'n.

Lucifer. To make palm meet with palm in vain
we strive.

Adam. In truth there seems much pain.

Lucifer. Perhaps you wish
Our hands united thus !

Adam. No ! what ! do you not see
That both united form a knot together,
Finger entwisting finger ?

The Flesh,

Perhaps you chuse them thus !

Adam. Alas ! th' example,
That with my hands before your eyes I shew you,
Serves it so little ? heavens ! what do I see ?
So destitute of sense
Are heav'nly creatures ?

Lucifer. Now behold them join'd.

The Flesh,

In truth I cannot tell,
If hell this day more tries the strength of Adam,
Or Adam more torments the powers of hell.

Lucifer. Virgor ! soul ! animation !
For in proportion as our strife is bloody,
So will our palm of conquest rise in glory.

Adam. Why do you thus apart
In such confusion speak ?
Now raise your eyes to heav'n,
And with delight contemplate
Of all those starry sapphires

The pure resplendent rays,
 And those fair blessed seats !
 Alas thou shut'st thine eyes,
 That stream upon the ground.

Lucifer. O Adam cease at length !
 Those rays so splendid dazzle us too much.

Adam. This is my foe : I now discern him well.
 The eagle of the sun
 Is us'd with pleasure on the sun to gaze ;
 And thou, an heav'nly eagle,
 Accustom'd to the brightest rays of heav'n,
 Dost thou disdain, or shun them,
 Dazzled, and in confusion ?

The Flesh.

Who knows what splendors in high heav'n are kindled?
 He, who surveys them oft,
 Is satiated at last,
 There's nought created so divine, and dear,
 That in long intercourse becomes not tiresome.

Adam. Celestial good ne'er satiates, but delights,
 And magnifies itself in God's perfection.
 As the fair landscape's beauty
 (Tho' tis a low example)
 Becomes more perfect, and more flow'ry seems,
 When the sun gilds the vallies, and the hills.
 But as I wish what ye too both desire,
 Now let your eyes be clos'd
 And with your op'ning lips pronounce these words

“Thee I adore.”

Lucifer. Go on !

Adam. Say then “thee I adore.”

Lucifer. Go on ! for such a memory have I,
That by a single effort
I will repeat thy words.

Adam. I am contented ;

Yet thou observe my words ! thee I adore,
Thus with my knees to earth, and streaming eyes
Lord of the empyrean !
Great sov’ reign of the heav’ns ! and only God !
Holy, firm, formidable, just, and pious !
And still dost thou delay ?

Lucifer. I meditate thy speech,
Which to me seems so long,
I doubt my power to speak it.

Adam. Shall I again pronounce it ?

Lucifer. This I cannot desire
But find a great defect
In this imploring speech.

Adam. Pray tell me what !

Lucifer. No humble worshipper, not the adorer,
But the ador’d, tis just that I should be.
Alas ! I can no longer
Such outrages endure :
No ! who I am, I must at length reveal.

The Flesh.

Alas ! the same thing even I must do.

Adam. Alas ! what do I see ?
 What horrid form, amidst the clustring trees,
 Does this false denizen of heav'n assume ?
 And his immodest partner ?
 Alas ! their winged feet
 The false ones move to me ;
 And from their pomp, and gold,
 Breathe forth infuriate flame :
 Succour me ! help ! O God,
 Take pity on my failing !

Lucifer. Fly, as thou canst, from these my rapid
 wings,
 Thy flying must be vain.
 Alas ! to my great grief, this day I see
 Who has the prize of conquest ;
 Who soonest yields, and from his rival flies.
 So that I well can say
 To the eternal gulph,
 That in this hard, and perilous contention,
 The toil belongs to hell ; to man the glory.
 I lose alas ! I lose : now with what face
 Can this my foot be turn'd again to hell ?

The Flesh.

Ah ! sad, and dire event ! ah strife ! ah death !

Lucifer. Yes, yes, tis just, that my infernal rage
 Should all now turn on me,
 Since I have vainly tried
 To work the condemnation of this man.

But can this be? (ah! hard is my belief)
Exalted providence!

Cherubim. Thou canst not mount, fierce monster!

I affirm it,

By this high brandish'd dart of penal fire.

Lucifer. Ah for the seats of hell

I spread my rapid wings.

Cherubim. And I these happier wings, lucid, and
light

Will exercise around

For man's protection, and in scorn of hell.



SCENE THE FOURTH.

The World.

How fine I now appear! no more I seem
A monster now of horror,
But of a lofty spot
The blissful habitant, and call'd *The World*.
That so adorn'd, and splendid,
Amidst thy prime delights,
Laughter, and songs, and amorous affections,
My snares of silver, and my nets of Gold
I may extend for man,

That he may slide, and fall, to rise no more ;
And try in vain to heav'n
Again to rise upon the wings of zeal.
And should he seem for ever
Bent to survey the lovely azure heav'n,
The sun's bright lustre, and the lunar ray,
And trembling stellar fires,
I will delude him so
With other lovely skies, that from the first
Quick he shall turn his view.
I will, that my fair heav'n
Shall be of living sapphire ; there shall shine
A sun of bright pyropus, and a moon
Form'd of the beamy diamonds spotless light.
A thousand, and a thousand sparkling stars,
Of jewels rich, and rare ;
And if amidst this lightning it may thunder,
And burning bolts may seem to dart around,
My lightning be the ruby !
My thunder sounding silver !
With thunderbolts of gold ! and storms of pearl !
As a proud sov'reign of so rich a heav'n,
The world shall still exult,
And this new man shall bend to me in worship ;
And thus of these, my pomps !
My luxuries ! and joys !
The numerous sons of man, become enamour'd,
Shall never know repose ;

But with destructive force
Each shall endeavour of his wretched brother
To gain the envied finery, and wealth.
Man I behold already for this gold,
And for the world's delights,
In horrid mansion, full of smoke, and fire,
Tempering the deadly steel ;
Now at the anvil, see !
How striking frequent with his iron mace,
He forms the coat of mail ; makes it his vest,
And for destruction draws the blade of steel.
Another, see ! converting
Cold iron into fire,
Tapers, and twists it round ;
And now an hatchet forms ; now see him eager
To level trees, and woods ;
And now, with numerous planks,
Behold him raise a work
Fit to sustain the fury of the sea !
Others I see toiling to pass o'er alps,
To pass o'er mountains, and the riven rock :
Leeches that prey on ore !
And from earths bosom suck great veins of gold !
Lo ! others in the deep
Trying the fertile sea, plunge thro' the waves,
Fearless encountering its tempestuous pride,
If they from crusted shell, or craggy rock
May coral draw, or pearl.

Ah labour as thou wilt ! and sigh, or sweat
In this pursuit of gold !
Thy cares, and woes shall gather in proportion
To all thy gather'd wealth.
Lo ! to preserve thy jewels, and thy wealth,
Thou hid'st them under earth !
And gold forbids thee to enjoy thy gold.
Hence treacherous we see
The servant to his lord ;
And thro' his breast, and heart,
He thrusts the faithless sword,
Thro' eagerness of gold.
Hence on the table of a royal house
There stands the statue of an unicorn,
As if in scorn of man ;
Since, giving safety to a mighty lord,
The beast exposes human cruelty.
Hence is it, that the son
Greedy of gold, becomes his father's foe :
Wishes him short existence ;
Flies him, and steals his wealth,
So that to make him glad, his sire may pine.
Hence is it, that for gold
Brothers, becoming frantic,
Brandish the hostile steel,
And deem this gold more precious than their blood.
Here by the blaze of gold
The eyes of Woman dazzled

See not her husband, nor regard her children,
 While, on the wings of passion,
 She with the adulterer flies, nor yet perceives
 That for this gold (vile dust!)
 She has resolv'd to quit her very flesh.
 What more! what more! not only
 By golds possession thou shall prove the foe
 Of Wife, of father, brother, and of friend,
 But rebel e'en to God,
 Since with intemperate zeal
 Mere idols form'd of gold
 Thou shalt proclaim the only pow'rs of heav'n.
 But what do I behold! blest that I am!
 I see fair Eve approach! on her soft back
 Bearing a load of many leafy boughs:
 What she now means to do
 Here will I watch, conceal'd amidst this bower.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

EVE, and THE WORLD.

Eve. Canst thou presume, afflicted, wretched
 Eve,
 To the bright sun to raise again thine eyes?

No ! no ! thou art unworthy well thou seest :
Thou could'st behold him once,
And gaze delighted on his golden splendor ;
Now if thou dar'st to view him,
His radiance dazzles thee ; rather thou seem'st,
When thou hast dar'd to meet his potent beams,
To have thy fading eyes
Wrapt in a dusky veil.
Alas ! it is too true,
That I in darkness dwell,
And in the formidable clouds of sin
I have o'erwhelm'd the light of innocence.
Ah wretched, mournful Eve !
If now thou turn'st thy foot,
Eager to taste the pure, and limpid stream,
Alas ! how troubled dost thou find the water !
Or else the fountain dry !
If with quick appetite thou chance to turn,
Anxious from lovely plants to pluck the fruit,
How dost thou find it crude !
Or made the dark recess of filthy worms !
If weary, mid'st the flow'rs
Thou seek'st to close thine eyes,
Behold ! with fluttering pinions at thy feet,
A serpent midst the flow'rs darts, and hisses.
Now to avoid the heat
Of the fierce sun if thou would'st seek the shade

Of the thick wood, or of the leafy grove,
 Thou fear'st the rage of monsters, and must tremble
 Like the light leaf, that shakes at every breeze.
 And hence it is thy wish
 To fasten bough to bough, and trunk to trunk,
 Raising some safe asylum
 From serpents, monsters, tempests, and the sun.
 To you then will I turn me, verdant boughs,
 That hither on my back with toil I bore,
 Do you defend me now ! now rise you here !
 Afford a safe retreat
 To Eve so wretched ! lo ! I thus begin.
 It will suffice, if I with tender hand,
 Just shadow, what with far superior strength,
 And more enlighten'd sense,
 The sinner Adam here may terminate.

The World.

Abode more firm, and faithful,
 Hell now prepares for thee, or rather death.
 Behold ! behold ! how she
 Employs herself in placing these green boughs !
 To Eve I will unveil me :—ah ! what dost thou ?
 Why art thou raising thus
 Eve, gentle fair one, these thy leafy boughs ?
 Tell me what would'st thou do !
 Why dost thou toil and sigh ?

Eve. Alas ! what do I see ?

Do not approach me ! no ! from me be far !

The World.

What can'st thou fear, O lovely,
Sweet angel of the earth ?
Joy of all hearts ! and honour of the world !

Eve. Thou Lord, who didst create me,
This stranger, who now rich in gold and gems,
Courteous accosts me with a human face,
Do thou to me reveal !
Nor let our God consent,
That Eve again, or man,
Precipitately fall in fatal error !
Alas ! with human face
An artful base deceiver
Led me to taste the interdicted apple,
And thence my heart must dread
Other infernal guile,
Since in the world one man alone exists.

The World.

Before my light, as at the radiant sun
Darkness itself is us'd to disappear,
Drive from thy heart this cloud,
That makes thy visage pale !
And from the lovely cave of glowing rubies,
Now clos'd to guard, as in the depth of Ganges,
The treasure of inestimable pearls,
Send forth thy tender sighs !
And if, thou fair one, tis thy wish to sigh,

Let all thy sighs be sweet !

Eve. And who art thou, so eager
To change the tears of woman into smiles ?

The World.

Know gentle fair one, you in me behold
As much as you can see
Raising your eyes to heav'n,
Or turning them to earth ;
An indigested mass,
Chaos I once was call'd ; now fair and fine,
Heav'n, earth, and sea salute me as *The World.*
I too have had my residence amidst
The miracles above ;
But O ! a fault of mine,
Which now to tell thee would be out of season,
Induc'd the sacred Resident above
From his eternal dome in wrath to drive me ;
And from a bright and fine
Trophy of Paradise
Into a shapeless mass
Of hideous matter he converted me.
At last my mighty Maker, having seen
That my condition balanc'd my offence,
Bestow'd upon me soon another form,
Far from his highest heav'n ; and thus at once
Annihilated that tremendous prison,
Dreary and dark ; he made me in exchange
The luminous gay world.

Eve. Alas ! my first alarm
 So deeply wounds, and lords it o'er my heart,
 I know not what to credit, what to do.

The World.

Now, since there's nothing, that to me affords
 Such infinite disgust,
 As to behold aught dirty, and neglected,
 I pray thee, lovely fair ! be it thy study
 With purple, gold, and robes adorn'd with pearl,
 To grace thy gentle form ! and cast to earth
 Those skins of animals, that shock the sight !
 Observe how much more pleasing, and majestic
 Man may be render'd by a graceful dress !
 Compar'd to me, dost thou not seem a beast ?
 Rather among the beasts
 Dost thou not seem the vilest animal ?
 Dost thou not see, that every abject creature,
 Or of the foaming sea
 Or of the fields of air,
 Or of the woods, and mountains,
 Are deck'd with humid scales,
 Gay feathers, shaggy skins, or painted bristles ?
 And if on earth thou wert created naked,
 Yet well array'd with reason
 Appear'd thy noble soul, by which thou might'st
 (Made empress of the world)
 Deck thee with radiant gems, and robes of gold.
 Too vile a mansion are the woods for thee,

In nakedness surpassing e'en the beasts.
For what end dost thou think,
The great exalted hand,
Created in a moment
Gold, silver, and rich gems ?
Perchance, perchance thou think'st
It may be right, that these
Bright wonders of the world,
Rest ever buried in a blind oblivion.
No ! no ! thou simpleton, it is that man,
Sweating in their pursuit,
May decorate himself ; and as the sun
Flames in full splendor in a sapphire sky,
Or 'mid the stars of gold
The bright and silv'ry moon,
He thus may glitter in this earthly heav'n.
What more ! behold what gems the sea conceals,
Or the rich earth embraces,
Which, tempting man to joy,
Display their rare endowments !
Whence it is just to say,
They were for man created ; and if blind
Thro' ignorance he slights them,
Or shews himself ungrateful,
Why has such treasure been for man created ?
Shall it be true, that you, the sovereign fair,
The gentle ruler of this worldly realm,
Can prove to God ungrateful ? to the world

Like earth's vile offspring ? rise ! assume this gold !
The topaz, ruby, pearls, and splendid purple !
Bright robes of gold ! and rich habiliments !
In worldly trophies like our lofty queen
Shine Eve ! and let all creatures worship thee !
O how in viewing thee, thou radiant fair
Cover'd with gems and gold
I seem to joy ! O how,
While you majestically move along,
The flow'rs appear before your feet to weave
A sweet impediment !
Rather I seem to see the stars from heav'n
Innumerable descend,
Here for your feet to form a bright support.
What dost thou, pensive fair ?
Now of thy radiant locks, that stream at length,
A storm of jewels, of fine threads you weave,
For hearts a net of gold !
Now let a charming smile
Enliven thy sweet cheek !
Then shalt thou hear in accents of delight
The birds around miraculously say :
" O what a lip of coral !
And what fair teeth of pearl,
Has Eve's sweet mouth, so delicately small !
How sweet is her discourse,
That seems to be below, what, in high heav'n,
The voice of God is to the blessed host."

Arise, arise ! be warm
 Thou spring of tenderness ! and flame of souls !
 Come ! leave ! O leave the woods
 To creatures of the forest !
 And with resplendent brass,
 And snow'y shining marble,
 Let a proud palace now be rais'd to heav'n,
 To form a worthy mansion for thy merit !
 To make this easy to thee
 The world will find not difficult. That wood,
 Which you have wish'd to join,
 Fearing the fury of the savage beasts !
 Let that now form a seat
 With walls of silver, and a roof of gold,
 Of emerald its pillars,
 And hung on golden hinges, gates of pearl !
Eve. O heav'n ! what do I see ? what's this, O
 God ?

The World.

What hast thou more to say ? ah simple enter,
 With light and speedy foot, there, where alone
 Thou find'st a fit abode !
 Then wilt thou truly be of thy great Maker
 The image, and ingenious imitator,
 Since he among so many
 Legions in heav'n as much as he excels them
 In majesty, so much himself he rais'd
 On his exalted throne, in highest heav'n ;

Thus here below let man amid these tribes
 Of fishes, and of birds,
 And of unnumber'd beasts,
 Possess a mansion worthy
 Both of his name, and empire !

Eve. In truth when I behold your mighty pomps,
 That might so soon be counted as my own,
 I will not say, that my high heart feels not
 The goading of ambition ; but in turning
 My eyes upon the precept of my father,
 I will disdain, and from your profers fly,
 As from vile dirt the snowy ermin flies ;
 And this poor skin alone
 Shall be my golden robe, adorn'd with pearl ;
 A cave my proud abode ;
 The troubled water, and rude herbs to me
 Dear beverage, and food :
 No ! no ! I will not to my first dread fault
 Now add a second like it ; making thus
 A path more recent to the gulph of ruin :

The World.

O simple fair ! come forth !
 Come forth ! ye fair, and gentle virgins all
 From this my golden palace !
 Be you devoted handmaids
 Around this fair ! and midst your tuneful songs
 Present to her rich robes, adorn'd with gold !

SCENE THE SIXTH.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS, EVE, THE WORLD,
and ADAM.

Behold in dance, O joyful World !
Little virgins !
See these maidens,
With their treasure bright, and cheerful !
Hearken now how they are singing
Eve alone invoke, and honour !
See their robes with gold inwoven !
See their vestments
Shedding lustre
From the treasure of their jewels !
Bright the crown, and rich the sceptre,
That to Eve is now presented
If in heav'n nor sun, nor planet
Shed its ardour
And its radiance,
Heav'n would be a mass of horror ;
But with light so pure and radiant
Heav'n is term'd the seat of splendor.
He, who made so many wonders,
Fair and beauteous,

Is desirous

All that's fair to have before him :
Deck thyself then, O thou coy one,
If thy God delights in beauty.

Adam. What dost thou Eve not see
That if uncautious to these charms thou yieldest
We shall sink deeper in the snares of hell.

Eve. Alas ! what do I hear ?

Adam. Hence ye rebellious crew !
By virtue of my God depart confounded.
To the infernal realms !

Chorus. Ah thou must then avoid this light of day,
Thou sightless mole of hell !

The World.

Ah flesh infected !

Await, O yet await
Fit punishment to your presumptuous rage !
And hast thou dar'd so highly,
Thou creature of corruption,
That this bright palace which for Eve I rais'd,
Speaking thou hast ingulph'd,
And from the day has banish'd
A numerous group of fair, and graceful nymphs,
Come forth ! now all come forth,
Ye horrid monsters from the caves of hell !
Let us this hour display
Our utmost fortitude, and force supreme !
Now let this man be chain'd !

Fix him a prisoner in the depths of hell !
And let his victor reap the glory due !

Eve. Succour O God ! O Succour !
Lord shew thy mercy to my great offence !

Adam. Ah do not fear my love !
But hope, still hope in heav'n ! hope ! for at last
Celestial grace was never slow to save.



SCENE THE SEVENTH.

LUCIFER, DEATH, THE WORLD, *and* CHORUS OF
DEMONS, ARM'D WITH VARIOUS ARMS.

