Paradise Regained
by
John Milton
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Milton: Paradise Regained

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THE FIRST BOOK.

I Who e’re while the happy Garden sung,
By one man’s disobedience lost, now sing
Recover’d Paradise to all mankind,
By one man’s firm obedience fully try’d
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil’d
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls’d,
And Eden rais’d in the wast Wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field
Against the Spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds
With prosperous wing full sum’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 unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful then the sound of Trumpet, cri’d
Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz’d: to his great Baptism flock’d
With aw 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
descri’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
Heaven open’d, and in likeness of a Dove
The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
From Heav’n pronounc’d him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam’d
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-struck, th’ exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv’n, a while survey’d
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To Councel 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.
\[\text{O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,}\]
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conquest, then remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possest, and rul’d
In manner at our will th’ affairs of Earth,
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 compast, 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 Womans 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 youths full flowr, displaying
All vertue, grace and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz’d,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising
Out of the water, Heav’n above the Clouds
Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, what e’re it meant,
And out of Heav’n the Sov’raign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov’d, in him am pleas’d.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav’n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;  
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Fathers 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’t fraud, well woven snares,  
E’er 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 ruine Adam, and the exploit perform’d  
Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once  
Induces best to hope of like success.  

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to 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 thir march  
From Hell’s deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,  
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea gods  
Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.  
So to the Coast of Jordan he directs  
His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar’d,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected rais’d  
To end his Raign 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 verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call’d the Son of God;
Then 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 highest
O’re-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 subtily, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
Less over-weening, 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 able 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, e’re I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance:
His weakness shall o’recome Satanic 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 vertue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call’d my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.
So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov’d,
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.
Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri’d,
Against whate’r may tempt, whate’r 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 brest,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk’d alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering Desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ’d round,
His holy Meditations thus persu’d.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awak’n’d in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar’d.
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; 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 e’r 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’re all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow’r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor’d:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul  
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware  
Misled; the stubborn only to destroy. 

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,  
And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts  
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar  
To what highth sacred vertue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,  
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,  
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules  
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,  
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth  
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told  
Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's Throne,  
And of thy Kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire  
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;  
Directed to the Manger where thou lais't,  
For in the Inn was left no better room:  
A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing  
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,  
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heaven,  
By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
Just Simeon and Prophetic Anna, warn'd  
By Vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake  
Before the Altar and the vested Priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
This having heard, strait I again revolv'd  
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ  
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes  
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay even to the death,  
E're 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 disheartn’d or dismay’d,
The time prefixt I waited, when behold
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptism came,
Which I believ’d was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim’d
Me him (for it was shew’n him so from Heaven)
Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
Refus’d on me his Baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won;
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven open’d her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father’s voice,
Audibly heard from Heav’n, pronounc’d me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas’d; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The Authority which I deriv’d from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this Wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
 So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless 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 Winters 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 utt’red spake.
   Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return’d, and dropt not here
His Carcass, pin’d with hunger and with droughth?
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem’st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of Jordan honour’d so, and call’d thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain’d by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ’ns new; Fame also finds us out.
   To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.
   By Miracle he may, reply’d the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur’d
More then 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.
   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 then 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 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’ns  
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
I came among the Sons of God, when he  
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
And when to all his Angels he propos’d  
To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud  
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demuring,  
I undertook that office, and the tongues  
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb’d with lyes  
To his destruction, as I had in charge.  
For what he bids I do; though I have lost  
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
To be belov’d of God, I have not lost  
To love, at least contemplate and admire  
What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.  
What can be then less in me then 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  
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were Man adjoyn’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 lyes
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast’st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav’n of Heavens; thou com’st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos’d,
Ejected, emptyed, gaz’d, unpityed, shun’d,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell then when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven’s King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov’d thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a lyer 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 lyes.
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 flye or follow what concern’d him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv’n the Nations up
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels President
In every Province, who themselves disdaining
To approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a Fawning Parasite obey’st;
Then to thy self ascrib’st the truth fore-told.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench’d;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,
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 living Oracle
Into the World, to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.
    So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembl’d, and this Answer smooth return’d.
    Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
But misery hath rested 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 lye,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac’t above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submiss endure
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discourest, 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
Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf’d his voice
To Balaam Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir’d; disdain not such access to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter’d brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find’st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear’d
Into thin Air diffus’d: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade

The Desert, Fowls in thir clay nests were couch’t;
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.
MEan while the new-baptiz’d, who yet remain’d
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call’d
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar’d,
And on that high Authority had believ’d,
And with him 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 thir 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 thir 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 Thisbite who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jerico
The City of Palms, Ænon, and Salem Old,
Machærus and each Town or City wall’d
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in 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
Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath’d.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook’d for are we fall’n, our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom shall to Israel be restor’d:
Thus we rejoyc’d, but soon our joy is turn’d
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what height thir pow’r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
Thy Glory, free thy people from thir yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform’d,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal’d him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
In publick, and with him we have convers’d;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his bles’t 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, tydings of him none;
Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais’d
Some troubl’d 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 bles’t;
While I to sorrows am no less advanc’t,
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’t to flye
Thence into Egypt, till the Murd’rous King
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill’d
With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return’d, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg’d, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own’d from Heaven by his Father’s voice;
I look’t for some great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain fore-told,
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 mus’d,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur’d;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass’d
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos’d awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
Sole but with holiest Meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan with slye 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 sate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from the Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d,
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an Enemy
Is ris’n to invade us, who no less
Threat’ns then our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impowr’d,
Have found him, view’d him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergo'n
Then when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
Though Adam by his Wives allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mothers side at least,
With more then humane gifts from Heaven adorn’d,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
Therefore I am return’d, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persswasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match’d.

So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur’d thir utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose Belial the dissolustest 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 Skie; more like to Goddesses
Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues
Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay’d, yet terrible to approach,
Skill’d to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl’d in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the power to soft’n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged’st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest brest,
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’st on womankind, admiring
Thir shape, thir colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think’st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,  
False titl’d Sons of God, roaming the Earth  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
And coupl’d with them, and begot a race.

Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk’st,  
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,  
In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay

Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more

Too long, then lay’st thy scapes on names ador’d,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
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 Conquerour,  
A youth, how all the Beauties of the East  
He slightly view’d, and slightly over-pass’d;  
How hee sirnam’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 then to enjoy his State;

Thence to the bait of Women lay expos’d;  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Then Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment

Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire? or should she confident,

As sitting Queen ador’d on Beauties Throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the Zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so Fables tell;  
How would one look from his Majestick brow

Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,  
Discount’nce her despis’d, and put to rout  
All her array; her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands

In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite 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 oftest wreck’d;
Or that which only seems to satisfie
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

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

Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass’d
Wandring this woody maze, and humane food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that Fast
To Vertue 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 satisfie that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this bodies wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Mee hungring more to do my Fathers 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, Natures refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of Cherith stood
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the Desert, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awak’t,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar’d,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic’d him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towring to descry
The morns 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 chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin’d there
To rest at noon, and entr’d soon the shade
High rooﬁt and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open’d in the midst a woody Scene,
Natures 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 Wilderness;
The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Out cast *Nebaioth*, yet found he relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of *Israel* here had famish’d, had not God
Rain’d from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of 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 conclud’st thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.
    How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply’d,
Tell me if Food were now before thee set,
Would’st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer’d Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
Hast thou not right to all Created things,
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer’d first
To Idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer’d by an Enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold
Nature asham’d, or better to express,
Troubl’d that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey’d
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.
    He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spred, in regal mode,
With dishes pill’d, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boyl’d,
Gris-amber-steam’d; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain’d
Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric Coast.
Alas how simple, to these Cates compar’d,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus’d, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Then Ganymed or Hylas, distant more
Under the Trees now trip’d, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana’s train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea’s horn,
And Ladies of th’ Hesperides, that seem’d
Fairer then 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 chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann’d
From their soft wings, and Flora’s earliest smells.
Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew’d.
What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure,
Thir 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 thir Lord:
What doubt’st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.
To whom thus Jesus temperately reply’d:
Said’st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow’r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array’d in Glory on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what has thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.
To whom thus answer’d Satan malecontent:
That I have also power to give thou seest,
If of that pow’r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow’d on whom I pleas’d,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose
Whose pains have earn’d the far fet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish’d quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the 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 atchiev’ed?
Great acts require great means of enterprise,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
Bred up in poverty and streights at home;
Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence Authority deriv’st,
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,

Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;
What rais’d Antipater the Edomite,
And his Son Herod plac’d on Juda’s Throne;
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.

    To whom thus Jesus patiently reply’d;
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,
To gain dominion or to keep it gain’d.
Witness those antient Empires of the Earth,
In hight of all thir 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 Juda sat
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer’d from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wise mans cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Then 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 mans burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a King,
His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which every wise and vertuous 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 errour 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’re the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, then to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a Scepter, oftest better miss’t.

