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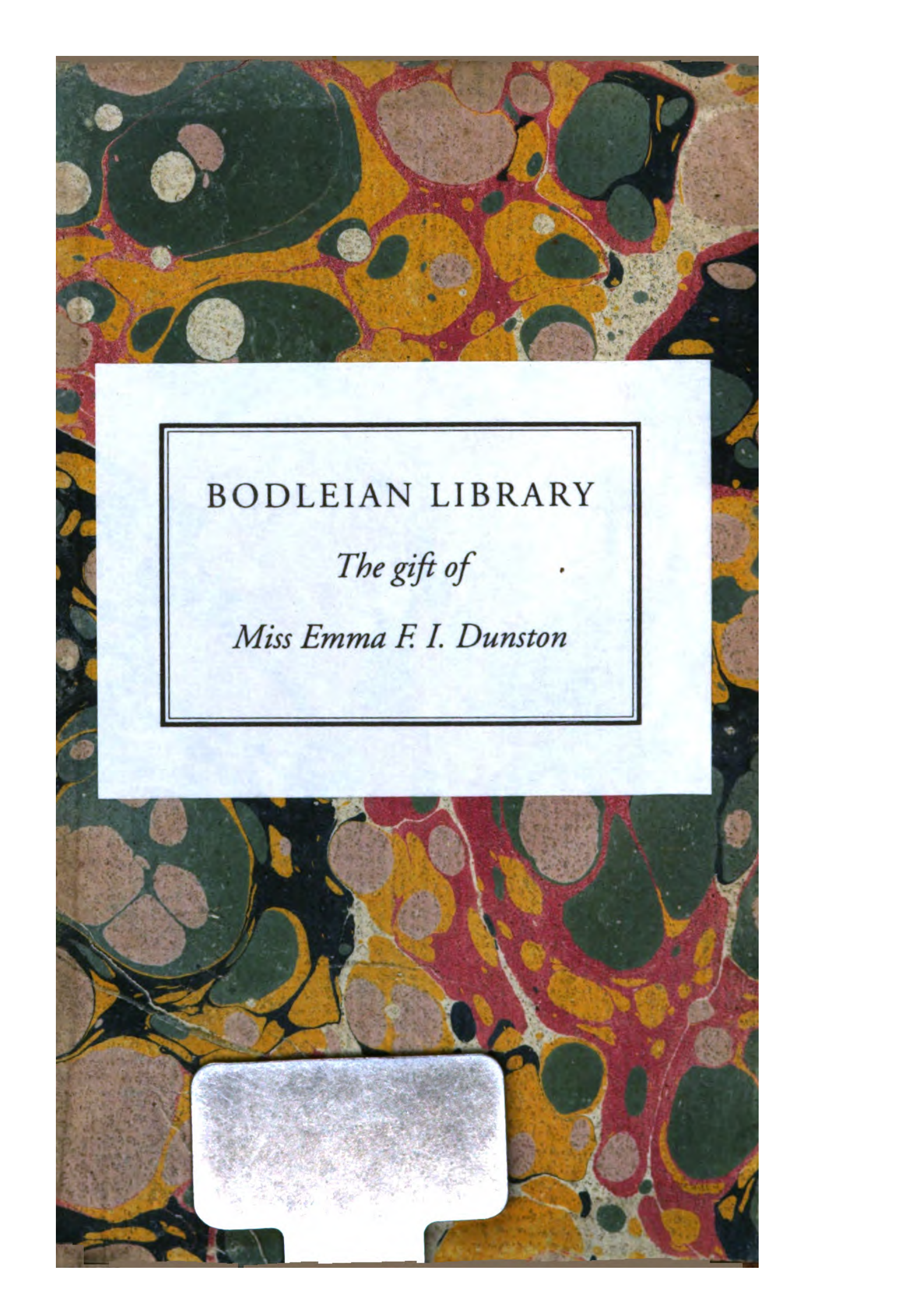
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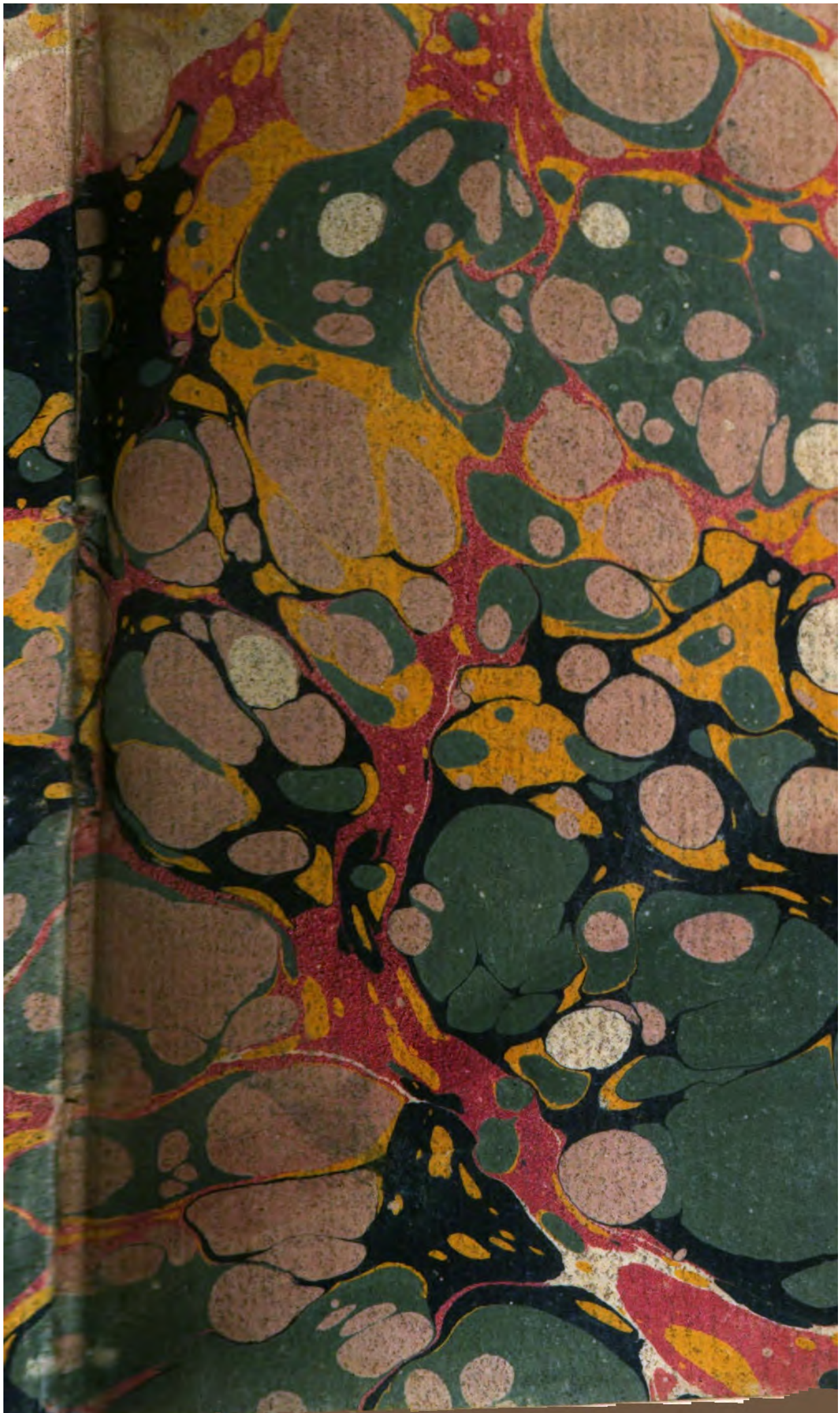