Thou fool ! in vain thou toil'st
To invoke high heav'n ! thy God may arm
If he is not abas'd, and with him arm
His flying warriors all,
From our infernal chains,
And these sharp talons, now to draw thee forth ;
To his first loss, and first discomfiture,
A second like the first shall soon be join'd.
Of his supernal loss has he not heal'd
The painful memory,

The ruin of his Angels ?
That now inflam'd with anger
He seeks in heav'n another mightier ruin ?
To arms ! at length to arms
Satanic warriors all !
And let his wretched residue of Angels,
All falling out of heav'n,
Be all ingulph'd in hell !
Lo meteors in the air, and storms at sea
I kindle, and I raise :
Lo Tartarus his wings
Spreads for celestial seats !
Behold the stars of God
By Lucifer's proud foot crush'd and extinguish'd !
And girt for war and glory
Let Tartarus thro' heav'n ploclaim a triumph !

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

ARCH ANGEL MICHAEL, CHORUS OF ANGELS,
CHORUS OF DEMONS.

Tremble, thou son of wrath,
At this sharp dart's inevitable glance !
At the dread stroke of the celestial leader !

Not against God, against thyself alone,
 Thou raisest wrath, and wounding woundst thyself.
 Sink into shade misguided, wretched spirit !
 Utterly void of all angelic light !
 Be blind in gazing on that heav'nly lustre
 To me imparted by the lord of light,
 The dazzler of the sun !
 Fly, ye infected crew !
 Ye enemies of God!
 Nor let the breathing whirlwind
 With blast from hell the yet unruin'd life
 Of man o'erwhelm with deeper shades of darkness !
 No more thy fatal hiss thou snake of hell
 Shall by its discord stun ;
 Since pierc'd and panting now
 Thou faintest, poison'd by thy own contagion,
 Lucifer. Heav'n's talking minister
 With rays more loaded, than inspir'd with courage ;
 Soft creature of the sky
 Thou angel of repose
 In solemn indolence,
 Humility's calm nest, a seat of peace,
 A warrior but in name !
 Whose countenance is fear, whose heart confusion,
 Spread, spread thy pinions for the arms of God ;
 Take refuge there, and there be confident,
 For too unequal would the combat be,
 Twixt cowardice and valour,

The warrior and the slave,
Infirmity and strength ! and let me say
Betwixt vile Michael, and brave Lucifer.
But if such daring can inflame thy heart,
As now to rescue from this warlike arm
That man, mere flesh and clay !
That animated dust ! I warn thee well
Of mortal conflict sharp ! where thou shalt see
By this avenging hand
All the large family of God extinguish'd,
Michael. Such mournful victory
O Belial in thy frenzy desperate,
As once in heav'n thou 'gainst, now with mankind
Subduing the deceiv'd,
And hence the conquer'd conquers :
Freed is the captive, and thyself ensnar'd ;
Now be it manifest
What palms of victory tis thine to raise.
Behold against thee, thou unfaithful spirit,
Michael become compassionately cruel.
Lucifer. If at the early sound of war the first
Encounter of our arms
'Twas given a mighty warrior to destroy
A third part of the stars,
See in what brief assault
I can demolish the great seat of God !
Be dazzled now before this warlike blaze,
That from the brow of death I now diffuse !

Whirling in bloody circle
 From my high front these death denouncing comets!
 Behold, behold at length
 Heav'n yields no more a refuge to its angels!
 Since to a fate more joyous
 A happy pass expands, and seems to say
 Begone! at length begone
 Ye frighten'd angels! now relinquish heav'n
 The warrior doom'd to hell
 Becomes the blessed lord of these bright seats.

Michael. Why longer pause to crush the proud
 loquacity

Of this presumptuous, and insulting rebel?
 Soon with a pen of adamant, with striking
 Dread characters of blood,
 Within the volume of eternal woe
 The glory shall be blazon'd
 Of thy lost victory:
 To arms! at length to arms,
 To spread dismay thro' hell!
 Joy man! smile heav'n! and Tartarus lament!

Lucifer. Seldom upon the vaunting
 Of a proud tongue too bold
 Boldness of hand attends: to arms! to arms!
 Thou fight with me; and you my followers all
 Unconquerable warriors!
 Transperse, and put to flight this abject crew,
 The timid Partisans

Of an unwarlike leader !
 Ah ! him who favors brief, and endless shame,
 Possess'd in heav'n, and now on earth display'd,
 Great fortitude , but with unequal force,
 Him, a celestial stroke,
 Now drives confounded to the blind abyss ;
 And justice here decrees
 That he who lost the fight, should lose the sun.
 Angel, and God at length ye are triumphant
 Now, now is Lucifer
 O'er whelm'd, and all his legion
 Sinks from the light of day, to endless night !
 Michael. Fall thou at length, fall wounded, and
 subdued
 Fierce monster of the shades
 To deaths deep horrors ! there be doom'd to die
 By an immortal death !
 Nor hope thy wings to heav'n
 Ever to spread again ! that wish, too bold
 For thee, so desperate and unrepenting,
 Thou'rt fall'n, at length thou'rt fall'n !
 Most arrogant of monsters !
 In pain thou sink'st as low,
 As high in joy it was thy hope to soar !
 Again thou learn'st to fall,
 Transfixt with thunder, to the drear abyss !
 Fool ! thou hast wish'd to take this man thy captive,
 And thou alone hast plung'd

Within the deepest gulph :
Hence pierc'd and overwhelm'd,
Sinking to Tartarus,
The flame of wrath eternal,
Bore thee to hell, the hell of hottest fires !
A spotless angel, O thou prince of falshood !
Thy folly hop'd to put to flight and wound :
But thou, oppos'd to him
Hast yielded, plying thy winged feet in haste.
Thou too hast hop'd to turn the spacious world,
In hostile flame, to ashes,
And at thy ardent blast, and baleful breathing
Clouds, lightning, and tempestuous bursts of thun-
der,
With rattling deadly bolts of arrowy flame
Roll'd thro' the air, whence all the mountains shook,
And all the vales re-echoed in convulsion !
And yet, behold ! in heaven
The spheres move round more musical then ever ;
And all the azure sky
The lucid sun with brighter beam adorns ;
Behold the ocean, tremulously placid,
And from his persian gulph
In gay abundance scattering pearl and coral ;
Nor weary are the sportive fish, in gliding
Along the trembling saphire.
Behold ! what verdant, and what flowery brows,
These pleasant vales in exultation raise ;

Hark, to the grateful accents
 Of every flying songster,
 Inhabitant of air,
 That in his flight, now gives
 Voice to the woods, and music to the vales
 Now, all rejoicing in a day so noble,
 To the confusion, and the shame of hell,
 Let every spotless ensign rise to heav'n,
 And flutt'ring sport with the exulting winds !
 Let all the instruments of heav'nly glory
 Sound thro' the sky, the victories of heav'n !



SCENE THE NINTH.

ADAM, EVE, CHORUS OF ANGELS.

O sound belov'd, that call us now in joy,
 To scenes we left in sorrow; ah ! I fear
 To taint the fragrance of the heav'nly host,
 Stain'd as I am with sin.
 O thou, that haply of celestial ruby
 Wearest the blazing mail,
 Hallow'd, and brave archangel,
 Brave, yet compassionate, thy golden locks,
 Radiant as light, thy glittering helmet covers,

Thou in thy right hand shak'st the spear of victory,
And raisest in thy left a golden balance ;
Close, close thy painted plumes so rich in gold,
And cast a gentle look
On him, who prostrate, honours, and adores thee.

Eve. O happy dawn of the eternal sun,
Thou courteous kind restorer,
To these my blinded eyes
With sorrow darken'd, and bedew'd with tears ;
Now, of thy rays a fixt contemplator,
The mole of error stands,
Now on your voice depends
An asp, once deaf to heav'ns most friendly dictates.
I wavering wanderer,
Who undissembling own,
The fault in which I fell, to thee I bend,
Nor in my speech deny
That I am Eve, the cause
Of human-kind's perdition.
Now let thy guardian hand,
(O in the deeds of God thou faithful servant)
Relieve me from the depth
Of my so great offences.

Adam. Of heav'nly mysteries,
And secret will of God,
Thou hallow'd blest revealer !
Angel of eloquence !
The fatal presages

Of mournful Eve, and Adam,
Now quiet with the breath
Of thy exalted converse !
So that this troubled flood
That strikes the heart, in issuing from the eyes,
No more may make me seem
A rock of sorrow, in a sea of tears !

Michael. Arise ! O both arise ! you, who of God
Are creatures so regarded :
Dismiss your fears of the infernal portent ;
If your eternal lord
Corrects you with one hand,
He with the other proffers your protection.
With happy auspices,
He who delivers souls,
On his light wings directs his flight to you,
In God's dread warfare harbinger of peace ;
The mighty fount of life,
Th' artificer of souls,
The architect of worlds,
The mighty lord of heav'n,
Maker of angels, and of all things made,
The infinite creator,
To safety summons you,
And to short war a lasting peace ordains.
Now from those double fountains
The warm and gushing streams
Of sorrow, Eve, restrain !

Thou hast been culpable
 In rashly seizing the forbidden fruit ;
 To man thou hast occasion'd
 Anguish, and grief ; thou hast indeed converted
 Peace into war, and life into perdition :
 Now by the aid of him,
 Whose hand-maid nature is, and servant fate,
 Who can restrain the sun,
 And motion give to this unmoving mass,
 E'en yet may Eve enjoy
 In prison liberty ;
 May be unbound tho' fetter'd,
 And triumph, while she is o'ercome, and vanquish.
 Now since there shines in heav'n
 The star of love, and peace,
 And to the shame of hell
 The victor to the vanquish'd yields his palm ;
 Ah now let each, with humble eyes to heav'n,
 Incline the knee to earth !
 And supplicant in prayer, give God the praise
 Of goodness infinite !
 For you shall find to recompence your zeal,
 That God your father is, your mansion heav'n.

Adam. Thou mighty Lord! who resting high above,
 With regulated errors,
 And with discordant union guidest heav'n !
 O of the fair eternal realms of light
 Thou Lord immutable ! resplendent pow'r !

Thou dazzler, and obscurer of the sun !
 Now in these weeping eyes
 And on this humid cheek
 I dry my bitter tears, I cheer my heart :
 Now, by thy zealous mercy,
 Tho' spotted, I have safety ;
 Security in hazard, love in hate,
 And sinking into hell,
 Am yet a citizen of highest heav'n.

Eve. With dissolution life,
 With strife and contest peace,
 With ruin victory,
 With deep offence salvation,
 With pow'rs of darkness heav'n,
 These to unite is not a human talent,
 But of the eternal hand
 Omnipotence supreme ! hence is it, Lord,
 That wounded Eve is whole,
 Triumphs in loss, and tho' subdued has glory.
 My guide ! I will obey thee,
 Since O benignant Lord !
 Thy service is dominion !
 And to obey thee, glory !
 If pain allow not, that I speak the pain
 Which wounds my heart so deeply,
 Thou most indulgent father,
 Giv'st to the heart, and soul, a new existence :
 Awaken'd by affliction,

Raising my voice to heav'n,
I'll teach resounding echo
To carry to the sky my humble song,
Devoted to thy praise.

Michael. Ye victims cleans'd by tears !
Ye martyrs in affliction !
Amidst your blessed pains
Ye holocausts of life ! and of content !
Now call the stars no more
Vindictive ! war is now
Converted into peace ;
And death turn'd into life.
Hence mortal Adam is now made immortal,
And Eve, tho' dead in many parts, revives.
The potent fire of love,
In which the tender God of mercy blazes,
Inflames him with pure zeal to save the sinner.
Contend, resist, and bravely
Wage with the hostile serpent constant war !
It is man's province now
To conquer hell, and triumph over death.
Creatures of grace ! feel deeply now for ever,
That your most gracious father
Would not direct towards the ground your face,
As he has made the brute ; but up to heav'n ;
So that forever mindful of their source
Your happy souls may point towards their home :
For the high realm of heav'n

Is as a shining glass, in which of God
The glories ever blaze.
Innure yourselves to water, sun, and winds,
And in the stony caves,
In the most barren desart,
That the sun visits, when he blazes most,
There both exert your powers !
There many years, and many,
United, ye shall dwell in hallow'd love :
And from your progeny henceforth the world
Exulting shall derive fertility :
And now to you, ye mortal pair ! I promise
As ye together sinn'd,
If ye in penitence have join'd together
Together e'en in heav'n
In a corporeal veil
Contemplating the sacred face of God
Ye shall enjoy the bliss of paradise.
Adam. Greater than my offence I now acknowledge,
Your mercy, O my God !
Since you become the sov'reign friend of man,
To him tho' ruin'd, now extend your hand !
Eve. As I have known to sin,
So shall I know to weep ;
For who in sinning knew forbidden joy,
Humble in punishment, should know to suffer :
Be mute, be mute my tongue !
Speak thou within, my heart !

And say, with words of love,
 See! how to mortals, even in perdition,
 The hand of heav'nly succour was extended!

Michael. At length, since now with joy
 Man, being thus deliver'd
 From hell's keen talon, feels unbounded transport,
 And in his rapture deems
 Earth turn'd to heav'n, this world a paradise;
 By these pure splendid dazzling rays of heav'n,
 By these delightful fires,
 That in the light of God more lovely blaze,
 Rich with new beams, and with new suns this day
 Day of festivity!
 The day of paradise! rather a day
 Blest in itself! and blessing every other!
 Let all with festive joy
 Of God's indulgence sing!
 Of Adam, and of Eve,
 Now made on earth the denizens of heav'n!
 And let your tuneful songs
 Become the wonder of futurity!

Angels sing.

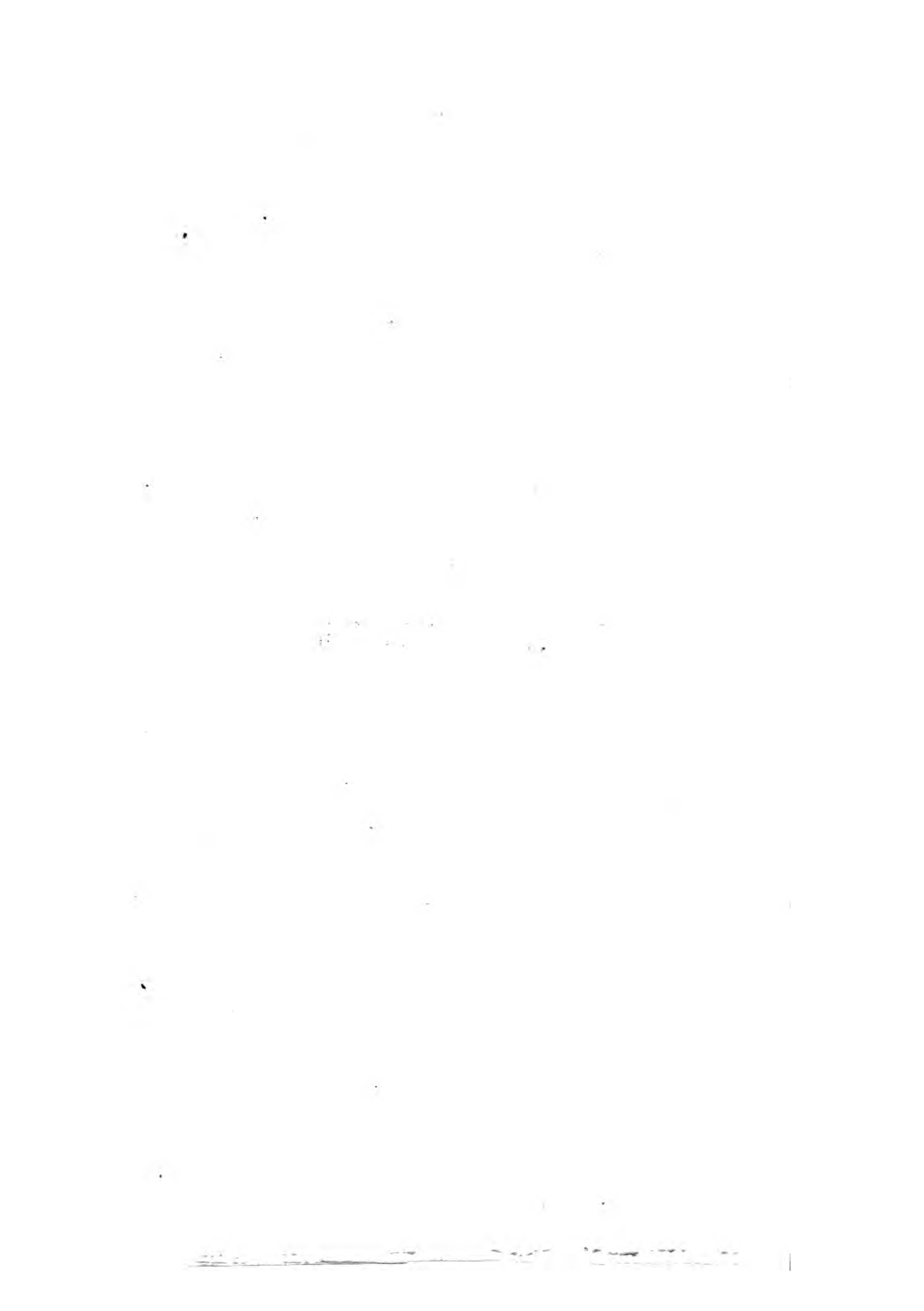
Move, let us move our feet
 There, where this man shall now
 Wash out his past offence
 With humble, hallow'd drops!
 And of the mighty Maker
 Praise we the love, and mercy,

That in this day to man's envenom'd wound
Suddenly gives his pity's healing aid !
Rejects him, and receives,
Deeming his every wrong, and error light
And now at last with more benignant zeal,
And in despite of Satan
Gives him, redeem'd from hell,
A seat amid the golden stars of heav'n.
Ye progeny of Adam !
Whose race we shall behold adorn the world,
Ye shall not pray in vain
To your high lord, the fountain of all mercy !
Be leaves of that pure branch,
On which the Word Incarnate shall be grafted !
Thunder, infuriate hell,
Be stormy ! yet his leaf shall never fall :
To him a joyous offspring
Is promis'd by the lord of heav'ns great vineyard,
Stricken, transfixt, enkindled in a blaze,
And burning with eternal love for man.


THE END.



REMARKS.



REMARKS
ON
DIFFERENT EDITIONS
OF
ANDREINI'S ADAMO.



THE preceding translation was formed from an early edition of the Italian poet.—His *Adamo* was twice printed at Milan, in 1613, and in 1617. That elegant and instructive writer on the drama of Italy, Mr. Walker of Ireland, has observed that Andreini reprinted his *Adamo* in Perugia, 1640, with considerable variations. Intending to print the original by the side of the English version, I requested from this liberal friend to literature, a sight of his Perugian edition. With his usual benevolence, he sent me his very rare little book, but on perusing it, I

find the early and the late editions of the *Adamo*, so different from each other, that I have been induced to relinquish my idea of reprinting the Italian, and instead of doing so, to add here, an account of the Characters, and of the scenes in the first act, as they appear in the edition of Perugia. Hence the reader may perceive that Andreini, was induced to make great alterations in his singular production, and the English version may yet fulfil its main purpose of enabling the reader to judge how far it is probable, that the imagination of Milton might have caught fire from the ideas of Andreini, since the translation exhibits those ideas, just as they appeared in that copy of the *Adamo*, which Milton must have read, if he read any during his travels in Italy; For the edition of Perugia was not printed till several years after the return of our great poet to his own country.

In the *Adamo*, printed at Perugia, the characters are thus enumerated.

CHARACTERS.

DARKNESS *in love with* LIGHT, *forms the Prologue.*

DIVINE LOVE.

CHAOS.

GOD THE FATHER.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

THE ARCH-ANGEL GABRIEL.

THE ARCH-ANGEL RAFAEL.

THE ARCH-ANGEL MICHAEL,

AN ANGEL, *who arrays ADAM in skins.*

A CHERUB, *with a flaming sword.*

ADAM.

