

PARADISE  
REGAIN'D.

A

POEM.

In IV BOOKS.

To which is added

*SAMSON AGONISTES.*

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The Author

*JOHN MILTON.*

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MDCLXXI.



# PARADISE REGAIN'D.

## *The First Book.*

I WHO e're while the happy Garden sung,  
By one mans disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one mans firm obedience fully tri'd  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,  
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 10  
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 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 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 20  
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,  
Unmarkt, 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

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. I.

His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptiz'd  
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove 30  
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 Council summons all his mighty Peers, 40  
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 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, 50  
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, 60  
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 70

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 80  
 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; 90  
 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're in the head of Nations he appear  
 Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100  
 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: 110  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprize

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. I.

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.

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*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 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 subtilty, 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're 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

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*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 : 160  
 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, 170  
 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 entring 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're may tempt, whate're seduce,  
 Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.  
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180  
 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 190  
 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

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. I.]

Awakn'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. 200  
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're yet my age  
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast 210  
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,  
Thence to subdue and quell o're all the earth  
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220  
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make perswasion do the work of fear ;  
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul  
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unware  
Mised : the stubborn only to subdue.  
These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,  
And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts  
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230  
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



*Paradise Regain'd.*

Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told  
 Thou shouldst be great and sit on *David's* Throne, 240  
 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 laist,  
 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, 250  
 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 resolv'd  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260  
 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 270  
 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, 280

## *Paradise Regain'd.*

[BK. I.

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 290  
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 300  
Lodg'd in his brest, 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 310  
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. 320

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place  
So far from path or road of men, who pass

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 330  
 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, 340  
 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 350  
 Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount  
*Moses* was forty days, nor eat nor drank,  
 And forty days *Eliak* 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 360  
 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

## Paradise Regain'd

[BK. I.

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; 370  
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 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 380  
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 390  
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, 400  
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.

*Paradise Regain'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, 410  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall,  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,  
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, 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. 420  
 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 430  
 By thee are giv'n, and what confest 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, 440  
 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 disdain

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. I.

To approach thy Temples, give thee in command  
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450  
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 *Delphas* or elsewhere,  
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
God hath now sent his living Oracle 460  
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,  
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
But misery hath rested from me; where 470  
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 submit endure  
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
Smooth on the tongue discourst, pleasing to th' ear,  
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; 480  
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 490

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 500  
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.*

# PARADISE REGAIN'D.

## *The Second 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 expresly 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

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*Paradise Regain'd.*

Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.  
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30  
 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 40  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation? God of *Israel*,  
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;  
 Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress  
 Thy chosen, to what highth 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, 50  
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,  
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd;  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
 But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw 60  
 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 blest;  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. II.]

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 80  
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 90  
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 100  
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, 110  
Into himself descended, and at once  
All his great work to come before him set;

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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.

120

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 impow'r'd,  
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
 Far other labour to be undergon  
 Then when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,  
 Though *Adam* by his Wives allurements fell,  
 However to this Man inferior far,  
 If he be Man by Mothers side at least,  
 With more then humane gifts from Heav'n 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 perswasion 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.

130

140

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 dissolutes Spirit that fell  
 The sensuallest, and after *Asmodai*  
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

150

Set women in his eye and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found ;

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. II.

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, 160  
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, resolute'st brest,  
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.  
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart  
Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build, 170  
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, 180  
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 *Amynone*, *Syrinx*, many more  
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
*Apollo*, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*, 190  
*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 *Pelleas* Conquerour,

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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. 200  
 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 210  
 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'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
 All her array; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands 220  
 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 ofttest wreck'd;  
 Or that which only seems to satisfie  
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; 230  
 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,

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. II.

If cause were to unfold some active Scene  
Of various persons each to know his part; 240  
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 hungry first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd  
Wandering 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 250  
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 hungry more to do my Fathers will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260  
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 thir 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 270  
Into the Desert, and how there he slept  
Under a Juniper; then how awakt,  
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 tousing to descry 280

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 ; 290  
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
 To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade  
 High rooft 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, 300  
 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 310  
 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, 320  
 Would'st thou not eat ? Thereafter as I like

309 he] here 1695

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. II.

The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,  
Hast thou not right to all Created things,  
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee  
Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,  
But tender all their power? nor mention I  
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first  
To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;  
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who  
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? behold  
Nature asham'd, or better to express,  
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.

33°

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
In ample space under the broadest shade  
A Table richly spread, in regal mode,  
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or 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*!

34°

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

35°

36°



*Paradise Regain'd.*

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, 370  
 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 withhold's my pow'r that right to use? 380  
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not, assoon 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 hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, 390  
 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 400  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that  
 Both Table and Provision vanish quite  
 With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard ;  
 Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd.

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. II.]