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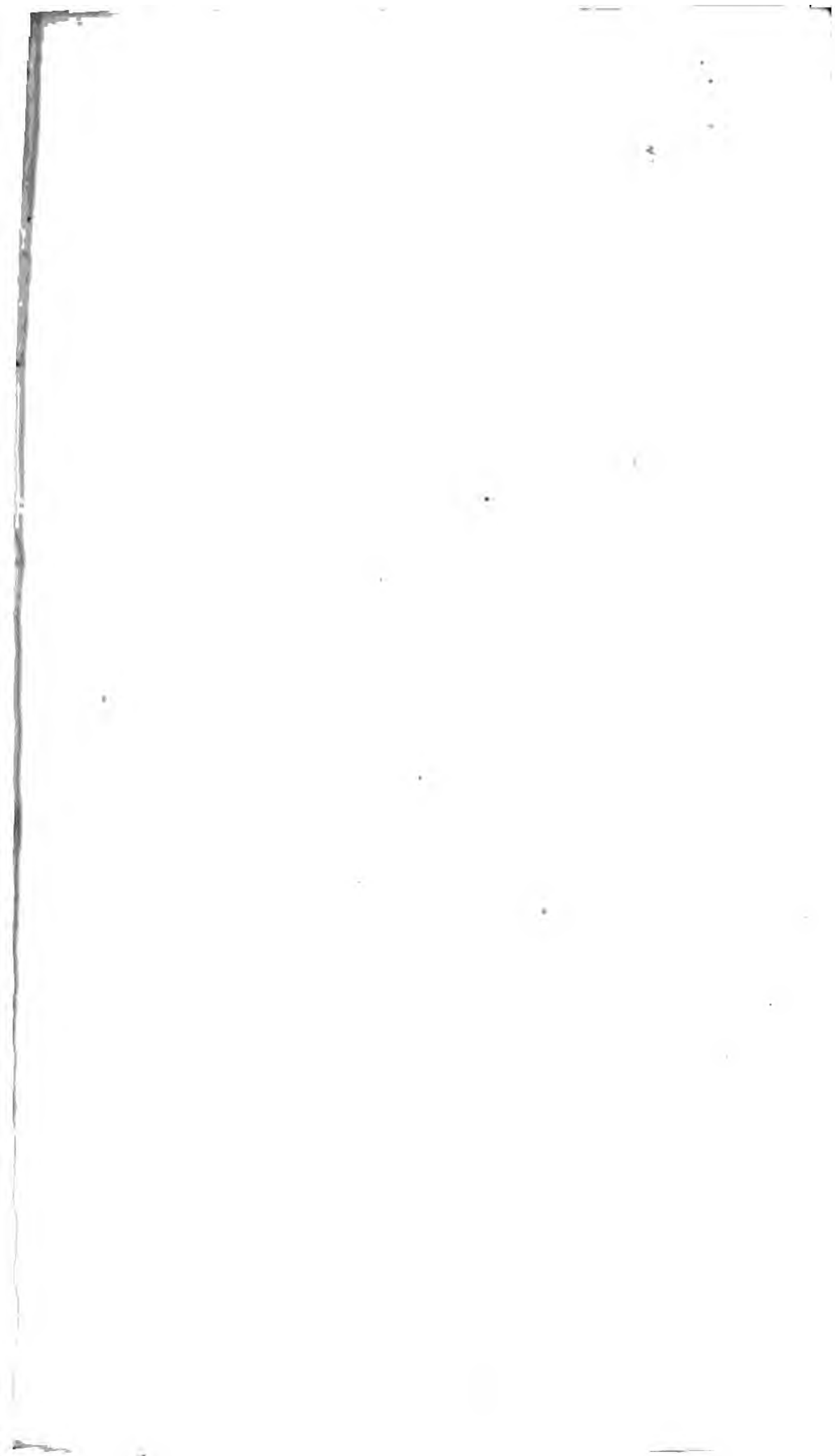
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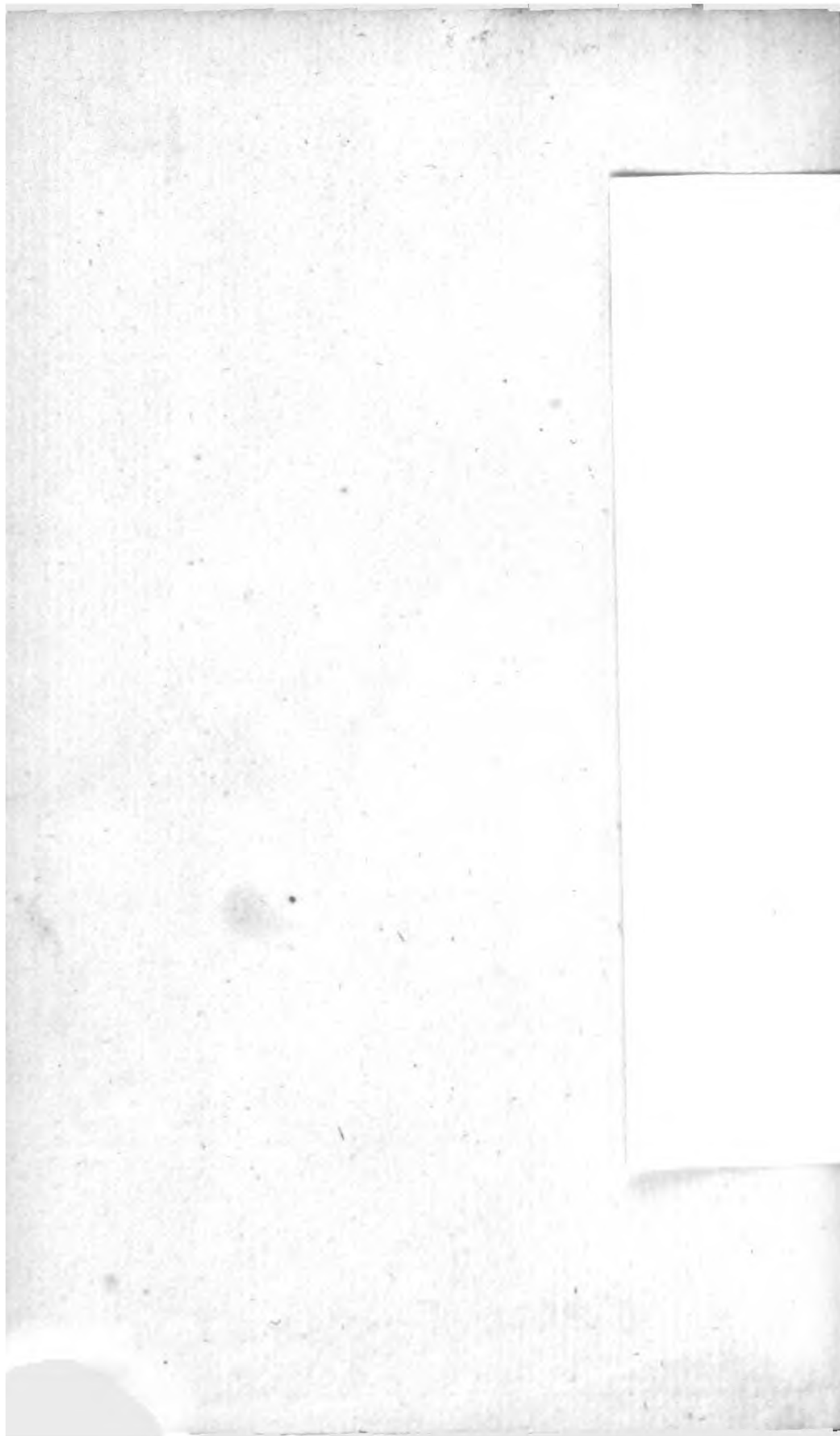


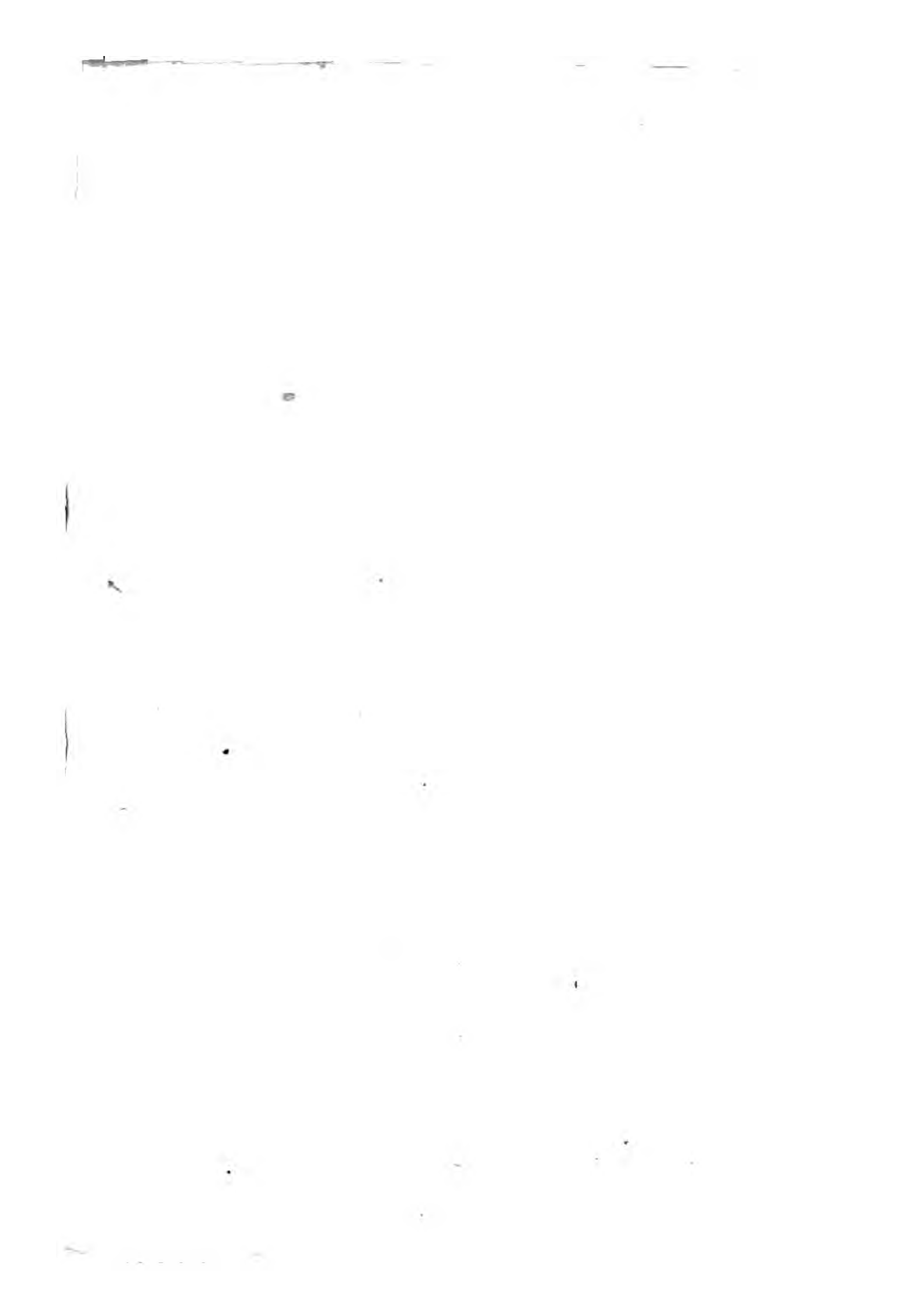


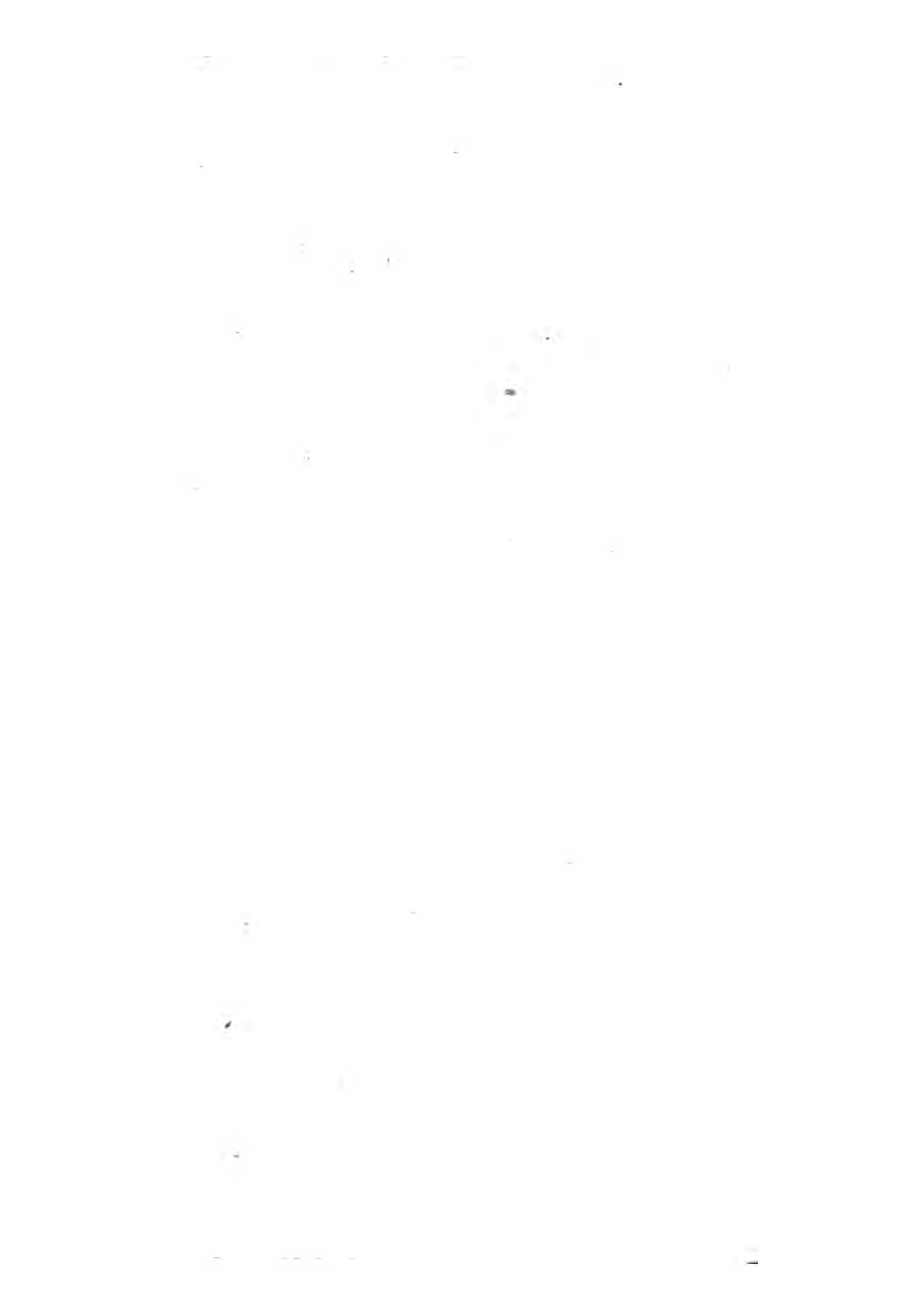
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Dunston B 2008/5









THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY H. HUGHS ;

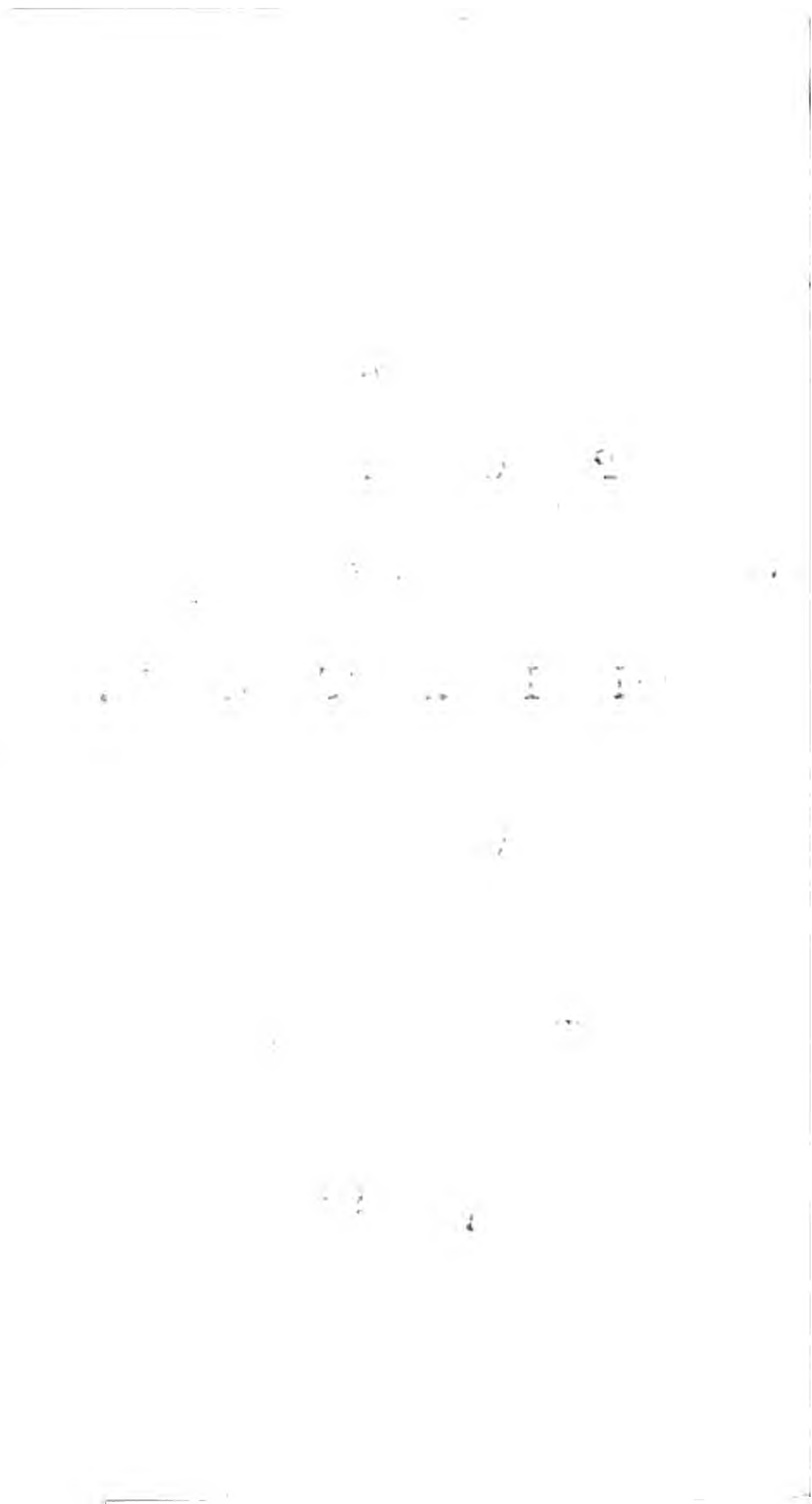
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M D C C L X X I X .



THE
P O E M S
OF
M I L T O N.

VOLUME III.



SAMSON AGONISTES,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

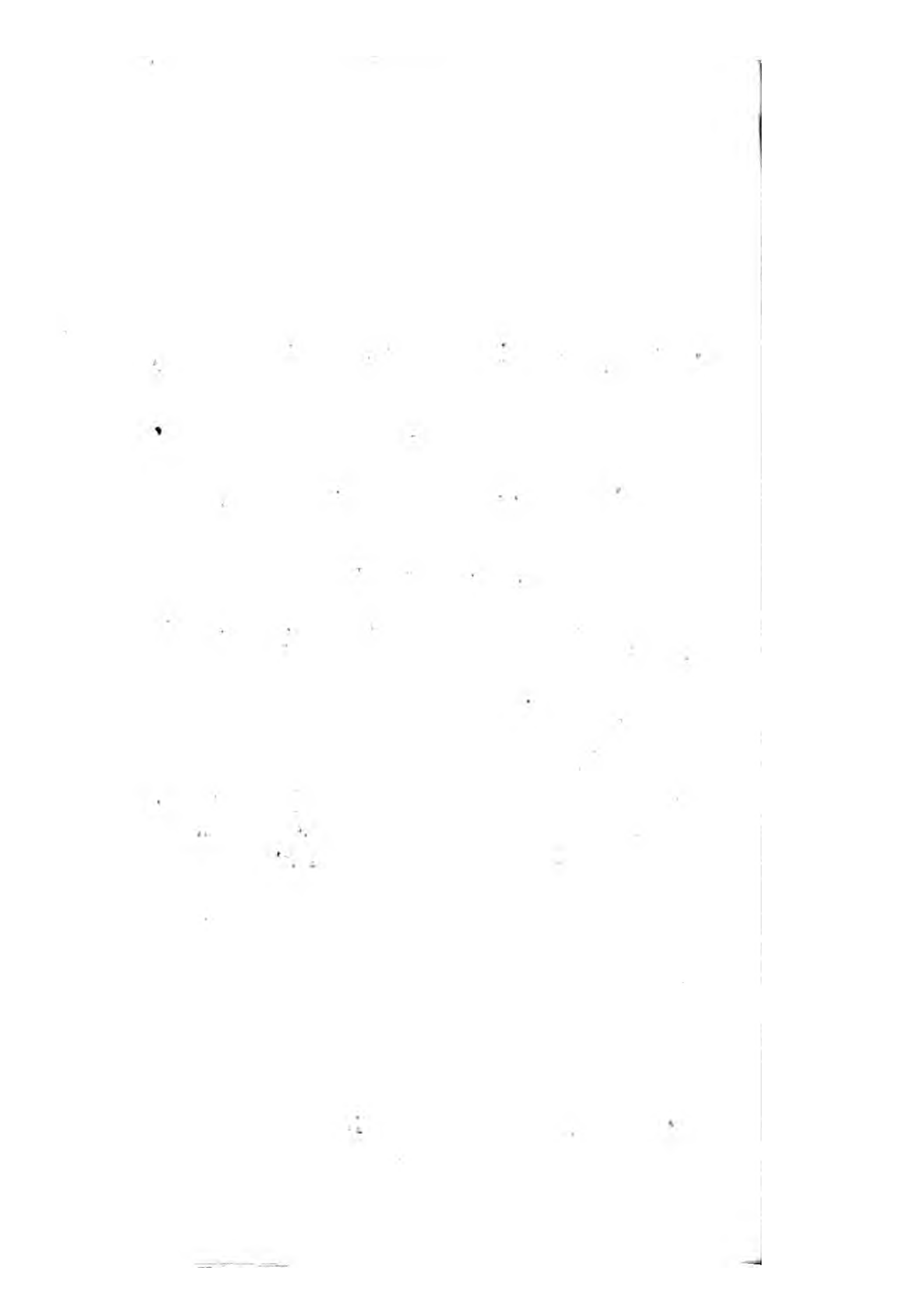
THE AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

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



Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is called Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33. and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguish'd each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labor'd not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinish'd. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sad-

ness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defense, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passés for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse us'd in the chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas fram'd only for the music, then us'd with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be call'd Allæcstropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth act. Of the stile and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequal'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his last purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclam'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him: The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, the Father of Samson.

DALILA, his Wife.

HARAPHA of Gath.

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The SCENE before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON.

A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5
 Daily' in the common prison else injoin'd me,
 Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave 15
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.

B 4

O wherefore

O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in fight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended 25
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His god-like presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task 35
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength ? O glorious strength
 Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke :
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction ; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default, 45
 Whom have I to complain of but myself ?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong !

But

SAMSON AGONISTES. 9

But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd 75
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!

70 MILTON'S POEMS.

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ? 85
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part ; why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ? 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At

SAMSON AGONISTES. 11

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

CHOR. This, this is he; softly a while, 115

Let us not break in upon him;

O change beyond report, thought, or belief!

See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,

With languish'd head unpropt,

As one past hope, abandon'd, 120

And by himself given over;

In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds

O'er-worn and foil'd;

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,

That heroic, that renown'd, 125

Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd

No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;

Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,

Ran on imbattel'd armies clad in iron,

And weaponless himself, 130

Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery

Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,

Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail

Adamantean proof;

But safest he who stood aloof, 135

When insupportably his foot advanc'd,

In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,

Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite

Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd

Their plated backs under his heel; 140

Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The

The jaw of a dead afs, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so ;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven. 150
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost fight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) 155
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying fight oft without cause complain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160
 T' incorporate with gloomy night ;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the sphere of fortune raises ;
 But

SAMSON AGONISTES. 13

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

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

CHO. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in
The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [might,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy fores; apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind, 185
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMS. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [learn
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription (of the most 190
I would be understood); in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O Friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me, 195
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,

Am

Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHO. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men 210
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMS. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance, 225
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress

Israel's

Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

CHO. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness;
 Yet Israël still serves with all his sons. 240

SAMS. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
 Deliverance offer'd: I on th' other side

Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer;
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250

Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best: 255

Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harras of their land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, 260

Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
 Touch'd with the flame; on their whole host I flew
 Unarm'd,

Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve :
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favor rais'd
 As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

CHO. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that fore battel when so many dy'd
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMS. Of such examples add me to the roll, 290
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHO.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 17

CHO. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all: 295
 If any be, they walk obscure;
 For of such doctrin never was there school,
 But the heart of the fool,
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,
 Regardless of his glory's diminution;
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
 But never find self-satisfying solution..

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right t' exempt 310
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From national obstriction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt;
 For with his own laws he can best dispense..

