

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



MILTON VOLUME III.
but here I feel amends
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing.

Samson Agon. line 9.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

FROM
THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A
CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Ann^o 1776.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A POEM IN FOUR BOOKS.

Together with

<i>SAMS. AGONISTES,</i>	<i>IL PENSEROSO,</i>
<i>COMUS,</i>	<i>ARCADES,</i>
<i>L'ALLEGRO,</i>	<i>LYCIDAS.</i>

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

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P R E F A C E.

[Extracted from Dr. Newton's Octavo Edition of 1773.]

IT hath been recommended to me by some great persons, as well as by several friends, to complete the edition of Milton's Poetical Works: for though the *Paradise Lost* be the flower of epic poesy, and the noblest effort of genius, yet here are other poems which are no less excellent in their kind, and if they have not that sublimity and majesty, are at least equally beautiful and pleasing to the imagination. And the same method that was taken in the publication of the *Paradise Lost*, is pursued in this edition of the *Paradise Regain'd* and other Poems, to exhibit the true and genuine text according to Milton's own editions. Of the *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* there was only one edition in Milton's life-time, in the year 1671; and this we have made our standard, correcting only what the Author himself would have corrected. Dr. Bentley pronounces it to be without faults, but there is a large table of errata at the end, which instead of being emended, have rather been augmented in the following editions, and were never corrected in any edition that I have seen before the present. Of the other Poems there were two editions in Milton's life-time, the first in 1645, before he was blind, and the other with some additions in 1673. Of the *Mask* there was likewise an edition published by Mr Henry Lawes in 1637: and of the *Mask*

and several other poems there are extant copies in Milton's own hand writing, preserved in the library of Trinity College in Cambridge: and all these copies and editions have been carefully collated and compared together. The Manuscript, indeed, hath been of singular service in rectifying several passages, and especially in the Sonnets, some of which were not printed till many years after Milton's death, and were then printed imperfect and deficient both in sense and metre, but are now, by the help of the Manuscript, restored to their just harmony and original perfection.

The Latin poems I cannot say are equal to several of his English compositions: but yet they are not without their merit; they are not a cento, like most of the modern Latin poetry; there is spirit, invention, and other marks and tokens of a rising genius; for it should be considered, that the greater part of them were written while the Author was under twenty. They are printed correctly, according to his own editions in 1645 and 1673.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I WHO ere while the happy Garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one Man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd 5
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spi'rit who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire, 11
As thou art wont, my prompted song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy to' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclamer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand 20
To all baptis'd: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,

Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon 25
Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptis'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
The Spi'rit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air, 45
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 possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50
Since Adam and his facil consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since

With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflict'd by the seed of Eve
Upon my head : long the decrees of Heav'n 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short ;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air ;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born : 65
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 proclame 70
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honor as their king ; all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt ; I saw
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80

Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her cryſtal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sov'ran voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to' advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep; 90
Who this is we muſt learn, for man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Father's glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well-conch'd fraud, well woven ſnares,
Eye in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and ſupreme on Earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook 100
The diſmal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Succeſſfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waſt me; and the way found proſp'rous once
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs. 105
He ended, and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and ſurpris'd with deep diſmay

At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
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, 120
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
This Man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoy'd: 125
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
Thou and all angels conversant on Earth
With man or 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 135
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;

Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come.
The Holy Ghost; and the power of the Highest
O'er-shadow' her: this Man born and now up-grown,
To show him worthy of his birth divine 141
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 145
Of his apostasy; he might have learnt
Less overweening since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
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 surpris'd. But first I mean 155
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: 160
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,

From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
With Solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd 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 compar'd! 200
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that ere yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast 210
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all; yet this not all
To which my spi'rit aspir'd; victorious deeds 215
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the Earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannie power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220