EVE.

LUCIFER, *afterwards the* SERPENT.

SATAN.

BELZEBUB.

FARFARELLO.

ASTAROT.

VOLAN, *an infernal messenger.*

AURANTE,

ARSICCIO.

TERPALCE,

ONDOSO.

} *Chiefs of the elementary Spirits.*

VAIN GLORY.

CYCLOPS.

THE WORLD.

THE FLESH.

DEATH.

} *Monsters of hell.*

Chorus of illusive dancing nymphs.

Chorus of Angels, with garlands, singing and dancing.

Chorus of Angels arrayed in mourning, for the sin of Adam.

Chorus of Goblins.

Chorus of dimititive imps.

DISOBEDIENCE, mother of the imps, a deformed old woman.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I.

Divine Love sings—and wishes for the creation.

SCENE II.

CHAOS singing and LOVE.

Chaos advises Love to retire—Love sings—takes an arrow and shoots at Chaos, at the stroke of his arrow, the elements and the animals arise.

SCENE III.

God the Father canopied by the heavens, is seen in all his glory, surrounded by angels, who sing. The Angel Gabriel recites the glories of God in his presence, God the Father commands the shades of Chaos to disperse, &c.

SCENE IV.

ADAM, GOD THE FATHER, and ANGELS.

Adam speaks of his own sensations, the Angels sing, God the Father prepares to create a companion for Adam, the Angels sing.

SCENE V.

EVE, ADAM, GOD THE FATHER, and ANGELS.

Eve offers her devotions to God, God orders Adam to receive her as his bride, Adam expresses his joy and love, Eve promises affection, God speaks to her again, two striking verses in his speech :

Del ciel l'opre sol vede

Chi serra gli occhi, e crede.

Eve humble and obedient, God blesses, gives them his commands and leaves them, Angels sing, Adam and Eve admire all the scenery around them.

SCENE VI.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Crowned with flowers, dancing and singing at the portals of the terrestrial paradise, they praise and present flowers to the happy inhabitants of Eden.

ANALYSIS OF THE DRAMA,

ENTITLED,

La Scena Tragica d' ADAMO ed EVA ;

DA TROILO LANCETTA BENACENSE.

—◆—
ACT THE FIRST.

—◆—
SCENE I.

GOD commemorates his creation of the heavens, the earth, and the water—determines to make man—gives him vital spirit, and admonishes him to revere his maker, and live innocent.

SCENE II.

RAPHAEL, MICHAEL, GABRIEL, and ANGELS.

Raphael praises the works of God—the other angels follow his example, particularly in regard to man.

VOL. III.

o

ANALYSIS.

SCENE III.

GOD and ADAM.

God gives paradise to Adam to hold as a **fief**—forbids him to touch the apple—Adam promises obedience.

SCENE IV.

ADAM.

Acknowledges the beneficence of God, and retires to repose in the shade.

End of the First Act.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

GOD and ADAM.

GOD resolves to form a companion for Adam, and does so while Adam is sleeping—he then awakes Adam, and presenting to him his new associate, blesses them both ; then leaves them, recommending obedience to his commands.

SCENE II.

ADAM and EVE.

Adam receives Eve as his wife—praises her, and entreats her to join with him in revering and obeying God—she promises submission to his will, and intreats his instruction—he tells her the prohibition, and enlarges on the beauties of Paradise—on his speaking of flocks, she desires to see them, and he departs to shew her the various animals.

SCENE III.

LUCIFER, BELIAL, SATAN.

Lucifer laments his expulsion from heaven, and meditates revenge against man—the other demons relate the cause of their expulsion, and stimulate Lucifer to the revenge he meditates—he resolves to employ the Serpent.

SCENE IV.

The SERPENT, EVE, LUCIFER.

The Serpent questions Eve—derides her fear and her obedience—tempts her to taste the apple—she expresses her eagerness to do so—the Serpent exults in the prospect of her perdition—Lucifer (who seems to remain as a separate person from the Serpent) expresses also his exultation, and steps aside to listen to a dialogue between Adam and Eve.

SCENE V.

EVE, and ADAM.

Eve declares her resolution to taste the apple, and present it to her husband—she tastes it, and expresses unusual hope and animation—she says the

Serpent has not deceived her—she feels no sign of death, and presents the fruit to her husband—he reproves her—she persists in pressing him to eat—he complies—declares the fruit sweet, but begins to tremble at his own nakedness—he repents, and expresses his remorse and terror—Eve proposes to form a covering of leaves—they retire to hide themselves in foliage.

End of the Second Act.

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I.

LUCIFER, BELIAL, SATAN.

LUCIFER exults in his success, and the other demons applaud him.

SCENE II.

RAPHAEL, MICHAEL, GABRIEL.

These good spirits lament the fall, and retire with awe on the appearance of God.

SCENE III.

GOD, EVE, ADAM.

God calls on Adam—he appears and laments his nakedness—God interrogates him concerning the tree—he confesses his offence, and accuses Eve—she blames the Serpent—God pronounces his malediction, and sends them from his presence.

SCENE IV.

RAPHAEL, EVE, and ADAM.

Raphael bids them depart from Paradise—Adam laments his destiny—Raphael persists in driving them rather harshly from the garden—Adam begs that his innocent children may not suffer for the fault of their mother—Raphael replies, that not only his children, but all his race, must suffer, and continues to drive them from the garden—Adam obeys—Eve laments, but soon comforts Adam—he at length departs, animating himself with the idea, that to an intrepid heart every region is a home.

SCENE V.

A CHERUB.

Moralizing on the creation and fall of Adam, concludes the third and last act.

SELECT PASSAGES

FROM THE

ADAMO OF SORANZO.



SORANZO was a noble Venetian, as we learn from QUADRIO'S elaborate History of Poets. He published several Poems, the most extensive entitled *L' Armidoro*, and printed at Milan, in quarto, 1611, contains forty-two cantos in ottava rima. His *Adamo* was an earlier production, being first printed at Genoa 1604.

Having inserted in a former volume the verses, in which Soranzo unfolds his subject, I shall here add for the gratification of the curious reader, a few of his most remarkable stanzas.

The following contains his description of our first parents.

Creò bello di corpo, alto, e venusto
Il gran fattor il primo padre Adamo
Generoso di cor, nel Volto Augusto,
Si che solo a se stesso il simigliamo.
Fu vero Alcide d' animo, e di busto,
Hebbe sauer, che fù saucer d' Adamo:
Però che l' alma altera, e pellegrina
Intese ogn' arte humana, ogni divina.

La prima Donna havea bellezze tali,
Che lingua humana in van cantarle agogna
Che insino ad hor in vano tra mortali
Nè pur veder bellezza tal si sogna,
Ricche di maestà ciglia regali,
V' non ha, ch' in insidie amor si pogna.
Haveva e sue ridenti luci, e belle
Erano due più favillanti stelle.

Le Rose de le gote in Paradiso
Colse il Fattor con candide viole;
Ed inestolle poscia nel bel viso
Cui diè del suo le care alme parole.
Il lampeggiar del guardo, e del bel riso
Ei tolse da l tesori suoi più eletti,
Per far la bella bocca, i rubnetti.

* * * * *

Ne fù si gran beltà di quei don priva,
 Senza de quali ella è caduca, e frale :
 Ne bella si può dir donna lasciva,
 Se bene a Dio di beltà fosse eguale.
 L' onesta castità celeste, e diva
 Più di tutt' altro in bella donna vale.
 Tranne questa da donna, al fin che resta ?
 Cadavero spirante in negra vesta.

Satan having surveyed the happy pair in
 paradise with envious malignity, assembles his
 infernal associates, who are thus described.

Un mormorar d' orribili latrati
 Empia la Reggia dell' eterna notte
 Mentre (fero senato) i convitati
 Feano fra lor parole mezze, e rotte.
 Precipitaro qui da tutti i lati
 L' alme rubelle nel mal far più dotte.
 De la caduta loro si pentito ;
 Ma del commesso fallo non pentito.

Satan commands them to be silent, and
 thus begins his speech :

A che, fedeli miei, scorgo sembianze
 Ora più in voi d' insolite paure ?
 Cademmo si da quell' eterne stanze
 Ond' ha l' origin nostra ; in queste oscure

Lustre : ma che ! altra sorte, ed altre usanze !
 Siam giudicati rei, da rei le cure
 Abbiamo ancora, e procuriam, ch' in pace
 Non goda ei mai quel suo regno di pace.

Ma che rammento il fero caso, ond' io
 Se perdei, gnadagnai d' invito ardire
 Perpetua gloria al precipizio mio,
 E di tentar gran cose gran disire.
 Ei vinse, e si compiace d' esser Dio,
 E di usar contra noi gli sdegni, e l' ire.
 E noi staremo neghittosi in tanto,
 Col dir basti, tentammo ? indegno vanto !

The intelligent reader will perceive from this brief specimen, that Soranzo gave to his infernal hero some sentiments like those of the Miltonic Satan, in his descriptions he is far from rising to any thing very like the splendor and sublimity, or the pathos of the English poet. Yet the close of Soranzo's poem, forcibly reminds us of Milton ; speaking of God, the Italian poet says

Fè cenno à suoi, che i duo dolenti, e mesti
 Espelleno dal loco dei piaceri
 Ed i cenni del impero si divino
 Fù pronto essequutore un Cherubino.

Stringe l' essequitor celeste un brando
Di pura, e viva fiamma co la destra
Si ben, che stridon l' aure, se ei ruotando
Il va con man del guerreggiar maestra.

Having related the expulsion, he thus describes the mournful exiles in his last stanza :

In cupo mare absorti di dolori
Si procacciaro in altra parte il nido;

The two following lines on Adam, conclude the poem.

E l' offesa à Dio fatta, e'l ben perduto
Membrò gran tempo in suon flebile, e muto.

EXTRACT

FROM THE

DIALOGUES OF MANSO.



THERE is a passage in the writings of Milton's noble and learned friend, the Marquis of Villa, which induces me to think it probable, that they might converse together on the loss of paradise, as a subject peculiarly fit for poetry. It seems to have struck them both in a dramatic point of view—that the reader may examine what degree of probability may belong to the conjecture, I will transcribe the passage in the dialogues of Manso, to which I allude, and subjoin to it the early dramatic sketches of Milton on the fall of our first parents.

Tasso is introduced as a speaker in the dialogue on spiritual beauty, and in the course of it speaks in the following words.

Fra quanti più maravigliose, e compassionevoli Spettacoli avesse giammai ne' secoli passati veduto la Grecia, o l' Italia comparire su'l palco niun ve ne fù nè così mirabile, nè così miserabile insieme come la tragedia, che si vide sù la scena del paradiso terrestre, qual' ora nel principio del Mondo vi fù condotto l' huomo à rappresentarvi quella singolar persona d' Imperador dell' universo. Quivi egli in prima comparve pomposamente addobbato con le vesti della simiglianza di Dio, coronato il capo co'l diadema delle potentie intellettuali sostenendo con la destra lo Scettro della Podestà sopra gli altri animali, assiso su'l trono dell' immortalità, onde lieto, e glorioso signoreggiava tutte le creature.

Appresso nel secondo luogo se gli appresentarono innanzi tutti gli animali in diverse schiere, uscendo dalle selve le fiere, calando per l' aria à volo gli uccelli, nuotando fin sù'l lito i pesci, strisciando per la terra le biscie, ed à due per due sotto i piedi gli passarono davanti in atto d' obediènza, ed egli allo 'ncontro in segno di dominio imponeva à ciascuno d' essi il suo proprio nome. Ma nel mezzo di questa rappresentatione, venne fuori il Serpente, che quasi in ammenda della sua lunga dimora, propose all huomo

l'acquisto di nuova signoria, e'l modo, onde potesse divenire un novello Iddio con l'assaggiare il pomo della Scientia del bene, e del male. Quindi egli nel sequente atto stese la mano all'arbore di quel pomo, che gli era stato da Dio vietato e'l cui cibo credeva dover essere strumento della sue future grandezze, ed ecco, che dov'egli pensava levarsi vie più in alto, cadde repente dalla sua propria dignità, e traboccossi nel fondo delle miserie. Ultimamente comparve tutto nudo, e non meno spogliato del dominio sopra le creature, che spossato d'ogni natural valore per l'acquisto de' perduti beni, e per la difesa de' sopravvegnenti mali, debole nel corpo, cadente nelle membra, scemo nello 'ntelletto, disordinato nell'appetito, chiusa la bocca al riso, aperti gli occhi al pianto, annodato la lingua al favellare, sciolta al lamentarsi, legate le mani, e piedi dalle fascie, e ristretto prima nella prigion della culla, e poscia, racchiuso per sempre nel carcere della tomba, fra le quali, si compie la sua breve ed infelicissima favola.

Dialog. VI della bellezza spirituale Venetia, 1628.

MILTON'S PLAN

OF A

TRAGEDY ON ADAM.

Of the Tragedy or Mystery, there are two Plans.

PERSONS.

Michael.
Heavenly Love.
Chorus of Angels.
Lucifer.
Adam. } with the Serpent.
Eve. }
Conscience.
Death.
Labour,
Sickness, }
Discontent, } Mutes.
Ignorance,
with others,
Faith.
Hope
Charity.

PERSONS.

Moses.
Divine Justice, Mercie, Wis-
dom, Heavenly Love.
Michael.
Hesperus, the evening-starre.
Lucifer.
Adam.
Eve.
Conscience.
Labour, }
Sickness, }
Discontent, } Mutes.
Ignorance,
Fear,
Death ;
Faith.
Hope.
Charity.

ACT I.



Moses *προλογιζει* recounting how he assumed his true bodie; that it corrupts not, because of his [abode] with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch, and Eliah; besides the puritie of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, præserve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the sight of God; tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin.

Justice. }
Mercie. } Debating what should become of
Wisdom. } Man, if he fell.

ACT II.

Heavenly Love.

Evening Starre.

Chorus sing the marriage song, and describe paradise.

ACT III.

Lucifer contriving Adam's ruine.

Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

Adam. }
Eve. } Fallen.

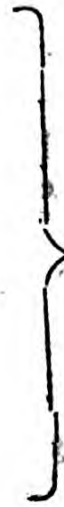
Conscience cites them to God's examination.

Chorus bewailes, and tells the good, Adam hath lost.

ACT V.

Adam and Eve driven out of paradise, presented by an Angel, with

Labour,
Grief,
Hatred,
Envie,
Warre,
Famine,
Pestilence,
Sicknesse,
Discontent,
Ignorance,
Fear ;



Mutes, to whom he gives
thire names; likewise Win-
ter, Heat, Tempest, &c.

Death, entered into the World.

Faith,

Hope,

Charity.

} Comfort him, and instruct him.

Chorus, briefly concludes.

THE SECOND PLAN.

ADAM UNPARADIS'D.

The Angel Gabriel, either descending or entering ; shewing, since the Globe was created, his frequency, as much on earth as in heaven ; describes Paradise. Next, the Chorus, shewing the reason of his coming to keep his watch after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God ; and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent and new creature, man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the stations of the Chorus ; and desired by them, relates what he knew of man ; as the creation of Eve, with thire love and marriage.

After this, Lucifer appears after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge upon man, the Chorus prepare resistance at his first approach, at last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs ; whereat the Chorus sing of the battell and victorie in heaven against him and his accomplices

as before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation.

Heer again may appear Lucifer, relating and insulting in what he had done to the destruction of man. Man next, and Eve, having by this time been seduc't by the Serpent, appears confusedly cover'd with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him. Justice cites him to the place, whither Jehovah called for him. In the mean while, the Chorus entertains the stage, and is informed, by some Angel, [of] the manner of his fall.

Heer the Chorus bewails Adam's fall. Adam, then and Eve, returne, and accuse one another; but expecially Adam layes the blame to his wife; is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears; reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life and world, he is humbled, relents, dispaire. At last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity; instructs him. He repents; gives God the glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes.

LATIN
AND
ITALIAN POEMS
OF
MILTON,
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,
BY
COWPER.

COMPLIMENTARY PIECES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE

LATIN & ITALIAN.



WELL as the Author knows that the following testimonies are not so much *about* as *above* him, and that men of great ingenuity, as well as our friends, are apt, through abundant zeal, so to praise us as rather to draw their own likeness than ours, he was yet unwilling that the world should remain always ignorant of compositions, that do him so much honour; and especially because he has other friends, who have, with much importunity solicited their publication. Aware that excessive commendation awakens envy, he would with both hands thrust it from him, preferring just so much of that dangerous tribute as may of right belong to him; but at the same time he cannot deny that he sets the highest value on the suffrages of judicious and distinguished persons.

THE NEAPOLITAN
JOHN BAPTIST MANSO, MARQUIS OF VILLA,
TO THE
ENGLISHMAN JOHN MILTON.

WHAT features, form, mein, manners, with a mind
O how intelligent ! and how refin'd !
Were but thy piety from fault as free,
Thou would'st no Angle* but an Angel be.

* The reader perceives the word Angle is essential, because the Epigram turns upon it.



KA

AN
EPIGRAM

ADDRESSED TO THE ENGLISHMAN

JOHN MILTON,

A POET WORTHY OF THREE LAURELS,

THE GRECIAN, LATIN, AND ETRUSCAN,

BY JOHN SALSILLA OF ROME,

MELES* and Mincio, † both your urns depress!
Sebetus ‡ boast henceforth thy Tasso less

† Meles is a river of Ionia, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, whence Homer is called Melesigenes.

‡ The Mincio watered the city of Mantua famous as the birth-place of Virgil.

§ Sebetus is now the *Fiume della Maddalena*; it runs through Naples.

But let the Thames o'er-peer all floods since he
For Milton famed shall, single, match the three.

—◆—
TO JOHN MILTON.

GREECE, sound thy Homer's, Rome, thy Virgil's
name,
But England's Milton equals both in fame.

SELVAGGI

—◆—
AN

O D E

ADDRESSED TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS

ENGLISHMAN MR. JOHN MILTON,

BY SIGNIOR ANTONIO FRANCINI,

GENTLEMAN OF FLORENCE,

EXALT me, Clio, to the skies,
That I may form a starry crown
Beyond what Helicon supplies
In laureate garlands of renown;
To nobler worth be brighter glory given,
And to a heav'nly mind a recompence from heaven.

Time's wasteful hunger cannot prey
On everlasting high desert,
Nor can Oblivion steal away,
Its record graven on the heart;
Lodge but an arrow, Virtue, on the bow
That binds my lyre, and death shall be a vanquish'd
foe.

In Ocean's blazing flood enshrin'd
Whose vassal tide around her swells,
Albion from other realms disjoin'd
The prowess of the world excels,
She teems with heroes, that to glory rise,
With more than human force in our astonish'd eyes.

To Virtue, driv'n from other lands,
Their bosoms yield a safe retreat;
Her law alone the deed commands;
Her smiles they feel divinely sweet.
Confirm my record, Milton, gen'rous youth!
And by true virtue prove thy virtue's praise a truth.

Zeuxis, all energy and flame,
Set ardent forth in his career;
Urg'd to his task by Helen's fame
Resounding ever in his ear;
To make his image to her beauty true
From the collected Fair each sov'reign charm he drew.

The bee with subtlest skill endued
Thus toils to earn her precious juice
From all the flowery myriads strew'd
O'er meadow and parterre, profuse ;
Confed'rate voices one sweet air compound,
And various chords consent in one harmonious sound.

An artist of celestial aim
Thy genius, caught by moral grace,
With ardent emulation's flame
The steps of Virtue toil'd to trace,
Observ'd in every land who brightest shone,
And blending all their best, made perfect good thy
own.

