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# Paradise Regained.

## John Milton.



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## About the author



John Milton (December 9, 1608 - November 8, 1674) was an English poet, most famous for his blank verse epic *Paradise Lost*.

His father, John Milton Sr., was a well-off scrivener, and his grandfather a wealthy landowner in Oxfordshire who, hewing to the old faith, had disinherited Milton's father after finding an English Bible in his possession. Milton père, from all indications, encouraged Milton's writerly ambitions, which developed early; he was writing poetry by the age of nine. "When he was young," Christopher, his younger brother, recalled to an early biographer after John's death, "he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night." He was educated at St Paul's School, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge (1625-32). While still at Cambridge he wrote some fine poems, among them the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" and the octosyllabics *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. While at Cambridge he developed a reputation for poetic skill and general erudition, although due to his hair, which he wore long, and his general delicacy of manner, he was known as the "Lady of Christ's", an epithet perhaps applied with some degree of scorn.

He was originally destined to a ministerial career, but his independent spirit led him to "prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." He spent five quiet years at Horton in Buckinghamshire, reading and writing. To this period belong "*Arcades*", "*Comus*", and "*Lycidas*", all breathing the lofty spirit of his religious convictions.

In 1638 and 1639 he traveled on the continent, coming into contact with such men as Grotius, Galileo, and Lucas Hotele, but was recalled by a rumor of the outbreak of the armed struggle for liberty at home.

The next twenty years of his life were devoted almost entirely to prose work in the service of the Puritan cause. In 1641 and 1642 appeared his tractates *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline* in England, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, the two defenses of Smectymnuus (an organization of protestant divines named after their initials), and *The Reason of Church Government Urged against Prelaty*. With frequent passages of real eloquence lighting up the rough controversial style of the period, and with a wide knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity, he struck weighty blows at the intolerant High-church party which seemed to dominate the Church of England.

In 1642 Milton married a sixteen-year-old girl, Mary Powell, who left a month later to return to her family. In the next three years Milton published a series of pamphlets arguing for the legality and morality of divorce, the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. In it Milton attacked the English marriage law as it had been taken over almost unchanged from medieval Catholicism, and sanctioning divorce on the ground of incompatibility or childlessness. In 1645, however, Mary returned. She died in 1652 from complications following childbirth—a death that may have affected Milton deeply, as evidenced by his twenty-third sonnet. (To be accurate, though, we don't know whether the sonnet concerns Mary's death in 1652, or the death



of Milton's second wife, also following childbirth, in 1658.)

His intercourse with Hartlib and Comenius led him to write in 1644 a short tract on Education, urging a reform of the national universities; and in the same year appeared the most popular of his prose writings, *Areopagitica*, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

The *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (1649) announced his adhesion to the cause of the Commonwealth, to which he was made Latin secretary in March. As part of his duties in this post, he wrote his *Eikonoklastes* (1649) in reply to the *Eikon Basilike* popularly attributed to Charles I, the first *Pro populo Anglicano defensio* (1651) against Salmasius, and in 1654 his *Defensio secunda* and *Pro se defensio*; and his fine Latin style was of great avail for the drafting of the state papers which passed between Oliver Cromwell's government and the continent.

His incessant labours cost him his eyesight, but he retained his office until the Restoration. He then lived in retirement, devoting himself once more to poetical work, and publishing *Paradise Lost* in 1667, the epic by which he attained universal fame (blind and impoverished he sold the copyright to this work on April 27th that year for £10), to be followed by the much inferior *Paradise Regained*, together with *Samson Agonistes*, a drama on the Greek model, in 1671.

Milton's religious position, partially expressed in the treatises named above and in his *Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes and Considerations touching the Likeliest Means to Remove Hirelings out of the Church* (1659), is most clearly seen in his posthumous *De doctrina Christiana*, the manuscript of which, long lost, was discovered only in 1823.

His point of view is entirely subjective and individualistic; his faith

is deduced from Scripture by the inner illumination of the Spirit, not tied to human traditions. It is not therefore surprising to find him taking his own view on the Trinity, the divinity of Christ and the Holy Ghost, predestination, the creation of the world, etc., as also in regard to practical questions such as marriage, infant baptism, and the observance of Sunday.

What he attempts to give is not a complete scientific treatment in the modern sense but an exposition of the clear and universally acceptable teaching of scripture. In many points he is the prophet and herald of a new era, a Protestant individualist and idealist, as well as a typical figure for the revolutionary cause to which he devoted the best powers of his life.



