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**Para-**
Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK I.

Who ere while the happy Garden fung,
By one Man's Disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desart, his victorious Field
Against the spiritual Foe, and brought'ft him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,
And bear through heighth or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t'have not remain'd so long unfung.

Now
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the sound of Trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd
With awe the Regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan came, as then obscure,
Unmarket, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a Dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the World, at that Assembly fam'd
Would not be left, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To Council summons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conquest, than remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have posseft, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Book I. **Paradise Regain'd.**

Since *Adam* and his facil consort *Eve*
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaft, wherein we
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born,
His Birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King: all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Testimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising
Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Chryftal Doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I hear
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
Paradise Regain'd. Book I.

His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine;
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares.
Ere in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer Voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
Induces best to hope of like success.
He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main Enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coast of Jordan he direct's
His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles.
Book I. Paradise Regain'd.

Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
This Man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his Reign on Earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that solemn Message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Higheft
O'er-shadow her: this Man born and now up-grown,
To shew him worthy of his Birth Divine
And high Prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
Lest overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent;
He now shall know I can produce a Man
Of female Seed, far abler to resist
All his sollicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance:
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
Burft forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

**Victoria and Triumph to the Son of God**

Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Against what'ere may tempt, what'ere seduce.
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first

Publish
Book I. Paradise Regain'd.

Publish his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on;
He entred now the bordering desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear,
What from without comes often to my ears,
All sorting with my present state compar'd,
When I was yet a Child, no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my self I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that ere yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast.
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while.
To rescue Israel from the Roman Yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first

B 4
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not willfully mis-doing, but unaware
Mis-led; the stubborn only to destroy.
These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, only rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is th' Eternal King who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy Birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
Thou shoul'dst be great and sit on David's Throne,
And of thy kingdom there shall be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star not seen before in Heav'n appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new graven in Heav'n,
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
Just Simeon and Prophetick Anna warn'd
By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake
Before the Altar and the vefted Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood:
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake:
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard affay even to the death.
Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins:
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptifm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he-
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd:
Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heav'n).
Me him whose Harbinger he was, and first:
Refus'd on me his Baptist to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
And laft the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me, his beloved Son, in whom alone.
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time.
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as beft becomes.
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led:
Into this Wilderness, to what intent
10 Paradise Regain'd. Book I.

I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod:
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.

Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient Oak
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.

But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve
Against a Winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here

His
His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought. 325
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth.
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'n's new; Fame also finds us out. 334

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither.
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here.
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee Bread;
So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days Elijah without food
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom
Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.

'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'n's
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzezen Job
To prove him, and illufrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that Office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much luftre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy Wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these Regions of the World,
If not disposer, lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
Never acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st releas'd from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'n's: thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depo's'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn.

To all the Host of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.
But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute t'o obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all infestions, but his patience won?
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles

By thee are giv'n, and what confess more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine

Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To flie or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence

To thee not known, whence haft thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels President
In ev'ry Province, who themselves disdaining
T' approach thy Temple, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say

To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning Parasite obey'lt;
Then to thy self ascrib'ft the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracula abuse

The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.

God hath now sent his loving Oracle

Into the World to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, and inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this Answer smooth return'd:

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me, where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submit endure
Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her iore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, tho I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice
To Balaam Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou can'st not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her fullen wings to double-shade
The Desart, Fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild Beasts came forth the Woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.
EAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great Thishbite who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Paradise Regain'd. Book II.

Nigh to Bethabara; in Jerico
The City of Palms, Enon, and Salem old,
Macharnus and each Town or City wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Perea, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a Creek,
Where winds with Reeds and Osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a Cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.
Alas, from that high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our Eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd:
Thus we rejoice'd, but soon our Joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what heighth their Pow'r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail

Nor
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none;
Within her breast, though calm; her breast, though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
Hale highly favour'd, among Women blest;
While I to Sorrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other Women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air, a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous King
Were dead, who fought his life, and missing fill'd
With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
Private, unaotive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicous to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice:
I look'd for some great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,

That
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul
A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I must'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
Sole but with holiest Meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan with fly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.
Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new troubles; such an Enemy
Is risen to invade us, whom no less
Threatens our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Than when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
Though Adam by his Wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, left confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to perswasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; left I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was asur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissoluteft Spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each Region passing fair
As the noon Sky; more like to Goddesses
Than mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, Virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t'appr oach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl'd in amorous Nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'ft brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resoluteft breast,
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self, because of old
Thou thy self doat'dft on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
Falsè titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dst,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay
Some Beauty rare, Califo, Clymene,

Daphne,
Book II. Paradise Regain'd.

Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amyone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter or Pan,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?

Remember that Pellean Conqueror,  
A Youth, how all the Beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
How he disnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian Maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what Woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the Zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majestick brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array, her female pride deject,
Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty stands

In
24 Paradise Regain'd. Book II.

In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease t'admirē, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden flighting quite abasht:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise
Rocks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness,
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

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

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

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing Even and Morn,
Tho' rav'nous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the Desart, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his Puls.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-neft, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chant of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High roo't and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a superstitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

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

To whom thus Jesus: What conclu'dst thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
Tell me, if Food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend?
Haft thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
To Idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold
Nature ashamed, or better to express,
Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spread, in Regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And favour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In Pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Fresher, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric Coast.
Alas how simple, to these Gates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve.
And at a stately side-board by the wine

That
Paradise Regain'd. Book II.

That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the Trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And Ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
Of Fairy Damsels met in forest wide
By Knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of chyming strings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these Viands pure,
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'ft thou Son of God: sit down and eat.

To whom that Jesus temp'rate reply'd:
Said'ft thou not that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
Book II. Paradise Regain'd.

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have also pow'r to give thou feest,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earn'd the far set spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his Temptation pursu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self

C 3

Bred
Bred up in poverty and freights at home;
Lost in a Defart here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence Authority deriv'ft,
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conquest and Realms;
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his Son Herod plac'd on Juda's Throne,
(Thy Throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom fit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient Empires of the Earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and Jephtha, and the Shepherd lad,
Whose Off-spring on the Throne of Judah sat.
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I

May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?

Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt

To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown, Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,

When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;

For therein stands the Office of a King,

His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praise,

That for the Publick all this weight he bears.

Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;

Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:

And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes;

Subject himself to Anarchy within,

Or lawless Passions in him which he serves.

But to guide Nations in the way of truth
By saving Doctrine, and from error lead

To know, and knowing worship God aright,

Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,

Governs the inner man, the nobler part;

That other o'er the body only reigns,

And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind

So reigning can be no sincere delight.

Besides, to give a Kingdom hath been thought

C 4  Greater
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a Scepter, oft best better miss'd.

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

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape;
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems.
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds.
That might require th’ array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy Prowefs, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These God-like Virtues wherefore dost thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy Acts, thy self
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected Spirits, most temper’d pure
Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and pow’rs all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the Throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose, young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell’d
The Pontic King, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more enflam’d
With glory, wept that he had liv’d so long
Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply’d.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For Empire’s sake, nor Empire to affect
For glory’s sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus’d,
Book III. Paradise Regain'd. 35

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise.
They praise and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks:
The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n;
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win;
Great Cities by assault; what do these Worthies;
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefo'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of Jove, of Mars the other.
Till Conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85
Rolling in brutifh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job? 95
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted Country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murr'ring thus reply'd.
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, not content in Heav'n
By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts.

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

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

Of
Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem,  
Worth or not, worth their seeking, let it pass:  
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd,  
To sit upon thy Father David's Throne;  
By Mother's side thy Father; though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms;  
Judaea now and all the promis'd land,  
Reduc'd a Province under Roman yoke,  
Obey's Tiberius; nor is always rul'd  
With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated  
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?  
So did not Machabeus: he indeed  
Retir'd unto the Desart, but with arms:  
And o'er a mighty King so oft prevail'd  
That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,  
Tho Priests, the Crown, and David's Throne usurp'd,  
With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal  
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;  
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.  
They themselves rather are occasion best,  
Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free  
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;  
So shalt thou best fulfill, best verifie  
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,  
The happier reign the sooner it begins,  
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?  

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

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd; whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
Paradise Regain'd. Book III.

From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the Fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thy self and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should't be their King!
Perhaps thou longest in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th'enterprize so hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider,
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean Towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
In all things that to greatest Actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking Aises found a Kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The Monarchies of th'Eartl, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Mysteries, that thou may'lt know
How best their opposition to withstand.
With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair Champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea,
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge Cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desart fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her Empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus East, Euphrates West,
And oft beyond; to South the Persian Bay,
And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:
Here Ninevee, of length within her wall
Sev'ral days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till
Till Cyrus set them free; Persépolis
His City there thou seest, and Babtra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hécatomphylus her hundred gates,
There Susa by Choasæs, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nicibi, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Tésphon,
Turning with eafie eye thou mayft behold,
All these the Parthian, now some Ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded firft
That Empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious Kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great Pow'r; for now the Parthian King
In Ctejiphon hath gather'd all his Host
Against the Scythian, whose Incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what Martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike Muster they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He lookt and saw what numbers numberless
The City gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and Military pride;
In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Gandaor East,
And Margiana to the Hircanian cliffs
Of Cauccus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neigh'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the South
Of Susiana, to Balsara's hav'n.
He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorft with Tow'rs
Of Archers, not of lab'ring Pioneers
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after thefe, Camels and Dromedaries.
And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.
Such forces met nor, nor fo wide a Camp,
When Agrican with all his Northern pow'rs
Besieg'd Albracca, as Romances tell;
The City of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The faireft of her Sex Angelica
His daughter, fought by many prowest Knights,
Both Paynim, and the Peers of Charlemane.
Such and fo numerous was their Chivalry;
At fight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'ft know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
On no flight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
All this fair fight; thy Kingdom though foretold

By
Paradise Regain'd. Book III.

By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy Father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possessor of David's Throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jews; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman, and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstal thee
In David's royal Seat, his true Successor,
Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd
Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel; serving as of old
Their Fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plausible to the World, to me worth naught.
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of War there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My Brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I meant to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway
To just extent over all Israel's Sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his Throne,
When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
Of num'ring Israel, which cost the lives
Of three-score and ten thousand Israelites
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship Calves, and Deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all th' Idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity 
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their Fore-fathers; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by Circumcision vain,
And God with Idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong wou'd follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring Abraham, by some wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave th'Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their Fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

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

The End of the Third Book.
Erplex'd and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perswasive Rhetoric
That fleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foys him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet moult is pow'r'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,

Vain
Paradise Regain'd. Book IV.

Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.

He brought our Saviour to the Western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate
On sev'n small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the height of Mountains interpos'd.

By what strange Parallax or Optick skill
Of vision multiply'd through Air, or Glass
Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian Rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine
Th' Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and Terraces, and glitt'ring Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
My Airy Microscope) thou may'ft behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor Sea;
From th' Asian Kings and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersones,
And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British West,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians North
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool.
All Nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, Wealth and Pow'r,
 Civility of Manners, Arts and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may'ft prefer
Before the Parthian; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all

The
Paradise Regain'd. Book IV.

The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
This Emperor hath no Son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Caprees an Island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lufts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
Mightst thou expel this Monfier from his Throne
Now made a slye, and in his place ascending
A victor, people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
On David's Throne, he prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestick shew
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feast's
On Citron tables or Atlantic stone,
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Creet, and how they quaff in Gold,
Crystal and Myrrhine cups imbols'd with Gems
And studs of Pearl, to me shou'dst tell who thirst
And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,

But
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed it to talk
Of th' Emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously, I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That People victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
But lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate,
What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On David's Throne, it shall be like a tree,
Spreading and overshadowing all the Earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All Monarchies besides throughout the World,
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'd, because offer'd, and reject'd:
Nothing
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict:
On th' other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written

'The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'ft thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,

God over all Supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on such abhorred past,
That I fall down and worship thee as God:
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.
Be not so sore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me 't most concerns.
The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd,
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory.
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the Temple, there was found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions sitting Moses' Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch’d in Moses’ Law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote,
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature’s light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean’st;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc’d.
Look once more ere we leave this Specular Mount
Westward, much nearer by South-west, behold
Where on th’ Aegian shore a City stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic Bird
Trills her thick-warbl’d notes the summer long,
There flow’ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp’ring stream; within the walls then view
The Schools of ancient Sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow’r
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur’d verse,
Aolian charms and Dorian Lyric Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call’d,
Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own.

Then'e what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best

Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
In brief sententious precepts while they treat

Of fate and chance, and change in human life;

High actions, and high passions best describing:

Thence to the famous Orators repair,

Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence

Wielded at will that fierce Democratic,
Shook th' Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*

To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes'* Throne.

To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,

From Heav'n descended to the low-rooff house

Of *Socrates*, see there his Tenement,

Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd

Wise of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth

Mellifluous streams that water'd all the Schools

Of Academics old and new, with those

Sirnam'd *Peripatetics*, and the Sect

*Epicurean*, and the *Stoic* severe.