He would not else who never wanted means, 315
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 VOL. III. C Though

Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325

But see here comes thy reverend Sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoaah: advise

Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

SAMS. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd 330
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd 335
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

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

MAN. O miserable change! is this the man, 340
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345
Himself an army, now unequal match

To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a father in my stead? 355

O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360

For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in an hour
 Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365

Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,

Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

SAMS. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375

Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380

This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft' experience: did not she

Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her highth
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait 385
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spoufal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd 390
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence,
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
 With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out, 405
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To honor and religion! servile mind

Rewarded

SAMSON AGONISTES. 27

Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infect our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence

Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,

This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclame 435
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.

So Dagon shall be magnify'd; and God, 440
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn

By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise and his great name assert:
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
 And with confusion blank his worshipers. [words

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these

I as

SAMSON AGONISTES. 23

I as a prophecy receive; for God,
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his name 475
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done!
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransome: well they may by this
 Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted 485
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that propofal, Father, spare the trouble
 Of that sollicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
 The mark of fool set on his front!
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
 To their abyfs and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,

But act not in thy own affliction, Son :
 Repent the sin ; but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ; 505
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself ; perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
 Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due ;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offense, more than for God offended. 515
 Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,
 Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd ? 520
 SAMS. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it ? When in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell

SAMSON AGONISTES. 25

Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

CHO. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men, 545
 Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream.

SAMS. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
 With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

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

SAMS. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
 Against another object more enticing? [plete
 What boots it at one gate to make defense, 560
 And at another to let in the foe,
 Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,

Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd;
To what can I be useful, wherein serve

My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd, 565

But to sit idle on the household hearth,

A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,

Or pity'd object, these redundant locks

Robustious to no purpose clustering down,

Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570

And sedentary numness craze my limbs

To a contemptible old-age obscure?

Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,

Till vermin or the draff of servile food:

Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575

Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them? [gift

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

Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn. 580

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

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay

After the brunt of battel, can as easy

Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,

Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585

And I persuade me so; why else this strength

Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?

His might continues in thee not for nought,

Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMS. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,

That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor th' other light of life continue long,

But

But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 595
 In all her functions weary of herself,
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humors black, 600
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

SAMS. O that torment should not be confin'd
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast and reins;
 But must secret passage find 610
 To th' inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingering disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure: 630
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending. 635
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies: 640
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death, 650
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the sayings of the wise

In

SAMSON AGONISTES. 29

In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude:
 And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolotaries writ

With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
 That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course, 670
 Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
 Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of men the common rout;
 That wandering loose about 675
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
 Heads without name no more remember'd,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
 To some great work, thy glory, 680

And people's safety, which in part they' effect:
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft

Amidst

Amidst their highth of noon
 Changeſt thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of higheſt favors paſt 685
 From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
 To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
 But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high,
 Unſeemly falls in human eye, 690
 Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion;
 Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
 Of Heathen and profane, their carcaſes
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;
 Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times, 695
 And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.

If theſe they ſcape, perhaps in poverty
 With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
 Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
 In crude old-age; 700
 Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuffering
 The puniſhment of diſſolute days: in fine,
 Juſt or unjuſt alike ſeem miſerable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

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

But who is this, what thing of ſea or land? 710
 Female of ſex it ſeems,
 That ſo bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,

Comes

SAMSON AGONISTES. 31

Comes this way failing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarfus, bound for th' iles 715
 Of Javan or Gadire

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber sent of odorous perfume 720

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.

SAMS. My Wife, my Traitrefs, let her not come

CHO. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes thee
 fix'd,

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
 Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil: 730

But now again she makes address to speak.
 DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)

My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740

Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once

Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If ought in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMS. Out, out, Hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, 755
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
 With goodness principled not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off
 As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
 To lessen or extenuate my offense,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By' itself, with aggravations not furcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find

The

SAMSON AGONISTES. 33

The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults :
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is for nought,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ? 780
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not :
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle 785
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
 The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rd's thee,
 Caus'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
 As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore 795
 How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest :
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 The key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those 800
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd

Against thee but safe custody, and hold :
 That made for me ; I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprizes,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears, **805**
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. **810**

These reasons in love's law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.

Be not unlike all others, not austere **815**
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMS. How cunningly the forcerefs displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ! **820**

That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;
 I to myself was false ere thou to me ;

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, **825**
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,

Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd : weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist **830**
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,

What

SAMSON AGONISTES. 35

What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
 But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to' have love;
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
 Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
 The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honorable, how glorious to intrap 855
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
 It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
 Dishonorer of Dagon: what had I

T' oppose against such pow'rful arguments ?
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
 So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd ;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. [end ;

But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875

I before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880

By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885

Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs : if ought against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew

Of

Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be' obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee; 895
 To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

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

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

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910
 Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee

From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age 925
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,
 That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMS. No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
 Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd, 935
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
 'To fence my ear against thy forceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me,
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me; 940
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand,

SAMS.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 39

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
 Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works 955
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives :
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

DAE. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
 To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.

Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist

Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclames most deeds ;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.

My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.

But in my country where I most desire, 980
 In Ecron, Gaza, Afdod, and in Gath,

I shall be nam'd among the famoufest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odors visited and annual flowers ;
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd. 990
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
 The public marks of honor and reward,
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to' have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

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

SAMS. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

CHO. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 After offense returning, to regain [power,
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery indangering life.

CHO. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit

That

SAMSON AGONISTES.

41

That woman's love can win or long inherit ;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it)

1015

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

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

Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,

1020

Nor both so loosely disally'd

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament

1025

Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend

Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ?

1030

Or was too much of self-love mix'd,

Of constancy no root infix'd,

That either they love nothing, or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best

Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,

1035

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestin, far within defensive arms

A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue

Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms

1040

Draws him awry inflav'd

With

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm? 1045

Favor'd of Heav'n who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines :
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth :
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition, 1050
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe, 1055
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour :
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
 But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHO. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMS. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

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

The

The sumptuous Dalila floting this way :

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHO. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,

Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd

As Og or Anak and the Emims old 1080

That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now

If thou at all art known. Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd:

Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,

That I was never present on the place 1085

Of those encounters, where we might have try'd

Each other's force in camp or list'd field;

And now am come to see of whom such noise

Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,

If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

SAMS. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me? I thought

Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune

Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd

To' have wrought such wonders with an afs's jaw; 1095

I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,

Or left thy carcass where the afs lay thrown:

So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd

To Palestine, won by a Philistine,

From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st 1100

The highest name for valiant acts; that honor

Certain

Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [do

SAMS. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but
What then thou wouldst, thou see'st it in thy hand.

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

SAMS. Such usage as your honorable lords
Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head, 1125
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,

Their

Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair, 1135
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMS. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God, 1145
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into

46 MILTON'S POEMS.

Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
 For valor to assail, nor by the sword 1165
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMS. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

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

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
 As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed 1185
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went

SAMSON AGONISTES. 47.

Went up with armed powers thee only seeking, 1190
To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAMS. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe ;
And in your city held my nuptial feast :
But your ill-meaning politician lords 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200

When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords. 1205
It was the force of conquest ; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts. 1210

I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heaven
To free my country ; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215
Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.

I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offense
Had not disabled me, not all your force :

These

These shifts refuted, answer thy appelland 1220
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprife of small enforce.

HAR. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment? 1225
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMS. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

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

SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMS. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down 1240
 To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

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

CHO. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-faln,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
 And lower looks, but in a fultry chase.

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

CHO.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 49

CHO. He will directly to the lords, I fear 1250
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the' offer or not, 1255
 And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 If they intend advantage of my labors,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners.
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHO. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
 When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275
 The righteous and all such as honor truth;
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats

With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor arm'd, 1280

Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useles, while

With winged expedition

Swift as the lightning glance he executes

His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd, 1285

Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise

Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,

Making them each his own deliverer,

And victor over all 1290

That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Either of these is in thy lot,

Samson, with might indued

Above the sons of men : but fight bereav'd

May chance to number thee with those 1295

Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,

Laboring thy mind

More than the working-day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300

For I descry this way

Some other tending, in his hand

A scepter or quaint staff he bears,

Comes on amain, speed in his look.

By his habit I discern him now 1305

A public Officer, and now at hand.

His message will be short and voluble.

OFF.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 51

OFF. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

CHO. His manacles remark him, there he fits.

OFF. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say ;

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games ;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honor this great feast, and great assembly ; 1315
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
 To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

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

Our Law forbids at their religious rites 1320
 My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

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

SAMS. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
 Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
 And over-labor'd at their public mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity ?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
 On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
 Or make a game of my calamities ?
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

OFF. Regard thyself ; this will offend them highly.

SAMS. Myself ? my conscience and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever

Will condescend to such absurd commands ?
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
 To show them feats, and play before their God, 1340
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Join'd with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

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

SAMS. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

OFF. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAMS. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow' indeed.

CHO. Consider, Samson ; matters now are strain'd
 Up to the highth, whether to hold or break ;
 He 's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?
 Expect another message more imperious,
 More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

SAMS. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
 Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
 After my great transgression, so requite
 Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols ;
 A Nazarite in place abominable
 Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon ? 1360
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

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

SAMS. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor 1365
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food.

Of

Of those who have me in their civil power. [not.

CHO. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

SAMS. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds.

But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon, 1370

Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do it freely, vent'ring to displease

God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,

Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375

Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me or thee

Present in temples at idolatrous rites

For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHO. How thou wilt here come off furlongs my reach. 1380

SAMS. Be of good courage, I begin to feel

Some rousing motions in me, which dispose

To something extraordinary my thoughts.

I with this messenger will go along,

Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor 1385

Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.

If there be ought of presage in the mind,

This day will be remarkable in my life

By some great act, or of my days the last.

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

OFF. Samson, this second message from our lords

To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,

Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,

And dar'st thou at our sending and command

Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
 Or we shall find such engins to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious. 1400
 Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Masters' commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men!)
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution: doff these links: 1410
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
 To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAMS. Brethren, farewell; your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight 1415
 Of me as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
 I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
 With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd; 1420
 No less the people on their holy-days

Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy

Our

SAMSON AGONISTES. 55

Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myself, 1425
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHO. Go, and the holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round; 1430
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
In the camp of Dan

Be efficacious in thee now at need:
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen! 1440
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere-while
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news? [hither

MAN. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

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

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner. 1460
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State 1465
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.

What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHO. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

CHO.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 57

CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons, 1485
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all :
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age car'ft how to nurse thy son
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight loft.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :
 And, I persuade me, God had not permitted 1495
 His strength again to grow up with his hair
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not loft,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHO. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate. [noise !

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and---O what
 Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that !
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

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

MAN.

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

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

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
What shall we do ? stay here, or run and see ? 1520

CHO. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n ;
From whom could else a general cry be heard ?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525
From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ? 1530

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

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

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. 1535
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHO. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?
For dire imagination still pursues me.

But

SAMSON AGONISTES. 59

But providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
 To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
 So in the sad event too much concern'd.

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

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

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

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

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

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

MAN. Relate by whom.

MESS. By Samson.

MAN. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS. Ah Manoah, I refrain too suddenly 1565
 To utter what will come at last too soon;
 Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESS. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

MAN. The worst indeed, O all my hopes defeated
 To free him hence! but death who sets all free

Hath

Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd

Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves

1575

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring

Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!

Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,

1580

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

MESS. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself

1585

Among his foes?

MESS. Inevitable cause,

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;

The edifice, where all were met to see him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!

1590

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.

More than enough we know; but while things yet

Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,

Eye-witness of what first or last was done,

Relation more particular and distinct.