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# *Paradise Regained.*

## *~ The First Book.*

I, WHO erewhile the happy Garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds,

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With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds  
 Above heroic, though in secret done,  
 And unrecorded left through many an age:  
 Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice  
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
 Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
 To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked  
 With awe the regions round, and with them came  
 From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed  
 To the flood Jordan—came as then obscure,  
 Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist soon  
 Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resigned  
 To him his heavenly office. Nor was long  
 His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized  
 Heaven opened, and in likeness of a Dove  
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.  
 That heard the Adversary, who, roving still  
 About the world, at that assembly famed  
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom  
 Such high attest was given a while surveyed  
 With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,



Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
 To council summons all his mighty Peers,  
 Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,  
 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, than remember Hell,  
 Our hated habitation), well ye know  
 How many ages, as the years of men,  
 This Universe we have possessed, and ruled  
 In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,  
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise, deceived 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 Heaven  
 Delay, for longest time to Him is short;  
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound  
 (At least, if so we can, and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being  
 In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)—

For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed,  
 Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;  
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
 All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
 Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim  
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
 To do him honour as their King. All come,  
 And he himself among them was baptized—  
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
 The Prophet do him reverence; on him, rising  
 Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head  
 A perfect Dove descend (whate'er it meant);  
 And out of Heaven the sovereign voice I heard,  
 'This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased.'  
 His mother, than, is mortal, but his Sire  
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;  
 And what will He not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,



When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep;  
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face  
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be opposed  
 (Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),  
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed  
 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 the infernal crew,  
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings. But no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this man enterprise  
 To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt  
 At first against mankind so well had thrived

In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,  
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,  
 This man of men, attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guile on him to try—  
 So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
 To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed:  
 But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled  
 The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,  
 Of the Most High, who, in full frequence bright  
 Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:—

"Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,  
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth  
 With Man or men's affairs, how I begin  
 To verify that solemn message late,  
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son,  
 Great in renown, and called the Son of God.  
 Then told'st 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'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,  
 To shew him worthy of his birth divine  
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
 To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay  
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
 Of his Apostasy. He might have learnt  
 Less overweening, since he failed in Job,  
 Whose constant perseverance overcame  
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
 He now shall know I can produce a man,  
 Of female seed, far abler to resist  
 All his solicitations, and at length  
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell—  
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the Wilderness;  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.  
 By humiliation and strong sufferance  
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
 That all the Angels and aethereal Powers—  
 They now, and men hereafter—may discern  
 From what consummate virtue I have chose



This perfect man, by merit called 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 moved,  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument:—

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!  
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,  
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.  
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his godlike office now mature,



One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
With solitude, till, far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He entered now the bordering Desert wild,  
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued:—

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compared!  
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 public good; myself I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,  
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet;  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection that, ere yet my age  
Had measured twice six years, at our great Feast  
I went into the Temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our Law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own,

And was admired by all. Yet this not all  
 To which my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds  
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts—one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;  
 Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored:  
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
 Miled; the stubborn only to subdue.  
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,  
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
 And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,  
 O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar  
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high;  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
 Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
 All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men.  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold



Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy nativity a glorious quire  
 Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
 And told them the Messiah now was born,  
 Where they might see him; and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;  
 For in the inn was left no better room.  
 A Star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,  
 By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned  
 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 heart, straight I again revolved  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am—this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,

Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
 Full weight must be transferred upon my head.  
 Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,  
 The time prefixed I waited; when behold  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare!  
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
 Which I believed was from above; but he  
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed  
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)—  
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first  
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won.  
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heaven opened 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 Heaven, pronounced me his,  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleased: 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 derived from Heaven.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness; to what intent



I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know;  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
 And, looking round, on every side beheld  
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.  
 The way he came, not having marked return,  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodged in his breast as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he passed—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 harboured in one cave, is not revealed;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,  
 Till those days ended; hungered then at last  
 Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;  
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
 Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray eye,

Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet returned from field at eve,  
 He saw approach; who first with curious eye  
 Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake:—

"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan? for single none  
 Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pined 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 honoured so, and called thee Son  
 Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far),  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens 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," replied the swain;  
 "What other way I see not; for we here



Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far—  
 Men to much misery and hardship born.  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;  
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:—  
 "Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;  
 And forty days Eliah 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 answered the Arch-Fiend, now undisguised:—  
 "'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate  
 Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep—  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined

By rigour unconning but that oft,  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,  
 Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came, among the Sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
 And, when to all his Angels he proposed  
 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 glibbed with lies  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge:  
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declared 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  
 I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in these regions of the World,  
 If not disposer—lend them off 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 woe!  
 At first it may be; but, long since with woe  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;  
 Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.  
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man,  
 Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:—  
 "Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,  
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,

Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,  
 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 than when in Heaven.  
 But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King!  
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
 What but thy malice moved 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 liar in four hundred mouths;  
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles  
 By thee are given, and what confessed more true  
 Among the nations? That hath been thy craft,  
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
 But what have been thy answers? what but dark,  
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
 Which they who asked have seldom understood,  
 And, not well understood, as good not known?  
 Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,  
 Returned the wiser, or the more instruct



To fly or follow what concerned him most,  
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
 For God hath justly given the nations up  
 To thy delusions; justly, since they fell  
 Idolatrous. But, when his purpose is  
 Among them to declare his providence,  
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 But from him, or his Angels president  
 In every province, who, themselves disdain  
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
 What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say  
 To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;  
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be enquired at Delphos or elsewhere—  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his living Oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,  
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned:—

"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
And urged me hard with doings which not will,  
But misery, hath wrested from me. Where  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not inforced oft-times to part from truth,  
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
But thou art placed 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 discoursed, pleasing to the ear,  
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;  
What wonder, then, if I delight to hear  
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
Virtue 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 voutsafed his voice  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspired: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered 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, bowling low  
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,  
Into thin air diffused: for now began  
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

## *The Second Book.*

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remained  
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
 Him whom they heard so late expressly called  
 Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,  
 And on that high authority had believed,  
 And with him talked, and with him lodged—I mean  
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
 With others, though in Holy Writ not named—  
 Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
 So lately found and so abruptly gone,  
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
 And, as the days increased, increased their doubt.  
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,  
 And for a time caught up to God, as once



Moses was in the Mount and missing long,  
 And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.  
 Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these  
 Nigh to Bethabara—in Jericho  
 The city of palms, AEnon, and Salem old,  
 Machaerus, and each town or city walled  
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
 Or in Peraea—but returned in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,  
 Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed:—

"Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
 Unlooked for are we fallen! 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 restored.'  
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned  
 Into perplexity and new amaze.  
 For whither is he gone? what accident



Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come.  
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
 Thy Chosen, to what highth their power unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of Thee; arise, and vindicate  
 Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke!  
 But let us wait; thus far He hath performed—  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him  
 By his great Prophet pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have conversed.  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his providence; He will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall—  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence:  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return."

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought.  
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
 Others returned from baptism, not her Son,  
 Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,  
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised



Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:—

"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,  
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
 'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!'  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
 And fears as eminent above the lot  
 Of other women, by the birth I bore:  
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtained to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
 Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing, filled  
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.  
 From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any king. But now,  
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,  
 By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,  
 Son owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,  
 I looked for some great change. To honour? no;  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign

Spoken against—that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured 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 mused—  
 Since understand; much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured;  
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things  
 And sayings laid up, pretending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had passed  
 Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set—  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on Earth, and mission high.



For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his Potentates in council sate.  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began:—

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, AEthereal Thrones—  
 Daemonian Spirits now, from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called  
 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 risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.  
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequence was impowered,  
 Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
 However to this Man inferior far—  
 If he be Man by mother's side, at least  
 With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am returned, lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion 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 overmatched."

So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolutest Spirit that fell,  
 The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,  
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised:—

"Set women in his eye and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found.  
 Many are in each region passing fair  
 As the noon sky, more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach,  
 Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame



Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,  
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.  
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:—  
 "Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
 All others by thyself. Because of old  
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring  
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
 Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,  
 False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
 In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side,  
 In valley or green meadow, to waylay  
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more

Too long—then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 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 scorned  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
 He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed;  
 How he surnamed of Africa dismissed,  
 In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full  
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
 Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.  
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
 Of greatest things. What woman will you find,  
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will voutsafe an eye  
 Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
 As sitting queen adored on Beauty's 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 majestic brow,  
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
 Discountenance her despised, and put to rout  
 All her array, her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands  
 In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abashed.  
 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 wrecked);  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.  
 And now I know he hungers, where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness:  
 The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,  
 To be at hand and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene

Of various persons, each to know his part;  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,  
 Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,  
 After forty days' fasting, had remained,  
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:—

"Where will this end? Four times ten days I have passed  
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast,  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
 But now I feel I hunger; which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain. So it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm;  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,



And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.  
 Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn—  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;  
 He saw the Prophet also, how he fled  
 Into the desert, and how there he slept  
 Under a juniper—then how, awaked,  
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,  
 The strength whereof sufficed 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 harald Lark  
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry  
 The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.  
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;  
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw—  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,

With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud.  
 Thither he bent his way, determined there  
 To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade  
 High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That opened in the midst a woody scene;  
 Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught Art),  
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed it round;  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city or court or palace bred,  
 And with fair speech these words to him addressed:—

"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 here relief  
 By a providing Angel; all the race  
 Of Israel here had famished, had not God  
 Rained from heaven manna; and that Prophet bold,  
 Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.