These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,

Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;

These rules will render thee a King compleat

Within thy self, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.

Think not, but that I know these things, or think

I know them not; not therefore am I short

Of knowing what I aught; he who receives

Light from above, from the fountain of light,

No other doctrine needs, though granted true;

But these are false, or little else but dreams,

Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

The first and wisest of them all profess'd
56 Paradise Regain'd. Book IV.

To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease:
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lifts, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets
An empty cloud. However many books
Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As Children gathering pibles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Musick or with Poem, where so soon
As in our native Language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strewn'd
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in Babylon,
That please'd so well our Victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing.
The vices of their Deities, and their own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove the swelling Epithetes thick laid
As varnish on a Harlot's cheek; the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is praise'd aright, and God-like men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints:
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee;
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Their Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
And lovers of their Country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of Civil Government
In their Majestic unaffected stile
Than all the Oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easieft learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a King.
So spake the Son of God; but Satan now quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent, thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts, Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught By me propos'd in life contemplative, or active, tended on by glory, or fame, What dost thou in this world? the wilderness for thee is fittest place, I found thee there, And thither will return thee, yet remember What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause to wish thou never hadst rejected thus nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid, Which wou'd have set thee in short time with ease on David's throne, or throne of all the world, Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, when prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd. Now contrary, if I read aught in heav'n, or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars voluminous, or single characters, in their conjunction met, give me to spell, sorrows and labours, opposition, hate, attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries, violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death; a kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom, Real or allegoric I discern not, nor when, eternal sure, as without end, without beginning; for no date perfixed, directs me in the starry rubric set.

So saying he took (for still he knew his pow'r not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness brought back the Son of God, and left him there, feigning.
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowing night
Her shad'wy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep, and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but ruth'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the next Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill waft thou shrouded then.
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'lt unappal'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger stil'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grizzly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or drooping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green.

After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.

Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my self
Was diistant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
This Tempest at this Desart most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way

Of gaining David's Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightiest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's Scepter get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

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

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatning nigh, what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'ft thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
And storm'd refusal'd, thinking to terrifie
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To
To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announce'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of th' Angelic Song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born,
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my Adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent,
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Book IV. Paradise Regain'd.

Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To th' utmost of meer man both wise and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin.

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of Hippogrif bore through the Air sublime
Over the Wilderness and o'er the Plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy City lifted high her Tow'rs,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster, top'd with Golden Spires:
There on the highest Pinnacle he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,
Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, left at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God; he said and stood,
But Satan smitten with amazement fell,
As when Earth's Son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Iraffá strove

With
Paradise Regain'd. Book IV

With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th'Air, expir'd and fell:
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his Victors fall.

And as that Theban Monster that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
Cafh her self headlong from th'Ismenian steep;
So stroke with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
Joyless Triumphals of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.

So Satan fell; and strait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasie station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down:
On a green bank, and set before him spred
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst: and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd
Book IV. Paradise Regain'd.

In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habit or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his Army, now thou haft aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-instat
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her Gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demonic holds, possession soul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Left he command them down into the deep Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both Worlds,

Queller
PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heav'ny Feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
Home to his Mother's house private return'd.

THE END.
Samson Agonistes,
A
Dramatick Poem.

The AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON.


Tragödia est imitatio actionis seriae, &c. Per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum imitationem.
Of that sort of Dramatick Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

R A G E D Y, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, 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 Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle St. Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. 15. 33. and Paremus 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.
between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny. Augustus Cesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitl'd, 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 Comick stuff with Tragick sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that Chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd
call'd by the Greeks Monostrophick, or rather, Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Musick, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd Allo-
strophia. 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 style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum: they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.
The Argument.

Amson made Captive, Blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, 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 Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaimed by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time
time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa 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.

Manoa, the Father of Samson.

Dalila his Wife.

Harapha of Gath.

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.
Samson Agonistes.

Amf. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common Prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a Prisner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The Air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To Dagon their Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their Superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present

E 2

Times
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold  
Twice by an Angel; who at last in sight  
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended  
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring 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  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die  
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,  
Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task,  
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd  
Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philisian yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the Mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philisian yoke.  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine Prediction: what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but my self?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the Seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a Woman must reveal it,  
O'ermome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burthensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule.
But to subserve where wisdom bears command,
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will.

Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of light, of thee I most complain!
Blind among Enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the Soul,
She all in ev'ry part; why was the fight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
So obvious and so easie to be quench'd,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
My self, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of Life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over?
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and foil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That Heroick, that Renown'd,
Irresistible
Irresistible Samson, whom unarm'd stand?
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
Ran on im battl'd Armies clad in Iron,
And weaponless himself;
Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and flock of mail
Adamantine Proof;
But safest he who stood aloof;
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of Palestin,
In Ramath-lechib famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore
The Gates of 'Azza, Post, and massie 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 Heavn.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy Bondage or lost Sights,
Prison within Prison
Inseparable dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul (plain'd)
(Which Men enjoying fight oft without cause com-
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
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!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high estate,
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdu'd the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

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

_Chor_. He spake, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of _Israel_, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From _Eshtael_ and _Zora's_ fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

_Sams_. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Supercription (of the most)
I would be understood) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Not to be found, though fought, Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd
My Vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman? tell me, Friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
In ev'ry street, do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

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

Samf. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my Parents; that I sought to wed,
The daughter of an Infidel; they knew not
That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The Marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's Deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.

She proving false, the next I took to Wife

(O that I never had! fond wish too late,)

Was in the Vale of Sorec, Dalila,

That specious Monster, my accomplish'd snare.

I thought it lawful from my former act,

And the same end; still watching to oppress

Israel's Oppressors: of what now I suffer

She was not the prime cause, but I my self,

Who vanquish't with a peal of words (O weakness!)

Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke

The Philistin, thy Country's Enemy,

Thou never waft remiss, I bear thee witness:

Yet Israel still serves with all his Sons.

Sam. 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,

Acknowldg'd not, or not at all consider'd

Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side

Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,

The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem

To count them things worth notice, till at length

Their Lords the Philistins with gather'd pow'rs

Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then

Safe to the rock of Esham was retir'd,

Not flying, but fore-casting in what place

To set upon them what advantag'd best.

Mean while the men of Judah to prevent

The harass of their Land beset me round;

I willingly on some conditions came

Into
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis’d a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touched with the flame: on their whole Host I flew
Unarm’d, and with a trivial weapon fell’d
Their choicest youth; they only liv’d who fled.
Had Judah that day join’d, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this possess’d the Towns 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,
Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais’d
As their Deliverer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the Fort of Penuel
Their great Deliverer contemn’d,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish’d Kings:
And how ingratitudeful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell’d their pride
In that sore battle, when so many dy’d
Without Reprieve adjudg’d to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

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

Chor.
Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to Men;
Unless there be who think not God at all,
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.

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

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

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroick Nazarite
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaste.
Down Reason then, at least vain reasoning down,
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy rev'rend Sire
With careful step, 'Locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Samson, Ay me, another inward grief awak’d
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, toward your once glory’d friend,
My Son now Captive, hither hath inform’d
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As earst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown’d
The dread of Israel’s foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk’d their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell’d their Armies rank’d in proud array,
Himself an Army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm’d
At one spear’s length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good

Pray’d
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,
Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcame, led bound,
Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor and Blind,
Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it for honours sake of former deeds.

Samf. Appoint not heav'ly disposition, Father,
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I my self have brought them on,
Sole Author, I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy:
This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd
But warn'd by oft experience; did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of Nuptial love profest, carrying it straignt
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay ftor'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 undissimulated hate) with what contempt
She thought to make me Traitor to my self;
Yet the fourth time, when mustring all her wiles,
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But soul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n.
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degen'rate 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'ft
Find some occasion to infect our Foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our Foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'ft, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy pow'rt true; and thou bear'ft
Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly haft thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,

This day the Philistines a pop'lar Feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great Pomp and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands;
Them out of thine, who slew'ft them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,
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,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy Father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advance'd his praises high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of Idolifts, and Atheifts; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenfe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not.
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
I as a Prophecy receive; for God,
[words
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his Name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou muft not in the mean while here forgot
Lye in this miserable loathsom plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philifian Lords with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge

By
By pains and flav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

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

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

Home
Home to thy country and his Sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy off' rings, to avert
His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

_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,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
The Sons of _Anack_, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hollow pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine, who shored me
Like a tame Weither, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n and disarm'd among mine enemies.

_Chor._ 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 flavour or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men,
Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

_Sams._ Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ætherial of Heav'n's fiery rod.
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying thirst, and refreshed; nor envy'd them the grape whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. 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.

Samson. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat against another object more enticing? What boots it at one gate to make defence, and at another to let in the Eoe Effeminately vanquish'd; by which means, now blind, dishonour'd, dishonour'd, quell'd, to what can I be useful, wherein serve my Nation, and the work from Heaven imposed, but to sit idle on the Household hearth, a burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze, or pity'd object, these redundant locks robustious to no purpose clustring down, vain monument of strength; till length of years and sedentary numness craze my limbs to a contemptible old Age obscure. Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread, till vermin or the draff of servile food consume me, and oft invoked death hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve Philistians with that gift which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them? Better at home lye bed-rid, not only idle, inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r from
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t’allay  
After the brunt of Battel, can as easie  
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
Mirac’lous yet remaining in those locks?  
His might continues in thee not for naught,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.  

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,  
Nor th’ other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of her self;  
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 humours black,  
That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
Must not omit a Father’s timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.  

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

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

I was his nurfing once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by Heav'ny message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now 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
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor
Nor am I in the lift of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wise  
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,  
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life:  
Consolatories writ  
With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought,  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,  
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

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

Nor only doft degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'ft them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
Oft leav'ft them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and prophane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:
Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'lt them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.

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

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Female of sex it seems,

That
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately Ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier,
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 scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian Matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy Wife.

Samson. My Wife, my Tray'tress, let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd.
About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil:
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
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event that I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To light'n what thou suff'rest, and appease

Thy
Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
Though late, yet in some part to recom pense
My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

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

Daphne: Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less,
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way,
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;
Nor should'ft thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parl,
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censur'e thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thy self was found.
And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealoufie of Love, powerful of sway,
In human hearts, not less in mine to'wards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd left one day thou wou'dst leave me
As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmeft:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprizes,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow's bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the Philistins,
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in Love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd:
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samson. How cunningly the Sorcerer displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example;
I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
I to my self was false ere thou to me:
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deeds, 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
Philisian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What Murtherer, what Traitor, Parricide,
Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickednes is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;
My love how cou'dst thou hope, who took'st the way
To rai'st in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have 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, threatn'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion, press'd how just it was
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such Numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods-
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
T'oppose against such pow'ful Arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate;
And combated in silence all their reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
So rise and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the publick good
Private respects must yield; with grave authority
Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

Samson. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrifie.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbofom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband?
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest:
Being once a Wife, for me thou wert to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy Country fought of thee, it fought unjustly.
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy Country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our Country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee:
To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes:
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own Deity, Gods they cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

_Dal._ In argument with Men a Woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

_Samf._ For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peels.

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

Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd;
So much of Adders wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy Sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'ft hate me:
Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How would'ft 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 would'ft thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will.

F 4  In
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This Gaol I count the House of Liberty
To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter.

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

Sam. Not for thy life, left fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falsnood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treason: to farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
SAMSON AGONISTES

With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath
I shall be nam'd among the famousst
Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose:
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours visited and annual flow'rs;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping through the Temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The publick marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have shewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own:

Chor. 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
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrestie, my safety and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange pow'r;
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possest, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

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

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amply best merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way foever Men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samfon, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing fit.

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,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had thorn the fatal Harvest of thy Head:
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for hafte unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
Or value what is best
In choice, but ofteft to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mixt,
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'ny under virgin Veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a Thorn
Intestine, war within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Embarq'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?

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

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

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

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

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue

Draws
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The Giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

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

Chor. 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
That Kariathaim held, thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or lifted field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

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

Har. Doft thou already single me? I thought
Gieves 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 Ass's Jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms.
Or left thy carcass where the Ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unfore-skin'd race, o' the whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

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

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

Sam. Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
A Weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an Oak' n-staff will meet thee,
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt with thy self at Gath to boast

Again
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durft not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest Heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some Magician's Art [Heav'n
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Feign'dst at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair,
Where strength can left abide, though all thy Hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruffl'd Procupines.

Sam. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No les through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these Magick spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th'utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, what e're he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them...
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee into the common Prison, there to grind, Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades, As good for nothing else, no better service With those thy boyft'rous locks, no worthy match For valour to affail, nor by the sword Of noble Warrior, so to stain his honour, But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

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

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting He will accept thee to defend his cause, A Murtherer, a Revoler, and a Robber.

Samf. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me[these?]