From all, in Florence born, or taught
Our country's sweetest accent there,
Whose works, with learned labour wrought,
Immortal honours justly share,
Thou hast such treasure drawn of purest ore,
That not e'en Tuscan bards can boast a richer store.

Babel confus'd, and with her towers
Unfinish'd spreading wide the plain,
Has serv'd but to evince thy powers
With all her tongues confus'd in vain,
Since not alone thy England's purest phrase
But every polish'd realm thy various speech displays.

The secret things of heav'n and earth
By Nature, too reserv'd, conceal'd
From other minds of highest worth,
To thee are copiously reveal'd,
Thou know'st them clearly, and thy views attain
The utmost bounds prescrib'd to moral Truth's do
main.

Let Time no more his wing display,
And boast his ruinous career,
For Virtue rescued from his sway
His injuries may cease to fear ;
Since all events, that claim remembrance, find
A chronicle exact in thy capacious mind.

Give me, that I may praise thy song,
Thy lyre, by which alone I can,
Which, placing thee the stars among,
Already proves thee more than man ;
And Thames shall seem Permessus, while his stream,
Grac'd with a swan like thee, shall be my fav'rite
theme.

I, who beside the Arno, strain
To match thy merit with my lays,
Learn, after many an effort vain,
T' admire thee rather than to praise,

And that by mute astonishment alone,
Not by the falt'ring tongue, thy worth may best be
shown.

TO MR. JOHN MILTON

OF LONDON,

A Youth eminent from his Country and his Virtues.

Who in his travels has made himself acquainted
with many nations, and in his studies, with all;
that, like another Ulysses, he might learn all that
all could teach him;

Skilful in many tongues, on whose lips languages
now mute so live again, that the idioms of all are
insufficient to his praise; happy acquisition by which
he understands the universal admiration, and ap-
plause, his talents have excited;

Whose endowments of mind, and person, move
us to wonder, but at the same time fix us immove-
able; whose works prompt us to extol him, but by
their beauty strike us mute;

In whose memory the whole world is treasured;
in whose intellect, wisdom; in whose heart, the
ardent desire of glory; and in whose mouth, elo-
quence. Who with Astronomy for his conductor,

hears the music of the spheres ; with Philosophy for his teacher, decyphers the hand writing of God, in those wonders of creation, which proclaim his greatness ; and with the most unwearied literary Industry for his associate,

Examines, restores, penetrates with ease the obscurities of antiquity, the desolations of ages, and the labyrinths of learning ;

“ But wherefore toil to reach these arduous heights ? ”

To him, in short, whose virtues the mouths of Fame are too few to celebrate, and whom astonishment forbids us to praise as he deserves, this tribute due to his merits, and the offspring of reverence and affection, is paid by

CARLO DATI,

A PATRICIAN FLORENTINE.

*This great man's servant, and this good man's friend.**

* These complimentary pieces have been sufficiently censured by a great authority, but no very candid judge either of Milton or his panegyrists. He, however, must have a heart sadly indifferent to the glory of his country, who is not gratified by the thought that she may exult in a son, whom young as he was, the Learned of Italy thus contended to honour.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

At length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destin'd home,
They come, at length, from Deva's Western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with refluent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impell
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.

Tis time, that I, a pedant's threats disdain,
 And fly from wrongs, my soul will ne'er sustain.
 If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,
 Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
 Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
 A name expressive of the lot I chuse.
 I would, that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
 Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
 He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
 And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise;
 For here I woo the muse; with no controul,
 And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
 Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
 The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
 The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
 My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
 Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
 Suitor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
 Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
 Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.
 The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
 And, artful, speeds th' enamour'd son's desire.
 There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
 What love is, know not, yet, unknowing, love.
 Or, if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
 The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
 Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,


I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,
At times, e'en bitter tears ! yield sweet relief.
As when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day,
Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe.
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell ; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
Expatriate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm, that never sun prevades.
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
Oh forms divine ! Oh looks that might inspire
E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire !
Oft have I gaz'd on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star, that gilds the skies.
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestow'd
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road !
Bright locks, Love's golden snare ! these falling low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow !
Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after show'r
Adonis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower !
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' embrace
Of Jupiter in antient times, give place !
Give place, ye turban'd fair of Persia's coast !
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast !

Submit, ye nymphs of Greece ! ye, once the bloom
Of Ilion ! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatre with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains !
To British damsels beauty's palm is due,
Aliens ! to follow them is fame for you.
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
Out numbers all her train, of starry fires,
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
But lest the sightless boy inforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.
Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sor'ry of Circæan art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle ! rhimes though few,
Yet such, as prove thy friends' remembrance true !

ELEGY II.

ON THE
DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE
AT CAMBRIDGE.


Composed by Milton in the 17th year of his age.



Thee, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
Minerva's flock long time was wont t' obey,
Although thyself an herald, famous here,
The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
To spare the office, that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
By Leda's paramour in antient time,
But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
Or Æson-like to know a second prime,
Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene, with hasty call,
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou
stand!



So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command !
And so Eurybates, when he address'd
To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres, whose rig'rous laws
And watchful eyes, run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause !
Too often to the muse not less a foe !
Chuse meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its shame !

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,
All ye disciples of the muses, weep !
Assembling, all, in robes of sable dye,
Around his bier, lament his endless sleep !
And let complaining elegy rehearse,
In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Composed in the Author's 17th year.

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
Making, in thought, the public woes my own,
When, first, arose the image in my breast
Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest!
How death, his fun'ral torch and scythe in hand,
Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
Has laid the gem-illumin'd palace low,
And levell'd tribes of nobles at a blow.
I, next, deplor'd the fam'd paternal pair,
Too soon to ashes turn'd, and empty air!
The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs,
But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said:
"Death, next in pow'r to him, who rules the dead!
Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
To thy fell force, and ev'ry verdant field,

That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
And ev'n the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine,
That oaks themselves, although the running rill
Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will,
That all the winged nations, even those,
Whose heav'n-directed flight the future shows,
And all the beasts, that in dark forests stray,
And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
Ah envious ! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd !
Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind ?
Why take delight, with darts, that never roam,
To chase a heav'n-born spirit from her home ?”

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening
stood,
Now newly ris'n above the western flood,
And Phœbus from his morning-goal again
Had reach'd the gulphs of the Iberian main.
I wish'd repose, and on my couch reclin'd
Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd :
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld !
I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
Where all the champain glow'd with purple light
Like that of sun-rise on the mountain height ;
Flow'rs over all the field, of ev'ry hue
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half to gay.

A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
 O'r golden sands, but sands of purer gold,
 With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flow'rs,
 With airs awaken'd under rosy bow'rs.
 Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er
 The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I, the splendour, and the mingled shade
 Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
 At once, with looks, that beam'd celestial grace,
 The seer of Winton stood before my face.
 His snowy vesture's hem descending low
 His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
 New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow. }
 Where'er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
 Of gladness shook the flow'ry scene around :
 Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
 The trumpet shakes the sky, all æther rings,
 Each chaunts his welcome, folds him to his breast,
 And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest :
 " Ascend, my son ! thy father's kingdom share !
 My son ! henceforth be free'd from ev'ry care !"

So spake the voice, and at its tender close
 With psaltry's sound th' angelic band arose.
 Then night retir'd, and chas'd by dawning day
 The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
 I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern ;
 Frequent to me may dreams like this return !

E L E G Y I V.

TO HIS TUTOR

THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURG.

Written in the Author's 18th year.

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the Gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king, who binds,
In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to insure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st;
Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands, that line the German coast, descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside!
So call'd, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew!

There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favorite inmate of my heart,
That now is forc'd to want its better part !
What mountains now, and seas, alas ! how wide !
From me this other dearer self divide,
Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth !
Dear, as the Stagyrice to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won !
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phoenix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd ;
And favor'd by the muse, whom I implor'd
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,
Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
Or my ear drank the musick of his tongue :
Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed ;
Aware thyself, that there is urgent need !
Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee.
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book,

Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)
To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
Give him, whatever his employment be,
Such gratulation, as he claims from me !
And, with a down-cast eye, and carriage meek,
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak !

“ If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend
To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
Long due, and late, I left the English shore ;
But make me welcome for that cause the more !
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
The slow epistle came, tho' late, sincere.
But wherefore this ? why palliate I the deed,
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead ?
Self chang'd, and self-condemn'd, his proper part
He feels neglected, with an aching heart ;
But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less ;
From timid foes the lion turns away,
Nor yawns upon, or rends a crouching prey,
Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer ;
And heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.
Long had he wish'd to write, but was with-held,
And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd.

For fame, too often true, when she alarms,
 Reports thy neighbouring-fields a scene of arms ;
 Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
 And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.
 Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
 And saturates with blood the tainted ground ;
 Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
 But goads his steeds to fields of German gore.
 The ever verdant olive fades and dies ;
 And peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
 Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
 And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
 Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown ;
 Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
 The aid denied thee in thy native land.
 Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
 Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore !
 Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies, given
 By providence, to guide thy steps to heav'n ?
 His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
 Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name !
 Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
 In Stygian night to lie for ever dead !
 So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
 An exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,

When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,
In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life
So, from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn ;
And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

But thou take courage! strive against despair !
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !
Grim war indeed on ev'ry side appears,
And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears ;
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.
For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,
Jehova's self shall combat on thy side.
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'r's
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'r's,
The same, who overthrew in ages past,
Damascus' sons that lay'd Samaria waste !
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears.
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may)
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day !
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !

ELEGY V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written in the Author's 20th year.

—◆—

TIME, never wand'ring from his annual round,
Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
And earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new pow'rs of song ?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes,
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
By day, by night, my raptur'd fancy fill,
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound, that prompts me to begin.
Lo! Phæbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath ; Phœbus descends ;
I mount, and, undepress'd by cumb'rous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way ;
Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly :
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,

My spirit searches all the realms of light,
 And no Tartarean gulphs elude my sight.
 But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
 Of inspiration—what will it perform ?
 Spring claims the verse, that with his influence glows,
 And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veil'd with op'ning foliage, lead'st the
 throng
 Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel ! in song ;
 Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
 Civic, and sylvan heralds of the spring !

With notes triumphant spring's approach declare !
 To spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear !
 The Orient left, and Æthiopia's plains,
 The sun now northward turns his golden reins ;
 Night creeps not now ; yet rules with gentle sway,
 And drives her dusky horrors swift away ;
 Now less fatigu'd, on his ætherial plain
 Bootes follows his celestial wain ;
 And now the radiant centinels above,
 Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,
 For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
 And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
 Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,
 Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dews,

This night, this surely, Phæbus miss'd the fair,
 Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.
 Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
 Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
 Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
 Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
 Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora come—too late
 Thou linger'st, slumb'ring, with thy wither'd mate !
 Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair !
 Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
 The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,
 But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.
 Earth now desires thee, Phœbus ! and t' engage
 Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age ;
 Desires thee, and deserves ; for who so sweet,
 When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat ?
 Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze, that blows,
 Arabia's harvest, and the Paphian rose.
 Her lofty front she diadems around
 With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd ;
 Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new-blown,
 She interweaves, various, and all her own,
 For Proserpine, in such a wreath attir'd,
 Tænarian Dis himself with love inspir'd.
 Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse !
 Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues ;
 Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
 And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.

Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim
Divine Physician ! to that glorious name.
If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love)
She offers all the wealth, her mountains hide,
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
How oft, when headlong from the heav'nly steep,
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries—" Ah Phœbus ! why repair
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there ?
Can Tethys win thee ? wherefore shouldst thou lave
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave ?
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather chuse
To cool thy tresses in my chrystal dews,
The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest ;
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose !
No fears I feel like Semele to die,
Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
For thou can'st govern them, here therefore rest,
And lay thy evening glories on my breast !"

Thus breathes the wanton earth her am'rous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same ;
For Cupid now through every region strays,
Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays,

His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
And his new pointed shafts more deeply wound ;
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
Nor even Vesta at her altar-side ;
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and vallies, ring ;
He, new-attir'd, and by the season, drest,
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.
Now, many a golden-cinctur'd virgin roves
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,
All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth
Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
Nor Phillis wants a song, that suits the strain,
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear ;
Jove feels himself the season, sports again
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Sylvanus, wreath'd with cypress, skips behind.
The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
To roam the banks, and solitary dells ;
Pan riots now ; and from his amorous chafe,
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,

And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chase of some enticing Oread, flies :
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice th' Immortals from above,
And some kind pow'r presides o'er every grove ;
And long, ye pow'rs, o'er every grove preside,
For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide !
Return, O Jove ! the age of gold restore—
Why chuse to dwell, where storms and thunder roar?
At least, thou, Phœbus ! moderate thy speed !
Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to Night's encroaching, long controul !

ELEGY VI.

TO
CHARLES DEODATI.



Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts, to which his friends invited him and which would not allow him leisure to finish them, as he wished.



WITH no rich viands overcharg'd, I send
Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd
friend,
But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
From what she loves, from darkness into day?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
How pleasant, in thy lines describ'd, appear
December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
French spirits kindling with cærulean fires,
And all such gambols, as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends ;
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel crown'd.
The Nine themselves oftimes have join'd the song,
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng ;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why ? no vine would flourish there.
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse ?
Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's, and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast, and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul ;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone, but verse, bestow.
Thus Phœbus favors, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend.
What wonder then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet.
The lute now also sounds, with gold in-wrought,
And touch'd, with flying fingers, nicely taught,
In tap'stried halls, high roof'd, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.

If, dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay ;
And, trust me, while the iv'ry keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like æthereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended pow'rs possest.
For num'rous pow'rs light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend ;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
But they, who demi-gods, and heroes praise,
And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give ;
In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
Cool from the chrystal spring, their sober wine !
Their youth should pass, in innocence, secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when rob'd in white he stands,
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
Thus Linus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight !

Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
Melodious tamer of the savage race !
Thus train'd by temp'rance, Homer led of yore,
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
And shoals insidious with the siren train ;
And through the realms, where grizzly sceptres dwell,
Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell ;
For these are sacred bards, and from above,
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove !

Would'st thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear)
Would'st thou be told my occupation here ?
The promis'd King of peace employs my pen,
Th' eternal cov'nant made for guilty men,
The new-born Deity with infant cries
Filling the sordid hovel, where he lies ;
The hymning angels, and the herald star,
That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,
And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
Dash'd at his birth, to be rever'd no more !

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse :
The dawn of that blest day inspir'd the verse ;
Verse, that, reserv'd in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend !

ELEGY VII.

Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year.



As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,
 That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
 Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
 And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.
 "Go, child," I said, "transfix the tim'rous dove!
 An easy conquest suits an infant love;
 Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
 Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
 Why aim thine idle arms at human kind?
 Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
 (None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day
 Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
 My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
 Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
 When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd;
 Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,

Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove ;
Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,
Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.
Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats, not destitute of fire,
" My power," he said, " by others pain alone,
'Twere best to learn ; now learn it by thy own !
With those, who feel my power, that pow'r attest !
And in thy anguish be my sway confest !
I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain
From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
Will yield the prize of archery to me.
A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled :
Less true th' expert Cydonian, and less true
The youth, whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,
By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
His bosom first should bleed tranfixt by mine.
But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,

Thy Muse, vain youth ! shall not thy peace ensure,
Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
Provok'd my laughter, more than mov'd my fear.
I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
Careless in city, or suburban shade,
And passing, and repassing, nymphs, that mov'd
With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.
Bright shone the vernal day, with double blaze,
As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
The dang'rous show, rash youth my only guide,
And many a look of many a fair unknown
Met full, unable to controul my own.
But one I mark'd (then peace forook my breast)
One—Oh how far superior to the rest !
What lovely features ! such the Cyprian queen
Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
The very nymph was she, whom when I dar'd
His arrows, Love had even then prepar'd !
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
With torch well-trimm'd, and quiver at his side ;
Now to her lips he clung, her eye-lids now,
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow,

And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part
Pierc'd, and transpierc'd, my undefended heart.
A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
Now siez'd my soul, and I was all on fire,
But she, the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
In silent sadness I pursue my way;
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
And while I follow her in thought, bemoan
With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.
When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
Speak to her, tell her, of the pangs I bear,
Perhaps she is not adamant, would show
Perhaps some pity at my tale of woe.
Oh inauspicious flame—tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.
Ah spare me, gentle pow'r!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds, and nature disagree.
Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.

Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts :
Now own thee sov'reign of all human hearts.
Remove ! no—grant me still this raging woe !
Sweet is the wretchedness, that lovers know :
But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
One destin'd mine) at once both her, and me.



SUCH were the trophies, that in earlier days,
By vanity seduc'd, I toil'd to raise,
Studious, yet indolent, and urg'd by youth,
That worst of teachers ! from the ways of truth ;
Till learning taught me, in the shady bow'r,
To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r.
Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame suppress,
A frost continual settled on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS,



ON THE

INVENTOR OF GUNS.

PRAISE in old time the sage Prometheus won,
Who stole æthereal radiance from the sun ;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.



TO LEONORA

SINGING AT ROME.*

ANOTHER Leonora once inspir'd
Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fir'd,

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 unseasonably now.

* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted.

But how much happier, liv'd he now, were he,
 Pierc'd with whatever pangs for love of thee !
 Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
 With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
 Fiercer than Pentheus' tho' his eye might roll,
 Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
 You still, with medicinal sounds, might cheer
 His senses wandering in a blind career ;
 And sweetly breathing thro' his wounded breast,
 Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

—◆—

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah ! boast no more
 The sweet-voic'd Siren buried on thy shore,
 That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave
 Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
 For still she lives, but has exchang'd the hoarse
 Pansilipo for Tiber's placid course,
 Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains,
 Of magic song, both gods, and men, detains.

THE
COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A peasant to his lord pay'd yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort
That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,
And " Oh," he cried, " that I had liv'd content
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant !
My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,
Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree."



TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEEDEN.

WITH

CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien !
Star of the North ! of northern stars the queen !

Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron casque still chafes my vet'ran brow,
While following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,
Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



ON THE DEATH OF

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

A PHYSICIAN.

**LEARN, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble state !
Know, that all must yield to fate !**

**If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"resign your breath!"
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.**

**Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.**

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief of Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, sav'd by magic song,
Still had liv'd, and equal skill
Had preserv'd Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a pow'r
To avert man's destin'd hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had surviv'd the smart
Of the Hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage ! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still had'st fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race.

Had'st advanc'd to higher fame
Still, thy much-ennobled name,

Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd
The Tartarean gulph abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good ! untroubled be
The green turf, that covers thee !
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flow'rs that blow !

Pluto's consort bid thee rest !
Cæacus pronounce thee blest !
To her home thy shade consign !
Make Elysium ever thine !

ON THE DEATH OF
THE BISHOP OF ELY,

Written in the Author's 17th Year.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny dews, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead ;
When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound
Alas! are ever truest found,
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind !

At once, a storm of passion heav'd
My boiling bosom, much I griev'd
But more I rag'd, at ev'ry breath
Devoting Death himself to death,
With less revenge did Naso teem,
When hated Ibis was his theme ;
With less, Archilochus, denied
The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride.

But lo ! while thus I execrate,
Incens'd, the minister of fate,
Wond'rous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.