Of thee those 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 replied.  
 "Tell me, if food were now before thee set,  
 Wouldst thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like  
 the giver," answered Jesus. "Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle Fiend.  
 "Hast thou not right to all created things?  
 Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee  
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first  
 To idols—those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffered by an enemy—though who  
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,  
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed  
 From all the elements her choicest store,  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honour. Only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,

Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,  
 In ample space under the broadest shade,  
 A table richly spread in regal mode,  
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
 Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,  
 Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drained  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,  
 Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,  
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,  
 Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed  
 Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds



Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
 Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renewed:—

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure;  
 Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
 All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.  
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:—  
 "Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
 And who withholdeth my power that right to use?  
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,  
 Arrayed 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,  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, male-content:—  
 "That I have also power to give thou seest;  
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect.  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that  
 Both table and provision vanished quite,  
 With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;  
 Only the importune Tempter still remained,  
 And with these words his temptation pursued:—

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;  
 Thy temperance, invincible besides,  
 For no allurements yields to appetite;  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
 High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?



Great acts require great means of enterprise;  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.  
 Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?  
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.  
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his son Herod placed on Juda's throne,  
 Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?  
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap—  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.  
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:—  
 "Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gained—  
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;



But men endued with these have oft attained,  
 In lowest poverty, to highest deeds—  
 Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad  
 Whose offspring on the throne of Juda sate  
 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 offered from the hand of kings.  
 And what in me seems wanting but that I  
 May also in this poverty as soon  
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
 Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,  
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt  
 To slacken virtue and abate her edge  
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
 What if with like aversion I reject  
 Riches and realms! Yet not for that a crown,  
 Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
 To him who wears the regal diadem,  
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;



For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
 That for the public 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 virtuous man attains;  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
 To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,  
 Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,  
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
 That other o'er the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force—which to a generous mind  
 So reigning can be no sincere delight.  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
 Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be sought—  
 To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

## *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 convinced  
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;  
 At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
 With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts:—

"I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;  
 Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart  
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle



Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast, or tongue of Seers old  
 Infallible; or, wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might require the array of war, thy skill  
 Of conduct would be such that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
 These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide?  
 Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive  
 All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The fame and glory—glory, the reward  
 That sole excites to high attempts the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure  
 AEthereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers, all but the highest?  
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quelled  
 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 inflamed  
 With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
 Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:—  
 "Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?  
 And what the people but a herd confused,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, 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 extolled,  
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk?  
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise—  
 His lot who dares be singularly good.  
 The intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
 This is true glory and renown—when God,  
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
 To all his Angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,



When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,  
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
 He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'  
 Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less known,  
 Where glory is false glory, attributed  
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
 They err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault. What do these worthies  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rowling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
 But, if there be in glory aught of good;  
 It may be means far different be attained,  
 Without ambition, war, or violence—

By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance. I mention still  
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffered—if young African for fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage—  
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
 Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied:—  
 "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 glorified, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.



Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared;  
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:  
 "And reason; since his Word all things produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely; of whom what could He less expect  
 Than 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?  
 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 received,  
 Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoiled;  
 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 advances his glory, not their own,  
 Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again  
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
 With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,  
 Insatiable of glory, had lost all;  
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon:—

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem;  
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
 But to a Kingdom thou art born—ordained  
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
 By mother's side thy father, though thy right  
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
 Easily from possession won with arms.  
 Judaea now and all the Promised Land,  
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
 Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled  
 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  
 Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed  
 That by strong hand his family obtained,  
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,  
 With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
 And duty—zeal and duty are not slow,  
 But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:  
 They themselves rather are occasion best—  
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
 Thy country from her heathen servitude.  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,  
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign—  
 The happier reign the sooner it begins.  
 Rein then; what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned:—  
 "All things are best fulfilled in their due time;  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.  
 If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told  
 That it shall never end, so, when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed—  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons rowl.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,