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords? Their Magistrates confess it, when they took thee As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed Notorious murther on those thirty men At Askalon, who never did thee harm, Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes? The Philisins, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking, To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sam. Among the Daughters of the Philistins I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe; And in your City held my Nuptial Feast: But your ill-meaning Politician Lords, Under pretence of bridal friends and guests, Appointed to await me thirty Spies, Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the Bride To wring from me and tell to them my secret, That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. When I perceiv'd all set on enmity, As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd; I us'd hostility, and took their spoil To pay my underminers in their coin: My Nation was subjected to your Lords; It was the force of Conquest; force with force Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can, But I a private person, whom my Country As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd Single Rebellion, and did hostile Acts. I was no private but a person rais'd With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n To free my Country; if their servile minds Me their deliverer sent would not receive, But to their Masters gave me up for naught, 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 offence Had not disabl'd me, not all your force: These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts, Who now defies thee thrice to single fight, As a petty enterprife of small enforce.
Hor. With thee, a man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd, Due by the Law to capital punishment? To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sam. Can't 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.

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

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

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

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

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

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

Sam. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood, Though fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons, All of Gigantick size, Goliab chief.
Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

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

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long oppressed!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
He all their Ammunition
And feats of War defeats,
With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their Armories and Magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd
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
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,

damson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but fight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom Patience finally must crown.
This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I 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
A Publick Officer, and now at hand,
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the Pris'ner Samzon here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samzon, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn Feast,

With
SAMSON AGONISTES.

With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games; Thy strength they know surpassing human race, And now some publick proof thereof require To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly: 

Rise therefore with all speed and come along, Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry fort Of Gymnicks Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners, Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers, But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd, And over-labour'd at their publick Mill, To make them sport with blind activity? Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels On my refusal to distress me more, Or make a game of my calamities? Return the way thou cam'ft, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Sams. My self? my conscience and internal peace. Can they think me so broken, so debas'd With corporal servitude, that my mind ever Will condescend to such absurd commands? Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester, And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief To shew them feats, and play before their god,
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?

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

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

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

Sam. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols?
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

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

Sam. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.
Ch. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile not.

_Sams._ Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the Temple of Dagon, [holds, Not dragging? the Philisian Lords command. Commands are no constrains. 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 jealousie 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'ft not doubt.

_Chor._ How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

_Sams._ Be of good courage, I begin to feel Some rouzing motions in me, which dispose To something extraordinary my thoughts. I with this Messenger will go along, Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite. If there be aught of presage in the mind, This day will be remarkable in my life By some great act, or of my days the last.

_Chor._ In time thou haft 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 publick Mill our drudge, And dar'ft thou at our sending and command Dispute thy coming? come without delay; Or we shall find such Engines to affail

And
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou art firmler fast'n'd than a Rock.

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

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

_Samf._ Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, left it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not: Lords are Lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:
No less the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable,
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation or my self,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.
Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send 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 rufht on thee
In the Camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wond’rous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement hi-
Was not at present here to find my Son,
[ther
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their Feast;
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Left I should see him forc’d to things unseemly:
But that which mov’d my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

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

Man.
Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Fathers 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
They easily would set to sale; a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom was propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

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

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

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son are bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car't how to nurse thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eye-fight lost.

**Man.** It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobl'd
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 hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him farther yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-fight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-fight to his strength.

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

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

**Chor.** 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.** Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noise.
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son!
Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

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

Chor. Best keep together here, left running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth,
This evil on the Philistins is fall'n,
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-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?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

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

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

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

Meff. O whither shall I run, or which way flie
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Which erft my eyes beheld and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But Providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard 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.

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

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

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

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

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

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

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

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

Mess. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroyed;
The Edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.
Man. O lastly over-strong against thy self!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
The Morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little had I dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in seats and games.
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half-round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of fort, might fit in order to behold;
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds, under Skie might stand;
I among those aloof obscurely stood.
The Feast and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a publick servant brought,
In their state Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Risted the Air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him; came to the place, and what was set before him which without help of eye might be assay'd, to heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd all with incredible, stupendious force.

None daring to appear Antagonist. At length for intermission sake they led him between the Pillars; he his guide requested (for so from such as nearer stood we heard) as over-tir'd, to let him lean a while with both his arms on those two massie Pillars, that to the arched roof gave main support.

He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd, and eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd; or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.

At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud, Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd. I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying, nor without wonder or delight beheld: now of my own accord such other trial!

I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater, as with amaze shall strike all who behold. This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd, as with the force of winds and waters pent, when Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars with horrible confusion to and fro, He tugg'd, he took, 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 Philisian City round met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.

Samson
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself; 1660
The volgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou waft foretold
To Israel, and now ly'ft victorious 1665
Among thy slain self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before. 1670

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells 1675
In Silo his bright Sanctuary:
Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer. 1680
They only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine, 1685
As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor.
Samson Agonistes

Semichor. But he though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as ev'n ing Dragon came,
Assailant on the perched rooff's,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatick Fowl, but as an Eagle
His cloudlefs thunder bolted on their heads,
So virtue giv'n for loft,
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begott'n Bird
In the Arabian woods embott,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay eie while a Holocauft,
From out her aslire womb now teem'd,
Revives, refloreshes, then vigorous moft
When most inactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samfon hath quit himself
Like Samfon, and heroickly hath finish'd
A life Heroick, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of Chapter
Through all Philifian bounds: To Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion:
To himself and Father's house eternal fame:
And which is best and happiest yet, all this

With
SAMSON AGONISTES.

With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breasts, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the Body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lauers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clodded gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyrick Song.
Thither shall all the valiant Youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
SAMSON AGONISTES. 131

Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist.
His uncontrollable intent,
His servant he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event.
With peace and consolation hath dismiss’d,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

1755

THE END.
POEMS, &c.
UPON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
IN
ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.
Compos'd at several times.

By Mr. JOHN MILTON.

---Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virgil. Eclog. 7.
LYCIDAS.

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 foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
   And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watry bier

Unwept,
Poems on several Occasions.

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.
For we were nurtur'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'n's descent had flop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough Satyrs dance'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damasetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to their soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop 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:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

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

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

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

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah; who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two mazy Keys he bore of metals twain,
Toombs on fever occasions, 139
(The Golden opes, the Iron fhuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake;
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies fake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped
And when they lift, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scran nel Pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But fwofn with wind, and the rank mift they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forfaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jeflamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freak; with jeat,

The
The glowing Violet,
The Musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that fad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where e're thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds; weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead;
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nestor pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the Saints above,
Toems on several Occasions. 141

In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes 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 Dorick lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western Bay:
At last he rose, and twich'd his Mantle blew;
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

L'Allegro.

ENCE loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn—
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find, out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;

There
Toems on fever occasions,

There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,

As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,

In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosine,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth;

With two Sifer Graces more

To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some Sages sing)

The frollick Wind that breathes the Spring,

Zephr with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a Maying,

There on beds of Violets blue,

And fresh-blown Roses waft in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,

So bucksom, blith, and debonnair.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity;

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,

Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple fleck;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go

On the light fantastick toe,

And in thy right hand lead with thee

The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unreproved pleasures free;

To hear the Lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull night,
Poems on several Occasions.

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the Barn-dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft lift'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his scythe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures;
Russet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring Clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers and Battlements it sees
Boosom’d high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where Corydon and Thrysis met,
Are at their favoury dinner set
Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thesylis to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier Season lead
To the tann’d Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer’d shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch’d, and pull’d, she said,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flale hath thresh’d the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend:
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 Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such fights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If Johnson's learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
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
Of heart Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

ENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possefs,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'er-laid with black stuffd Wisdom's hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's Sister might be seem.
Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
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,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cypress Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With ev'n step, and musing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
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;
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 hift along,
'Lefs *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 Oke;
Sweet Bird that shunn'ft the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress of the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way;
And o'ft as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfew* sound,
Over some wide-water'd shooar,
Swinging slow with fullen roar;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit;
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowsie charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal Mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Muses from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambusean bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarlfe,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glafs,
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if ought else, great Bards beside,
In fage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and Incantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,

Thus—
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Chercheft in a comely Cloud,
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.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
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,
Hide me from Day's gairish eye,
While the Bee with honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such confort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I awake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillar massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voiced Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy Gown and mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.
Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Haresfield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.

I. 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 misconceived: This, this is she To whom our vows and wishes bend, Here our solemn search hath end. Fame that her high worth to raise, Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse, We may justly now accuse Of detraction from her praise; Less than half we find express'd, Envy bid conceal the rest. Mark what radiant state she spreads, In circle round her shining throne, Shooting her beams like silver threads: This, this is she alone, Sitting like a Goddess bright, In the center of her light.
Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the towred Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds.
Who had thought this clime had held
A Deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,
And turning toward them, speaks.

Say gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung.
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice,
Stole under Seas to meet his Arethusa;
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 honour and devotionment.
To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brushe off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
154 Poems on several Occasions.

Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseld horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless:
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That fit upon the nine enfolded Spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,
What ere the skill of lesser gods can shew,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.
2. SONG.

O RE the smooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.

Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her Deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's Lillied banks.
On old Lycaus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your losf deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Manalus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though Syrinx your Pan's Miftress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.
A MASK
PRESENTED
At LUDLOW-Castle,
1634.
BEFORE
The Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then President of WALES.
The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wootton, to the
Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

S I R,

I was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and,
160 A Letter from Sir H. Wootton.

and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipfa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer.

For the work it self I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal; according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorough the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravelend Barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangeld, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest:
A Letter from Sir H. Wootton. 161

Tempeft: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri frettì, & il vifo sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.
The Persons.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1 Brother.

2 Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented, were,

The Lord Bracly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.
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 aereal Spirits live inspher'd
In Regions mild of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on Sainted seats.

Yet
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not foil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles,
That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to several Government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
And wield their little Tridents; but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the Main;
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun.

A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's state,
And new-entrusted 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 wandring Passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

*Bacchus,*
Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
Cruft the sweet poyfon of mis-used Wine,
After the Tuscan Mariners transform’d,
Coafting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds lifted,
On Circe’s Island fell; (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed Cup
Whoever tafted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz’d upon his cluttring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath’d, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam’d,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the Celtick and Iberian fields,
At laft betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbown’d,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off’ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of Phæbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count’nance,
Th’ express resemb lance of the Gods, is chang’d
Into some brutifh form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaft themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget.
To roll with pleasure in a fensual ftie.
Therefore when any favour’d of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as a Sparkle of a glancing Star
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my skie robes spun out of Iris Wool, 
And take the weeds and likeness of a Swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

**Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other; with him a rout of Monsters headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.**

**Comus.** The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantick stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and revelry,
Tipsie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and souter Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie:
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath Night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
Dark vail'd Cotytto, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.
To ems on feveral Occasions.

And to the tell-tale Sun defcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some craft footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling Spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, left the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Win me into the easy-hearted man,
And hag him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear some harmless Villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And harken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamefome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading fav'rous of these Pines,
Stept as they said to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else O theevilh night,
Why should'ft 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 everlafting oil, to give due light
To the mis-led and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my lift'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Poems on several Occasions.

Of calling-shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands and Shoars, and desart Wildernesles.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemisht form of Chastity;
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as flavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noife as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By low Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-imbroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry Cave,
Tell
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphair,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the Raven dounne
Of darkness till it sim'd: I have oft heard
My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd Soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Sylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the Sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddes that in rural shrine
Dwell'd here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.
La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending Ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
Poems on several Occasions.

How to regain my fever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darkness, and this leafy Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from near ushering guides?
La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.
Co. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!
Co.Imports their loss, beside the present need?
La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling Vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-astook,
And as I paft, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. La. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co. 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,
Poems on several Occasions.

Would over-task the best Land-Pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest. La. Shepherd, I take thy word;
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, than in tap'ftry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye saint Stars, and thon fair Moon
That won'tst to love the Travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness, and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper
Though a Rush-Candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light.

3

And
And thou shalt be our Star of Arcady,
Of Tyrian Cynosure. 2 Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous bows.
But O that hapless Virgin! our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her Boulster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man foretell his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincip'd in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of reft
Were all too ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May fit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul, and soul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desart Cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And fits as safe as in a Senat House:
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To safe her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of Mifers Treasure by an Outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless Maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Left some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sifter.

Eld. 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
Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

My Sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

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

Eld. 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:

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No Savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns jag'd with horr'd shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlay'd Ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at Curfew time,

No Goblin, or swart Fairy 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 testifie the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,

Where
7oems on several Occasions.

Wherewith she tam’d the brinded Lioness,
And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought:
The frivolous bolt of Cupid: gods and men
Fear’d her stern frown, and she was Queen o’th’ Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wife Minerva wore, unconquer’d Virgin,
Wherewith she freeze’d her foes to congeal’d stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity;
And noble grace that dash’d brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw:
So dear to Heav’n is Saintly Chastity,
That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt:
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear:
Till oft converse with heav’ly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th’ outward shape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul’s essence;
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk;
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
Lingring, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loth to leave the Body that it lov’d,
And linkt it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
178 Poems on several Occasions.