“ Ah, much deluded ! lay aside
Thy threats, and anger misapplied !
Art not afraid with sounds like these
T' offend, where thou canst not appease ?
Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus ?)
The son of Night, and Erebus :
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulphs, where Chaos rules forlorn :
But sent from God ; his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
(As when the winged hours excite,
And summon forth the morning-light)
And each to convoy to her place
Before th' Eternal Father's face.
But not the Wicked——them, severe
Yet just, from all their pleasures here
He hurries to the realms below,
Terrific realms of penal woe !
Myself no sooner heard his call,
Than, scaping through my prison-wall,

I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n
To mount, on fiery wheels, to Heav'n.
Bootes' waggon, slow with cold,
Appall'd me not ; nor to behold
The sword, that vast Orion draws,
Or ev'n the Scorpion's horrid claws.
Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
And, far beneath my feet, descry
Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
Whom her winged dragons draw.
Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,
Augmented still as I proceed,
I pass the planetary sphere,
The Milky Way—and now appear
Heav'n's chrystal battlements, her door
Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

But here I cease. For never can
The tongue of once a mortal man
In suitable description trace
The pleasures of that happy place ;
Suffice it, that those joys divine
Are all, and all for ever, mine !"

NATURE

UNIMPAIRED BY

TIME.

AN, now the human mind wearies her self
With her own wand'rings, and, involv'd in gloom
Impenetrable, speculates amiss !
Measuring, in her folly, things divine
By human ; laws inscrib'd on adamant
By laws of man's device, and counsels fixt
For ever, by the hours, that pass, and die.

How ?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
On the great Parent fix a sterile curse ?
Shall even she confess old age, and halt
And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows ?
Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,
And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above ?
Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulph
The very Heav'ns, that regulate his flight ?
And was the Sire of all able to fence
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
But, through improvident, and heedless haste,

Let slip th' occasion?—so then—all is lost—
And in some future evil hour, yon arch
Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the poles
Jar in collision, the Olympian king
Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd
Down into Lemnos, through the gate of Heav'n.
Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
Phœbus! thy own son's fall shall imitate,
With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss,
At the extinction of the lamp of day.
Then too shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
Be shatter'd, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd
In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer lay'd
His deep foundations, and providing well
For the event of all, the Scales of Fate
Suspended, in just equipoise, and bade
His universal works, from age to age,
One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.

Hence the Prime mover wheels itself about
Continual, day by day, and with it bears
In social measure swift the heav'ns around.

Not tardier now is Satan than of old,
Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
Th' effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
A downward course, that he may warm the vales :
But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
Sign after sign, through all the heav'nly zone.
Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
From odorif'rous Ind, whose office is
To gather home betimes th' ethereal flock,
To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
And to discriminate the night and day.
Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes, and wanes,
Alternate, and with arms extended still,
She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
Nor have the elements deserted yet
Their functions, thunder with as loud a stroke
As erst, smites through the rocks, and scatters them.
The east still howls, still the relentless north
Invades the shudd'ring Scythian, still he breathes
The winter, and still rolls the storm along.
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
Beats on Pelorus, o'er the deep is heard
The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell,
Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
Thou too, thy antient vegetative pow'r
Enjoy'st, O Earth ! Narcissus still is sweet,

And, Phœbus! still thy favorite, and still
Thy fav'rite, Cytherea! both retain
Their beauty, nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punishment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the Deep.

Thus, in unbroken series all proceeds ;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heav'n,
The final flames of destiny absorb
The world, consum'd in one enormous pyre !

ON THE PLATONIC IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

YE sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves
Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
Mnemosyne! and thou, who in thy grot
Immense reclin'd at leisure, hast in charge
The archives, and the ord'nances of Jove,
And dost record the festivals of heav'n,
Eternity!—Inform us who is he,
That great original by nature chos'n
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themselves coæval, one, yet ev'ry where,
An image of the god, who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but though
Of common nature with ourselves, exists
Apart, and occupies a local home.
Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or dwell

On the moon's side, that nearest neighbours earth,
 Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
 Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
 To flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)
 That vast and giant model of our kind
 In some far distant region of this globe
 Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
 O'ertow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
 The stars, terrific even to the gods.
 Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd
 His best illumination, him beheld
 In secret vision ; never him the son
 Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
 Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd ;
 Him never knew th' Assyrian priest, who yet
 The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
 And Belus, and Osiris far-renown'd ;
 Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
 So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers
 Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortaliz'd the shades
 Of Academus, if the schools receiv'd
 This monster of the fancy first from thee,
 Either recall at once the banish'd bards
 To thy republic, or thyself evinc'd
 A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.

OH that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood !
That, for my venerable Father's sake
All meaner themes renounc'd, my muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my Father ! howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work, nor know I aught,
'That may thy gifts more suitably requite ;
Though to requite them suitably would ask,
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude :
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This page presents thee in their full amount
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought ;
Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
In secret grottos, and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquir'd.

Verse is a work divine ; despise not thou
Verse therefore ; which evinces (nothing more)
Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
Some scintillations of Promethean fire,

Bespeaks him animated from above.
 The Gods love verse; the infernal Pow'rs themselves
 Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
 The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
 Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
 In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale
 Tremulous Sybil, make the future known,
 And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
 Hangs verse, both when he smites the threat'ning
 bull,
 And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
 To scrutinize the Fates envelop'd there.
 We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
 Our native skies, and one eternal now
 Shall be the only measure of our being,
 Crown'd all with gold, and chaunting to the lyre
 Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
 And make the starry firmament resound.
 And even now, the fiery spirit pure
 That wheels yon circling orbs, directs, himself,
 Their mazy dance with melody of verse
 Unutt'able, immortal, hearing which
 Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd,
 Orion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
 And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
 Verse grac'd of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
 Luxurious dainties, destin'd to the gulph
 Immense of gluttony, were known; and ere

Lyæus delug'd yet the temp'rate board.
 Then sat the bard a customary guest
 To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
 With beechen honours bound, propos'd in verse
 The characters of heroes, and their deeds,
 To imitation, sang of Chaos old,
 Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
 Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunder bolt
 Not yet produc'd from Etna's fiery cave.
 And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
 Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
 The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
 Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear
 And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
 Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
 To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
 He mov'd: these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
 The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
 And useless, pow'rs, by whom inspir'd, thyself
 Art skilful to associate verse with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thousand modulations, heir by right
 Indisputable of Arion's fame.
 Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
 Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
 In close affinity, we sympathize

In social arts, and kindred studies sweet ?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice ; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God.

No ! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
My Father ! for thou never bad'st me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor did'st condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
To laws voluminous, and ill observ'd ;
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
From city-din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and with free consent,
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
I speak not now, on more important themes
Intent, of common benefits, and such
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts
My Father ! who, when I had open'd once
The stores of Roman rhetorick, and learn'd
The full-ton'd language, of the eloquent Greeks,
Whose lofty music grac'd the lips of Jove,
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs,
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth
Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,

That witnesses his mixture with the Goth ;
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers and the restless deep, may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
Concurring with thy will ; science herself,
All cloud remov'd, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
That covet it ; what could my Father more ?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns ?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all dazzling-wreath.
I therefore, although last and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove
Will hold, and where the conqu'ror's ivy twines,
Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away !
And Envy, with thy " jealous leer malign !"

Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes !
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast
Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.

But thou ! my Father ! since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind !
Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers ! if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
In the oblivious Lethæan gulph,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my sire
Improve the Fathers of a distant age !

TO

SALSILLUS,

A ROMAN POET, MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called *Scazon*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse, cannot be imitated in English.

My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares.
Not less than Diopelia's sprightlier airs,
When, in the dance, she beats, with measur'd tread,
Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed ;
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.

Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er
 From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,
 Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
 Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,
 Of late to more serene Ausonia came
 To view her cities of illustrious name,
 To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
 How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.
 Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
 From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
 Who now endur'st the langour, and the pains,
 That bile inflicts, diffus'd through all thy veins,
 Relentless malady! not mov'd to spare
 By thy sweet Roman voice, and Lesbian air!

Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
 And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
 Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
 So'er thou chuse, haste, heal a priest of thine!
 Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt
 With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
 If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
 Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
 That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again
 He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
 Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
 Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,

Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire :
So sooth'd the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO

*GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO, MAR-
QUIS OF VILLA.*

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, Book xx.

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

During the Author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise the Nine,
Oh Manso! happy in that theme design,
For, Gallus, and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee,

And, if my verse may give the meed of fame,
 Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
 Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
 (For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
 And, next, the Muse consign'd, (not unaware
 How high the charge,) Marino to thy care,
 Who, singing, to the nymphs, Adonis' praise,
 Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
 To thee alone the poet would entrust
 His latest vows, to thee alone his dust ;
 And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
 In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
 Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
 Should aught absorb of their's, which thou could'st
 save,
 All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
 The life, lot, genius, character of each,
 Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true
 To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
 Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my Northern home,
 Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
 And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
 Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
 A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
 Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
 To seek in Latium hearers of her song.

We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
 The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
 Hear oft by night, or, slumb'ring, seem to hear,
 O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear,
 And we could boast a Tityrus of Yore,
 Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our Northern clime,
 E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme
 We too serve Phœbus ; Phœbus has receiv'd,
 (If legends old may claim to be believ'd)
 No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
 The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year.
 The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,
 Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train ;
 Druids, our native bards in antient time,
 Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme !
 Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
 Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
 They name the virgins, who arriv'd of yore,
 With British off'rings, on the Delian shore,
 Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
 Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
 And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
 All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms
 bare.

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
 Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,

Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
The world shall hear how Phoebus, and the Nine,
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
Yet Phoebus, when of old constrain'd to roam
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
Though Hercules had ventur'd there before ;
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green,
And thither, oft as respite he requir'd
From rustic clamours loud, the god retir'd :
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd
At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,
Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.
Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
Nor Oeta felt his load of forests more ;
The upland elms descended to the plain,
And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at the strain.
Well may we think, O dear to all above !
Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
And that Apollo shed his kindest pow'r,
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
Since only minds so born can comprehend
A poet's worth , or yield that worth a friend.
Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years,

Hence, in thy front, and features, we admire
Nature unwither'd, and a mind entire.
Oh might so true a friend to me belong,
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings, and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being, future wars,
With all his martial knights, to be restor'd,
Each to his seat, around the fed'ral board,
And Oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plund'ers, in triumphant verse !
Then, after all, when with the past content,
A life I finish, not in silence spent,
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend
I shall but need to say—" Be yet my friend !"
He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
And Virtue's promis'd recompense be sure,
Born to those seats, to which the blest aspire
By purity of soul, and virtuous fire,
These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,
And, ev'ry cloud from my pure spirit driv'n,
Joy in the bright beatitude of Heav'n !

ON THE
DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman : a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

YE Nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
Now through the villas lav'd by Thames, rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,
What sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound
He made the woods, and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead ; nor even ceas'd to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
 And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
 Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
 The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there ;
 For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
 In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
 But, stor'd at length with all, he wish'd to learn,
 For his flock's sake now hasted to return,
 And when the shepherd had resum'd his seat
 At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
 Then 'twas his lot, then all his loss to know,
 And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his
 woe.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
 are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Alas ! what deities shall I suppose
 In heaven or earth, concern'd for human woes,
 Since, Oh my Damon ! this severe decree
 So soon condemns me to regret of thee !
 Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
 With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade !
 Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controuls,
 And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls,
 Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
 A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine !

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidden glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue ;
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks, and pastures, love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field, or grove,
At least, if antient piety, and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon ! such thy sure reward shall be ;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me ?
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou was wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat ;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went ?

Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song, who now beguile my way ?

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide ? Whose counsel find
A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind ?
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wint'ry night,
While hisses on my hearth, the pulpy pear,
And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders thro' the neighb'ring elm.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again ?

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.

Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
 With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
 'Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and show'r
 Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bow'r.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Alas ! my rampant weeds now shame my fields,
 And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields !
 My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
 Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please,
 Nor please me more my flocks ; they, slighted,
 turn
 Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
 Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
 And young Alpheisiboeus to a seat
 Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
 “ Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise : ”
 “ Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies. ”—
 Thus each persuades, but, deaf to ev'ry call,
 I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.

Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well

The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,

For he by chance has notic'd my return)

“ What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern ?

Ah Thyrsis ! thou art either craz'd with love,

Or some sinister influence from above ;

Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue ;

His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through.”

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,

My thoughts are all now due to other care.

The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,

And, “ Thyrsis ! ” cry—“ what will become of thee ?

What would'st thou, Thyrsis ? such should not
appear

The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe ;

Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah shun the fate

Of those, twice wretched mopes ! who love too late ! ”

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,

My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Ægle with Hyas came, to sooth my pain,

And Baucis' daughter, Dryope the vain,

Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat

Known far and near, and for her self-conceit ;

Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands,
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands ;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd !
No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,
But each associates, and is pleas'd with all ;
So graze the dappl'd deer in num'rous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves ;
The same law governs, where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore ;
The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
With whom he picks the grain, that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves ;
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others, in a single choice,
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,
When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound, that nothing heals.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocks,
 To traverse Alpine snows, and rugged rocks !
 What need so great had I to visit Rome,
 Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb ?
 Or, had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
 For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
 What need so great had I t' incur a pause
 Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
 For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
 Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and
 me ?

Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd
 Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eye-lids clos'd,
 And, at the last, had said—“ Farewell—ascend—
 Nor even in the skies forget thy friend !”

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains !
 My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
 Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
 My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
 Born in your Lucca, city of renown !
 And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
 Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
 The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,

Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song !
I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care,
While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,
And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
How often have I said (but thou had'st found
Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wicker work for various use prepares !
How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
New scenes of pleasure, that I hop'd at hand,
Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
What ho ! my friend—come, lay thy task aside,
Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat, beneath you whisp'ring shades awhile,

Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
 Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood !
 There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
 Thy friend the name, and healing pow'rs of each,
 From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
 What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
 For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
 And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
 Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
 The useless herbs, that gave not health to thee !
 Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
 I meditating sat some statelier theme,
 The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
 And unassay'd before, than wide they flew,
 Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
 The deep-ton'd music of the solemn strain ;
 And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
 How proud a theme I chuse—ye groves farewell !

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
 How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
 First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,
 And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen ;
 Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,
 And of Arviragus, and how of old
 Our hardy sires th' Armorican controll'd,

And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd
 By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,
 (Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
 Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
 These themes I now revolve—and Oh—if Fate
 Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
 Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
 Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
 Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
 Thou change thy Latian for a British song ;
 A British ?—even so—the pow'rs of man
 Are bounded ; little is the most he can ;
 And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
 Fame, and proud recompence enough for me,
 If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
 If Alain bending o'er his chrystal urn,
 Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream
 Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
 Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,
 The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
 Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
 This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
 (Manso, not least his native city's pride)

Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
 Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
 The spring was graven there ; here slowly wind
 The Red-sea shores with groves of spices lin'd ;
 Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
 The sacred, solitary Phoenix shows,
 And watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,
 To see Aurora leave her wat'ry bed.
 In other part, th' expansive vault above,
 And there too, even there, the God of love ;
 With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
 A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
 Around, his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
 Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,
 Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high
 Sends every arrow to the lofty sky,
 Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
 The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

“ Thou also Damon (neither need I fear
 That hope delusive) thou art also there ;
 For whither should simplicity like thine
 Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine ?
 Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades
 below,
 Nor tears suit thee—cease then my tears to flow !
 Away with grief ! on Damon ill bestow'd !
 Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,

Has pass'd the show'ry arch ; henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,
With hallow'd lips !—Oh ! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all, that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth are given to thee ;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."

AN ODE

Addressed to Mr. JOHN ROUSE, Librarian, of the University of Oxford, on a lost volume of Poems, which he desired me to replace, that he might add them to my other Works deposited in the Library.

—

This Ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly, for this reason, disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

My two-fold book ! single in show,
 But double in contents,
 Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
 Which, in his early youth,
 A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
 Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
 Say while in cool Ausonian shades,
 Or British wilds he roam'd,
 Striking by turns his native lyre,
 By turns the Daunian lute,
 And stepp'd almost in air ;

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
 Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
 What time, at the repeated suit
 Of my most learned friend,
 I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
 From our great city to the source of Thames,
 Cærulean sire!
 Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
 Of the Aonian choir,
 Durable as yonder spheres,
 And through the endless lapse of years
 Secure to be admir'd?

STROPHE 2.

Now what God, or Demigod,
 For Britain's antient Genius mov'd
 (If our afflicted land
 Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
 Of her degen'rate sons)
 Shall terminate our impious feuds,
 And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall?
 Recall the Muses too,
 Driv'n from their antient seats
 In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,

And with keen Phœbean shafts
 Piercing the unseemly birds,
 Whose talons menace us,
 Shall drive the Harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
 Whether by treach'ry lost,
 Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
 From all thy kindred books,
 To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,
 Where thou endur'st, perhaps,
 The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
 Be comforted—
 For lo! again the splendid hope appears
 That thou may'st yet escape
 The gulphs of Lethe, and on oary wings
 Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE 3.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
 That, though by promise his,
 Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
 Among the literary noble stores,
 Giv'n to his care,
 But, absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete.

He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
Illustrious, of the fair Creusa born)
In the resplendent temple of his God,
Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
The Muses' fav'rite haunt ;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill !
Exulting go,
Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
And thou art sought by my propitious friend ;
For there thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The antient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
And worthless deem'd by me !
Whate'er this steril genius has produc'd
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,

An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend !
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,
Shall furnish minds of pow'r
To judge more equally.
Then, malice silenc'd in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise,
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.


TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
ITALIAN POEMS.

TRANSLATIONS.



SONNET.

Fair Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch, who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Temp'ring thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay
Such strains, as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes, and ears, away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love !
Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart,
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart,



SONETTO.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora

L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco ;

Ben è colai d'ogni valore scarco

Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora ;

Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora

De sui atti soavi giamai parco,

E i don' che son d'amor saette ed arco,

La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti

Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,

Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi

L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno ;

Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti

Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
 Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair
 Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
 Borne from its native genial airs away,
That scarcely can its tender bud display,
 So, on my tongue these accents, new, and rare,
 Are flow'rs exotic, which Love waters there,
 While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,
 And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;
 So Love has will'd, and oftimes Love has shown
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
 Oh that this hard and steril breast might be,
 To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free!

SONETTO.

Qual in colle aspro, all' imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insu la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

THEY mock my toil—the nymphs and am'rous
swains—

And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
Love songs in language, that thou little know'st?
How dar'st thou risque to sing these foreign strains?
Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
And that thy fairest flow'rs, here fade and die?
Then with pretence of admiration high—
Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
Rivers, on whose grassy sides
Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burthen, better far declin'd?

Speak Muse! for me.—The fair one said, who
guides

My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
“ This is the language, in which love delights.”

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi

M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi ?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi ;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi '
Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi !
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir é il mio cuore,
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

TO

CHARLES DIODATI.

CHARLES—and I say it wond'ring—thou must know
That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
That scoff'd at love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek ; more rare
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair ;
A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind ;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind,
And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring Moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would inchant me still.

SONETTO.

DIODATI, e te'l diró con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa,
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne trecchie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sí, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel séreno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

SONNET.

LADY! It cannot be, but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
And strike me ev'n as Phœbus him, whose way
Through torrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in show'rs are ever
drown'd,
'Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

SONETTO.