By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting  
 Without distrust or doubt, that He may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best  
 Can suffer best can do, best reign who first  
 Well hath obeyed—just trial ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting Kingdom? Why art thou  
 Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied:—  
 "Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
 For where no hope is left is left no fear.  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,  
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,  
 And will alike be punished, whether thou



Reign or reign not—though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire  
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)  
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
 If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best?  
 Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,  
 That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their King!  
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained  
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!  
 No wonder; for, though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in Man be found,  
 Or human nature can receive, consider  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,  
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days'  
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts—  
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever

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, their pomp and state—  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then), he took  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,  
 Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.  
 Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
 With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills;  
 Huge cities and high-towered, 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'er 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 ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:  
 Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,  
 His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there;  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,  
 And Hecatompylos her hunderd gates;  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame,  
 Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,

The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
 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 gathered all his host  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste. See, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit—  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride.  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound—



From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;  
 From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.  
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
 Of archers; nor of labouring pioners  
 A multitude, with spades and axes armed,  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
 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,  
 Besieged Albracea, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win  
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica,



His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
 Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemane.  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry;  
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:—

"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark  
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shew  
 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 used, what it predicts revokes.  
 But say thou wert possessed of David's throne  
 By free consent of all, none opposite,  
 Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope  
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure  
 Between two such enclosing enemies,  
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,



Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,  
 Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor—  
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:  
 The sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,  
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:—  
 "Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep

Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.  
 Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction else  
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne!  
 My time, I told thee (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off), is not yet come.  
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
 Luggage of war there shewn me—argument  
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,  
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre 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 numbering Israel—which cost the lives  
 of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
 By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal  
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
 From God to worship calves, the deities  
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
 And all the idolatries of heathen round,



Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;  
 Nor in the land of their captivity  
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
 The God of their forefathers, but so died  
 Impenitent, and left a race behind  
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
 And God with idols in their worship joined.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
 Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps  
 Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve  
 Their enemies who serve idols with God.  
 Yet He at length, time to himself best known,  
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
 May bring them back, repentant and sincere,  
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
 While to their native land with joy they haste,  
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
 When to the Promised Land their fathers passed.  
 To his due time and providence I leave them."

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

## *The Fourth Book.*

Perplexed and troubled at his bad success  
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
 Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
 That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
 So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve;  
 This far his over-match, who, self-deceived  
 And rash, beforehand had no better weighed  
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own.  
 But—as a man who had been matchless held  
 In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,  
 To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
 Still will be tempting him who foils 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 must is poured,  
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
 Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,  
 (Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end—  
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
 Yet gives not o'er, though 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 breadth not wide,  
 Washed by the southern sea, and on the north  
 To equal length backed with a ridge of hills  
 That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men  
 From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst  
 Divided by a river, off whose banks  
 On each side an Imperial City stood,  
 With towers and temples proudly elevate  
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes  
 Above the highth of mountains interposed—  
 By what strange parallax, or optic skill

Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire.  
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:—

"The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth  
 So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched  
 Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
 Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,  
 The imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
 Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.  
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of gods—so well I have disposed  
 My aerie microscope—thou may'st behold,  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.  
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:  
 Praetors, proconsuls to their provinces  
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;  
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;



Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;  
 Or embassies from regions far remote,  
 In various habits, on the Appian road,  
 Or on the AEmilian—some from farthest south,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor 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 wreathed;  
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay—  
 To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain,  
 In ample territory, wealth and 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,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed;  
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
 This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired

To Capreae, an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;  
 Committing to a wicked favourite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;  
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,  
 Now made a sty, 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 than all the world;  
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attained,  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied:—  
 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic shew  
 Of luxury, though called magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),



Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, imbossed with gems  
 And studs of pearl—to me should'st tell, who thirst  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou shew'st  
 From nations far and nigh! What honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk  
 Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?  
 Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out;  
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal—who, once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed;  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world;  
 And of my Kingdom there shall be no end.  
 Means there shall be to this; but what the means  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied:—  
 "I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict.  
 On the other side know also thou that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem,  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for naught,  
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,  
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give  
 (For, given 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 answered with disdain:—  
 "I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
 The abominable terms, impious condition.  
 But I endure the time, till which expired  
 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, accursed? now more accursed  
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;  
 Other donation none thou canst produce.  
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now  
 Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame  
 As offer them to me, the Son of God—  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?"

Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st  
That Evil One, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, replied:—  
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God—  
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men—  
If I, to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed  
What both from Men and Angels I receive,  
Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth  
Nations besides from all the quartered winds—  
God of this World invoked, and World beneath.  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.  
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.  
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more  
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
To contemplation and profound dispute;  
As by that early action may be judged,  
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
Alone into the Temple, there wast found



Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant  
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews the man,  
As morning shews the day. Be famous, then,  
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.  
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.  
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold  
Where on the AEgean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And Eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.

See there the olive-grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
 There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound  
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rowls  
 His whispering stream. Within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient sages—his who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.  
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,  
 AEolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
 Whose poem Phoebus challenged for his own.  
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught  
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,  
 High actions and high passions best describing.  
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,  
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,



Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed house  
 Of Socrates—see there his tenement—  
 Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pronounced  
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.  
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:—  
 "Think not but that I know these things; or, think  
 I know them not, not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought. He who receives  
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all professed  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;



The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;  
 Others in virtue placed felicity,  
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,  
 By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life—  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the World began, and how Man fell,  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;  
 And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these  
 True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,



An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
 Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,  
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
 Or, if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poem, where so soon  
 As in our native language can I find  
 That solace? All our Law and Story strewed  
 With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
 That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived—  
 Ill imitated while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own,  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove their swelling epithetes, thick-laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
 Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare

With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
 Where God is praised aright and godlike men,  
 The Holiest of Holies and his Saints  
 (Such are from God inspired, not such from thee);  
 Unless where moral virtue is expressed  
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
 Their orators thou then extoll'st as those  
 The top of eloquence—statists indeed,  
 And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,  
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of civil government,  
 In their majestic, unaffected style,  
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
 These only, with our Law, best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now  
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),  
 Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied:—

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me proposed in life contemplative



Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee. Yet remember  
 What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.  
 Now, contrary—if I read aught in heaven,  
 Or heaven write aught of fate—by what the stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,  
 Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric, I discern not;  
 Nor when: eternal sure—as without end,  
 Without beginning; for no date prefixed  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness

Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light and absent day.  
 Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind  
 After his jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head;  
 But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head  
 The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds  
 From many a horrid rift abortive poured  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire,  
 In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bowed their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:



Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
 Environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.  
 Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,  
 Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And griesly spectres, which the Fiend had raised  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheered the face of earth, and dried 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,  
 Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
 Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
 The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;  
 Yet with no new device (they all were spent),  
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
 And mad despite to be so oft repelled.  
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,

Backed on the north and west by a thick wood;  
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
 And in a careless mood thus to him said:—

"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
 After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,  
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,  
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,  
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone.  
 Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signify 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 perfect season offered with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when  
 (For both the when and how is nowhere told),



Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;  
 For Angels have proclaimed 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,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;  
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,  
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:—

"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm  
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.  
 I never feared they could, though noising loud  
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs  
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my God;  
 And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify

Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discerned,  
And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, replied:—  
"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  
Announced 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 ceased 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  
Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest  
(Though not to be baptized), by voice from Heaven  
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.  
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
In what degree or meaning thou art called  
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.  
The Son of God I also am, or was;  
And, if I was, I am; relation stands:  
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought  
In some respect far higher so declared.



Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,  
And followed thee still on to this waste wild,  
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek  
To understand my adversary, who  
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
By parle or composition, truce or league,  
To win him, or win from him what I can.  
And opportunity I here have had  
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
Of adamant and as a centre, firm  
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
Have been before contemned, and may again.  
Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,  
Worth naming the Son of God by voice from Heaven,  
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing  
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,  
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
The Holy City, lifted high her towers,  
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared

Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:  
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:—

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

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,  
 'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and stood;  
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.  
 As when Earth's son, Antaeus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,  
 Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,  
 So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride



Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;  
 And, as that Theban monster that proposed  
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,  
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,  
 So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
 So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plumy vans received Him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
 As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;  
 Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine  
 Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,  
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,  
 That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired  
 What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,  
 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 throned  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined  
 In fleshly tabernacle and human form,  
 Wandering the wilderness—whatever place,  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with Godlike force endued  
 Against the attempter of thy Father's throne  
 And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
 Thou didst debase, and down from Heaven cast  
 With all his army; now thou hast avenged  
 Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
 Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
 In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.  
 For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,  
 A fairer Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
 A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;  
 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 Heaven, trod down  
 Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st



Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound)  
 By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell  
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
 Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
 To dread the Son of God. He, all unarmed,  
 Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul—  
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
 Lest he command them down into the Deep,  
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
 Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both Worlds,  
 Queller 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 refreshed,  
 Brought on his way with joy. He, unobserved,  
 Home to his mother's house private returned.























































































