But musical as is Apollo's Lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, I hear
Some far off hollow break the silent Air.

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

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some Neighbour Woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving Robber calling to his fellows.

2 Bro. Heav'n keep my Sister. Agen, agen, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hollow;
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.
That hollow I should know, what are you? speak.
Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrfs? whose artful strains have oft delaid
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweet'n'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam'ft thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling Weither the pen't flock forsook?
How could'ft thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. 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 inrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld.
Poems on several Occasions.

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,

(Though so esteem'd by shalow ignorance)

What the sage Poets, taught by th' Heav'nlly Muse,

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,
Inimur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer 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 fly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by 'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
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
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I fate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing found
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
Deny her Nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
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 oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wizard hid in fly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The idleless innocent Lady his wisht prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd ye
Were the two she meant, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here.
Toems on several Occasions.

But surer know I not. 2 Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not inthralld;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to it self,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rot'tness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just Sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the grievous legions that troop
Under the footy flag of Acheron,
Harpyes and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a soul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise;
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of Hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durft thou then thy self approach so near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would fit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he call'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright Golden floure, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hamony, and gave it me,
And bid me keep it as of Sov'raign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp.

Or gSaftly furies apparition:
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, though disquis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells.

And
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the Necromancer's Hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the lushtious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand, though he and his curlt crew
Fierce sign of Battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of Vulcan vomit smoak,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. 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 Musick, Tables
spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his
rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to
whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and
goes about to rise.

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

La. Fool, do not boast,
Thou can't not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haft immanucl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. 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
Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-seas'on.
And firt behold this cordial Julep here

That
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That flames and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
Not that Nepentes which the Wife of Thone,
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
Haft thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With visor'd fallhood, and base forgery,
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to insnare a brute?
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.
O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To thofe budge Doctors of the Stoick Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abftinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With fuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with fpawn innumerable,
But all to please, and fate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of Spinning Worms,
That in their green fshops weave the fmoother'd filk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baftards, not her sons,
Who would be quite furncharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with
The herds would over-multitude their Lords, [plumes,
The Sea o'erfraught would fwell, and th' unsought Dia-
Would fo emblaze the forehead of the Deep, [monds
And fo bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laft
To gaze upon the Sun with shamelefs brows.
Lift Lady, be not coy, and be not cofen'd
With that fame vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is Nature's coyn, muft not be hoooded,
But muft be current, and the good thereof.
Poems on several Occasions.

Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unfavourable in the enjoyment of it self;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
What need a vermil-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 judgement, as mine eyes,
Oblitering false Rules, pranckt in Reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride;
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she good cateress
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His
Toems on several Occasions.

His praise due paid; for swinish glutony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But withbespotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shoul'dst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot,
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetoric
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood:
Poems on several Occasions.

But this will cure all fright, 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, rest 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.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape? O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd, And backward mutters of dislevering power, We cannot free the Lady that sits here In sty'ne fetters fixt, and motionless; Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me, Some other means I have which may be us'd, Which once of Melibæus old I learnt, The foothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains. There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence, That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream, Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure; Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine, That had the Scepter from his Father Brute. She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit, Of her enraged Stepdame Guendolen, Commended her fair innocence to the flood. That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course, The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid, Held up their pearled wrists and took her in, Bearing her fright to aged Nereus Hall, Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head, And gave her to his daughters to imbathe In nectar'd lavers strew'd with Asphodil, And through the porch and inlet of each sense Dropt in Ambrosial Oyls till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
Her Maid'n gentleness, and oft at Eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blast, and ill luck signs
That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals,
For which the Shepherds at their Festivals
Carrol her goodness lowd in rustick lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of Pancies, 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
To aid a Virgin, such as was her self;
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,

 Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent Wave,
 In twisied Braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
 Listen for dear Honour's sake,
 Goddess of the Silver Lake,
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestick pace,
By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,

By
Poems on several Occasions.

By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old tooth-saying Glauceus spell,
By Lucothea's lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the strands,
By Theseus tinsel slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she fits 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 roseate head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and havo.

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the azure sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emerald green
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the Cowslip's Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.
Poems on several Occasions.

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

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

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

spir. Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorched thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roil ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terras round,
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 Sorcerer us intice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless found,
Till we come to holier ground,
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence; and beside
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But Night sits Monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle, then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, Shepherds, back, anough your play,
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck, or nod,
Other trippings to be tred
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

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

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-bofom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
There eternal Summer dwells,
And West winds, with musky wing

About
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and Roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly 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,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.
ON THE
MORNING
OF
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

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

II.
That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

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

IV.
See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'rn-born-child.
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle Air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere.
His ready Harbinger,
Poems on several Occasions,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battail's sound
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovrain Lord was by.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,

K 3 And
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened World no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger stroke,
Divinely warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their Souls in blissful rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

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

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
Toems on several Occasions.

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

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

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal spheres,
Once bless our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full comfort to th' Angelick symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.
Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow, and like glories wearing:
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
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.

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

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast,
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.

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

XIX.
The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
Apollo from his thrine
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're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.
In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying found
Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.
Peor and Baalim
Forfaie their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine,

K 5

And
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
  Now fits not gilt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamus mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows drear
  His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisy King,
  In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis, haft.

XXIV.

Nor is Osris seen
In Memphian Grove, or Green,
  Trampling the unsho'rd Grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
  Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The fable-foled Sorcerers bear his worship'd Ark.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows
Poems on several Occasions.

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th’infernal Jail,
Each fetter’d Ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov’d maze.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:
Heav’n’s youngest teemed Star
Hath fix’d her polish’d Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his, dying of a Cough.

I.

O fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelessly,
Summer’s chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lafted
Bleak winter’s force that made thy blossom drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill’d, alas, and then bewail’d his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boistrous rape th’ Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,

If
Toems on several Occasions.

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was

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

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

V.
Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.
Resolve me then, oh Soul most purely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where-ere thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving Sphere;
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were)
Poems on several Occasions.

O 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't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful 

love in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstate?
Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall
Of sheenie 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
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-rob'd Truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudie throne to do the World some good?

IX.
Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode flie back with speed,
As if to shew 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,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence;
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.
Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrow's wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent:
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the World's last end shall make thy name to live.

Anno Aetatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounced slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last;
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:

But
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeft treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
Which take our late fantaficks with delight;
But call 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
Till thou haft 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,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit found:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav’ns door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
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 Sire:
Then passing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey’d Neptune raves,
In Heav’n’s defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of Kings and Queens and Hero’s old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn Songs at King Alcinous feast,
While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest.
To ems on several Occasions.

Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compafs 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 Pradicaments his ten Sons,
whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens,
thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'ft still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wisely could presage,
And in Time's long and dark Prospective Glass
Fore-saw what future days should bring to pafs;
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling;
And those that cannot live from him afunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap:
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose his Gordian knot?

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 gulphie Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Arms along the indented Meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or rockie Avon, or of sedgie Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians Name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame.
The rest was Prose.
The \textbf{P A S S I O N}.

I.

ERE while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'ly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shortn'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 wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He fov'n Prieft stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethren's side.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my \textit{Phaebus} bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, otherwhere are found;
Loud o're the rest Cremona's Trump doth sound;
Toems on several Occasions.

Me softer airs beft, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.
Befriend me Night, beft Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flattering fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have washed a wannish white.

VI.
See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the Towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my Soul in holy vision fit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick 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,
Yet on the softened Quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

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

Might
Poems on several Occasions.

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

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

On TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the Supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O

Upon Time.
Upon the Circumcision.

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

Left pair of sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantastie present
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devote and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscovering voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.
AN

EPITAPh

ON THE

Marchioness of Winchester.

This rich Marble doth enter
The honour'd Wife of Winchester,
A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight have one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage-feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce-well-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd Mother's Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal flow'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this day travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the World encrease,
Shortned haste thy own life's lease;
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Herse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Cænæ,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high first in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian Shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light.
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint;
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. On May Morning.

NOW the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and Youth and warm desire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and with thee long.
On Shakespear. 1630.

What needs my Shakespeare, for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Haft built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endevouring art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Doft make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp doft lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University Carrier, who sickn'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,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had ta'ne up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'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,
Hob'is has fupt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of sphær-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas't, he ended stray.
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 haften'd on his term:
Meerly to drive the time away, he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I may'n't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,

BUT
220 Poems on several Occasions.

But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He 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 even to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were press't to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings laisted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this Supercription.

On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff Vows renounce'd his Liturgie,
To seize the widow'd whore Pluralitie,
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:

But
Poems on several Occasions.

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 bank your Ears,
And succour our just Fears:
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ Large.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore ir- retitos, affirmat esse miserios.

 Qui multâ gracilis te puer in resâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebis, & aspera
Nigris aquara ventis
Emirabitur in solens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ?
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aura
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites, met tabulâ facer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspensisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

The
The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

Rendred 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 odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'ft thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain; and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

SON-
SONNET I.
To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'ft at eve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart doft fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in Love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretel my hopeles doom in some Grove ny;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief; yet hadft no reason why,
Whether the Mufe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONNET II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene e colui d'ogni valore scarco

L 4
Poems on several Occasions.

Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'insiora.

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

SONNET III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l' herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disfusa spera

Four di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco insu la lingua snello
Deста il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,

Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perché scrivi,
Perché tu scriver in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggianto d'amor, e come t'osì?

Dinne,
Di now, se la tua spera sia mai vana,
E de pensier lo miglior t’arrivi;
Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t’aspettan, & altre onde.
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L’immortal guiderdon d’eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchi a doma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi.
Dice mia Donna, e’l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

SONNET IV.

Diodati, e te’l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch’amor spreggar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia eaddi, ov’huom dabben talbor s’impiglia.
Ne trecie d’ore, ne guancia vermiglia
M’abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza ch’el cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d’ amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua più d’una,
E’l cantar che di mezzo l’ hemisfero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auenta si gran fuoco
Che l’incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

SONNET V.

Per certo i bei vostr’occhi, Donna mia
E’fer non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come el suole
Per l’arene di Libia chi s’invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti priia)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
SONNET 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,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l' insanabil ago.

SONNET VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How soon hath Time, the suttle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And
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 ev’n
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav’n.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-Master’s eye.

SONNET VIII.
To the Soldier, to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may sease,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these;
And he can spread thy name o’er Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Sun’s bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad Eletra’s Poet had the power
To save th’ Athenian Walls from ruin bare.

SONNET IX.
To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely haft shun’d the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav’nyly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Cho-
Tooms on several Occasions.

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 fixt and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Haft gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

SONNET X.

To the Lady Margaret Lee, Daughter to the
Earl of Marlborough.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till fad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him; as that dishonest victory
At Charonea, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possesst them, Honour'd Margaret.

S O N-
SONNET XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

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,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not Learning worse than Toad or Afp;
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward

[Greek,]

SONNET 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 Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Dogs:
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born Progenie,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in see.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hogs;
That bawle for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.

Licence
Toems on several Occasions.

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.

SONNET XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse; and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phæbus Quire
That tun'st the happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

SONNET XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd life, which us from Life doth sever!
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour

Staid
Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;  
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and blits for ever.  

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so dreft,  
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams  
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

SONNET XV.

On General Fairfax.

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms thro' Europe rings,  
And fills all mouths with Envy or with Praise,  
And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze  
And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;  
Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings  
Victory home, while new Rebellions raise  
Their Hydra Heads, and the false North displays  
Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.

O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand,  
For what can War but acts of War still breed,  
Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,  
And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand  
Of publick fraud. In vain does Valour bleed,  
While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

SONNET XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in Years, but in sage Councils old,  
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
Poems on several Occasions.

The Helm of Rome (when Gowns not Arms repel'd
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold)
Whether to settle Peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow States, hard to be spell'd.
Then to advise how War may be best upheld,
Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
In all her Equipage: Besides to know (done:
What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.

SONNET XVII.

To O. Cromwell.

Cromwell our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd
Not of War only, but Distractions rude,
(Guided by Faith and matchless Fortitude)
To Peace and Truth thy glorious way haft plow'd,
And fought God's Battles, and his Works pursu'd,
While Darwent Streams with blood of Scots imbru'd,
And Dunbar field resound thy Praises loud,
And Worcester's Laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace has her Victories,
No less than those of War. New Foes arise,
Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains:
Help us to save free Conscience from the Paw
Of hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

S. O. N-
SONNET 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 worship't Stocks and Stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient 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 how,
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

SONNET XIX.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these Eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of Sight, their seeing have forgot.
Nor to their idle Orbes does day appear,

Or Sun, or Moon, or Stars throughout the year;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's Hand, or Will; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but still bear up, and steer

Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The Conscience, friend, 't have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Whereof
SONNET XX.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent with his death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uselesse, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, left he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoak, 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.

SONNET XXI.

To Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of Cromwell's Council.

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a fullen day? what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and cloath in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
Poems on several Occasions.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, 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.