1595

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city,

And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,

The morning trumpets festival proclam'd

Through each high-street: little I had dispatch'd,

When all abroad was rumor'd that this day

1600

Samson

SAMSON AGONISTES. 61

Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre 1605
 Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the lords and each degree
 Of fort, might sit in order to behold;
 The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand; 1610
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1615
 In their state livery clad; before him pipes
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.

At sight of him, the people with a shout 1620
 Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
 Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,
 Came to the place, and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd, 1625
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
 (For

(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)

As over-tir'd to let him lean a while

With both his arms on those two massy pillars,

That to the arched roof gave main support.

He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson 1635

Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,

And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,

Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd :

At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,

Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd 1640

I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld :

Now of my own accord such other trial

I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater ;

As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1645

This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,

As with the force of winds and water pents,

When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro,

He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew

The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,

Their choice nobility and flower, not only

Of this but each Philistian city round, 1655

Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.

Samson with these immix'd, inevitably

Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;

The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

CHO. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious ! 1660

Living

SAMSON AGONISTES. 63

Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now ly'ft victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

1 SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670

And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo his bright sanctuary:
 Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent, 1675
 Who hurt their minds,

And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer;
 They only set on sport and play
 Unweetingly importun'd 1680

Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men

Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,
 Inseufate left, or to sense reprobate, 1685
 And with blindness internal struck.

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd 1690

From

SAMSON AGONISTES. 65

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies 1725
 Sok'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735
 With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valor, and adventures high: 1740
 The virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
 CHO. All is best, though we oft doubt, 1745
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close,
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns, 1750
 VOL. III. F And

And to his faithful champion hath in place
Borne witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrolable intent;
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

1755

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.

P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES,

B Y

Mr. JOHN MILTON.

“ — Baccare frontem
“ Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.”
VIRGIL, Eclog. vii.

10

1

100

100
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To the first edition of the author's poems, printed in 1645, was prefixed the following advertisement of

The STATIONER to the READER.

IT is not any private respect of gain, gentle Reader, for the slightest pamphlet is now-a-days more vendible than the works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honor and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums, that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academics, both domestic and foreign; and amongst those of our own country, the unparallel'd attestation of that renown'd Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from
F 3
him.

70 The STATIONER to the READER.

him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

I.

A N N O Æ T A T I S 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough*.

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft filken primrose fading timelesly,
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kifs,
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

* This elegy was not inserted in the first edition of the author's poems printed in 1645, but was added in the second edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In some editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough*: but the sequel shows plainly that the child was not a nephew, but a niece, and consequently a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 10
 If likewise he some fair-one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infâmous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT. 73

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40

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

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood 55
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX. Or

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
 As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
 To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

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! 75
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name
 to live.

II.

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began *.

HA I L native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task :
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee : 10
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
 For this same small neglect that I have made :
 But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight,
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight, 20

* These verses were made in 1627, that being the 19th year of the author's age; and they were not in the edition of 1645, but were first added in the edition of 1673.

But

But cull those richest robes, and gay't attire
 Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire :
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
 And weary of their place do only stay 25
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit found :
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
 Look in, and see each blisful Deity 35
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly fire :
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
 And misty regions of wide air next under
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves ;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest

VACATION EXERCISE. 77

Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
 To keep in compass of thy predicament :
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens. is represented as father of the Predicaments
 his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance
 with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, ex-
 plains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth
 The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth ; 60
 Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst stih
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible :
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass
 Forefaw what future days should bring to pass ;
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.

O'er

O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them ; 80
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar :
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ? 90

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then
 Relation was call'd by his name.

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
 Or fullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame. 100

[The rest was prose.]

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 79

III.

On the MORNING of CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Compos'd 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing, 5
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high council-table 10
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
Forfook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

IV. See

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wifards haste with odors sweet :
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ; 25
 Have thou the honor first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had dofft her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III. But

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 81

III.

But he her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist, 65
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferior flame
 The new inlighten'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could
 bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX. When

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 83

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done, 105
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great 120
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres, 125
 Once blest our human ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow, 130
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold, 135
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV. Yca

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 85

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
'Thron'd in celestial sheen, 145
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so, 150
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, 155
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged earth aghast, 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
 Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground,
 In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

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

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale, 185

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

XXI. In

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 87

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forfake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled, 205
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 210
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Ofiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grafs with lowings loud :
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark. 210

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the Gods beside
 Longer dare abide, 225
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling-bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes 235
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd
 maze.

XXVII. But

ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 89

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest teemed star 240
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

T H E P A S S I O N .

I.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :
Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III. He

III.

He sovran Priest stooping his regal head, 15
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
 Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
 His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other-where are found; 25
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
 white. 35

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,

To

THE PASSION.

91

To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood; 40
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock, 45
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

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

V.

O N T I M E.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine, 15
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
 Time.

VI. UPON

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!
 O more exceeding love or law more just! 15
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness; 20
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII. A T

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,
 Ay sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

VIII. An

VIII.

An EPITAPH on the Marchionefs of Wincheſter*.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honor'd wife of Wincheſter,
 A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Befides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth, 5
 More than ſhe could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight ſave one
 She had told; alas too ſoon,
 After ſo ſhort time of breath,
 To houſe with darkneſs, and with death. 10
 Yet, had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praiſe,
 Nature and fate had had no ſtrife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth and her graces ſweet 15
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The virgin quire for her requeſt
 The God that fits at marriage feaſt;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a ſcarce well-lighted flame; 20
 And in his garland as he ſtood
 Ye might diſcern a cypreſs-bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely ſon,

* Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Viſcount Savage
 of Rock-Savage.

And

And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throes ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree : 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip, 35
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower ; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears,
 Which the sad morn had let fall 45
 On her hastening funeral.
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have ;
 After this thy travel fore
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
 That to give the world increase,
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease !
 Here, besides the forrowing
 That thy noble house doth bring,

Here

ON MAY MORNING. 97

Here be tears of perfect moan 55
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitst in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdes,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly-favor'd Joseph bore 65
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

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

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire 5
Mirth and youth and warm desire;

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

10

X.

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honor'd
 bones

The labor of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI. On

XI.

On the UNIVERSITY CARRIER ;

Who sicken'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid
to go to London, by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He 's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ; 10
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and 's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move ;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,

Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
 And, like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait. 10
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers. 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light :
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd, More weight !
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase :
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.



XIII.

L' A L L E G R O.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more 15
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying, 20
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleek ; 30
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee, 35
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :

Some

Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his sith,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landkip round it measures, 70
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighboring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their favory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecs sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pincht and pull'd, she said,
 And he by frier's lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly fet,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Towred

L'ALLEGRO.

105

Towred cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.

120

There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves by haunted stream.

125

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

130

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed

135

140

145

Of

Of heapt Elyfian flowers, and hear
 Such ftrains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite fet free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 Thefe delights if thou canft give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

150

XIV.

I L P E N S E R O S O .

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you befted,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in fome idle brain,

5

And fancies fond with gaudy fhapes poffefs,
 As thick and numberlefs

As the gay motes that people the fun-beams,
 Or likeliest hovering dreams

The fickle penfioners of Morpheus' train.

10

But hail, thou Goddefs, fage and holy !

Hail, divinest Melancholy !

Whofe faintly vifage is too bright

To hit the fenfe of human fight,

And therefore to our weaker view

15

O'erlaid with black, ftaid wifdom's hue ;

Black, but fuch as in esteem

Prince Memnon's fifter might befeem,

Or that ftarr'd Ethiop queen that ftrove

To fet her beauties' praife above

20

The

The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore ;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50
 But

But first, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
 Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hiſt along, 55
 'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
 In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak ; 60
 Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
 Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy !
 Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-ſong ;
 And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen 65
 On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her higheſt noon,
 Like one that had been led aſtray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way, 70
 And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
 Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore, 75
 Swinging ſlow with fullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some ſtill removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far

Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's droufy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :

Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85

Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold

What worlds, or what vast regions, hold 90

The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :

And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95

With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100

Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.

Or call up him that left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of

Of Camball, and of Algarfife,
 And who had Canacé to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
 And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
 On which the Tartar king did ride ; 115
 And if ought elſe great bards beſide
 In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounted as ſhe was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud. 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
 When the guſt hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the ruffling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the ſun begins to ſling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140

Hide

Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloyster's pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies, 165
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes,
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of

Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

175

XV.

A R C A D E S *.

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

1. S O N G.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook :
 This, this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend ;
 Here our solemn search hath end.

5

* This poem is only *part* of an Entertainment, or *Mask*, as it is also intitled in Milton's Manuscript, the rest probably being of a different nature, or composed by a different hand.

Fame,

A R C A D E S.

113

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

10

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads :
This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light.

15

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

20

25

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood ap-
 pears, and, turning toward them, speaks.

G E N I U S.

STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes ;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;

30

And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honor and devotion meant 35
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;
 And lead you where ye may more near behold 40
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
 For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower, 45
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill :
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 55
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to blefs ; 60
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness

Hath

A R C A D E S.

115

Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
 And turn the adamantin spindle round,
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise, 75
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds ; yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where you may all that are of noble stem
 Approach and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been, 85
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.

I 2

Follow

Follow me, 90
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen. 95

III. S O N G.

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks ;
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100
 A better foil shall give you thanks.
 From the stony Mænalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place. 105
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

XVI.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

The EARL of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of
Thyrsis.

COMUS with his crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER,

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

The chief persons who presented were,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON his brother

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The *Mask* was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 20th year of our author's age. In the title-page of the first edition, printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented *on Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

“ Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
 “ Perditus — ”

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the *Mask* the following dedication.

To the Right Honorable

JOHN Lord Viscount BRACKLY, son and heir apparent
 to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full affu-

rance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honor of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to your most honor'd parents; and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most

humble Servant,

H. L A W E S.

A MASK.

A M A S K.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 After this mortal change to her true servants 10
 Amongst the enthron'd Gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such, 15
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.
 But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay

The

The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary Gods
 By course commits to several government, 25
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents: but this Ile,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
 Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
 Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
 And new-intrusted scepter; but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defense and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,
 On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe 50
 The daughter of the sun? whose charm'd cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

And

COMUS, A MASK.

123

And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who, ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
To quench the drouth of Phoebus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off

These

These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likenefs of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85
 Who with his soft-pipe, and smooth dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

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

COM. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day 95
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream,
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipfy Dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.

Rigor

COMUS, A MASK.

125

Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and four Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The founts and seas, with all their finny drove, 115
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
Come let us our rites begin, 125
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end

Of

Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;
 Our number may affright : Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course ;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye

Hath

COMUS, A MASK. 127

Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocond flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side 185
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain, 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest

They

They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night, 195
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And aery tongues, that syllable mens names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, conscience.---
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215
 I see you visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

I did

COMUS, A MASK.

129

I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new inliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'ft unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where, 240
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'ft thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they flote upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder, 265
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the Goddesses that in rural shrine
 Dwell'ft here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270
 LA. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
 To give me answer from her mossy couch. [thus?
 COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you
 LA. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
 COM.

COMUS, A MASK. 131

COM. Could that divide you from near-ushering
guides?

LA. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

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

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

LA. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick re-
turn.

COM. Perhaps fore-falling night prevented them.

