

*PARADISE REGAINED,*  
*A POEM*

*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 th' 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, cried  
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  
His witness unconfirm'd; on him baptiz'd 30  
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove  
The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice  
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son  
That heard the Adversary, who roving still  
About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
Would not be last, and with the voice divine  
Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom  
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd  
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To Councel summons all his mighty Peers, 40  
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst  
With looks aghast 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,  
 At least if so we can, and by the head 60  
 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  
 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 80  
 The Prophet do him reverence; on him rising  
 Out of the water, Heav'n above the Clouds  
 Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head  
 A perfect Dove descend, what e're it meant,  
 And out of Heav'n the Sov'raign voice I heard,  
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.  
 His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire  
 He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,  
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 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 Supreme 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  
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, 120  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try,  
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
To end his Raign on Earth so long enjoy'd:  
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt  
Of the most High, who in full frequence bright  
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.

*Gabriel*, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130  
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 upgrown, 140  
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, 150  
 Of female Seed, far abler to resist  
 All his sollicitations, and at length  
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,  
 Winning by Conquest what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the Wilderness,  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, 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 Æthereal 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 pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 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,  
 Then to subdue and quell o're all the earth  
 Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 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 unaware  
 Misled; 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 height sacred vertue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high;  
 By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
 For know, thou art no Son of mortal man;  
 Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,  
 Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules  
 All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,  
 A messenger from God fore-told thy birth  
 Conceiv'd in me a Virgin; he fore-told  
 Thou shouldst be great and sit on *David's* Throne, 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 lais't;

For in the Inn was left no better room.  
 A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing  
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 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 revol'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  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270  
 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  
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him (for it was shewn 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  
 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 breast, as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest Society.

Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient Oak,  
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;  
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt  
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310  
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  
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 thyself 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 than 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 *Elijah* without food  
 Wandered 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 rigor unconniving, but that oft  
 Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,  
 Or range in th' Air; nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the Sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 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 luster 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 than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike 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 man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were Man adjoin'd:  
 This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,  
 Man fall'n, shall be restor'd, I never more.  
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.  
 Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of 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, emptyed, gaz'd, unpityed, shun'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
 To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
 So never more in Hell then when in Heaven. 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 disdaining  
 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 thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceased,  
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice  
 Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his living Oracle 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 submiss endure  
 Cheek 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  
 To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet  
 Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.  
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.  
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st  
 Permission from above; thou canst not more.  
 He added not; and Satan, bowing low

His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began  
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade  
The Desert; Fowls in thir clay nests were couch't;  
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE SECOND BOOK

Meanwhile the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,  
And on that high Authority had believ'd,  
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean  
*Andrew* and *Simon*, famous after known  
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,  
Now missing him thir joy so lately found,  
So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10  
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 *Elijah*, so in each place these  
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico* 20  
The City of Palms, *Aenon*, and *Salem* Old,  
*Machærus* and each Town or City wall'd  
On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,  
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.  
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek:  
Where winds with Reeds and Osiers whisp'ring play  
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,  
Close in a Cottage low together got  
Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.  
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 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 public, 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 complaints 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 breast, though calm, her breast 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,  
Hail highly favour'd, among women blest;  
While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,  
And fears as eminent, above the lot 70  
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 public 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;  
 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, 130  
 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 Mother's 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 140  
 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.  
 So spake th' 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, 150  
 The sensuallest, and after *Asmodai*  
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.  
 Set women in his eye and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;  
 Many are in each Region passing fair  
 As the noon Skie; more like to Goddesses  
 Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues  
 Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach, 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,  
 Eneve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolutelest breast,  
 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 mossy Fountain side,  
 In Valley or Green Meadow, to way-lay  
 Some beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,  
*Daphne*, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,  
 Or *Aymone*, *Syrinx*, many more  
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
*Apollo*, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*, 190  
 Satyr, or Faun, 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,  
 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 th' accomplishment  
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
 Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will voutsafe 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 Vertue's 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 230  
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;  
 And now I know he hungers where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;  
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.  
 He ceas'd, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active Scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part; 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 hungring first, and to himself thus said.  
 Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd  
 Wandring this woody maze, and humane food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that Fast

To Vertue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,  
Or God support Nature without repast 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 body's wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
Mee hungring more to do my Fathers will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 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, Nature's 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 280  
Left his ground-nest, high tousing to descry  
The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:  
As lightly from his grassy Couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.

Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If Cottage were in view, Sheepcote or Herd;  
But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he saw,  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,  
With chant of tuneful Birds resounding loud; 290  
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
To rest at noon, and enter'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  
Outcast *Nebaioth*, yet found he relief 310  
By a providing Angel; all the race  
Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God  
Rain'd from Heaven Manna; and that Prophet bold  
Native of *Thebez* 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. 320  
Tell me, if Food were now before thee set,  
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like  
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,  
Hast thou not right to all Created things,  
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee  
Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,  
But tender all thir power? nor mention I  
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first  
To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse; 330  
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who  
Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold  
Nature asham'd, or better to express,  
Troubl'd that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd  
From all the Elements her choicest store  
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
With honour; only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
In ample space under the broadest shade  
A Table richly spred, in regal mode, 340  
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*!  
And at a stately side-board by the wine 350  
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*, 360  
*Lancelot*, or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,  
And all the while Harmonious Airs were heard  
Of chiming strings or charming pipes and winds  
Of gentlest gale *Arabian odors* fann'd  
From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells.  
Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure, 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 withholds 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; 400  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that  
 Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite  
 With sound of Harpies wings, and talons heard;  
 Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd.  
 By hunger, that each other Creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;  
 Thy temperance invincible besides,  
 For no allurements yields to appetite, 410  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
 High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?  
 Great acts require great means of enterprise,  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
 A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self  
 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, 420  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,  
 Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
 Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;  
 What rais'd *Antipater* the *Edomite*,  
 And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda's* Throne;  
 (Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?  
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
 Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,  
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand; 430  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
 While Virtue, Valor, 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 ancient 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 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  
Conteins 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 Godlike 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  
Æthereal, 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  
Inglorioious: 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. 60  
 This is true glory and renown, when God  
 Looking on th'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 70  
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
 They err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By Conquest far and wide, to over-run  
 Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,  
 Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those thir Conquerours, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove, 80  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titl'd Gods,  
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worship't with Temple, Priest, and Sacrifice;  
 One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,  
 Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rowling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
 Violent or 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 honor patient *Job*?  
 Poor *Socrates*, (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,

For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.

Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame  
His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,  
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

100

To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.

Think not so slight of glory: therein least  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven  
By all his Angels 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.

110

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 show 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 recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And not returning that would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?

130

Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence.  
But why should man seek glory? who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
Who for so many benefits receiv'd  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
That which to God alone of right belongs;  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not thir own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.

140

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 Mothers side thy Father, though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms;

*Judæa* now and all the promis'd land  
Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd 160

With temperate sway; oft have they violated  
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once

*Antiochus*: and think'st thou to regain  
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?

So did not Machabeus: he indeed

Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;

And o'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 Father's house, Duty to free

Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;

So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie

The Prophets old, who sung thy endless raign,

The happier raign the sooner it begins,

Raign then; what canst thou better do the while? 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.

All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,

And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:

If of my 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; , who first

Well hath obey'd; just tryal e're I merit

My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting Kingdom? Why art thou  
 Sollicitous, What moves thy inquisition? 200  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?  
 To whom the Tempter, inly rackt reply'd.  
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear;  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me then the feeling can.  
 I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,  
 My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,  
 And will alike be punish'd; whether thou  
 Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy raign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather then aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's 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 shouldst 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 couldst thou observe?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts,  
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever 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 mayst 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 outstretch't in circuit wide  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
Th'one winding, th'other straight, and left between  
Fair Champain with less rivers 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-towr'd, that well might seem  
The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large  
The Prospect was, that here and there was room  
For barren desert fountainless and dry.  
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought  
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o're hill and dale,  
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers  
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
*Assyria* and her Empire's antient bounds, 270  
*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

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 *Hecatompyles* her hundred 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 easy eye thou may'st behold.  
All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,  
By great *Arsaces* led, who founded first  
That Empire, under his dominion holds  
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.

And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power; for now the *Parthian* king  
 In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host 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 powr'd, light armed Troops  
 In coats of Mail and military pride;  
 In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many Provinces from bound to bound;  
 From *Arachosia*, from *Candaor* East,  
 And *Margiana* to the *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,  
 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 laboring Pioners 330  
 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,  
 And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When *Agrican* with all his Northern powers  
 Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;  
 The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win 340  
 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*  
 His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,  
 Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charleman*.  
 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 mayst 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 350  
 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, 360  
 Between two such enclosing enemies  
*Roman* and *Parthian*? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first,  
 By my advice, as nearer and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings  
*Antigonus*, and old *Hyrceanus* bound,  
 Mauge 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 mee 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 raign  
*David's* true heir, and his full Scepter sway  
 To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons;  
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then  
 For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,  
 When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride  
 Of numbring *Israel*, which cost the lives 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 than heathenish crimes;  
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
 The God of thir 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'l'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 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 spite  
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, 20  
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end;  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o're though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;  
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills 30  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men  
From cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an Imperial City stood,  
With Towers and Temples proudly elevate  
On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,  
Porches and Theaters, 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 inquire:  
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 enricht  
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 ent'ring 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 th' *Æmilian*, some from farthest South,  
*Syene*, and where the shadow both way falls, 70  
*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 *Capreæ*, 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 prophecied 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,  
 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 tormentor 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.  
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;  
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 invoc't and world beneath;  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.  
 The trial 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 thyself 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 Nature's 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 *Ægean* shore a City stands  
 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-measur'd verse,  
*Aeolian* charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind *Melesigenes*, thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose Poem *Phoebus* 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  
 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 sense;  
 Others in vertue plac'd felicity,

But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease, 300  
 The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,  
 By him call'd vertue; and his vertuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 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 tasts excelling,

Where God is prais'd aright, and Godlike men,  
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;  
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; 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.  
 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 Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
 Now, contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,  
 Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters,  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,  
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,  
 A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,  
 Real or Allegoric I discern not, 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, 400  
 Privation meer of light and absent day.  
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubl'd mind  
 After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades  
 Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head  
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the Clouds 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 stood'st 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 their fiery darts, while thou  
 Satt'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 despite to be so oft repell'd.  
 Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,

Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood;  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;  
And in a careless mood thus to him said. 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 pillar'd frame of Heaven,  
Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesom, 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, wasteful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:  
This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.

Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfet season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way 470  
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  
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
Who knowing I shall raign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,  
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie  
Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd

And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd: 500

Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,  
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length  
Announc't by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,  
And of the Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,  
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.

From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till at the Ford of Jordan whither all 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 below'd.  
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn  
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
The Son of God, which bears no single sense;  
The Son of God I also am, or was,  
And if I was, I am; relation stands;

All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520  
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  
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 Alablaster, 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 Father's 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,  
 Throttl'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;  
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570  
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.  
 And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd  
 Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;  
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep,  
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless tryumphals 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 flow'ry 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 endu'd  
 Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,  
 And Thief of Paradise; him long of old  
 Thou didst debase, 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  
 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: hee all unarm'd  
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
 From thy Demoniac holds, possession foul,  
 Thee and thy Legions; yelling they shall flye,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 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*