SONNET XXII.
On Cyriack Skinner.

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

SONNET XXIII.
On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Poems on several Occasions.

Rescued from death by force though pale and faint,
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came vesture all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid est piscium Salo,
Qui frigidâ Hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Veârum misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartâque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cuculos praefertes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque & Decus Salmasii,
Gestetis ut per omne ceterum forum
Equitis clientes, scrinis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.

Brutus
Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Request thus:

_Diva potens nemorum,_ &c.

_Goddess of Shades, and Huntresses, who at will Walk'st on the lowring Spheres, and thro' the deep, On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell What Land, what seat of rest thou bid'st me seek, What certain Seat, where I may worship thee For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Quires.

_To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a Vision that Night, thus answered:_

_Brutus, _sub occasum solis,_ &c.

_Brutus, far to the West in the Ocean wide Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies, Sea-girt it lies, where Gyants dwelt of old, Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting Seat, There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise, And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

_Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno._

_Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause Not thy Conversion, but those rich Domains That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee._
In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,
'Tgainst them that rais'd thee doft thou lift thy Horn,
Impudent Whore, where haft thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill-got Wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at laft his guide him brings
Into a goodly Valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on Earth were lost, or was abus'd.

Then past he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

Horace to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good Man? whom but he
Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great Suits and Controversies,
Whose Witness and Opinion wins the Cause?
But his own House, and the whole Neighbourhood
Sees his soul inside through his whited Skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men
Having to advise the Publick, may speak free,
Which
Poems on several Occasions. 239

Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a State than this?

HORACE.

Valet ima summis
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Power that did create, can change the scene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brightest Glory can eclipse with might;
And place the most obscure in dazling light.

HORACE.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scytha,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.
Injurióso ne pede proruas
Stantem Columnam, nee populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,
All Purple Tyrants honour you;
The very wandring Scythians do.
Support the Pillar of the Roman State,
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
Continue us in Wealth and Peace;
Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

C A.
Toems on several Occasions.

CATULLUS.

Tantò pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.

The worst of Poets I my self declare,
By how much you the best of Patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam?
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magis er artis venter, & Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolosi fpes resulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papa
Minatus uno est dissipare suaflatu,
Cantabit ultra Cardinalitium Melos.

Englifh'd.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering Pye,
To aim at Englifh, and Hundreda cry?
The starving Rascal, flufht with just a hundred
Englifh Jacobus's, Hundreda blundred.
An Outlaw'd King's laft Stock—A hundred more
Wou'd make him pimp for th'Antichristian Whore;
And in Rome's Praise imploy his poison'd Breath,
Who threatened once to f tink the Pope to Death.

PSALM
PSALMI

Done into VERSE, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the Wicked, and i'th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not fate. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fern'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,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.
Psalm II. done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse avain thing, the Kings of th' Earth upstand
With pow'r, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, faith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; The Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruised, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye Judges of the Earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way.
If once his wrath take fire like fuel fierce.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

Psalm.
Lord, how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my support
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
Haft smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Haft broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.
Psalm IV. Aug. 19. 1653.

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

Then
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'ft me dwell.

Psal. V. Aug. 12. 1653

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray,
Jehovah thou my early voice.
Shalt in the morning hear,
I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appears.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes.
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hast; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy House; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low.
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Puff them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

Psalm 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,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who
Poems on several Occasions. 247

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Weared I am with fighting out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

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,
Left as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my Soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought

M. 4. 11
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not free'd my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour soul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,
And wake for me, their fury asswage:
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

M 5

P S A L.

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 breath.

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Haft founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I beheld thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou so bright haft set,
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'ft, and of him art found!
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'ft his lot,
With honour and with state thou haft him crown'd.

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

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

April
April 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

Psalm LXXX.

1. Thou Shepherd that dost Israel keep
   Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of Sheep
   Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That fitt'st between the Cherubs bright
   Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light
   And on our foes thy dread.

2. In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
   And in Manasse's fight,
Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen *
   To save us by thy might.

3. Turn us again, thy grace divine
   To us O God vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
   And then we shall be safe.

4. Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
   How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smoaking wrath, and angry vow *
   Against thy People's prayer.

5. Thou
Toems on several Occasions.

5 Thou feedst them with the bread of tears,
   Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * Shalish.
   Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A strife thou mak'st us, and a prey
   To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
   And * shouts at us they throw. * Jilgnagu.
7 Return us, and thy grace divine
   O God of Hosts vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
   And then we shall be safe.
8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
   Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'lt out Nations, proud and haut,
   To plant this lovely Vine.
9 Thou didn't prepare for it a place,
   And root it deep and fast,
That it began to grow apace,
   And fill'd the Land at last.
10 With her green shade that cover'd all,
   The Hills were over-spread,
Her Bows as high as Cedars tall
   Advanced their lofty head.
11 Her branches on the western side
   Down to the Sea she sent,
And upward to that River wide
   Her other branches went.
12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low,
   And broken down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
   With rudest violence?
13 The tusked Boar out of the Wood
   Up turns it by the roots,
Toems

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

Psal.
Psalm LXXXI.

To God our strength sing loud, and clear,
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring,
The cheerful Psaltery bring along,
And Harp with pleasant string.

3 Blow, as is wont, in the new Moon
With Trumpets lofty sound,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn Feast comes round.

4 This was a Statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe,
A Law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,
When as he pass'd through Egypt Land,
The Tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, and from slavish toyle
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, and mirie soyle,
Deliver'd were by me.

7 When trouble did thee sore affail,
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 * Be Seither ragnam.
With clouds encompass'd round;

This was a Statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe.
A Law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.
Toems on several Occasions. 255

I try'd thee at the water steep
Of Meriba renown'd.
8 Hear, O my People, heark'n a well,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt lift to me,
9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In Honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt Land,
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, whom I lov'd so dear,
Mislk'd me for his choice,
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my People would be wise,
To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would advise,
To walk my righteous ways.
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should then be slain
To bow to him and bend,
But they, his People, should remain,
Their time should have no end.
16 And
Poems on several Occasions.

16 And he would feed them from the shock
   With Flow'rq of finest wheat,
   And satishe them from the rock
   With Honey for their meat.

Psal. LXXXII.

Bagnadath-el.

1 God in the * great * assembly stands
   Of Kings and lordly States,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands
   He judges and debates,
2 How long will ye * pervert the right
   With * judgment false and wrong,
   Favouring the wicked by your might,
   Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless,
   * Dispatch the * poor man's cause,
   And † raise the man in deep distress
   By † just and equal Laws.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
   And rescue from the hands
   Of wicked men the low estate
   Of him that help demands.
5 They know not, nor will understand,
   In darkness they walk on,
   The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
   And * out of order gon.
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.
Poems on several Occasions. 257

8 Rife God, * judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth * redrefs,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all posses.

Psal. LXXXIII.

1 B E not thou silent now at length,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still O God of strength,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy furious foes now * swell,
And * storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee proud and fell
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy People they † contrive
† Their Plots and Counsels deep,
* Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
* Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no Nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themsefes against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Desert dwell,
Poems on several Occasions.

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
   And hateful Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
   Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them great Asshur also bands,
   And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
   To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
   That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as is told
   Thou didst to Jabin's boast,
When at the brook of Kishon old
   They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
   As dung upon the Plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped;
   So let their Princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
   So let their Princes bleed.
12 For they amidst their pride have said,
   By right now shall we seize
God's Houses, and will now invade
   † Their stately Palaces. † Neoth Elohim bears both.
13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
   No quiet let them find;
Giddy and restless let them reel
   Like stubble from the wind.
14 As when an aged wood takes fire,
   Which on a sudden straies,
The greedy Flame runs higher and higher
   Till all the Mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,
   And with thy tempest chase;
Poems on several Occasions. 259

16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
   Lord fill with shame their face.        * They seek thy
17 Asham'd, and troubl'd, let them be,   Name, Heb:
   Troubl'd, and shan'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and escape it never.
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
   Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art one.

Psal. LXXXIV.

How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant Tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
2 My Soul doth long and almost die
   Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
   O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the Sparrow freed from wrong,
   Hath found a house of rest,
The Swallow there, to lay her young,
   Hath built her brooding nest;
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
   They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
   Toward thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
   Where thee they ever praiseth;
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
   And in their hearts thy ways.

They
They pass through Baca’s thirstie Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show’rs abound.

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

Lord God of Hosts hear now my prayer,
O Jacob’s God give ear;
Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.

For one day in thy Courts to be
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joyes of Vanity
A thousand and days at best.

In the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, and rich abode,
With Sin for evermore.

For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory bright
No good from them shall be with-held
Whose ways are just and right.

Lord God of Hosts that reigns on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

Psalm.
Poems on several Occasions. 261

Psal. LXXXV.

1 Thy Land to favour graciously
   Thou hast not Lord been slack,
   Thou hast from hard Captivity
   Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
   That wrought thy People woe,
   And all their Sin, that did thee grieve,
   Hast hid where none shall know.

3 Thine anger all thou hast remov'd,
   And calmly didst return
   From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
   † Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.
   Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
   Turn us, and us restore,
   Thine indignation cause to cease
   Tow'd us, and chide no more.

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
   For ever angry thus?
   Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
   From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and hear our voice,
   And us again * revive,
   * Heb. turn to quicken us.
   That so thy People may rejoice
   By thee preserv'd alive?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
   To us thy mercy shew,
   Thy saving health to us afford,
   And life in us renew.
Poems on several Occasions.

8 And now what God the Lord will speak,
    I will go strait and hear;
For to his People he speaks peace,
    And to his Saints full dear,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
    But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease
    To trespass as before.
9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
    And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our Land.
10 Mercy and Truth that long were mis'd
    Now joyfully are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
    And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the Earth, like to a Flow'r,
    Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r
    Look down on mortal men.
12 The Lord will also then bestow
    Whatever thing is good,
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
    Her fruits to be our food.
13 Before him Righteousness shall go
    His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be slow,
    His footsteps cannot err.

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

Psal.
Psalm LXXXVI.

1. Thy gracious ear, O Lord, encline,
   O hear me, I thee pray,
   For I am poor, and almost pine
   With need, and sad decay.

2. Preserve my Soul, for I have trod
   Thy wayes, and love the just;
   Save thou thy Servant, O my God,
   Who still in thee doth trust.

3. Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
   I call: O make rejoice
   Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee
   I lift my Soul and voice,

4. For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
   To pardon, thou to all
   Art full of mercy, thou alone
   To them that on thee call.

5. Unto my supplication, Lord,
   Give ear, and to the cry
   Of my incessant Prayers afford
   Thy hearing graciously.

6. I in the day of my distress
   Will call on thee for aid;
   For thou wilt grant me free access,
   And answer what I pray'd.

7. Like thee among the Gods is none,
   O Lord, nor any works
   Of all that other gods have done
   Like to thy glorious works.

8. The Nations all whom thou hast made
   Shall come, and all shall frame
264 Poems on several Occasions.

To bow them low before thee, Lord,
   And glorifie thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
   By thy strong hand are done;
Thou in thy everlasting Seat
   Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
   I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
   So shall it never slide.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
   Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
   Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow’rd me,
   And thou hast free’d my Soul,
Ev’n from the lowest Hell set free
   From deepest darkness soul.
14 O God, the proud against me rise,
   And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
   No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
   Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and art still’d
   Most merciful, most true.
16 O turn to me thy face at length,
   And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
   And save thy hand-maid’s Son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
   And let my foes then see,
And be ashamed, because thou Lord
   Dost help and comfort me.

P S A L.
Psalm LXXXVII.

1 A

Among the holy Mountains high
Is his foundation fast,

There seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.

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

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

4 I mention Egypt, where proud Kings
Did our Forefathers yoke.

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn;

And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends,
Lo this man there was born.

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last,

This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.

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

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

Psalm.
Psalm LXXXVIII.

1 Lord God thou dost me save and keep,
   All day to thee I cry:
   And all night long before thee weep,
   Before thee prostrate lie.

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

3 For closet with woes and trouble sore
   Such charge’d my Soul doth lie,
   My life at death’s unchearful door
   Unto the grave draws nigh.

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


5 From life discharge’d and parted quite
   Among the dead to sleep,
   And like the slain in bloody fight
   That in the Grave lie deep.
   Whom thou rememberest no more;
   Dost never more regard,
   Them from thy hand deliver’d o’er
   Death’s hideous house hath barr’d.

6 Thou in the lowest Pit profound
   Hast set me all forlorn,
   Where thickest darkness hovers round,
   In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
   Full sore doth press on me;

   * Thou
Poems on several Occasions. 267

* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves. * The Hebr. bears both.

* And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange, And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, for they change,
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine Eye grows dim and dead:
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceas'd arise,
And praise thee from their loathsome bed,
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell,
On whom the Grave hath hold;
Or they who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness unfold?

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
And up to thee my prayer doth hie
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forfake,
And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruised, and shake
Bruised, and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatenings cut me through:
268 Poems on several Occasions.