The End of the Second Book.
PARADISE REGAIN’D. The Third BOOK.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinc’d,
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew’d, him thus accosts.
I see thou know’st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Conteins of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urîm and Thummîm, those oraculous gems
On Aaron’s breast: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th’ array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
In battel, though against thy few in arms.
These God-like Vertues 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 powers all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son
Of Macedonian Philip had e’re these
Won Asia and the Throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose, young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell’d
The Pontic King and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires
The more he grew in years, the more inflam’d
With glory, wept that he had liv’d so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply’d.
Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth
For Empires sake, nor Empire to affect
For glories 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,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, & 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 thir tongues and be thir talk,
Of whom to be disprais’d were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th’ intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais’d.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heaven & Earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
He ask’d thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in Heaven, 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
Then those thir Conquerours, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe’re they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titl’d Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worship’t with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of Jove, of Mars the other,
Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deform’d,
Violent or shamefull death thir 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?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer’d for so doing,
For truths sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer’d; if young African for fame
His wasted Country freed from 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 murmuring thus reply’d.
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven
By all his Angels glorify’d, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wisest 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 pronoun’d glory he exacts.
To whom our Saviour fervently reply’d.
And reason; since his word all things produc’d,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that 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, ingratitude, and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil’d,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not thir own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.
So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.
Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain’d
To sit upon thy Father David’s Throne;
By Mothers side thy Father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms;
Judæa now and all the promis’d land
Reduc’t a Province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul’d
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think’st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Machabeus: he indeed
Retir’d unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o’er a mighty King so oft prevail’d,
That by strong hand his Family obtain’d,
Though Priests, the Crown, and David’s Throne usurp’d,
With Modin and her Suburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;
But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Fathers house, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless raign,
The happier raign the sooner it begins,
Raign then; what canst thou better do the while?
   To whom our Saviour answer thus return’d.
All things are best fullfil’d in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my raign 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 roul.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try’d in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey’d; just tryal e’er 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 rackt 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 then 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
Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather then aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Fathers ire,
(Whose ire I dread more then the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summers cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be hasty,  
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’st be thir King?  
Perhaps thou linger’st in deep thoughts detain’d  
Of the 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 **Gallilean** Towns,  
And once a year **Jerusalem**, few days  
Short sojourn; and what thence could’st thou observe?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts,  
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienc’t, will be ever  
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,  
(As he who seeking Asses 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 the Earth, thir pomp and state,  
Sufficient introduction to inform  
Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,  
And regal Mysteries; that thou may’st know  
How best their opposition to withstand.  
With that (such power 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 spatious plain out stretch’t in circuit wide  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow’d,  
Th’ one winding, the other strait and left between  
Fair Champain with less rivers interveind,  
Then meeting joyn’d thir 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 towr’d, that well might seem  
The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large  
The Prospect was, that here and there was room  
For barren desert fountainless and dry.  
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought  
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.  
Well have we speeded, and o’re hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers
Cut shorter many a league; here thou beholdest
Assyria and her Empires antient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus East, Euphrates West,
And oft beyond; to South the Persian Bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drouth:
Here Nineve, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon the wonder of all tongues,
As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His City there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates,
There Susa by Choaspe, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Tesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some Ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian King
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his Host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in hast; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half moons, and wings.
He look'st and saw what numbers numberless
The City gates out powr'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and military pride;
In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor East,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the South
Of Susiana to Balsara’s hav’n.
He saw them in thir forms of battell rang’d,
How quick they wheel’d, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowie showers against the face
Of thir 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 endorst with Towers
Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm’d
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his Northern powers
Besieg’d Albracca, as Romances tell;
The City of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her Sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,
Both Paynim, and the Peers of Charlemane.
Such and so numerous was thir Chivalrie;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum’d,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew’d.
That thou may’st know I seek not to engage
Thy Vertue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn
All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy Father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means us’d, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wer’t possess’d of David’s Throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such 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 Hycanus 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 reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true Successour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers't,
Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel; serving as of old
Thir Fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To thir inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt raign, and Rome or Caesar 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 endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather then of strength.
My brethren, as thou call’st them; those Ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to raig
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 numbring Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship Calves, the Deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides thir other worse then heathenish 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 Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,
And God with Idols in their worship joyn’d.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,
Unhumb’ld, unrepentant, unreform’d,
Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
Thir 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 the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they hast,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis’d land thir Fathers pass’d;
To his due time and providence I leave them.
   So spake Israel’s true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.
PARADISE REGAIN'D. The Fourth BOOK.