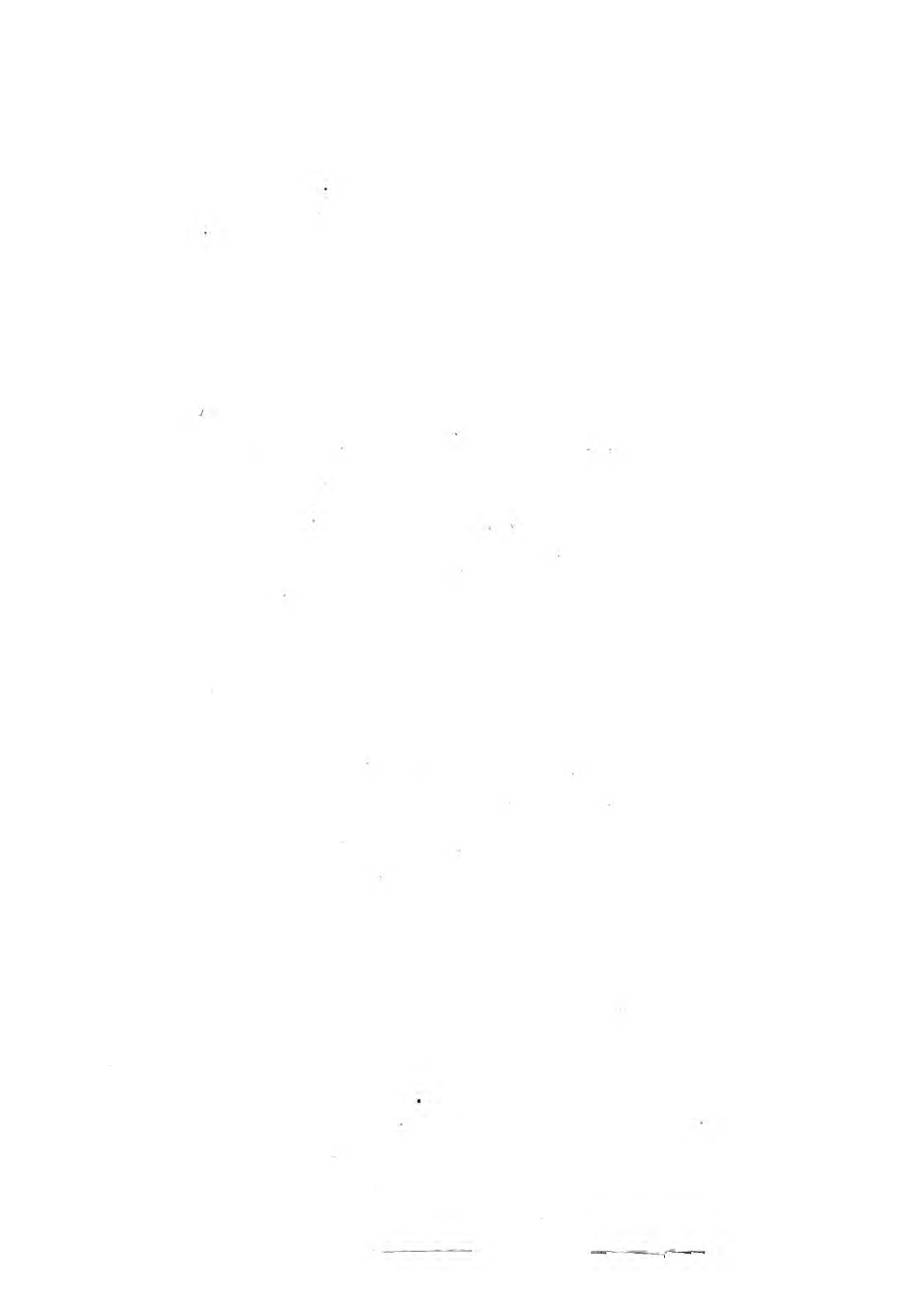
PER certo i bei vostri'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole,
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :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

SONNET.

ENAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high :
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierc'd by Love's immedicable dart.

SONETTO.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante,
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadri, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante:
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.




JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS


P O E M A T A .

*Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis
Vigessimum conscripsit.*

DE AUTORE TESTIMONIA.



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



*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis,
Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonum, Anglum.*

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

*Ad Joannem Miltonem, Anglum, triplici poeseos
laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina,
atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli,
Romani.*

CEDE, Meles ! Cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ !
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui !
At Thamesis, victor, cunctis ferat altior undas !
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

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

SELVAGGI.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra, ò Clio,
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona!
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona !

Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

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

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

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

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

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

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

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

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

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

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

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

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,

Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

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

*Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.*

JOANNI MILTONI,

LONDINENSI,

Juveni, patriâ, virtutibus, eximio,

VIRO, qui multâ peregrinatione, studio, cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novùs Ulysses omnia ubiqne ab omnibus apprehenderet;

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

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

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis, in intellectu sapientia, in voluntate ardor gloriæ, in ore eloquentia, harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus, Astronomiâ duce, audienti, characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ philosophiâ; legenti antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti—

At cur nitor in arduum ?—

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

CAROLUS DATUS.

PATRICIUS FLORENTINUS,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA I.

AD
CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit, occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium pronò qua petit amne salum.
Multum (crede) juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles:

Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,

Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

Non ego vel profugi nomen, sorteive recuso,

Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.

O ! utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset

Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;

Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,

Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.

Tempora nam licet hic placidis, dare libera Musis,

Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,

Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,

Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus

Detonat inculto barbarâ verba foro ;

Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,

Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum

Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,

Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,

Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest :

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ;
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
Seu mœret Pelopcia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via ;
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmenisæ turrîtâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon,
Vos etiam Danaæ fascis submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus :

Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina, posse sequi.
Tuque, urbs, Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mcenia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque, puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditor huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cœci,
Mcenia quam subito relinquere fausta paro ;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA II.

Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM

PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem;
Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.

Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias, qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,
Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA III.

Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM

PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.



MŒSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en ! subiit funestæ cladis imago,
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
 turres
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face ;
 Pulsavitque, auro gravidos et jaspide, muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis :
 Et memini Heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces :
 At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 “ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,

Nonne satis, quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosæ,
Nec sinis, ut semper, fluvio contermina, quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ, plurima, cælo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus,
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?"
Talia dum, lacrymans, alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiano submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora. Membra cavo posui refovenda cubili;
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos;
Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro.
Heu! Nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illïc puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent,
Ac, veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

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

ELEGIA IV.

Anno Ætatis 18.

AD

THOMAM JUNIUM,

PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM,

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

CURRE per immensum subito, mea litera, pontum !
I ! pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros !
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil (precor) obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter !
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et verides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer,

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci !
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves.
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ.
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi ! Quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
 Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiùm,
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
 Quàmque Stagyrites generosø magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausit latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes ;
 Necdùm ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum !
 Quàm sit opus monitis, res docet, ipsa vides.

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus ;
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum !
Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui !
“ Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi !
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte lavare nequit ?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti ;
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferox in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces ;

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus ;
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos ;
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ;
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu ! nuntia vera malorum !
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.
 Te circum laté campos populatur Enyo,
 Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem.
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva ;
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam ;
 Fugit Io! terris, et jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris, egenus, opem.
 Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis,
 Spûmea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus ?
 Siccine in externam, ferrea, cogis humum,
 Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis,
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?

Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus :
Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix :
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus !
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus.
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;
Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,
Inque fugam vertit, quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm :

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares !

ELEGIA V.

Anno Ætatis 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

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

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deùm ;
 Intuiturque animus, toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus.
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris, io ! rediere vices. Celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus !
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter. Brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis :
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœlestè Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus, ut antè, viâ.
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo :
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve giganteum Dî timuere scelus.
 Fortè aliquis, scopuli recubans in vertice, pastor,
 Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
 “ Hæc,” ait, “ hæc certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resunit
 Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas ;
 Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.”
 “ Desere” (Phœbus ait) “ thalamos, Aurora, seniles!
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ.
 Surge ! Tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.”
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos :
 Et cupit, et digna est. Quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis !
 Ecce ! Coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos,
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe ! Tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces :
 Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros.

Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat, quascunque sub æquore vasto
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit, opes.
 Ah, quoties, cùm tu clivoso, fessus, Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
 "Cur te," inquit! "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno,
 Hesperiiis recipit cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ.
 Hue ades! Ardentem imbue rore comas!
 Mollior è gelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ.
 Hue ades, et gremio lumina pone meo!
 Quàque jaces, circum mulcebit, lene susurrans,
 Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi!) terrent Semeleïa fata,
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo,
 Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni.
 Hus ades, et gremio lumina pone meo!"
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores.
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt;
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis;
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo;

Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant “ Hymenæe !” per
urbes.

Littus “ io Hymen !” et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,
(Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum)
Egrediturque, frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
unum.

Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinâsque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua fasta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque, suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper ;
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres ;

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes ;
Jamque latet, latitansque, cupit, malè tecta, videri,
 Et fugit, et, fugiens, pervelit ipsa capi.
Dî quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet :
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arboreâ, dî, (precor,) ite domo !
Te referant miseris, te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sæcla ! Quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis ?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
 Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant ;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo !

ELEGIA VI.

AD

CAROLUM DEODATUM,

RURI COMMORANTEM,

Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam, non pleno ventre, salutem,
Qua tu, distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis, quàm te redamemque colamque?
Crede mihi! Vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos, integer ipse, pedes.
Quam benè solennes epulas, hilaremque Decem-
brem,
Festaque, cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,

Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin ?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus " Euce !"
 Mista Thyoneo, turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris.
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
 Quid, nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
 Cantavit brevibus Teïa Musa modis ?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum ;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque maders lyricen Romanus Iaccho,
 Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phoebum
 Corda. Favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Insonat, argutâ molliter ieta manu ;

Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners !
Crede mihi! Dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor ;
Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est ;
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At, qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos !
Stet propè fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat !
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus,
Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus undis,
Surgis, ad infensos, augur, iture Deos.

Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris.
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges,
 Dis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabere, si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere, siquid agam.
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagiturque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere tur-
 mas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent, patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

ELEGIA VII.

Anno Ætatis 19.

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

Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas,
 Et "Miser, exemplo sapuisses tutiùs" inquit.
 "Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum ; cessit et ille mihi,
 Et, quoties meminit Peneïdos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille,
 Inscius uxori qui necis autor erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulminatorqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbœus porriget anguis opem."

Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat :
Et modò, quàm nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias :
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.
Fallor ? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet ?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri ;
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solutus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus :
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis ;
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, et hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos:
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
 Crede mihi! Nullus sic infeliciter arsit.
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, (precor) teneri cùm sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo!
 Jam, tuus Oh! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tū mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores!
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans.
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos!

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

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

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

Ad LEONORAM, Romæ canentem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah, miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
Perditus et propter te, Leonora foret,
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ !
Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen, errantes cæcâ vertigine, sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ,
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

Ad eandem.

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

Apologus de Rustico et Hero.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:
 Hinc, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hactenûs illa ferax; sed, longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners:
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;

Atque ait. " Heu, quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,
 Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo !
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :
 Nunc periere mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens."



*Ad Christinam, Suecorum Reginam, nomine
 Cromwelli.*

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
 Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,
 Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero ;
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra :
 Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

SILVARUM LIBER.

In obitum Procancellarii, medici.

Anno Ætatis 17.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iæpeti colitis nepotes !
Vos si, relicto mors vaga, Tænaro,
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu ! moræ
 Tentantur incassùm dolique.
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
 Nessi venenatus cruore,
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Cætâ ;
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectors, aut

Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste fatum verba Hecateia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ ;
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ :
 Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
 Sagitta, Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloriâ ;
 Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata cùm te viderit artibus,
 Succoque pollenti, tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra (precor) tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore!
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina ;
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo !

In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

Anno Ætatis 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca mondùm lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis ;
 Cùm centilinguis Fama, proh ! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia,
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti et ferreis sororibus,
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ,
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibidâ
 Concepitalto diriora pectore ;
 Graiusque vates parciùs

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine,
“ Cæcos furores pone ! Pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas !
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitòque ad iras percita ?
Non est, ut arbitraris, elusus miser,
Mors atra, Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao.
Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messas ubique colligit,
Animasque, mole carneâ reconditas,
In lucem et auras evocat,
Ut cùm fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisque filiæ,
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris :
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror :

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam ;
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hîc tacebo. Nam quis effari queat,
Oriundus humano patre,
Amœnitates illius loci ? Mihi
Sat est in æternum frui."

Naturam non pati senium.

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

Ergòne marcescet, sulcantibus obsita rugis,
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater,
Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet ab ævo,
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, situsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergó erit, ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremendo,
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu

Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque, relectâ Gorgone, Pallas ;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli ?
 Tu quóque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati :
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto ?
 Tunc etiam aerei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et, acer ut olim,
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat ;
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras,
 Devexo temone Deus ; sed, semper amicâ
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
 Surgit, odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli ;

Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis :
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida pureulsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat:
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris; et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani tubicen; nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in
ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum ;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cœli ;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum
Aristoteles intellexit.*

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ,
Tuque, O, noveni perbeata numinis,
Memoria, mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis. otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deum ;
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei ?
Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,
Interna proles, insidet menti Iovis ;
Sed, quàmlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùm extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci :
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum,
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas ;
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ

Incedit ingens, hominis archetypus, gigas,
Et, dīs tremendus, erigit celsum caput
Atlante major, portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur, vidit hunc alto sinu.
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro.
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
Hæc monstra si tu primus indûxti scholis,
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen,
Exiguum meditatur opus : nec novimus ipsi,
Aptiùs a nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quàmvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedùm ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et, quod habemus opum, chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ !

Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ.
Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et, rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen ;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cùm nondùm luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat coena Lyæo.
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,

Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensûsque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa ca-
nendo

Compulit in lacrymas: Habet has à carmine laudes.

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

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas,
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi,
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem

Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis ;
 Me poscunt majora : Tuo, pater optime, sumptu,
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et, quæ Jovis ora decebant,
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus ;
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique, quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluis aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit ;
 Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perùanaque regna præoptas !
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.

Ergò ego, jam doctæ pars quàmlibet ima catervæ,
 Victrices hederas inter, lauròsque sedebo ;
 Jámque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertì,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul, vigiles curæ, procul este, querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies, transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extènde, Calumnia, rictus !
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securáque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquàm non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorásse satis, repetitáque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

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

Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

—◆—

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cum decentes flava Dæiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum ;
Adesdum, et hæc, s'is, verba p̄auca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quàmque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo, alumnus ille Londini, Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum relinquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virósque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitens sanum ;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa, damnosum spirat ;

Nec id pepercit impia, quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

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

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, necnon et bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est; ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat, de Amicitîâ scriptus (erat enim Tassi amicissimus;) ab quo etiam inter Campanice principes celebratur in illo poemate, cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

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

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

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.

Tu quoque, si nostræ tantùm valet aura Ca-
 mcænæ,
 Victrices hederas inter lauròsque sedebis.
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis :
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit ; Ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
 Dum canit Assyrios divùm prolixus amores
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremáque vota reliquit :
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia
 cessant

Officia in tumulo. Cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges.
 Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, morésque, et dona Minervæ,
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen, qui, natus ad altam,
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quæ, nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos

Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines :
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile
 Phœbo,

Quà plaga septenò mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Booten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, Nos munera Phœbo,
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris
 Halantémque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 Gens, Druides, antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
 Heroum laudes imitandâque gesta canebant;
 Hinc, quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
 Fatidicâque Upin cum flavicomâ Hacaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergò, quàcunque per orbem
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Clarâque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausúmque
 virorum,

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates

Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas ;
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licèt magnum Alciden susceperat hospes,
 Tantùm, ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosáque tecta,
 Peneium propè rivum : Ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici,
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco. Nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Dîs dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
 Dîs superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondùm deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniúmque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 Oh, mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nôrit,
 Si quandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturúmque etiam sub terris bella moventem!

Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas ; et oh, modò spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges !
Tandèm ubi, non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorúmque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis !
Astanti, sat erit, si dicam “ Sim tibi curæ !”
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ,
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas ! At ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, siqua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quó labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,
Quantùm fata sinunt, et, totâ mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia secuti, à pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis, animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm postea reversus, et, rem ità esse, comperto, se suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatùs, ex urbe Hetruricæ, Lucâ, paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ, (nam vos et Daphnin, et Hylan

Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen;
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminàque, fontésque vagos, nemorúmque recessus;

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Dæmona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans !
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Dæmona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis : Pastorem scilicèt illum,
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe :
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,
 Cæpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

“ Ite domum, impasti, (domino jam non vacat)
 agni !

Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon !
 Siccine nos linquis ? Tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille, animas vergâ qui dividit aureâ
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat)
 agni !

Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo ante videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit,
 Siquid id est, priscámque fidem coluisse, piúmque,
 Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat)
 agni !

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia
 - Damon !

At mihi quid tandem fiet modó ! quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis,
 Sive opus in magnos fuit emínùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ?
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantùque, solebit ?

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat)
 agni !

Pectora cui credam ? quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
 Auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ?

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat)
 agni !

Aut ætate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,

Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastorésque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiósque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

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

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

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat)
 agni!
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphisibœus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Ægan, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas.
 “ Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus
 undas,”
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Mopsus ad hæc (nam me redeuntem fortè notârat,
 Et callebat aviùm linguâs et sidera Mopsus)
 “Thyrsi, quid hoc?”—dixit. “Quæ te coquit
 improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimâque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.”

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Mirantur nymphæ, et “quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis?” aiunt. “Non hæc solet esse ju-
 ventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultûsque severi;
 Illa choros, lusûsque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure petit: bis ille miser, qui serus amavit.”

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Venit Hyas, Dryopèque, et, filia Baucidis, Ægle,
 Docta modos citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, siquid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Hei mihi! quàm similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum

De grege ! sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri :
Lex eadem pelagi ; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat ; vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper, quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitat, serò sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinùs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos, durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors ;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
Aut si sors dederit tandèm non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
Heu, quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpémque nivosam !
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit ;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale !
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviósque sonantes !
Ah, certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse “ Vale, nostrî memòr, ibis ad astra.”

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Quanquàm etiam vestri numquam meminisse pige-
 bit,

Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque,
 Damon,

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

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 “ Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus :”
 Et, quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura,
 Arripui voto, levis, et præsentia finxi :
 “ Heus bone, numquid agis ? Nisi te quid forte
 retardat,

Imus, et argutâ paulûm recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
 Helleborûmque, humilésque crocos, foliûmque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm."

Ah, pereant herbæ, pereant artésque medentûm,
 Gramina, postquàm ipsi nil profecere magistro !
 Ipse etiam nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jum lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultrâ
 Ferre graves potuere sonos ; dubito quoque, ne sim
 Turgidulus ; tamen et referam ; vos cedite, sylvæ.

Ite domum, impasti, (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Ipse ego Dardaniâs Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennûmque Arviragûmque, duces, priscûmque
 Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
 Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptâque Görlois arma,
 Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit
 Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,
 Mûltum oblita mihi, aut, patris mutata Camœnis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,

Non sperâsse uni licet omnia : mî satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licèt, externo penitùsque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibùsque frequens Abra, et nemus omne
 Treantæ,
 Et Thamesss meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, ex extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul ; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis ;
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus ;
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube
 pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;
 Nec tenues animas, pectùsque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at, circùm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus :
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica
Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es. Nam quò tua dulcis
abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus ?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul, lacrymæ, purum colit ætheia Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jurâ recepta,
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave, quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En, etiam tibi virginei servantur honores !
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;
Cantus ubi, choreisque fuit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos.

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM,

JAN. 23, 1646.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo
mitti postulabat, ut cum alus nostris in Bibliotheca
publica reponeret Ode.*

STROPHE 1.

GEMELLE, cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronte licèt geminâ,
Munditieque nitens non operosâ ;
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamèn, haud nimii poetæ ;
Dum vagus, Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
 Cùm tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugitèr obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasúsque sacer,
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus, redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

STROPHE 2.

Mòdo quis deus, aut editus deo,
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium,)

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almâque revocet studia, sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenùm ;
 Immundásque volucres,
 Unguibus imminentes,
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phineámque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasœo ?

ANTISTROPHE.