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou haft remov'd,

And fever'd from me far.

They fly me now whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

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

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian Fields to Canaan Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains;
Why turned Jordan toward his Chrysal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glasly floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm
LET us with a gladsom mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

N 3

The
The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, etc.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt Land.
For his, etc.

And in despight of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, etc.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythraean main.
For his, etc.

The floods stood still like walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.
For his, etc.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For his, etc.

His chosen people he did bless
In the waftful Wilderness.
For his, etc.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, etc.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorlean coast.
For his, etc.

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

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

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

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.

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

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

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
JOANNIS MILTONI
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA;
Quorum pleraque intra Annum Aetatis Vigesimum conscripsit.
HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tam- 
eti ipse intelligebat non tam de se quâm supra, 
se esse dîcta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec 
non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius 
virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affin-
gant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem 
on esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret mag-
nopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam toitis 
ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non 
attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cor-
datorum atque illustrium quin summò sibi honorì ducat, 
negare non potest.

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

U T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic, 
Non Anglus, verùm hercèlè Angelus ipse forès.
Poems on several Occasions.


Edo Meles, cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ; Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui; Thamesis victor cunctis serat altior undas, Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonem.

Gracia Maxonidem, iacet sibi Roma Maronom, Anglia Miltonum iacet utrique parem. Selvaggi.


ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra'd Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
Si Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Eicona,
Densi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
E celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,

Non
Toems

Non può l'oblio repace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adattì, e ferìò la morte.

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

'Alla virtù sbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei sì trovar gioia, e dilettò;
Ridillo tu Giovanni e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industria 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 Ingegiosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel nato per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesi a ricercar scienze, ed arti,
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

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

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appresser 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 ill 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 sovruman
Troppa avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non basta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermati immoto, e in un fermin fi gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorrer di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce cante :
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

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

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.
JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINENSI,
Juvendi Patria, virtutibus eximio.

Iro qui multa peregrinacione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in ejus ore lingue jam perdeperita sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes plausus populorum ab propriis sapientiis excitatos intelligat:

Illi, ejus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsum motum cuique atferunt; ejus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed usitata vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis; In intelleetu Sapientia; in volupitate ardor gloria; in ore Eloquentia; Harmonicos coelestium Spherarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audiens, Characteres mirabilium naturae per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistras Philosophia legents; Antiquitatem lattebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite asfidua autorum Lectione:

Exquirent.
Poems on several Occasions. 281

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cuius virtutibus evulgandis ora Fama non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis fatis est: Reverentiae & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tanta virtutis amator.
Andem, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellae, 
Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas, 
Pertulit occiduæ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ 
Vergium prono quâ petit amne salum. 
Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas 
Pectus amans nostrī, tamque fidele caput: 
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinquâ sodalem 
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussâ velit. 
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ, 
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum, 
Nec dudum vetit me laris angit amor. 
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles, 
Quâm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Poems on several Occasions.

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Caeteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adversity penates,
Et vacuo curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, solemne recuso,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nuncuani graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neque foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plaufus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,
Seu procus, aut pofta callide miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbarae verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrat servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosæ Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat.
Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amoris inest:
Seu puer insel felix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit:
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pestora torre movens:
Seu maret Pelopœia domus seu nobilis 1li,
Aut luit inceltos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub recto temper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
284 Poems on several Occasions.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammas,
Virgineos vidas præterisse choris.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro neâare tincta via!
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatae toties Heroïdes olim,
Et queâunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliææ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpèia Musæ columnas
Iactet, & Auseonis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera fat tibi sit femina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspiciæ formâque aurâque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invectione colonibus
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
Elegia secunda, Anno Ætat. 17.

In obitum Praconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima praconum praconem te quoque saeva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituissé Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æstonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sœpe rogante déa.
Tu si justus 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
Rettulit Atridae justâ severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
286 Poems on several Occasions.

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terre!
Turbà quidem est telis ifta petenda tuis.
Veòtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipfa modos querebunda Elegèia tristes,
Persönet & totis nàenia mœsta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo :
Protinus en suìbit funèstæ 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, fratrísque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogís.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad athera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te praèci qué luxi dignissime Præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuae ;
Delicii flelu, & tristi sic ore querebar :
Mors sœra Tartareo diva secunda Jovi ;
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbofos jus tibi detur agros ;
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchra Cypridi sacra rosa ;
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætèruntis aquæ ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evehitur pennis quanlilibet augur avis,
To ems on several Occasions.

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
   Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus?
Invida, tantatibi cum sit concellâ potestas;
   Quid juvat humana tingere caede manus?
Nobileque in peæ tus certas acuiffe sagittas,
   Semideamque animam sede fugâsfe sui?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub peæ tore volvo,
   Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis.
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
   Phœbus ab eoo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refo venda cubili,
   Condiderant oculus noxxæ saporque meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
   Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
   Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantis proles,
   Vestitu nituit multicolore folum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
   Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentæa campos,
   Ditior Hespero flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
   Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
   Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
   Et pel lucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subitò præful Wintonius astat,
   Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubat;
Veæs ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
   Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amici tu,
   Intremuit lato florea terra fono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubā.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque saluat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:
Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmae,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephealæ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

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Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud
Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pas-
toris munere fungentem.

Curre per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos lave per æquor agros.
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obśtet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides follicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vēcta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinæ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia fleste gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamā,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.

Vivit
Toems on several Occasions. 289

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.

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

Charior ille mihi, quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, prænepos qui Telamonis erat.

Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.

Primus ego Aonios illo præcuncto recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,

Pierosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castaio sarsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Αthon,
Induxitque auro lanae terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sarsiifti Chlori fenilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Aufter opes:

Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,

Mulcentem, gremio pignora chara suo,

Forfitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verfantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.

Cœlestive animas saturaenter rore tenellas,
Grande salutifæ religionis opus.

Utque solet, multam fit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adeisset, herum.

Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo fis memor ore loqui:

Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco litoræ fida manus.

Accipe
290 Poems on several Occasions.

Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem,
Fiat & hoc ipso gravior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recept
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium desertisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam fauso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos ictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico prunos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarsiiferi crudelia pædera Thracis
Supplícis ad mœstas deliciuere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hostiam parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitisimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virum jam cruer arva rigor.
Germanique suum concepit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuöque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit & ærisoram Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen intere bella circumsonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto solus inopisque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & fæxis favior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,

Siccine
Poems on several Occasions.

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
Siccine in externum ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta serunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Prestit inafflueto devia tæqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & hortosono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiæ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscesque ipsum Gergeflæ civis Æsum
Finibus ingratus júllit abire suis.
At tu fume animos, nec Ipse cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat deolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inermæ latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægis tutas,
Ille tibi cuftos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrìos fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misset 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 quæsit ægis humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pesteore vince mala.
Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere repente novos,
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeat?
Munere veris adeat, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam fibi poscit opus.
Castralis ante oculos, bisidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenæa somnia nocte fremunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me facer inuis agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penèide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deüm.

Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympe,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat diffento spiritus ore?
Quid parit haec rabies, quid facer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituís modulos, dum filet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Poems on several Occasions.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc subeat Mufa quotannis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit & Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noccis iter, brevis est mora noccis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum celeste Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Di timuere fcelus,
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscidâ cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiiītī nocte puellā
Phœbe tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effetæ proculbuiisse toro ?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava veregundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
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 venuto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rofsis ?
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
Poems on several Occasions.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnamæ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditasque tibi ferre videntur aves.

Nec fine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
Illæ tibi offentat quascunque sub æquore vausto,
Et superinfectus montibus abdit opes.

Ah quoties cum tu clivolo fessus Olympe
In vespertinas præcipitarias aquis,
Cur te, inquit, cursum languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiis recipit, Cærula mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethys? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perlus ora salo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Quaque jaces circm mulcebit lenê susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora susa rosas.

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phæetonteo sumidus axis equo;
Cùm tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.

Infonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Poems on several Occasions. 295

Jamque vel invictam tentat superasfe Dianam,
  Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senecentem reparat Venus annua formam,
  Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæ per urbes,
  Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
  Punicem redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egregiaturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
  Virgineas auro cinéta puella finus.
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 sydera cantu,
  Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
  Convocat & famulos ad sua fæta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum fera crepuscula surgunt,
  Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro.
Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
  Semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arbóribus Dryades lauere vetustis,
  Per juga, per folos expatiantur agros.
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
  Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
  Confulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanque cupit malè teûta videri,
  Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsâ capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
  Et súba quæque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et súa quisque diú sibi numina lucus habeto,
  Nec vos arboreâ dìi precor ìte domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
  Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspéra tela redis ?

O 4

Tu
Toems on fever alOcaflons,

Qua potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu dixtento forte carere potes.

At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camoenam,
Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas,

Nam neque nostrer amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
Feftaque coelifugam quae coluere Deum,
Deliciafque refers, hybernii gaudia ruris,
Hauftaque per lepidos Gallica musta focus.

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poefin?

Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuitfe fluæ.

Sapius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euce
Misfa Thyono turba novena choro.

Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat.
Poems on several Occasions.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tēia Mūsae modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolēt sumptum pagina quaeque merum.
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus
Et volat Elēo pulvere fusces eques.
Quadrimoqué madens Lyricen Romanus Iacchó
Dulcē canit Glyceran, flavicomamqve Chloen-
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso menfâ paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque sovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, susumque per intimâ Phœbura
Corda, fayent unì Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres geperiße Deos.
Nunc quoque Threſsa tibi caelato barbitos auro-
Insōnāt argutâ molliter īstâ manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Mūsas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque pleifer
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora férpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat offa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque fonantem
Irruet in totos lapīs Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est.
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa fìuos;
Liber adeśt elegis Eratoque, Ceresque, Venüsque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduiffë mero.
At qui bella refert, &c. adulto sub Jove caelum,
Heroasque pios, femideosque duces.
298 Poems on several Occasions.

Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuos praebat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & cafta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & fine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens, sacrâ, & lufralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta fagacem
Lumina Tirefian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, fenemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monftrificam Perfeæ Phoebados aulam;
Et vada foemineis insidiosâ fonis.
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges,
Diis etenim facer est vates, divûmque facerdos,
Spirat & occultum peætus, & ora Jovem.
At tu liquid aegam, scitabere (si modò faltam
Esse putas tanti noscere liquid aegam)
Paciferum canimus coelesti femine regem,
Fauftaque sacra fæcula paeta libris,
Vagiumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere teñto
Qui foepre suo cum patre regna colit,
Stellparumnq; polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chrifti natalibus illâ,
Illâ sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit,
Te quoque pressâ manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitam, judicis inftar eris.

Elegia
Elegia septima, Anno Ætatis undevige-simo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia norâm,
   Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne suit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
   Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columnas,
   Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos.
   Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
   Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tuit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
   Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summae radians per culmina villæ
   Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
   Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Aftat Amor lesto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
   Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
   Prodidit & facies, & dulcè minantis ocelli,
   Et quicquid puerò dignum & Amore suit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
   Miscet amatori poclula plena Jovi:
   Aut qui formosas pellexit ad ocula nymphas
   Thiodamanteus Naiade raptus Hylas:
Addideraquè iras, sed & has decuissè putares,
   Addideraque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
   Et, miser exemplo sapuisses tuitus, inquit,
   Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
   Et faciam vero pertua damnas fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
   Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi.
To ems on several Occasions.

Et quoties memoria Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiis & graviis tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiis arcum,
Qui post terga folet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inscius uxor qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeaque manus, Herculeaque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spiculæ nostra Jovis.
Cetera quæ dubitas meliis mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te flulte tuae poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phoebæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolut in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi rifiuro tonuit feras ore minaci,
Et mihi de puerò non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quæ nostris spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proximæ rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba deorum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias,
Austaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor ? an & radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet,
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus & quod me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mili,
Neve oculos potui continuuisse meos.
Unam fortè alias sapereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostrī lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objectit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit ante dolor.
Nec procul ipse vafer lauit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Poems on several Occasions.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiiis, insidet inde génis:
Et quasquaque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda fuores,
Uror amans intûs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero qua jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
At ego progredidor tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subîtò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
Inter Lemniacos precipitata focos.
Talis & abruptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vestus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & lucu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coram triñia verba loqui;
Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum fis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua fæta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate dea, jaculis nec minus ignae potens:
Et tua sumabunt nostris altaia donis,
Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme fuores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modò da facilis, posthac mea siqua futura est.
Cuspis amaturos sigat ut una duas.
Hæc ego mente olim lævæ, studioque supino
Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulsit error,
Indocilisque ætas parva magistra suit,
Donec Socraticos umbrosâ Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Prætinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipsa Sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In prodictionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper sarrapatisque Britannos
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauque nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate Scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolifque rotis,
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iœrâniös turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Iccine tentasti cælo donâssæ Jacobum
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis insidiosâ tuis.
Ille quidem sine te confortia serus adivit
Astra nec inferni pulveris usus ope.

Sic
Poems on several Occasions.