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, 410  
High actions: but wherewith to be atchiev'd ?  
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, 420  
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, 430  
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 highth 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 440  
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 450  
 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 460  
 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, 470  
 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're the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
 So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480  
 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, ofttest 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't  
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  
10      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 Prowess, or subsist  
In battel, though against thy few in arms.  
20      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? 30  
 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 40  
 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 50  
 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 60  
 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. 70

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. III.]

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, 80  
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 shameful 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; 90  
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, 100  
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, 110  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven

By all his Angels glorifi'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't glory he exacts. 120

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 130  
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompence, unsutable 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 despoil'd,  
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140  
 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, 150  
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:  
 But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
 To sit upon thy Father *David's* Throne;  
 By Mother's side thy Father, though thy right

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. III.]

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 160  
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're 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. 170  
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 reign,  
The happier reign the sooner it begins,  
Raign then ; what canst thou better do the while ? 180  
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.  
All things are best fullfil'd in thir 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, 190  
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're I merit



*Paradise Regain'd.*

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? 200  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly ract 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, 210  
 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) 220  
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition, as a summers cloud.

If I then to the worst that can be hast,  
 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, 230  
 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

# Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. III.]

In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever 240  
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,  
(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:  
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. 250

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 spacious 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, 260  
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 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 behold'st 270  
*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 *Ninevee*, 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, 280

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 hunderd gates,  
 There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but Kings; of later fame  
 Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands, 290  
 The great *Seleucia*, *Nisibis*, and there  
*Artaxata*, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,  
 Turning with easie 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 300  
 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't and saw what numbers numberless 310  
 The City gates out pow'r'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 *Hyrceanian* cliffs  
 Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,  
 From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains  
 Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South 320  
 Of *Susiana* to *Balsara's* hav'n.  
 He saw them in thir forms of battell rang'd,

## *Paradise Regain'd.*

[BK. III.]

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 33°  
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 Waggon's 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 34°  
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 35°  
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, 36°  
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

## Paradise Regain'd.

Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings  
*Antigonus*, and old *Hyrcaus* 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 370  
 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. 380  
 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 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 390  
 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 400  
 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 mean to reign  
*David's* true heir, and his full Scepter sway  
 To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons ;

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. III.]

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 410  
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 420  
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'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong would follow ; and to thir Gods perhaps 430  
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. 440  
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 10  
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,  
To salve 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 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 : 20  
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

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. IV.]

To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men 30  
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 Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,  
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,  
Above the highth of Mountains interpos'd.  
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill 40  
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  
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* 50  
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. 60  
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 *Emilian*, some from farthest South,  
*Syene*, and where the shadow both way falls, 70



*Paradise Regain'd.*

*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, 80  
 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, 90  
 Old, and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd  
 To *Caprea* 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 100  
 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 prophec'd what will.  
 To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More then of arms before, allure mine eye,

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. IV.]

Much less my mind ; though thou should'st add to tell  
Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
On *Cittron* 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 120  
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, 130  
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, 140  
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, 150  
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.

*Paradise Regain'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, 160  
 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. 170  
 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*, 180  
 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, 190  
 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;

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. IV.]

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, 200  
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 210  
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, 220  
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, 230  
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 *Aegean* shore a City stands

*Paradise Regain'd.*

Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
*Athens* the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts 240  
 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 250  
 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-mesur'd verse,  
*Eolian* 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. 260  
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragoedians 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 Democratic,  
 Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*, 270  
 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  
 Sirnam'd *Peripatetics*, and the Sect  
*Epicurean*, and the *Stoic* severe ; 280

## *Paradise Regain'd.*

[BK. IV.]

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 ; 290  
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, 300

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, 310  
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, 320  
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 unsettl'd still remains,  
 Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge ;  
 As Children gathering pibles on the shore. 330  
 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 340  
 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 tast excellling,  
 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 ; 350  
 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 thir majestic unaffected stile  
 Then all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*. 360  
 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.

# Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. IV.]

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,

370

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,

380

When Propheesies 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 thir 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,

390

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.

400

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 interwind might shield  
From dews and damp of night his shelter'd head,



*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 410  
 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 thir Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst 420  
 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 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 430  
 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, 440  
 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,

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. IV.]

Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape ;  
And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

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 pillard 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 460  
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 470  
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 ; 480  
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 threatning nigh ; what they can do as signs  
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490

*Paradise Regain'd.*

As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;  
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,  
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to 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 ; 500

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 510

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 ; 520

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. 530

And opportunity I here have had

To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee

## Paradise Regain'd.

[BK. IV.]

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.

540

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 Pinnacle he set  
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:

550

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,

560

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*, 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.

570

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.

*Paradise Regain'd.*

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 of his hop't success,  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580  
 So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe  
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy 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 spread  
 A table of Celestial Food, Divine,  
 Ambrosial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,  
 And from the fount of life Ambrosial drink, 590  
 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, 600  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd  
 Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,  
 And Thief 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 610  
 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

## *Paradise Regain'd.*

[BK. IV.]

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 620  
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 Demoniack holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 630  
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.*