LA. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LA. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
bloom?

LA. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swinkt hedger at his supper fat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a faëry vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300

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

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

It were a journey like the path to Heaven,

To help you find them.

LA. Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LA. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet. 310

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

LA. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on. 330

The two BROTHERS.

1 BRO. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,

Stoop

COMUS, A MASK. 133

Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades ; 335
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long level'd rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 BRO. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their watted cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears. 355
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 BRO. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils : 360
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion! 365
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea funk. And wisdom's self 375
 Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude,
 Where with her best nurse contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.
 2 BRO. 'Tis most true, 385
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
 His

His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye, 395
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unfunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister.

1 BRO. I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My Sister is not so defenseless left
 As you imagin; she' has a hidden strength 415
 Which you remember not.

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

1 BRO. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,

Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity : 420
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity, 425
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to foil her virgin purity :
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time, 435
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of Chastity ? 440
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; Gods and men 445
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith

COMUS, A MASK. 137

Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austeriety, 450
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin, 465
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchers,
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

2 BRO. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 BRO. Lift, lift, I hear 480
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

2 BRO. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

1 BRO. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

2 BRO. Heav'n keep my Sister ! Again, again, and
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [near ;

1 BRO. I'll hallow ;
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,
Defense is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you ? speak ; 490
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

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

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

1 BRO. Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft de-
lay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good Swain ? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forfok ?

How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ? 500

SPI.

SPI. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought 505
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

I BRO. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPI. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

I BRO. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly

SPI. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse, 515
 Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
 Of dire chimera's and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
 Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage
 Charáct'rd in the face; this have I learnt 530

Tending

Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
 Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ; 550
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drousy-flighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep ;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
And

And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death : but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 565
 And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

2 BRO. O night and shades, 580
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless ! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, Brother ?

1 BRO. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely ; not a period 585
 Shall be unpaid for me : against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,

Virtue

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd ; 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed : if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms 605
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

SPI. Alas ! good ventrous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ; 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;
 Far other arms, and other weapons, must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And crumble all thy finews.

I BRO. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd, 615
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,

As

As to make this relation ?

SPI. Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620

In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray :
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing ;

Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasy, 625

And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ; 630

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :

Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ; 635

And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave ;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,

And bad me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast, or damp, 640
Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd :

But now I find it true ; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645
Enter'd

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off : if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand ; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battel make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

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

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

COM. Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LA. Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good. 665
 COM. Why

COM. Why are you vex't, Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
 Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition 685
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

LA. 'Twill not, false traitor, 690
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute? 700
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons, and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with: if all the world 720
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,

And

COMUS, A MASK. 147

And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unfought
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

Lift, Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be horded,
But must be current, and the good thereof 740
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,

Unfavoring in th' enjoyment of itself ;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown 745
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,

Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence ; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the hufwife's wool.

What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?

There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

LA. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good caterers,
Means her provision only to the good, 765

That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770

Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775

His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with befotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou

COMUS, A MASK. 149

Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd ;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by some superior power ;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation ;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood : 810
 But this will cure all strait, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.---

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

SPI. What, have you let the false inchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand 815
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 820
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,
 That had the scepter from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen 830
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her strait to aged Nereus' hall, 835
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And

COMUS, A MASK.

151

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 849
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river ; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-befetting need ; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art fitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting

L 4

The

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;

Listen for dear honor's sake,

Goddeſs of the ſilver lake.

865

Listen and ſave.

Listen and appear to us

In name of great Oceanus,

By th' earth-ſhaking Neptune's mace,

And Tethys' grave majestic pace,

870

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,

And the Carpathian wiſard's hook,

By ſcaly Triton's winding ſhell,

And old ſooth-faying Glaucus' ſpell,

By Leucothea's lovely hands,

875

And her ſon that rules the ſtrands,

By Thetis' tinfel-flipper'd feet,

And the ſongs of Syrens ſweet,

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,

And fair Ligea's golden comb,

880

Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,

Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,

By all the nymphs that nightly dance

Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,

Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head

885

From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,

Till thou our ſummons answer'd have.

Listen and ſave.

Sabrina

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rusky-fringed bank, 890
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays ; 895
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet,
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread ;
 Gentle Swain, at thy request 900
 I am here.

SPI. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed, 905
 Through the force, and through the wile,
 Of unblest inchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity :
 Brightest Lady, look on me ; 910
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip ; 915

Next

Next this marble venom'd feat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her feat.

SPI. Virgin daughter of Locrine,
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss 925
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills :
 Summer drouth, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore ;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terras round, 935
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Left the forcerer us entice 940
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needles found,
 Till we come to holier ground ;

I shall

COMUS, A MASK. 155

I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide, 945
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside 950
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort ;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer; 955
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the
President's castle; then come in country dancers,
after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers
and the Lady.

S O N G.

SPI. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This

This second Song presents them to their Father and
Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance. 975

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air 980
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring, 985
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That

COMUS, A MASK. 157

That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling 990
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew, 995
And drenches with Elyfian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000

In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,

Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd, 1005
After her wandering labors long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,

And from her fair unspotted side
Two blisful twins are to be born, 1010
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend, 1015
And from thence can soar as soon

To the corners of the moon.

Mortals

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

1020

XVII.

L Y C I D A S.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend*, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637, and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their highth.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well, 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

* Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of our author.

Hence

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream : 55
 Ay me ! I fondly dream

Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellow winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguin flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,

The

The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace; and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engin at the door, 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more, 165
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And

LYCIDAS.

165

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

XVIII.

The Fifth ODE * of HORACE, Lib. I.

“ Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,”

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

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant always amiable 10
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful? Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds 15
 To the stern God of sea.

* First added in the edition of 1673.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

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

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem 5
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens!
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
 Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem 10
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis? Miseri quibus
 Intentata nites. Me tabula facer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti 15
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long
PARLIAMENT*.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate
Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality,
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
To force our consciences, that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul, 10
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

This also was first added in the edition of 1673.

SONNETS.

S O N N E T S.

I.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Quol tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra fi di fuora 5
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.

Quando

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 Le'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l difio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di fera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a difufata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro sen
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

C A N Z O N E.

Ridonfi doñne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi

Altri

CANZONE.

171

Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 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, è il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne trecchie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una, 10
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,

Mentre

Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria) 5
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si fia :
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me fuol far piovole
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante, 5
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'infanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arriv'd to the age of 23.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year !
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven ;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII.

When the assault was intended to the City.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,
 If deed of honor did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee.
 And

And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

XI.

“ On the detraction which followed upon my writing
 certain treatises.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile ;
 The subject new ; it walk'd the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects ; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us ! what a word on 5
 A title-page is this ! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp ?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and grasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward
 Greek.

XII. On

XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs :
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs ;
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free. 10
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. LAWES on his *Airs*.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long ;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, ;
 With praise enough for envy to look wan ;
 To after-age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
 Thou

S O N N E T XIII.

177

Thou honor'ft verfe, and verfe muft lend her wing
 To honor thee, the prieft of Phœbus' quire, 10
 That tun'ft their happieft lines in hymn, or ftory.
 Dante fhall give fame leave to fet thee higher
 Than his Cafella, whom he woo'd to fing,
 Me tin the milder fhades of purgatory.

XIV.

On the religious memory of
 Mrs. CATHARINE THOMSON, my christian friend,
 Deceas'd 16 Decem. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy juft foul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didft resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth fever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor 5
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and blifs for ever.
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them beft,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams,
 And azure wings, that up they flew fo drest,
 And fpake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reft
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal ftreams.

XV.

To the Lord General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?) 10
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
 While avarice and rapin share the land.

XVI.

To the Lord General CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And

S O N N E T XVI.

179

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd than war : new foes arise
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir HENRY VANE the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage : besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means, 10
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done :
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

On the late massacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

On his blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me uselefs, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide ;
 Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd ?
 I fondly ask : But patience to prevent

That

S O N N E T XIX.

181

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX.

To Mr. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining ? time will run 5
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER*.

Cyriac, whose grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show:
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

XXII.

To the same.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

* Son of William Skinner, Esq; and grandson of
 Sir Vincent Skinner; and his mother was Bridget, one
 of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke Lord
 Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Of

S O N N E T XXII.

183

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceased W I F E *.

Methought I saw my late espoused faint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint 5
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd

* This was his second wife, Catharine the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in child-bed of a daughter.

So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

XXIV.

On occasion of the PLAGUE in LONDON.

Found on a glass window at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton resided during the continuance of that calamity.

[From Birch's Life.]

Fair mirror of foul times; whose fragile sheen
 Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
 (Aye watching o'er his faints with eye unseen)
 Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
 To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence; 5
 Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
 Who heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
 As erst he scourg'd Jeddides' sin of yore,
 For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
 He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore. 10

P S A L M S.

P S A L M I. Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counfel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of finners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watery streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

P S A L. II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WH Y do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up stand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ? 5
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, - and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords : He who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
 And fierce ire trouble them ; but I, faith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare ; the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
 This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full
 low
 With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth ; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling ; kiss the Son, lest he appear 25
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay !

P S A L. III. Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Abfalom.

LORD, how many are my foes !
How many those
That in arms againſt me riſe !
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay, 5
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count ;
Aloud I cry'd 10
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their pavilions.
Riſe, Lord ; ſave me, my God ; for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now 20
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

P S A L. IV.

PSALM IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare, 5
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great-ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity; 10
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart 15
 (For whom to choose he knows):
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone, 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say 25
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On

P S A L M IV.

189

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds 35

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where'er I lie; 40

As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P S A L. V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear

My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah, thou my early voice 5

Shalt in the morning hear,

I' th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight, 10

Evil with thee no biding makes,

Fools or mad men stand not within thy fight.

All

All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly; 15
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will tow'rs thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress:
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes;
 For in his faltring mouth unstable 25
 No word is firm or sooth;
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty; let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To blest the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favor and good-will. 40

P S A L. VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
 For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ake, 5
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
 prayer,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L. VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul afunder, 5
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for nought ;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roll 15
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust, and there out-spread
 Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
 Rouse thyself amidst the rage 20
 Of my foes that urge like fire ;
 And wake for me, their fury' asswage ;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command, which I desire.

So

P S A L M VII.

193

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

25

30

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

35

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

40

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

45

(His arrows purposely made he
 For them that persecute.) Behold 50
 He travels big with vanity,
 Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
 As in a womb, and from that mold
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep, 55
 And fell into the pit he made;
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

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

P S A L. VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

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

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set 10
 In the pure firmament, then faith my heart,
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15
 With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20

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

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the P S A L M S done into Meter,
 Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are
 the very words of the text, translated from the
 original.

P S A L. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*,
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
 Thy *loved* Joseph's feed ;

O 2

That

- That sitt between the Cherubs *bright*, 5
Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's fight, 10
 Awake * thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy † smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
 Against thy people's prayer! 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them ‡ largely drink the tears.
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey* 25
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they || laugh, they || play,
 And || flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;* 30
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

* *Gnorera.* † *Gnasbanta.* ‡ *Shalish.* || *Filnagu.*
 § A vine

P S A L M LXXX.