Sic potius foedos in coelum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
Namque hac aut alià nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi coeli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animae derisit Iacobus ignem;
Et si neque superum non adeunda domus.
Freunduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale coronam,
Movit & horribicum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait tempes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spretà relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Uem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diis,
Et Styge damnarat Tamarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatà jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos eyehere usque Deos.
Poems on several Occasions.

In inventorem Bombardae.

I
Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetuutas,
Quid tuliætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trisidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romaæ canentem.

A
Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua praèsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Senсим immortali affluescere posse sono.
Quid si cuneta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque susus,
In te unà loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

A
Ltera Torquatam cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab infano cælit amore surens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
Perditus & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriæ sensisse voce canentem
Aurea maternæ sila movere lyrae,
Quamvis Dircaeo torrisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipissset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæca vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua;
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.
Ad eandem.

Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jaætas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelœiados,
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiís 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 fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in propriás transtulit areolas.
Haæenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, proventis æret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantâ satius fuit illa Colonî
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & foetus & ipse parens.

Elegiarum Finis.
SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

Arêre fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iâpeti colitis nepotes,
Vos si relieto mors vaga Tanaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu morae:
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathia jacuisse O etâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Heçtora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante;
Si triste fatum verba Hecateiæ
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali foror usâ virgâ.
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastā,
Læsisset & nec te Philyrēe
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatae cui regimen datum,
Frondosā quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis.

Jam praesuiisses Palladio gregi
Latus, superstes, nec sine gloriā,
Nec puppe lufrāffes Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessūs.

At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Suëcōque pollenti to atrīs
Faucibus eripuisset mortis.

Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosae, calthaeque busto,
Purpuroque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnae Proserpina,
Interque fælices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.
In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Jacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile cœdus
Sceptrâ Caledonii conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix dilesque sedebat
In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, aethreo vagus exul Olympe,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans scelevis socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera moēta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium fruet inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace,
Et quocunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupid adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere peætus,
Insidiaque locat tacitas, calesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Cæpiâ Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus aéris,
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cœruleæ sumanti turbine flamæ,
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cu quonam nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniadens qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudeliæ sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc opibusqüe & festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,

Quod-
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriar trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabisico monstrofus ab ore Typhoëus.
Ignefciunt oculi, stridetque adamantis ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ietaque cupide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lachrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrrixque fui, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possum,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Haedenus, & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Qua volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
Denfantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinofas velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniae fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisciique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consisit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lumem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, praecunt summislo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes,
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis astopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Cithæron.
Poems on several Occasions.

His igiur tandem solenni more perectis,
Nox fenis amplexus Erebi tacturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemq; ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Sioopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interrea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles mollis fine pellice nostes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum;
Prædatorque hominum falsa sub imagine vectus
Asperit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissà tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendentque cucullus
Vertice de rafo, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constringit fune falaces.
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fana est, vafta Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lufrâ ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycoque leones:
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus
Inmemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaq; triplex
Rident Hyperboreo gens barbaras nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britannis;
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat
Cur referata patet convexij cæli,
Turgentes animos, & fafius frange procaces,
Sacrilegique fciunt, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicae possit cufodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulcifcere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Poems on several Occasions.

Sanctorumque cruci tor corpora fixa probrosae,
Thermodonteae nuper regnante puellae.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere leuco,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrenhem implerit numerofo milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammasque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacerasses,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quelibet haereticis disponere retia fas est;
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandevosque patres trabae, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris consperegere in auras,
Atque dare in cineras, nitrae pulveris igne
Aëdibus injecto, quae convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quo scumque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factisque mone, quisquamme tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Pape.
Perculsoque metu subito, casique stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sevus Iberus.
Saeula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos diversque secundas
Accipe, quoque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit, & adscitos ponens malefidos amisit
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illatabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigrig deplorans funera nati
Irigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.
Toems on several Occasions.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine nostris
Vafta ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
Osfa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro ;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & stimuli armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ Moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguifque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,
Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidì latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrent, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vertunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur,
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit aequor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo ;
Illuc, fìc jubeo, celes contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffuentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter fatrapæ, fcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine verae :
Confiliis socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flecèns curvamine coelos
Despict ætheræa dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverfae ridet conanima turbæ,
Atque fui causam populi volet ipsum tueri.

Efte ferunt spatium, quà diftat ab Aside terrâ
Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas ;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Fæmæ
Ærea lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior affris
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Osfa.
Poems on several Occasions.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros;
Qualiter intrepitant circum multarlia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum coeli petit ardua culmen.
Ipse quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Quis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juventæ
Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illis folet loca luce carentia fæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguæ
Cuilibet effundit teneraria, verâque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confićatis fermonibus auget
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullaum,
Nobilis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisslo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo?
Nec plura, illa statim senquit mandata Tonantis,
Et fatis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geflat Temesâo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:

Et
Poems on several Occasions.

Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgar
Prodictionis opus, nec non fata horrida dictu,
Authorèsque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi misérscit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit aulis
Papicolum; capti poenas raptantur ad acri;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebrator anno.

Anno atatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.

A
Dhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæsta charo justa persolvii rogo
Wintoniensis praefulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladifque vera nuntia!)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Ceslisse morti, & ferreis fororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ suifti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tener.
Tunc inquietum pestus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Nafo in Ibida

Con-
Toems' on fever al Occafions.

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,
Audiffe tales videor attonitus fonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
Cacos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas :
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita ?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noetis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, five Erinnye,
Vaftóve nata sub Chao :
Aft illa coelo missâ stellato, Dei
Messês ubique colligit ;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat :
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna survi luétuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra subt úmis feror :
Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum fenex
Auriga currús ignei,
Non me Boòsis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi folis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam.


316 Poems on several Occasions.

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis draones aureis.
Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
Per laeæas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sepe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Chryßallinam, &
Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

---

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta satiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immerfa profun-
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri fœta deorum
Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile fæclo
Consilium fatti perituris alligat horis.
Ergone marcefcet fulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contraæta uterum Æterilescet ab ævo?
Et se satæ fænam malè certis passibus ibit
Siderum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuæs
Annorumque ætæna fames, squalorquæ fitusque
Sidera vexabant? an & insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Coelum, rapietque in víscea patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra muniffæ nefas, & Temporis ifto
Exemifæ malo, gyrofque dedifæ perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque fono dilapfa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superæque ut Olympius aulæ
Decidat, horribilisque retecta Gorgone Pallas:
Qualis in Aegam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine ceel.
Tu quoque Phoebe tu' casus imitabere nati
Practicii curru, subitaque serere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinquet summâb lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito seralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam äcrei divulcis sedibus Hämi
Disflultabit apex, imoque allìsa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejectâ Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aëris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima dieurno;
Raptat, & ambitos sociâ verugine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilât crissâtâ casside Maiors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec foveet effcetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olymipo
Manë vocans, & ferus agens in pascau céelì,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus compleftiur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitóque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos ëquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque folet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrept æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vasa mole minorem

Ægæon
Poems on Several Occasions.

Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæclii vigor ille vetuisti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, & puer ille decorem
Phæbe tuusque & Cyprì 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 cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Ideâ Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faustos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura fællers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimûmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotà fortè terrarum plagà
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Toems on several Occasions. 319

Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore Syderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc fæcercos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani senciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxi scholis)
Jam jam poëtas urbis exules tuae
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per peætora fontes
Irrigwas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita fonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musæ parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedeum ut par gratia donis
Essè queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus ista,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi femoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbrae.

P 4  Nec
Toems on several Occasions.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina coeli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et tripli duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine fepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremulae pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollemnes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu Æternit motatem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata fagax fumantibus abdita fabris
Consiluit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobîlis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per coeli templâ coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabant.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbos,
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutulis compescit fibila ferpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaftæque immensæ vorago
Nota gulae, & modico spumabat cena Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeæ intonfus redimitos ab arbore crines,
Heroumque ætus, imitandaque festa canebat,
Et chaos, & positæ latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quaætum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensibus vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choris, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures.
Carmine, non cithará, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuamque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsdamnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abduxtum Aonīæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii Veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jaæt Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palaestinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet coelum subjæctaque coelo
Terra parent, terræque & coelo interflus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Pere nössle licet, per te, si nössle libebit.
Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Poems on Several Occasions.

Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perúanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsser ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commissit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fixæna diei,
Et circùm undantem radiâtâ luce tiaram.

Ergo ego jam doceo pars quamlibet ima cateryae
Viætrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles curœ, procul este quœrelæ,
Invidiosaæ acies transferto tortillis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguisferos extende Calumnia rictus
In me triste nihil fecissima turba poteftis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipseo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

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

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos, sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superfesse rogo, lœcemque tueri,
Nec spississ rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has landes, decantatunque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Psall. CXIV.

I ἵκελ ὦτε παῖδες, ὦτ' αὐγλαὶ φῶλ' Ιακώβε
Ἄγιον λίτας Νικον, ἀπεγάμη, βασιλεσφανον,
Ἄν τούτε μὴν οὖσον ὑψον γένος ἤβε Ισδα.  

'Ep
In Effigies ejus Sculptorem.

Philosophus ad rem gaudens, qui eum ignotum eumque ignorantem inter reas forte captans, in ipsius damnacunaris hac facile mifi.

Tutti deus natiue deus, nespere Bachus.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum agrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Mufa gressum quae volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope furas
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
Adefdum & hae s'is verba pauca Salfillo
Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immertò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnos ille Londini Miltó,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidiùm
Polique trastum, (peffimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotenfque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet fabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Vifum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ.
Virosque dotæque indolem juventuis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque sesso corpori penitus sanum,
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Precordiifque fixa damnosùm spirit.
Nec id perpercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divùm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phæbe morborum terror
Pythone cæfo, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus facerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinofo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille chavis redditus rustiùm Muits
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos

Numa,
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ageriam spectans.
Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
Nec in sepulchris ibit obseßum reges,
Nimium finistro laxus irruens loro :
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsæ regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptistæ Mansiius Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii
laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellicâ virtute
apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati
Tassæ dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim
Tassæ amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campania princeps
celebratur, in illo poëmate cui titulus; Gerula-
lemme conquisset, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manso —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentiam
prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia.
Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe disce-
deret, ut ne ingratum se olsenderet, hoc carmen misit.

H ÆC quoque Mansæ tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Mansæ choro notissime Phæbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnae,
Viciæ hederæ inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musæ Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnæ,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolíxus amores ;
Mollis & Auseoniæ stupefæcit carmine nymphas.

Ille
Toemus ou several Occasions.

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Offa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara sesellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex are poetae.
Nec satiathoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo: cupis integros rapere. Orcus,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amatorum genus, & variâ sub foerte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homerī.
Ergo ego te Clūs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per Ævum
Miflus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Areto
Imp rudens Italas auxa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras nostris sensisse per umbras,
Qua Thamèsis latè puris argenteus urnis
Oceanī glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus inculum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quâ plaga septeno mundi fulcata Trione
Brunalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Mifimus, & leãtas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacrís operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties fæto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graæ de more puellæ
Carminibus letis memorant Corinœïda Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upiin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora suco,
Poems on several Occasions. 327

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitaße penates
Cynthis, & famulas venisse ad limina Mufas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Phæretiadæ coelo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manfueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque teæta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad cithareæ strepitum blandâ prece viætus amici
Exiliti duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvæ,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter Æquus oportet
Nascentem, & miti lufrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantesque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poëtæ,
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, & Ἁσθώνιος lucratur vivida súfus,
Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen:
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indígenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Aræturmque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali foedere menœæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)
Poems on several Occasions.

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitae permensis tempora vitae,
Annorumque sатур cimeri sua jura relicnuam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Aftanti fat erit si dicam, sim tibi curae;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forfitan & nostrros ducat de marmore vultus,
Neestens aut Paphiæ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securam pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego caelicolum fœmotus in æthera divum,
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliqüa mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata finunt) & tota mente serenum
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi laetus Olympo.
Thyrfs & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequiti à pueritia, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyr- fis animi causa prosectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nun- cium acceptis. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse compriens, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deo- datus, ex urbe Heturiae Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimusque ceteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Hic Imerides nymphae (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan, Et plorata diu memoristis fata Bionis) Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen: Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrfs, Et quibus affiduis exercuit antra querelis, Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus, Dum sibi praæptum queritur Damona, neque altam Lucibus exemit noctem loca sola sola pererrans. Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ, Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras, Nec dum aderat Thyrfs; pastorem silicet illum Dulcis amor Musæ Thuefâ retinebat in urbe. Astit ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque reliqui Cura vocat, sinu affueta sedique sub ulmo, Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum, Coepit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Sicine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Itbit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbri?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

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

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pecstora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere nóstem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm fibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus aufter
Miscet cunctâ foris, & desûper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae.
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,

Quis
Quis mihi blanditiáisque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiósque sáles referet, cultósque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosés denfantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic sérum expefto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Tríste sonant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula sýlva.