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

STROPHE 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
 Optat peculî, numeróque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogátque venias ille, cuius inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ,
 Téque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstórque gazæ nobilioris
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvósque tripodas, donáque Delphica,
 Iön, Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diámque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo.
Ibis honestus,
Postquàm egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandèm haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedésque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi ;
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
longè
Turba legentùm prava facesset :
At ultimi nepotes
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan

Adhibebit, integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Siquid meremur, sana posteritas sciet,
Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ità tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortassè dici monostrophicum debuerat. Métra partim sunt *κατα σχισιν*, partim *απολελυμενα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

NOTES.



NOTES.

NOTE 1. Carlo Dati.

A remark of Cowper's at the close of the Complimentary Pieces has sufficiently answered the morose severity of Dr. Johnson against the foreign eulogists of Milton. I will only add in favour of the last, Carlo Dati, that he must have been very young, when he addressed so fervid a compliment to our admirable countryman, and that he seems to have spoken from his heart. He raised himself, in a later period, to considerable literary distinction; and was one of the learned Italians, who received a pension from the munificence of Louis the 14th. It is said, that both this monarch, and Christina of Sweden, invited Dati to their respective courts; but they could not induce him to relinquish his native and favourite city of Florence, where he lived much respected for his learning, and his politeness. In 1667 he published, in a thin quarto, his lives of the four Grecian painters, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Apelles,

and Protogenes, a work in which the author displays much learning, and delicacy of taste. It appears to be part of a more extensive projected work. He was Greek professor at Florence, and librarian to the Cardinal Carlo de Medici. Tiraboschi praises him as one of the refiners of the Tuscan language, and adds, that he would have bequeathed to the world more voluminous proofs of his erudition, had not death rapidly terminated his life and labours in 1675, at the age of fifty-six. His death happened one year after the decease of Milton, who died in his sixty-sixth year, and was born eleven years before his Italian panegyrist. Though he is styled *Juvenis* in the Latin compliment of his younger friend; the expression is remarkable, as our great poet was thirty years old when he visited Italy.

I find in Dati's life of Zeuxis, an Italian sonnet, which he composed on the extraordinary death of that celebrated painter. Partiality to a writer, who honoured our poet on his travels with such generous enthusiasm, has induced me to transcribe his Sonnet on the Grecian painter, and to give it an English dress. Zeuxis is said to have died in a fit of laughter, on surveying a portrait that he had painted, of an old woman.

S O N E T T O.

Nacque piangendo, al fin ridendo muore
 Chi dar vita á colori ebbe ardimento;
 Dunque è grave cordoglio il nascimento,
 E conforto la morte, e non dolore.

Ma se'l riso è mortale, e qual terrore
 Porterà seco il pianto ; e qual contento,
 Se gli arreca il gioir fiero tormento,
 Potrà sperare in questa vita un core ?
 Misero chiamerem dunque, chi ride,
 Fortunato, chi gli occhi aperse al pianto,
 Se da l'essere il pianto, e'l riso uccide.
 Anzi folle direm, chi si dà vanto
 Di non pianger vivendo ore omicide ;
 Folle, chi ride, ed ha la morte accanto.

S O N N E T.

Weeping was Zeuxis born, and laughing died,
 Who life to colours gloried to impart ;
 Birth then appears like anguish of the heart,
 And Death to comfort, not to pain allied.
 But if a laugh can kill, who may abide
 The misery of weeping ? if a start
 Of joy itself can end in deadly smart,
 How may content in human breast reside ?
 The laugher we should call a man of woe,
 And happy him, whose eyes have many a tear,
 If Life from weeping, Death from laughing flow.
 Rather the Boaster must a fool appear,
 Who scorns in grievous scenes due grief to show ;
 Folly alone can laugh, when Death is near.

The Sonnet of Dati is a specimen of that indescribable passion for over-refined conceits, which had

infected the Italian poetry of his time, and of which some traces may be seen even in the Italian verses of the chaste, and sublime, English poet. Among the Latin letters of Milton, there is one of considerable length to Carlo Dati, written almost ten years after they had taken leave of each other, on the poet's return to his native country.

From this letter it appears, that Dati was regarded by Milton as one of the first, if not the very first of his Italian friends: their correspondence had been interrupted by the troubles of the times, and Milton expresses great concern for the loss of several letters from his correspondent of Florence. He speaks highly of Dati's judgment in literature, and says, he should not have omitted to send him his numerous publications, had they not been confined to the English Language. He promises to send him speedily a copy of his Latin poems, and declares, he should have sent them, before Dati expressed a wish to receive them, had he not been apprehensive of hurting the feelings of his Catholic friend by an asperity, of which he was conscious, against the Roman Pontiff; a topic, on which he entreats his friend to allow him such liberty of speech in his writings, as he had formerly granted him in conversation, and such, as he allowed to those illustrious free speakers of Italy, Dante, and Petrarch. Milton mentions his reading with pleasure, a publication of Dati's, on the funeral of Lewis the Thirteenth; a publication unnoticed in all the accounts of Dati's compositions, that I have seen. The Florentine author had

jested on this production of his own pen, as seeming to indicate a venal spirit, an idea, that Milton rejects with the most liberal politeness.

The letter closes with a desire of establishing a plan for the safety and regularity of their future correspondence, and remembrances to several countrymen and associates of Dati. H.

NOTE 2. Elegy I.

Mr. Warton stands first among the scholars of our country, who have laboured, with a laudable diligence and zeal, to illustrate the minor poems of Milton: He has justly and ably vindicated the Latin verse of our great poet against the censorious malevolence of Dr. Johnson, which led that powerful and prejudiced critic into a very awkward attempt to degrade it. Cowper, who wrote Latin verses himself with singular facility and elegance, esteemed these Elegies of Milton as not inferior to the best elegiac productions of the Augustan age. Such also was the opinion of that learned eulogist of antiquity, Lord Montboddo. Dr. Symmons, a recent and respectable biographer of Milton, says of these compositions, "To England they are peculiarly interesting, as they were the first pieces, which extended her fame for Latin poetry to the Continent, and as they evince the various powers of her illustrious bard by shewing, that he, who afterwards approved himself to be her Æchylus and her Homer, could once flow in the soft numbers, and breathe the tender sentiments of Ovid

and Tibullus." Let me add that in purity of thought, and in energy of expression, he appears to have surpassed both his models.

Charles Diodati, the young friend, to whom this Elegy is inscribed, was a school-fellow of Milton at St. Paul's. He also excelled in Latin poetry according to the testimony of Milton, who has celebrated his talents and virtues in various compositions addressed to him in prose and verse. Milton imparted to Diodati the early warmth of his own literary ambition in an exquisite Latin letter, dated from London, Sept. 23, 1637, and commemorated his premature death in a poem, that may be reckoned among the most beautiful of this collection. The father of Diodati was a native of Lucca, who settling in England, married an English lady. He and his son Charles were both physicians, the latter practised in Cheshire, and the present poem was sent as a reply to a letter from that country.

Perhaps few incidents improve the human character so much as the circumstance of having loved, and lost, a juvenile friend, whose extraordinary endowments appear to have marked him for an early flight to Heaven. Such a loss seems to have had an influence in promoting a peculiar pensive tenderness and moral dignity in three favorite poets of England—Milton lost his Diodati; Gray, his Favonius; and Cowper, his Sir William Russell. H.

NOTE 3. Deva's western side.

The river Dee in Cheshire.

C.

NOTE 4. Vergivian tide.

St. George's channel.

NOTE 5. Immortal Moly.

Moly was the root given by Mercury to Ulysses, by the virtue of which he was enabled to withstand the enchantments of Circe. c.

NOTE 6.

Mr. Warton imagines, that Milton wrote this Elegy in his twentieth year, while he resided with his father, in Bread street. It is certainly a most pleasing specimen of his powers as a poet. In the passage where Warton represents him as having caught images from Ovid, he is more energetic than his supposed model. His whole poem displays a heart highly formed both for friendship and for love; his animated praise of British damsels, as surpassing the fair ones of all other countries, is admirably eloquent in the original, and very happily rendered by Cowper, who had a perfect sympathy with Milton in a sentiment expressive of the most perfect predilection for his native country.

NOTE 7. Apollo's Son.

Æculapius the son of Coronis by Apollo. c.

NOTE 8. In Priam's hall.

Here seems to be a slip of memory, since the messenger of Jove to Priam was not Mercury but Iris. See Iliad xxiv. c.

NOTE 9. Dread queen of sépulchres: *Labitina. c.*

NOTE 10. Of England's sufferings by that scourge
the pest.

Mr. Warton observes that by the plague here mentioned as raging in London, 35,417 persons are said to have died. He adds, that Milton alludes to this plague in a passage of his Ode on the death of a fair infant, his niece, and probably the first child of his sister Philips, according to Mr. Warton's conjecture. I transcribe the passage of the English Ode for the pleasure of adding a remark upon it in honour of Milton.

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.

It is pleasing to contemplate a youth of seventeen thus administering comfort to his afflicted sister in a singular strain of pious, poetical enthusiasm : it is also pleasing to observe that his consolatory prophecy in the two last verses was literally fulfilled. One of his sister's subsequent children was the Edward Philips, who, in becoming the scholar, and afterwards the first biographer of Milton, may be truly said to have verified the tender monitory prediction of the young, devout, and affectionate poet. H.

NOTE 11. I next deplor'd the fam'd fraternal pair.

In the text *paternal* was printed by mistake instead of *fraternal*.

I am kindly informed by Sir David Dalrymple, the two generals here mentioned, who died in 1626, were the two champions of the Queen of Bohemia, the Duke of Brunswick and Count Mansfelt: *Frater* means a sworn brother in arms. The Queen's, or the Palatine cause was supported by the German princes, who were heroes of romance, and the last of that race in that country. The Protestant religion, and chivalry, must have interested Milton in this cause. WARTON.

NOTE 12.

Warton concludes his notes on this Elegy with a

supposition that Milton "must have looked back with disgust and remorse on the panegyrick of this performance, as on one of the sins of his youth, inexperience, and orthodoxy, for he had here celebrated not only a bishop, but a bishop who supported the dignity and constitution of the Church of England." Cowper with more liberality of sentiment indignantly rejects the idea that Milton ever repented of his compliment to the memory of Bishop Andrews. In a letter to his friend the Rev. Walter Bagot, Oct. 25, 1791, he says, "I neither do, nor can, nor will believe it. Milton's mind could not be narrowed by any thing; and though he quarrelled with episcopacy in the Church of England idea of it, I am persuaded that a good bishop, as well as any other good man, of whatever rank or order, had always a share of his veneration." Cowper esteemed the purity of Milton's heart as equal to the powers of his mind. Few things could excite indignation in his gentle spirit so much, as a malevolent remark on our divine poet. Of this I find a very striking proof in a copy of Johnson's Life of Milton, in which Cowper had hastily, with a pencil, expressed his feelings, as he perused that eloquent acrimonious biographer. Under this execrable invective of Johnson, "Such is his (Milton's) malignity, that Hell grows darker at his frown;" Cowper wrote with his pencil, "*and at thine.*" In the last leaf of Murphy's Essay on the Life and Genius of Johnson, he wrote the following more deliberate censure.

"Let all that is said against Milton in the conclu-

sion of this book pass undisputed; and Johnson's is still a most malignant life of Milton."

The bitter injustice of Johnson against our divine bard has been recently, and copiously displayed, and condemned with great energy of sentiment and expression, by a respectable veteran of literature. Mr. Percival Stockdale in his *Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets* has vindicated the honour of Milton, and as a contrast to a savage remark of the hostile biographer on his blindness, has happily expressed that tenderness of veneration, so justly due to his genius, his virtues, and his calamity, by a graceful application of a passage in his *Samson Agonistes* to the person of its author.

"Who that now hears me (says Mr. Stockdale) would not have been proud to have given his attention: I may venture to add his attendance to this venerable old man, sitting in his little apartment! Who of us would not have adopted for his own language, and have applied to *Him* the beautiful lines, in which his *Manoah* expresses his affection for his *Samson*.

"It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved."

Samson Agonistes, v. 1490.

Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets, by Percival Stockdale, 8vo, 1807, vol. 1. p. 224.

NOTE 13. Elegy IV. To his Tutor Thomas Young.

This worthy man had such purity, and elevation of mind, and so much merit in forming the mental character of Milton, that he is entitled to notice and regard from all the admirers of the poet. I shall extract the particulars of his personal history from the Note of Mr. Warton, and add to them such passages from the familiar letters of Milton, as forcibly express the excellence of the preceptor, and the grateful affection of his disciple.

“Thomas Young, now pastor of the church of English merchants at Hamburgh (says Mr. Warton) was Milton’s private preceptor before he was sent to St. Paul’s school.

“The first and fourth of Milton’s familiar Epistles, both very respectful and affectionate, are to this Thomas Young. In the first dated at London *inter urbana diverticula* March 26, 1725, he says, he had resolved to send Young an epistle in verse, but thought proper at the same time to send one in prose. The Elegy now before us is the epistle in verse.”

The prose and verse were not sent at the same time, but in different years. In closing the first, Milton promises to his preceptor a more elaborate epistle on his first return to the seat of the Muses. “*Hæc scripsi Londini inter urbana diverticula; non libris, ut soleo, circumseptus: si quid igitur in hac Epistolâ minus ariserit, tuamque frustrabitur expectationem, pensabitur aliâ magis elaboratâ, ubi primum ad Musarum spatia rediero.*” Hence I imagine, that he wrote this Elegy in

the following year, 1626, during his next residence in Cambridge, and this supposition agrees with the intimation in the title of the poem, that it was composed, when the author was in his eighteenth year.

It is very remarkable, that Milton has not a single allusion to the scenery around him, when he wrote the *Elegy*; which might arise from a double motive, first, a little resentment towards Cambridge for the affront he received in his college, to which he alludes in the following lines of his first *Elegy*:

“Tis time, that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs, my soul will ne'er sustain.”

and secondly, a dislike to the face of the country expressed in another couplet of the same poem:

“Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That to the musing bard all shade deny.”

But to return to the history of his domestic tutor: “This Thomas Young (says Mr. Warton) who appears to have returned to England in or before the year 1628, was Doctor Thomas Young, a member of the assembly of Divines, where he was a constant attendant, and one of the authors of the book called *Smectymnus*, defended by Milton; and who, from a London Preachership in Duke's-place, was preferred by the Parliament to the Mastership of Jesus College in Cambridge.—Clarke a Calvinistic biographer attests, that he was a man of great learning, and of much prudence, and piety,

and of great ability and fidelity in the work of the ministry." *Lives folio*, p. 194.

Mr. Warton proceeds to say, that he possessed a Fast Sermon by Young, preached before the House of Commons, and printed by order of the House, 4to, 1644. He mentions also a Latin work of Young, entitled, *Dies Dominica*, on the observation of Sunday in the Bodleian Library, with a Latin note by Bishop Barlow mentioning the name of the author.

Mr. Warton closes his account of this memorable man by saying, "I learn the following particulars from a manuscript History of Jesus College. He was a native of Scotland: he was admitted Master of the College by the Earl of Manchester in person, April 12, 1644. He was ejected from the Mastership for refusing the Engagement. He died, and was buried at Stowmarket in Suffolk, where he had been Vicar thirty years."

It was probably from this learned and conscientious man (as I have observed in a *Life of Milton*) that he caught not only his passion for literature, but that steadiness and unconquerable integrity of character, by which he was distinguished through all the vicissitudes of a tempestuous life. His reverential gratitude and affection towards his preceptor are recorded with equal energy in the Latin Epistle, and the Latin Elegy addressed to him: they suggest a most favorable idea of the poet's native disposition, and furnish an effectual antidote to the poison of that most injurious assertion,

“that he hated all, whom he was required to obey.” Could untractable pride be the characteristic of a mind, which has expressed its regard for a disciplinarian sufficiently rigid with a tenderness so conspicuous in the Fourth Elegy? Both the poetical and the affectionate spirit of this interesting poem are admirably preserved in the version of Cowper.

The first of Milton’s familiar epistles to Young declares his sense of obligation to this beloved instructor to be so great, that he thought all the powers of rhetorick hardly equal to an adequate description of the tutor’s merit, and the disciple’s gratitude.

“Incredibilis enim illa, et singularis animi mei gratitudo, quam tua ex debito vendicant in me merita, non constricto illo et certis pedibus ac syllabis angustato dicendi genere exprimenda fuit, sed oratione liberâ, immo potius, si fieri posset, Asiaticâ verborum exuberantiâ. Quamvis quidem satis exprimere quantum tibi debeam, opus sit meis viribus longe majus, etiamsi omnes quoscunque Aristoteles, quoscunque Parisiensis ille dialecticus congescit argumentorum *τοπες* exinanirem, etiamsi omnes elocutionis fonticulos exhaurirem.”

The second familiar epistle to Young has a passage, that exhibits his character in another very pleasing point of view: it struck Dr. Symmons so forcibly, that he has introduced it into his Life of Milton, and I will close this note by transcribing the Doctor’s elegant version of the Latin words to which I alluded.

“Availing myself (Milton writes to his late tutor)

of your invitation to your country house, I will with pleasure come to you, as soon as the spring is further advanced, that I may at once enjoy the delightfulness of the season, and that of your conversation. I will then retire for a short time, as I would to the celebrated porch of Zeno, or to the Tusculan villa of Cicero, from the tumult of the town to your Suffolk Stoa; where, you, like another Serranus, or Curius, in moderate circumstances, but with a princely soul, reign tranquilly in the midst of your little farm." Symmons' Life of Milton, page 15.—I believe this letter to have been written two years after the elegy, but I am aware that there may have been much inaccuracy in the printed dates of the letters. H.

NOTE 14. Ascend Medea's chariot.

In which, with her son Medus, she flew from Athens, the abode of her husband Ægeus, into Media, so named from Medus. c.

NOTE 15. Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore.

When he was sent by Ceres from Eleusis to instruct barbarous nations in the arts of agriculture. c.

NOTE 16. From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew.

Krantzius, a Gothic geographer says, that the city of Hamburgh in Saxony, took its name from Hama, a puissant Saxon champion, who was killed on the spot,

where that city stands, by Starchater, a Danish giant. *Saxonia* lib. 1. c. xi. p. 12. Edit. Wechel. 1575, folio. The Cimbrica Clava, is the club of the Dane. In describing Hamburg this romantic tale could not escape Milton.

WARTON.

NOTE 17. So from Philippi wander'd forth forlorn.
Cilician Paul with sounding scourges torn.

Cowper in translating this couplet has softened the expression *Pellitur*, and rendered the passage more consonant to Scripture—"And the keeper of the prison told this saying to Paul: the magistrates have sent to let you go, now therefore depart and go in peace.

"But Paul said unto them, they have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out privily. Nay! verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out!

"And the sergeants told these words unto the magistrates, and they feared, when they heard they were Romans.

"And they came, and besought them, and brought them out, and desired them to depart out of the city."—
Acts xvi. 36.

H.

NOTE 18.

"With sounding scourges torn."

Whipping and imprisonment were among the punishments of the arbitrary Star-Chamber, the threat *Regis Achabi* which Young fled to avoid.

WARTON.

NOTE 19. 'Thou, therefore, as the most afflicted may,
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day!

It is highly pleasing to observe a youth of eighteen thus breathing the spirit of religious fortitude, and cheerful hope, into the wounded mind of that exiled preceptor, to whom he was indebted for an early introduction to those poetical studies, which he applied to the noblest and most delightful purposes.—Readers who relish all the beauties of this Elegy, must feel a pleasure in reflecting, that the young poet enjoyed the high gratification of seeing his cordial presage in the close of it accomplished.—How lively must his joy have been in beholding this worthy object of his grateful affection, not only restored to his native country, but raised to a station of honor and affluence. That joy must have been equalled, or exceeded, by the cordial exultation of Young himself, if the good man lived, as he probably did, long enough to peruse the *Comus* of his affectionate pupil, that enchanting harbinger of his most extensive productions, a poem which one of his warmest admirers has not scrupled to call “the most beautiful and perfect poem of that sublime genius.”