197

- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haught,* 35
 To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last. 40
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*
 The hills were *over-spread,*
 Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side* 45
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river *wide*
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence, 50
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food 55
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
 Behold us, *but without a frown,*
 And visit this *thy* vine. 60

- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong. 65
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*, 70
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we 75
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe. 80

P S A L. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song, 5
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string*.

3 Blow,

PSALM LXXXI.

199

- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
 With trumpets' *lofty sound*, 10
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a *statute giv'n of old*
 For Israel *to observe*,
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*, 15
 From whence they might not *swerve*.
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph, *not to change*,
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
 The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
 I set his shoulder free:
 His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
 Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee fore assail, 25
 On me then didst thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not fail*,
 And led thee out of thrall.
- I answer'd thee in * *thunder deep*
 With clouds *incompass'd round*; 30
 I try'd thee at the water *steep*
 Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well*,
 I testify to thee,
 Thou ancient stock of Israel, 35
 If thou wilt list to me,

* *Be Sether ragnam.*

O 4

9 Throughout

- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien God shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
 In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt land;
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
 Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *bear*
 Nor hearken to my voice; 45
 And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,
 Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wandering mind; 50
 Their own conceits they follow'd still,
 Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would *be wise*,
 To serve me *all their days*,
 And O that Israel would *advise*
 To walk my *righteous ways*. 55
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
 That are their enemies. 60
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
 To bow to him and bend,
 But *they, his people, should remain*,
 Their time should have no end.



P S A L M LXXXI.

201

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

65

P S A L. LXXXII.

1 **G**OD in the * great * assembly stands
 Of kings and lordly states,

† Among the Gods, † on both his hands
 He judges and debates.

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

5

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

10

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

15

5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are †† mov'd,
 And †† out of order gone.

20

* Bagnadath-el. † Bekerev. † Tishphetu gnavel.
 || Shiphtu-dal. ** Hatzdiku. †† Jimmotu.

6 I said

- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The sons of God most high ;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might*, 25
This *wicked* earth * redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace ;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* † swell, 5
And † storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they ‡ contrive
|| Their plots and counsels deep, 10
** Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
†† Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may 15
Be lost in memory.

* *Skiphta.* † *Jebemajun.* ‡ *Jagnarimu.*
|| *Sod.* ** *Firtbjagnatsu gnal.* †† *Tsepuneca.*

- 5 For they consult * with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind. 20
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell ;
- 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire, 25
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistins, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot : 30
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sifera, and as is told 35
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain. 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed.

* *Lev jachdan.*

- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said, 45
 By right now seize shall we
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 * Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find, 50
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher 55
 Till all the mountains blaze ;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 † And till they † yield thee honor due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face. 60
- 17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name 65
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

* *Neoth Elobim bears both.*

† *They seek thy Name.* Heb.

P S A L. LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die 5
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see :
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of *rest* ; 10
 The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,
 Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts 15
Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise :
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watery dale
 Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God *at length*
 In Sion do appear.

- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer;
 O Jacob's God, give ear, 30
- 9 Thou God our shield, look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more blest*,
 Than *in the joys of vanity* 35
 A thousand days *at best*.
- I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode*,
 With sin *for evermore*. 40
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright*,
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts, *that reign'st on high*, 45
 That man is *truly blest*,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

P S A L. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HU land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive 5
 That *wrought* thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.

P S A L M LXXXV.

297

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return

10

From thy * fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,

Thine indignation cause to cease

15

Toward us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,

Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend

From age to age on us ?

20

6 Wilt thou not † turn, and *bear our voice,*
And us again † revive,

That so thy people may rejoice,
By thee preserv'd alive ?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew ;

25

Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will go *strait* and hear,

30

For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his faints *full dear,*

To his dear faints he will speak peace,
But let them never more

Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

35

* Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

† Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*

9 Surely

- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land. 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met;
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,* 45
 Shall bud and blossom *then,*
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good, 50
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger;
 Then * will he come, and not be slow, 55
 His footsteps cannot err.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me, *I thee pray,*
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

P S A L M LXXXVI.

209

- 2 Preserve my soul, for * I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just; 5
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4. O make rejoice 10
 Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone* 15
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid*;
 For thou wilt *grant me free access,*
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the Gods is none, 25
 O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.

* Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat* 35
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
 So shall it never slide. 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
 Thee honor and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
 And thou hast free'd my soul, 45
 Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,
 From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met 50
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd* 55
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son. 60

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

P S A L. LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.

2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more 5
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things 10
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;

4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn,*
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,* 15
 Lo this man there was born :

5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last,*
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast. 20

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth inroll,
 That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25
With sacred songs are there,
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee *weep,*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my prayer 5
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favor bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble stor'd
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie, 10
 My life *at death's uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit,*
 I am a * man, but weak alas, 15
 And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep,*
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep.* 20

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

Whom

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

213

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er

Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*

25

Hast set me *all forlorn,*

Where thickest darkness *hovers round,*

In horrid deeps *to mourn.*

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves,*

Full fore doth press on me;

30

* Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,

* And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

35

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*

With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell

45

On whom the grave *hath hold,*

Or they who in perdition *dwell,*

Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

* *The Hebr. bears both.*

214. MILTON'S POEMS.

- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *band*
Or wondrous acts be known, 50
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
 Of *dark* oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth* *hie,* 55
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me ?
- 15 That am already bruis'd, and * *shake*
 With terror sent from thee 60
 Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow, 65
 Thy threatnings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
 And sever'd from me far : 70
 They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
 And as in darkness are.

* Heb. *Præ Concussione.*

A Paraphrase on P S A L. CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown, 5
 His praise and glory was in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?
 Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast 15
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay indure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God;
 For his &c.

5

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his &c.

10

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For his &c.

15

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

20

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

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

25

And

P S A L M CXXXVI.

217

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

30

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

35

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

40

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

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

45

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

50

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

55

His

218 MILTON'S POEMS.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his &c.

60

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

For his &c.

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

For his &c.

65

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

For his &c.

70

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his &c.

75

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

For his &c.

80

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his &c.

All

P S A L M CXXXVI.

219

**All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his &c.**

85

**Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his &c.**

90

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

95

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring the integrity of the financial statements and for providing a clear audit trail.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the sampling techniques employed and the statistical tests used to evaluate the results.

3. The third part of the document presents the findings of the study. It shows that there is a significant correlation between the variables being studied, and that the results are consistent with the hypotheses that were tested.

4. The final part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and provides recommendations for future research. It suggests that further studies should be conducted to explore the relationship between the variables in greater detail.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum *Ætatis*
Vigefimum conscripfit.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be organized into several lines or paragraphs, but no specific words or numbers can be discerned.

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

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

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

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

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

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jaçtet fibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jaçtat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

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

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

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

Alla

Alla virtù sbandita

Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,

Quella gli è sol gradita,

Perche in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto;

Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto

Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido

Spinse Zeusi l'industrie ardente brama;

Ch'udio d' Helena il grido

Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

E per poterla effigiare al paro

Dalle più belle idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape ingegnosa

Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;

Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,

Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta

Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante

Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;

Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,

E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi 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 apprefer l' arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

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

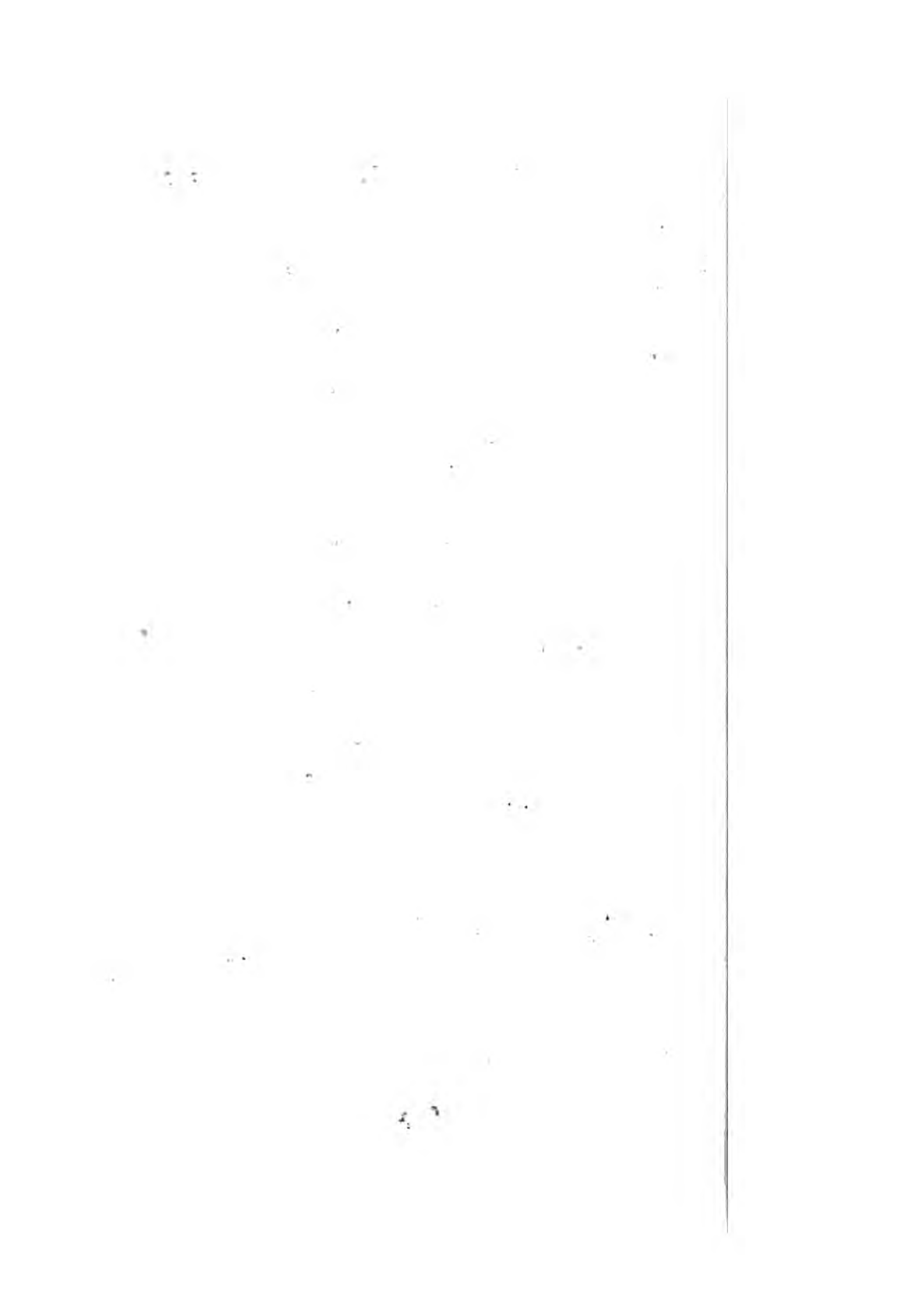
I piu profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
 'Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

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

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

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

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.



JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINENSI,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

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

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

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

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos

* vastitate. Edit. 1645.

Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia le-
genti antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eru-
ditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

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

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

E L E G I A R U M

L I B E R P R I M U S .

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
 Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
 Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas **5**
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs refuâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. **10**
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri **15**
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Lætus & exilii conditione fruor. **20**
 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, 25
 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, 30
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores 35
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & spectro, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amator inest : 40
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 45
 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 confitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.