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheóbœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita grámina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidás interstrepit arbutos undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abíbam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsús ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notárat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsús)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat altrum,
Saturni grave sǽpe fuit pastoribus altrum,
Intimaque obliquo fígit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphae, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vulgusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui feras amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fañtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti.
Poems on several Occasions.

Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adeat, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similis ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirciuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens velit, ferò sua testa revifesens,
Quem si fors littero objectit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu fravat arundine fôflor,
Protinus ille aliquam socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectoro discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus inventit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies qua non speraveris hora
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnun:

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!

Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas &. oves & rura reliquit ;)
Ut te tam dulci posses caruiffe sodale!

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviolque sonantes!
Ah certè extremum licuisisset 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 Thufci, Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis atque Lepos, & Thufcus tu quoque Damon,

Anti
Antiquâ genuis unde petitis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare australi, nec puto multum
Difplicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscella, calathique, & cerea vincia cicutae,
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 lato dicitabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneores claudebam cratibus haedos,
Ah quoties dixi, cum 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,
Arrupui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus ? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caßibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humilésq; crocos, foliumq; hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ìsta palus herbas, artefactque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbae, pereant artefactque medentûm
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profeceremagistro.
Ipse etiam, nam necio quid mihi grande solabat
Fítula, ab undecimâ jam lux eft altera nocta,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicitis,
Disilluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanîas Rutupina per ßquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidôs regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennûmque Arviragûmque duces, priscûmq; Belinum,
Et
334 Poems on several Occasions.

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlouis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis fistula pinu
Multum oblitâ mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum strides. quid enim? omnia non licet unī,
Non sperasse unī licet omnia. mi satīs ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantes,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallic
Tamara, & extremis me difcant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus Chalcidice non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes ballsama silvæ,
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Aororam vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pīctaeq; 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 orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formaeque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit sponsudicia, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certē es, nam quō tua dulcis abiret
SANCTAQUE SIMPLICITAS, nam quō tua candida virtus?

Nec
Toems on several Occasions.

Nec te Lethaeo fás quaesivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà:
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulsit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu nostre eris Damon, fve ærior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cælicolæ nôrint, sylvísque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctum rutilante corona,
Lætâque frondentes gestans unbracula palmae
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatís,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrso.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Ioannem Roussium, Oxoniensis Academiae
Bibliothecarum.

De libro Poematum amissæ, quem ille sibi denuo mitter
postulabat, ut cum aliis nosris in Bibliothecâ publicâ
reponeret. Ode.

Strophe I.

Emelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ
Munditiâque nitens non operosa,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtâ,
Dum vagus Auloniae nunc per umbras,

Nunc
Poems on several Occasions.

Nunc Britannica per vires luisti
Infons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulstit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede.

Anistrophe.

Quis te parve libet, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docito jugiter obsecrante amico.
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, Thyasique facer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte celo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Prælinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas fine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollinea pharetra,
Rhoneâmque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.
Antistrophe,

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fraternum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsunt unde vili
Callo tereris insititoris insulâ,
Lxtare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ:

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roûtìus sui
Optat péculi, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curâ:
Téque adytis etiam sacrâs
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quætorque gaza nobilioris,
Quâm cui præfuit Iôn
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templâ parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iôn Aétæâ genius Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musârum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurâs ibis in domum
Oxonìa quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidôque Parnàsi jugo:
Poems on several Occasions.

Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortet
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ferò placidam sperare jubeo
Persunæam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit foleris Rouñi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceslet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordator ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitæ
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas fciet
Rouñio favente.

Ode tribus continent Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis,
unà demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuim numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem speistantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs forte fì de monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt ματα χέσιον, partim ἀπόκελουχονέα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondaœum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod ideum in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

The End of the Poems.
A SMALL TRACTATE OF EDUCATION, TO Mr. HARTLIB.
OF

EDUCATION.

TO

Mr. SAMUEL HARTLIB.

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. Hartlib,

I am long since persuaded, that to say, or do
ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpose
or respect should sooner move us, than simply
the love of God, and of Mankind. Nevertheless
to write now the reformation of Education, tho' it be one of
the greatest and noblest Designs that can be thought on,
and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not
yet at this time been induc'd, but by your earnest Entreaties,
and serious Conjureriments; as having my Mind for the
present half diverted in the pursuance of some other Asser-
tions, the Knowledge and the Use of which cannot but be a
great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and
honest living, with much more Peace. Nor should the
Laws of any private Friendship have prevail'd with me to
divide thus, or transpose my former Thoughts, but that I
see those Aims, those Actions which have won you with me
the Esteem of a Person sent hither by some good Providence
from a far Country, to be the occasion and the incitement
of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have ob-
tain'd the same Repute with Men of most approved Wis-
dom, and some of highest Authority among us. Not to
mention the learned Correspondence which you hold in
foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence
which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond
the Seas; either by the definite Will of God so ruling, or
the peculiar sway of Nature, which also is God's working.
Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you
are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning Abi-
lity, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argu-
ment, but that the Satisfaction which you profess to have
receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have
wander'd
wander'd into, hath press and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in Conscience defer beyond this Time both of so much need at once, and so much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resift therefore, whatever it is either of Divine, or human Obligement that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary Idea, which hath long in Silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extream need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern Janua's and Didacties, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my Inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have flower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possesling our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body found it self but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the same Method is necessarily to be follow'd in all discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And tho a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that Babel cleft the World into, yet, if he have not studi
died the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too-oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Theams, Verles and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final Work of a Head fill'd by long reading and observing, with elegant Maxims, and copious Invention. These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Striplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit: Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek Idiom, with their untutor'd Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious convering among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certain forms got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in some chosen short Book lesson'd throughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things, and Arts in due Order, which would bring the whole Language quickely into their Power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein: And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grossness of barbarous Ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellective Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the sudden
sudden transported under another Climate to be lost and
turmoil'd with their unballasted Wits in fathomless and un-
quiet deeps of Controversy, do for the most part grow in-
to hatred and contempt of Learning, mock and delude
all this while with ragged Notions and Babblings,
while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge;
till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately
their several Ways, and haste them with the sway of
Friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or igno-
rently zealous Divinity: Some allur'd to the Trade of
Law, grounding their Purposes not on the prudent and
heavenly Contemplation of Justice and Equity which was
never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing
Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flow-
ing Fees; others betake them to State Affairs, with Souls
so unprincipl'd in Virtue, and true generous breeding,
that Flattery, and Court-shifts, and tyrannous Aphorisims
appear to them the highest Points of Wisdom; infilling
their barren Hearts with a conscientious Slavery, if, as I
rather think, it be not fain'd. Others lastly of a more de-
licious and airy Spirit, retire themselves, knowing no bet-
ter, to the Enjoyments of Ease and Luxury, living out
their Days in Feaft and Jollity; which indeed is the wisest
and the safest Course of all these, unless they were with
more Integrity undertaken. And these are the Fruits of
mispending our prime Youth at the Schools and Univer-
sities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or such
things chiefly as were better Unlearnt.

I shall detain you no longer in the Demonstration of
what we should not do, but strait conduct you to a Hill
side, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtu-
os and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first
Ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly
Prospect, and melodious Sounds on every Side, that the
Harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but
ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest Youth,
our Stocks and Stubs from the infinite desire of such a hap-
py Nureture, than we have now to hale and drag our choi-
seft and hopfullest Wits to that asinine Feaft of Sowthiftles
and Brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the
food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible
Age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education
that
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that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the Offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less Time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at Grammar and sophistry, is to be thus order'd.

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an Academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Desert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from Lilly to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be absolute. After this Pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the encrease of Learning and Civility every where. This number less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the Vowels. For we Englishmen being far Northerly, do not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to smatter Latin with an English Mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French. Next to make them expert in the usefulllest points of Grammar, and with-all to season them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain Principle seise them wandering, some easy and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have Store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic Discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of Quintilian, and
and some select Pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, enam'ld with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages: That they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises; which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Persuasions, and what with the intimation of some Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage; infusing into their young Breasts such an ingenious and noble Ardent as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless Men. At the same time, some other hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening repast, till bed-time, their Thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of Agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella; for the matter is most easy, and if the Language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their Years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of Hercules Praifes. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be Masters of any ordinary Prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy. And at the same time might be entering into the Greek Tongue, after the same manner as was before prescrib'd in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them, and as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's natural Questions, to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus
thus past the Principles of Arithmetick, Geometry, Astronomy, and Geography, with a general compact of Physick, they may descend in Mathematicks to the instrumental Science of Trigonometry, and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Engineer, or Navigation. And in natural Philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the History of Meteors, Minerals, Plants and living Creatures, as far as Anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of Physick; that they may know the Tempers, the Humours, the Seasons, and how to manage aCrudity: Which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great Physician to himself, and to his Friends, but also may at some time or other save an Army by this frugal and expenfeless means only; and not let the healthy and stout Bodies of young Men rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other Sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists; who doubtless would be ready, some for Reward, and some to favour such a hopeful Seminary? And this will give them such a real tincture of natural Knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those Poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleafant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius; and in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil.

By this time, Years and good general Precepts will have furnished them more distinctly with that act of Reason which in Erbics is call'd Proaireis: that they may with some Judgment contemplate upon moral Good and Evil. Then will be requir'd a special reinforcement of constant and sound Endoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of Virtue and the hatred of Vice: while their young and pliant Affections are led thro' all the moral Works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian Remnants; but still to be reduced in their nightward Studies wherewith they close the day's Work, under the determinate Sentence of David or Salomon,
Salomon, or the Evangelists and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of Economies. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the Italian Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian: Those Tragedies also that treat of household Matters, as Trachinies, Alcestis, and the like. The next remove must be to the Study of Politicks; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Commonwealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shown themselves, but stedfast Pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver’d first, and with best warrant by Moses; and as far as humane Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll’d remains of Gracian Law-givers, Lycurgus, Solomon, Zaleucus, Charondas, and thence to all the Roman Editis and Tables, with their Justinian; and so down to the Saxon and common Laws of England, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest Matters of Theology, and Church-History Ancient and Modern: and ere this time the Hebrew Tongue at a set Hour might have been gain’d, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereo it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldey, and the Syrian Dialect. When all these Employments are well conquer’d, then will the choice Histories, Heroic Poems, and Attic Tragedies of Stateliest and most regal Argument, with all the famous Political Orations offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and solemnly pronounc’d with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigor of Demosthenes, or Cicero, Euripides, or Sophocles. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic Arts which enable Men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fitted style of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly. Logic therefore so much as is useful, is to be refer’d to this due Place, with all her well couch’d Heads and Topics, until it be time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate Rhetorick taught out of the...
Rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the Prosody of a Verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian Commentaries of Caselvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the Laws are of a true Epic Poem, what of a Dramatic, what of a Lyric, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rimmers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in Divine and Humane Things. From hence and not till now will be the right Season of forming them to able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into Things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Villages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been Taught, until they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected Knowledge, like the last embattelling of a Roman Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their Exercise.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likeliest to those ancient and famous Schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle and such others,
others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over Greece, Italy, and Asia, besides the flourishing Studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the Common-wealth of Sparta; whereas that City train’d up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and Lyceum, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow’d them for Exercise, and due Reft afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge, or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper’d with reasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick Valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practiz’d in all the Locks and Gripe’s of Wraftling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating them selves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travails’ Spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful Organist plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied cords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ-stop waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, material, or civil Ditties, which if wise Men and Prophets be not extremly out, have a great Power over Dispositions and Manners, to smooth and make them gentle from husk’d Harshness and dis-temper’d Passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first Concoction, and send their Minds back to study in good tune.
tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant Eyes till about two hours before Supper, they are by a sudden Alarum or watch Word, to be call'd out to their military Motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then as their Age permits on Horse-back, to all the Art of Cavalry; That having in sport but with much exactness and daily muster, serv'd out the Rudiments of their Soul-
diership in all the skill of Embatteling, Marching, Encamp-
ing, Fortifying, Befieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern Stratagems, Tacticks and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for want of just and wise Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never so oft supply'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitible Colonels of 20 Men in a Com-
pany, to quaff out, or convey into secret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive Lift, and a miserable Remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of Drunkards, the only Souldery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledg that belongs to good Men or good Governours, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own Institutes, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure it self abroad: In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasent, it were an injury and fullness against Nature not to go out, and see her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Perfwader to them of studying much then, after two or three Year that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land: learning and observing all Places of strength, all Commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledg of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts
of Nature, and if there were any secret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it self by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into Fashion again those old admired Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian Knowledge. Nor shall we then need the Monfieurs of Paris to take our hopefull Youth into their flight and prodigal Custodies, and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kicshoes. But if they desir'd to see other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise Observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all Men where they pass, and the Society and Friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their Own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much Time else would be lost abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general View in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, that this is not a Bow for every Man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses: yet I am withall perswaded that it may prove much more ease in the Assay, than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.

FINIS.