In how captivating a light does poetry appear, when we find it happily employed, as it generally was, even in the juvenile compositions of Milton, to confirm afflicted mortals in their duty, and to promote and inspirit the purest pleasures, and affections of the heart! Of this purpose and effect his *Ode* to his sister on the death of her infant, and this *Elegy* to his preceptor are very signal examples. H.

NOTE 20. Nor let thy burning wheels approach too
nigh,
For thou can'st govern them.

In allusion to the story of Phaeton, who could not. *c.*

NOTE 21. French spirits kindling with Cærulean
fires,

Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.

The preposition *per*, and the epithet *lepidos* convince me, that Milton does not mean in this place to speak of wine drunk at the chearful fires; but that *focus*, which in its proper sense signifies a *hearth*, is here used by a metonymy for *fire* itself, and *Gallica musta* for brandy, in short that he means to describe the well known Christmas amusement called *snap-dragon*.

Mustum properly signifies wine so new, as not yet to have fermented, and may therefore with equal propriety be used to express a distilled spirit, which is never fermented at all.—The Latin language failing us, where modern inventions are in question, in such cases, a poet composing in Latin is obliged to resort to a periphrasis. *c.*

NOTE 22. Simply let these like him of Samos live.
Pythagoras.

NOTE 23. Tiresias wiser for his loss of sight.

He was struck blind by Juno; and Jupiter, to compensate his loss of sight, bestowed on him the gift of prophecy. *c.*

NOTE 23. The promis'd King of Peace employs
my pen:

Alluding, as Mr. Warton observes, to his Ode on
the Nativity. c.

NOTE 24. Verse that reserv'd in secret shall attend,
Thy candid voice, my critic and my friend.

The transitions and connexions of this Elegy are
conducted with the skill and address of a master, and
form a train of allusions and digressions, productive of
fine sentiment and poetry. From a trifling and unim-
portant circumstance, the reader is gradually led to great
and lofty imagery. WARTON.

It may also be observed, that the friendship, the
politeness, and the moral dignity of Milton, are all very
gracefully displayed in this charming poem. He praises
the festive gaiety of his favorite correspondent with great
elegance, and warmth, yet vindicates, with becoming
spirit, his own strict attachment to that singular tempe-
rance, which was one of his own happy characteristics,
for it enabled him to struggle thro' an extensive life of
difficulties and of dangers, and to exert, under all his
misfortunes, the unclouded powers of an exalted and un-
conquerable mind. H.

NOTE 25. That Amathusia, smiling queen, inspires

Venus called Amathusia from Amathus a City of
Cyprus. c.

NOTE 26. And so Oeclides sinking into night,
From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Amphiarus, son of Oecleus who was swallowed at Thebes by an earthquake. c.

NOTE 27. To Leonora singing at Rome.

Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed the Fair, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in these epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world. Giovanni Battista Doni, in his book de *Præstantia Musicæ Veteris*, published in 1647, speaking of the merit of some modern vocal performers, declares that Adriana or her daughter Leonora, would suffer injury in being compared to the antient Sappho. Book ii. 56. There is a volume of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish poems, in praise of Leonora, printed at Rome, entitled "Applausi poetici alle glorie della Signora Leonora, Baroni." Nicias Erythreus, in his *Pinacotheca*, calls this collection the *Theatrum* of that exquisite songstress, Eleonora Baroni, "in quo omnes hic Romæ, quotquot ingenio et poeticæ facultatis laude præstant, carminibus, cum Etruscè, tum Latinè, scriptis, singulari, ac prope divino mulieris illius canendi artificio, tanquam faustos quosdam clamores et plausus edunt, &c." *Pinac.* ii. p. 427. Lips. 1712. 12mo. In the *Poesie* of Fulvio Testi, there is an encomiastic Sonnet to Leonora giving equal praise to her singing, and to her beauty:

“ *Si lodano il canto, e la Bellezza Della Signora
Leonora Baroni.* ”

Sel' Angioletta mia tremolo, e chiaro,
A le stelle, onde scese, il canto in via,
Ebbra del suono, in cui se stessa oblia,
Col Ciel pensa la Terra irne del paro.

Ma se di sua Virtú non punto ignara
'L'occhio accorda glisguardi a l'armonia,
Trá il contento, e il fulgor dubbio è, se sia
L'udir piu dolce, o il rimirar piu caro.

Al divin lume, a le celesti note
De le potenze sue perde il vigore
L'alma, e dal cupo sen svelta si scote.

De fammi cieco, o fammi sordo, amore,
Che distratto in piu sensi (oime!) non pote
Capir tante dolcezze un picciol core.”

Poesie del conte Fulvio Testi,
Milano 1658. p. 422.

M. Maugars, Priour of S. Peter de Mac, at Paris, king's interpreter of the English language. and in his time a capital practitioner on the viol, has left this eulogy on Leonora and her mother, at the end of his judicious Discours sur la Musique d' Italie, printed with the Life of Malherbe, and other Treatises, at Paris, 1672, 12mo. “ Leonora has fine parts, and a happy judgement in distinguishing good from bad musick : she

understands it perfectly well, and even composes, which makes her absolutely mistress of what she sings, and gives her the most exact pronounciation and expression of the words. She does not pretend to beauty, yet she is far from being disagreeable ; nor is she a coquet ; she sings with an air of confdent and liberal modesty, and with a pleasing gravity. Her voice reaches a large compass of notes, is just, clear, and melodious ; and she softens or raises it without constraint or grimace. Her raptures and sighs are not too tender. Her looks have nothing impudent ; nor do her gestures betray any thing beyond the reserve of a modest girl. In passing from one song to another, she shews sometimes the divisions of the enharmonick and chromatick species, with so much air, and sweetness, that every heart is ravished with that delicate and difficult mode of singing. She has no need of any person to assist with a theorbo or viol, one of which is required to make her singing complete ; for she plays perfectly well herself on both those instruments. In short, I have been so fortunate as to hear her sing several times above thirty different airs, with second and third stanzas of her own composition. But I must not forget, that one day she did me the particular favor to sing with her mother and her sister : her mother played upon the lute, her sister upon the harp, and herself upon the theorbo. This concert composed of three fine voices, and of three different instruments, so powerfully captivated my senses, and threw me into such raptures, that I forgot my mortality.

“ Et crus être déjà parmi les anges, jouissant des contentemens des bienheureux,” See Bayle Dic. Baroni; Hawkins’s Hist. Mus. iv. 196. To the excellence of the mother Adriana on the lute Milton alludes in these lines :—

“ Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere Lyræ.”

Since, could he hear that heavenly voice of thine
With Adriana’s lute of sound divine, &c.

When Milton was at Rome, he was introduced to the concerts of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, one of the nephews of Pope Urban the Eighth, where he heard Leonora sing, and her mother play. It was the fashion for all the ingenious strangers who visited Rome to leave some verses on Leonora. Pietro della Valle, who wrote about 1640, a very judicious discourse on the music of his own times, speaks of the fanciful and masterly style, in which Leonora touched the arch-lute to her own accompaniments. At the same time he celebrates her sister Catherine, and their mother Adriana. See the works of Battista Doni, vol. ii. Florence 1763.

Warton corrected by Todd.

The latter critic has noticed a slip of recollection in his predecessor, who had been misled by Sir John Hawkins, to mistake Cardinal Francesco Barberini for his uncle Pope Urban the Eighth, whose christian name was Maphæus, a mistake that Mr. Warton would have

avoided, had he recollected a book, with which he was probably well acquainted; I mean a volume of Latin and Greek, poems, by Maphæus Barberini, printed before he became Pope, and reprinted in Oxford, at the Clarendon press. Milton in writing from Florence to his friend Holstenius, the librarian of the Vatican, after thanking him for his great kindness in shewing him the interesting treasures of that collection, and for a present of some books, that he had printed, makes very grateful mention of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, and of the honour he received in being introduced personally by the Cardinal himself to the very concert, where he had the delight of hearing those songs of Leonora, which he has celebrated in more than one composition. The voice of this lady was so very enchanting, that the poets, her admirers, thought they could never praise her sufficiently. Milton besides his three Latin poems written expressly to honour her, most probably intended to compliment both *her* voice and *her* beauty in that Italian sonnet, in which he describes his heart as unexpectedly subdued by foreign charms;

“Pellegrina bellezza che il cuor bea.”

And Count Fulvio Testi besides the sonnet, which he addressed to her, inserted above, appears to have made serious love to her in a poem of twenty-six stanzas, in which he cautions her against the disgraceful error of the lovely Angelica, who after disdainning the love of knights, and the hand of princes, bestowed her beauties unworthily on the page Medoro.

H.

NOTE 28. Another Leonora once inspir'd,
Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fir'd.

Instead of former notes on this passage, let me here observe with pleasure, that the dark and mysterious history of Tasso, has been recently elucidated in a very elaborate and highly interesting life of that exquisite Poet, by Mr. Black, of Edinburgh, who gives very good reasons for believing that Tasso's insanity was not occasioned by love for the Princess Leonora. The merits and misfortunes of Tasso, endear his name to every reader of taste and feeling, and all such must be highly gratified by the judicious and eloquent production of his new biographer. H.

NOTE 29. Nor the chief to Jove allied.

Sarpedon. C.

NOTE 30. By Achilles' phantom died.

Patroclus, who disguised in the armour of Achilles, slew Sarpedon. C.

NOTE 31. Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

The wound, and death of Machaon are circumstantially described in the 6th book of Quintus Calaber, an author, as Mr. Warton observes, not familiar to boys at present, but one of the classics, whom Milton, according to his nephew, and biographer, Philips, in-

roduced to his disciples. Machaon in Quintus Calaber falls by the spear of Eurypelus, who insulting over him exclaims; "that skilled in medicine as he is, he shall not escape death, not even if his father Æsculapius should bring him Nectar and Ambrosia from Olympus." The bleeding Machaon foretells the death of his exulting antagonist, and expires. H.

NOTE 32. Chiron had surviv'd the smart
Of the Hydra-tainted dart.

Chiron had great skill in pharmacy, but died of a wound in his foot by a dart of Hercules, which had been dipt in the blood of the Hydra. C.

NOTE 33. Foil'd by Æsclepiades.
Æsculapius. C.

NOTE 34. Æacus pronounce thee blest.
One of the infernal judges. C.

NOTE 35.

I cannot close the Notes to this Ode without noticing a remark of Mr. Warton on the following line of the original.

"Tuque O alumno major Apolline."

"Certainly (says the critic) we should read *Apollinis*; but who was this pupil of Apollo in medicine? Had it

been Æsculapius, the transition would have been more easy. But Æsculapius was sent by Apollo to Chiron to be educated in that art. I think, therefore, although Milton's allusions in these pieces are chiefly to establish Grecian fable, we should here understand Virgil's Japis, who was "Phœbo ante alios dilectus." Mr. Warton appears to have been aware, that the introduction of a Roman physician did not perfectly suit the other allusions of the ode. Perhaps a different reading may obviate the difficulty—suppose we say

" Tuque O alumno major Apollini."

" Thou who art greater in the eyes of Apollo, than one of his own disciples."

The compliment becomes greater to the subject of the poem, and such probably was the meaning of Milton. H.

NOTE 36. With less revenge did Naso teem,
When hated Ibis was his theme.

By Ibis Ovid is supposed to have intended his enemy Hyginus. c.

NOTE 37. Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
Continual.

Primum mobile a sphere imagined by the antient Astronomers, who supposed it exterior to the visible heavens, to which communicating its own rotation it carried them round with it. c.

NOTE 38. Never the Theban seer, whose blindness
 prov'd
 His best illumination.

Tiresias—"The son of Pleione," Mercury—
 "The Assyrian priest," Sanchoniathon. c.

NOTE 39. And thou who hast immortaliz'd the
 shades
 Of Academus.

Plato.—We are not informed on what occasion this Poem was written, but it has a mysterious sublimity and vigor in its sentiments, and language, that render it highly delightful. There is a kind of dignified pleasantry in the poet's concluding address to his favorite philosopher. Mr- Warton observes in a note to Comus,—
 "It is highly probable, that Henry More, the Platonist, who was Milton's contemporary at Christ's college, might have given his mind an early bias to the study of Plato.—Is it not more probable, that Henry More might have received such a bias from Milton, his senior by several years, the poet being born in 1608, the philosopher in 1614 : The portraits of these two illustrious fellow-collegians, engraved by the celebrated Faithorne, and drawn when each had past his sixtieth year, shew that they resembled each other not only in devotional elevation of mind, but in the expressive serenity of their features. H.

title to the dialogue, "Il Manso ovvero dell' amicizia." Manso proved the warmth, and fidelity, of his own friendship, by writing the lives of the two Italian poets particularly attached to him, Tasso and Marino. His other works are Poesie Nomiche Venezia, 12mo, 1635. These contain a translation of Claudian's Phenix, and a very large collection of complimentary verses addressed to Manso. Erocallia, or dialogues of love and beauty; in Venetia quarto, 1628. The arguments to these dialogues were written by the author's friend Marino, who in a letter to the Marquis, prefixed to the publication, gives a singular history of mischances, that befell the manuscript—lost after a battle, and recovered from the bottom of a river. These dialogues are curious compositions in the manner of Plato; and the Marquis introduces his friend Tasso as a speaker, in more than one." The elaborate historian of Italian literature Tiraboschi, celebrates Manso as the patron not only of arts and sciences, but of manly and martial exercises. He founded in Naples a college of nobles, to which he bequeathed his fortune. He also instituted in his own mansion, the academy described in the following words of Quadrio, the indefatigable chronicler of poets, of every age and country. "Nel 1611 fu pure istituita da Giovan Battista Manso Marchese di Villa, &c. l'academia degli oziosi, alla quale diede per impresa un aquila in atto di mover l'ali, nel reguardar fisa il sole col motto: *non otiosa quies*." This liberal friend to his country died in his native city of Naples, on the 28th of December 1645, in his eighty-fourth year.

Mr. Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, who visited Italy, with the eyes of a friend to genius and virtue in every climate, endeavoured to discover the situation of the villa near Naples, in which Manso received Tasso and Milton, but he had the mortification to learn, that a scene so peculiarly beautiful, and interesting, had been destroyed, or disfigured, by various inundations. He affords, however, some pleasing information on this subject, and very justly vindicates the honour of Manso, as a biographer of the great Italian poet, in the 5th number of his Appendix to his elegant and entertaining memoir on Italian tragedy, quarto, 1799.

Cicero has remarked the great pleasure derived from a contemplation of the scenes, once inhabited by characters peculiarly endeared to memory by genius and virtue. Were it possible to form a book, in which the pencil and the pen had happily united to delineate the abodes of all the most eminent philosophers, and poets, the pensive favorites of fame, in the different ages and nations of the earth, such a book would be a source of inexhaustible delight. H.

NOTE 43. Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings, and heroes, of my native
clime.

The conclusion of this poem, the lively description of Manso's green old age, the glory, that Milton throws around him, as the cordial friend and protector of poets, the author's wishes and presages concerning his own

future poetical enterprizes, his departure from earth, and his eternal beatitude, are expressed in verses eminently beautiful, pathetic, and sublime. The character of Manso is so interesting in every point of view, and our country is so highly indebted to him for his kindness to Milton, that I wish Mr. Walker, who directed his attention in Italy to the residence and family of this pre-eminent friend of the Muses, would favour the public with a complete life of a personage so thoroughly entitled to grateful remembrance, and to a perfect display of his various merits.

The elegant writer, from whose hand I should rejoice to call forth such a work, would find in the Dialogues of the Marquis, many particulars of his social habits. And the life of Manso would properly include a literary history of his age. Ferrari the biographer of Marino speaks of Manso's visit to Paris, and the marks of regard that he received in France. H.

NOTE 44. Manso, not least his native city's pride.

This figure is properly called the *Meiosis*, according to which, less is said than intended, that the reader's mind may supply the deficiency. An instance of it occurs in the 15th Iliad, where Homer, describing the enfeebled condition of Hector bruised by Ajax with a stone says

“ Επει ε μιν αΦαυροταλος βαλ' Αχαιων.” C.

NOTE 45. SONNETS.

It is remarkable that all the sublimest poets of the modern world, Dante, Camoens, Tasso, Shakespeare, and Milton, seem to have taken a delight in the composition of sonnets, as if they had all entertained the sentiment expressed in a verse of Boileau.

“ Un sonnet parfait vaut seul un long poeme.”

Nor is it less remarkable, that Shakespeare, the poet of this lofty group, who possessed in general the most extensive mastery of language, both serious and sportive, appears the most deficient in the graces of this petty composition. The Italians are said to have invented this popular little poem before Petrarch was born, but Faria, the indefatigable commentator of Camoens, in one of his discourses prefixed to the minor poems of his favorite author, disputes the title of Italy to this invention, by relating, that Jordi and Febrer two poets of Valentia, who happening to be with their king Don Jayme, in a storm at sea, in the year 1250, composed sonnets on that event. He goes still farther for the honour of Portugal, and cites some Portuguese verses of the year 1090, addressed by a valiant knight Gonzalo Hermiguez to his wife Oroana. This profound scholar was so fond of sonnets, that he intimates he had composed almost two thousand sonnets himself; his modesty however sets but little value on his own compositions, and declares Petrarch and Camoens to be the chief sonneteers of the world, or to cite

his own more lofty language “ es indubitable que estos dos felicissimos Heroes en este son los Polos, sobre que se libra este genero de escritura.”

Faria cites a sonnet written by Don Pedro, Prince of Portugal, son of King John the First, in praise of the Portuguese knight Vasco de Lobeyra, whom he styles the inventor of books of chivalry by his Amadis.

To compose sonnets was so fashionable an amusement of the great in the different kingdoms of Europe, that a complete catalogue of sonneteers would include several princes and sovereigns. When Milton employed himself on this attractive species of composition, he imparted to it the force and dignity of sentiment, that were the characteristics of his elevated mind. The following verse that closes one of his sonnets may serve to impress on a contemplative spirit a deep sense of all our duties——

“ For ever in my great Task-master’s eye.” *H.*

NOTE 46. My heart, which I have found
By certain proofs not few, intrepid sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high.

It has ever been thought difficult for an author to speak gracefully of himself, especially in commendation, but Milton, who was gifted with powers to overcome difficulties of every kind, is eminently happy in this particular. He has spoken frequently of himself both in verse and prose, and he continually shews, that he thought highly of his own endowments; but if he

praises himself, he does it with that dignified frankness and simplicity of conscious truth, which render even egotism respectable and delightful; whether he describes the fervent and tender emotions of his juvenile fancy, or delineates his situation in the decline of life, when he had to struggle with calamity and peril, the more insight he affords us into his own sentiments and feelings the more reason we find both to love, and to revere him.

NOTE 47. *Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante.*

This is the last Italian sonnet of Milton, that has reached our time, but others have existed, which are mentioned in the following note of Mr. Warton.

“ In 1762, the late Mr. Thomas Hollis examined the Laurentian library at Florence for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Chimentelli: and for other Italian and Latin compositions, and various original letters said to be remaining in manuscript at Florence. He searched also for an original bust in marble of Milton, supposed to be somewhere in that city: but he was unsuccessful in his curious enquiries.”

REFERENCE TO THE NOTES.



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