PErplex’d and troubl’d 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 sleek’t 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’t where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foyls 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 moust is powr’d,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash’t, the assault renew,
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o’re though desperate 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 bredth 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 the 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 Towers and Temples proudly elevate
On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn’d,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Tropehees, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of Mountains interpos’d.
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill
Of vision multiplyed 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
Then 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*
The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and Terrases, and glittering Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos’d
My Aerie Microscope) thou may’st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv’d work, the hand of fam’d Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to thir Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of thir power,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on the *Æmilian*, 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 the *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
From *India* and the golden *Chersoness*,
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath’d:
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *Brittish* West,
*Germans* and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
To *Rome*’s great Emperour, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, wealth and power,
Civility of Manners, Arts, and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may’st prefer
Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar’d among petty Kings too far remov’d;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.
This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old,
Old, and lascivious, and from Rome retir’d
To Capreae an Island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
Indu’d with Regal Vertues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might’st thou expel this monster from his Throne
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
A victor, people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may’st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less then all the world,
Aim at the highest, without the highest attain’d
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
On David’s Throne, be propheci’d what will.
To whom the Son of God unmov’d reply’d.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call’d magnificence,
More then of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should’st add to tell
Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On Citron tables or Atlantic stone;
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Creet, and how they quaff in Gold,
Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss’d with Gems
And studs of Pearl, to me should’st tell who thirst
And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew’st
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious wast of time to sit and hear
So many hollow complements and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed’st to talk
Of the Emperour, how easily subdu’d,
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 temperate, conquer’d well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling thir Provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by thir sports to blood enur’d
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos’d,
Luxurious by thir 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 over-shadowing 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 repli’d.
I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu’st, because offer’d, and reject’st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more then still to contradict:
On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
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
The abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir’d,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar’st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt bolder then 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’t,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all supreme? if giv’n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear’st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn’d.
To whom the Fiend with fear abasht 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
Then 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’t and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The tryal hath indamag’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
Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg’d,
When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went’st
Alone into the Temple; there was found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting 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’re all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,
All knowledge is not couch’t in Moses Law,
The Pentateuch or what the Prophets wrote,
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Natures light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean’st,
Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Thir Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc’t.
Look once more e’re we leave this specular Mount
Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a City stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic Bird
Trills her thick-warbl’d notes the summer long,
There flowrie hill Hymettus with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rouls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view
The schools of antient Sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur’d verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian Lyric Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call’d,
Whose Poem Phæbus challeng’d for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians 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 antient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin’d over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes Throne;
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates, see there his Tenement,
Whom well inspir’d the Oracle pronounc’d
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu’d forth
Mellifluous streams that water’d all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam’d Peripatetics, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik’st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom’s waight;
These rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn’d.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli’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
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sence;
Others in vertue plac’d felicity,
But vertue joyn’d with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,
By him call’d vertue; and his vertuous man,
Wise, 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 lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,
And in themselves seek vertue, 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 unseitt’d still remains,
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a spunge;
As Children gathering pibles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Music or with Poem, where so soon
As in our native Language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strew’d
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib’d,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in Babylon,
That pleas’d so well our Victors ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these Arts deriv’d;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of thir Deities, and thir own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
Thir Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid
As varnish on a Harlots 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 prais’d aright, and Godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inspir’d, not such from thee;
Unless where moral vertue is express’t
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Thir Orators thou then extoll’st, as those
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
And lovers of thir 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
Then all the Oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a King.

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

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor 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 would have set thee in short time with ease
On David’s Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When Prophesies of thee are best fulfill’d.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
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 prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.

So saying he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir’d) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shadowy off-spring unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubl’d mind
After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwind 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 ruine reconcil’d: nor slept the winds
Within thir stony caves, but rush’d abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow’d their Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet staid 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 thir\(^4\) fiery darts, while thou
Sat’st unappall’d in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass’d the night so foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still’d the roar
Of thunder, chas’d the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais’d
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer’d the face of Earth, and dry’d the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear’d up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv’d,
Desperate 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 Skie would mingle; but my self
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
To mans 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 rore, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell’st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfet season offer’d with my aid
To win thy destin’d seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way
Of gaining David’s Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain’d, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim’d it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
E’re 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.
      Mee worse then 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 threatnring 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 raign past thy preventing,
Obtrud’st thy offer’d aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
And storm’st refus’d, thinking to terrifie
Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern’d
And toil’st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply’d:
Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc’t by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of the Angelic Song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas’d to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
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 sence;
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 wast 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, power, intent,
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of adamant, and as a Center, firm
To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn’d, and may agen:
Therefore to know what more thou art then 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’re the Plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy City lifted high her Towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear’d
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster, top’t with Golden Spires:
There on the highest Pinacle 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 Fathers house
Have brought thee, and highest plac’t, 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 thir hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: also it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood.
But Satan smitten with amazement fell
As when Earths Son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove
With Joves Alcides, \(^7\) and oft foil’d still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn’d,
Thrott’l’d at length in the 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 Victor 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
Cast her self headlong from th’ Ismenian steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals\(^8\) of his hop’t 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 flowry 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 wearied, and repair’d
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair’d,
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heavenly 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 Heaven, enshrin’d
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wandring the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu’d
Against th’ Attempeter of thy Fathers Throne,
And Chief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heav’n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng’d
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain’d lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail’d,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install.
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav’n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, e’re this thou feel’st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv’d, and hold’st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm’d
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before thir time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heavenly Feast refresht
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobserv’d
Home to his Mothers house private return’d.

The END.
Notes

1. some copies have Wherbey
2. some copies have ighteous
3. some copies have loah
4. some copies have their
5. some copies have no
6. some copies have will desist; thou
7. no comma in some copies
8. some copies have tryumphals
9. some copies omit the comma