ELEGIA I.

233

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 55
 Atque fæces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tineta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ; 60
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina fordet
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ, 65
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeïa Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invec̄ta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cineta Venus,

Huic

Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci, 85
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncofas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis 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 5
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.

Magna

Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,
 Personet & totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum * Præfulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & 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 & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis: 10
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præful,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar, 15
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21, 1626.

Nonne fatis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas ;
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ? 30
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili, 35
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos :
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum jugæ sole rubent. 40
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoï, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.

E L E G I A III.

237

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,

Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris

Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.

50

Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras

Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,

Ecce mihi subito Præful Wintonius astat,

Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;

Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,

55

Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,

Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,

Pura triumphali perfonat æthra tubâ.

60

Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,

Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;

Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,

Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.

Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,

65

At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.

Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,

Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos 5

Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cœruleamque 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 ; 10

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, 15

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. 20

Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !

Charior

E L E G I A IV.

239

Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno, 25
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem 35
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora charo suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : 50
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.

Accipe

Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem ;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sæpe quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis 65
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquerunt preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor. 70
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo, 75
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, 80
 Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.

Te

ELEGIA IV.

241

Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo ;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 85
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis
 Spumæa quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95
 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. 100
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 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. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi ;
 VOL. III. R Ille

Ille Sionæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Affyrios fudit nocte filente viros ;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos ;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.
 Fallor ? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 3
 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 ; 10
 Concitaque

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furo, & sonitus me facer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli, 15
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatū,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deūm ;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor ?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25
 Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus :
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, & hoc subeat Musa * perennis opus. 30
 Jam sol Æthiopus 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 cœleste Bootes 35
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.

* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 * Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 Defere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid iuvat effœto procubuisse toro? 50
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ocus urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
 Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosâs! 60
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos 65
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.

E L E G I A V.

245

Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,

Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.

70

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores

Terra, nec optatos pascit egena toros,

Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus

Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt

75

Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)

Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,

Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah quotiès cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo

In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,

80

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno

Hesperiiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,

Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,

85

Huc ades, ardentem imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,

Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Quàque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans

Aura per humentes corpora fusa rofas.

90

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,

Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,

Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;

95

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. 100
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse 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, 105
 Littus io Hymen, & 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. 110
 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, 115
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
 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, 125
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympa pedes,
 Jamque

ELEGIA V. 247

Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris 135
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat & nostro ferior umbra polo. 140

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset, & 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 prolecat 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.

Quàm bene solemnes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque pœsin ?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucœ
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris :
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat : 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Tœia Musa modis ?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et refolet sumptum pagina quæque merum ;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado,
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cœlato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter ic̄ta manu ;

Auditurque

ELEGIA VI.

249

Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
 Illa tuas faltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum pfallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 45
 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; 50
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum, 55
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis 65
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et

250 MILTONI POEMAT A.

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis infidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim facer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA, Anno Ætatis 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor.
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas, 5
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut

Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem, 15
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit. 20
 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 & has decuisse putares, 25
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, 45
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferox ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auçtaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mihi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.

Nec

ELEGIA VII.

253

Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis : 70
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inermè ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat. 80
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus ? amores 85
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui ;
 Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces. 90
 Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :
 Et

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans : 100
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cinctâ rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor ? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli, 5
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

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

In inventorem bombardæ.

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

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli 5
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens ;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis affuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet. 10

Ad

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquantum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo

Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret !

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem

Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,

Quamvis Dirçæo torfisset lumina Pentheo

Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus

Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;

Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem

Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,

Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,

Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ

Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?

Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ

Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.

Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,

Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

* Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino :
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Haftenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo! 10
 Possẽm ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :
 Nunc periere mihi & foetus & ipse parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.

* Added in the Edit. 1673.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum * Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro 5
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10
 Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit 15
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

* Dr. John Goslyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626.

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

20

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

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

25

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

30

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.

35

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

40

Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit

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

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat 5
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles, 10
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, 15
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris 20
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, & fomno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cœruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Jamque fluentifonis albertia rupibus arva 25
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur; 35
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, istaque cuspide cuspis
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
 Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
 Quâ volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
 Denfantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,

Cum

Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimмериis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Cithæron.
 His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Symate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrictis fune salaces,

Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis. 85
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.
 Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, 100
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperix disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Merisque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella. 105
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,

Quælibet

Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; 115

Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,

Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;

Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,

Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120

Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos

Propositi, factique mone, quisquàmne tuorum

Audebit summi non jussa faceßere Papæ?

Perculsofque metu subito, casûque stupentes 125

Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.

Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,

Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.

Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas

Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130

Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amiçtus

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas

Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;

Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135

Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;

Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,

Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata * revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,

Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140

Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,

Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

* forsan---resolvens.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque faxa,
 Ossa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
 His Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus & fanguine conscia stagnat. 150
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt;
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles 155
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160
 Tatareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli. 165
 Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
 Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Afide terra 170
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea,

Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris

Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ, 175

Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;

Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcætralia bombis

Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,

Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180

Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,

Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,

Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.

Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ 185

Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,

Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,

Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.

Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe

Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli : 190

Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linquis

Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax

Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes

Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit

Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli

Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.

Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,

Fulmine præmissis alloquitur, terræque tremante : 200

Fama files ? an te latet impia Papistarum

Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,

Et

Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas, 205
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effoetique senes pariter tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem. ✠
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præfulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,

Et ficca nondum lumina

Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,

Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum mœsta charo justa perfolvi rogo

Wintoniensis Præfulis.

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali

Cladisque vera nuntia)

Spargit per urbes divitis Britannix,

Populosque Neptuno fatos

Cessisse morti, & 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 Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,

Graiusque vates parcius

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,

Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,

Et imprecor neci necem,

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1626.

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras perçita? 30
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, five Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao:
 Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei 35
 Messes ubique colligit;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat;
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filia; 40
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiivi, cito 45
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror:
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei 50
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus,

Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,

55

Longéque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

60

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & regiam crySTALLINAM, &

Stratum smaragdinis atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat

65

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 pro-
 fundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum

Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni

5

Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo

Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis

Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater

Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo? 10

Et se falsa senem malè certis passibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas

Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque

Sidera

Sidera vexabunt? an & infatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem? 15
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu 20
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque resectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati 25
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30
 Terre bunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraterna que bella.
 At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat & ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40
 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 45
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Manè vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & 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, & vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles
intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis, 5
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei? 10
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura fit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; 15
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimûmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas: 20
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit 25
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos

Vatum

Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30
 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 35
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti 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. 5
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis. 10
 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, 15
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & femina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum, 30
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 35
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compefcit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45
 Heroùmque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et

Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Sylvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes. 55
 Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65
 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,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi: 70
 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 75
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.

Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant 80
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jaçtat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aër,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube, 90
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
 I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quemvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ, 105
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirqo,

Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus ;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

110

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

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

115

120

PSAL. CXIV.

Ισραήλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβ
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰθθα.

Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.

Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη

5

Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.

Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθημοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,

Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόντες εὐτραφεῶ ἔν ἀλωῇ.

Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,

10

Ὅϊα παρὰί σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.

Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλῳρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας

Κύματι ειλυμένη ροθίῳ ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθης
 Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν ;
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσινα κλονέεσθε 15
 Ὡς κρηιοὶ σφριγόντης εὔτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ ;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμῆς ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
 Ὅϊα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες ;
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέισα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέισ' ὑπατον τέβας Ἰσσακίδαο, 20
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μαρμύροντας,
 Κρήνηντ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum &
 infontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat,
 τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, εἰδέ τω' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὄλως δρᾶσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
 Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕψερρον αὔθι νοήσεις,
 * Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆ,
 Τοιοῦν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσης.

In effigiei ejus Sculptorem †.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χεῖρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
 Γελαῖτε φαύλῃ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφῃ.

* Μὰψ αὐτῶς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα χρόνῳ μάλα πολλὸν ὀδυρῆ,
 Τοιοῦν δ' ἐκ πόλεως — Edit. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum, 5
 Adefdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 In sanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ 15
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat. 20
 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 25

Libenter

282 MILTONI POEMAT A.

Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso.
Collēs benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. 35
Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum, 40
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

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

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manso—

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

HÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudî
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-
Post Galli cineres, & Mæcenatis Hetrusci [nore,
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, 5
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque fedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Taffo
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, 10
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;

Mellis

Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici, 15
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :
 Amborum genus, & varia sub sorte peractam 20
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,
 Mansè pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum 25
 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 30
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo, 35
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroïum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ 45
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunq;ue per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas: 55
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;
 Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
 Peneïum prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad cytheræ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70
 Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fufos, 75
 Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adfit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ, 85
 Annorumquæ satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti fat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna. 90
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm, 95
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
 Quantum fata sinunt) & tota mente serenùm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

A R G U M E N T U M.

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

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam. vos & Daphnin
& 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, 5

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,

* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens explete domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul affuetâ feditque sub ulmo, 15
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cœpit & 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! 20
 Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium. 25

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
 Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis? 40
 Sive opus in magnos fuit emînùs ire leones,

Aut

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS. 189

Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit 45
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni

Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus 60
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit !
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo, 65
 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 Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas, 70
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,

Hic Zephyri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopfus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat, 75
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sidera Mopfus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lusufque leves, & semper amorem 85
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti; 90
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales, 95
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS. 291

Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105

Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ, 135
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140
 Dum solus teneros claudebam Cratibus hœdos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura 145
 Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150
 Helleborumque, humilisque crocos, foliumque hya-
 cinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat 155
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
 Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite sylvæ. 160
 Ite

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS. 293

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennùmque Arvigarùmque duces, priscùmque Bel-
 num,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos; 163
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula plinu
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni, 175
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver, 185
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
 Cœruleûm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.

Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus, 190
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis 195
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
 Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, 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 quævivisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroùmque animas inter, divosque perennes, 205
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
 Lætique frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 F. sta Sionæo baccantur & Orgia thyrsò.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,
OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti
postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica
reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim, 5
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insonus populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe, 15
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cœrulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi 20
 Aonidum, thyasusque facer
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo 25
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
 (Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus, 30
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ, 35
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus. 40
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo terêris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam 45
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Strophe 3.

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

Antistrophe.

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

Epodos.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo 75
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum prava faceisset; 80
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto, 85
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè
 respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
 potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ*
σχέσιν, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt Spon-
 dæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo
 loco Catullus ad libitum fecit:

Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam nomine
Cromwelli *.

BEllipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

TRANSLATION, from TOLAND'S Life of MILTON.

BRIGHT martial maid, queen of the frozen zone,
The northern pole supports thy shining throne;
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow,
The helmet's weight opprest'd this wrinkled brow.
Through fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands:
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

* These verses were sent to Christina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I should rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

A FRAGMENT, from the Italian;

Addressed to a young Lady, at Florence, who did not understand English.

WHEN, in your language, I, unskill'd, address
 The short-pac'd efforts of a trammel'd Muse;
 Soft Italy's fair critics round Me press,
 And my mistaking passion thus accuse.

Why, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy dumb love
 Strive, in rough sound, soft meaning to impart?
 He must select his words who speaks to move,
 And point his purpose at the hearer's heart.

Then laughing they repeat my languid lays
 Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps—they cry,
 For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy praise;
 But we must understand ere we comply!

Do thou, my soul's soft hope, these triflers awe!
 Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I write;
 Since love from silent looks can language draw,
 And scorns the lame impertinence of wit.



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THE END OF MILTON'S POEMS.



