

THE
WORKS
OF
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COMPRISING
HIS POEMS,
CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY THE EDITOR,
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POET LAUREATE, ETC.

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FOURTEENTH ANGEL.

Placed in a state of innocence is man ;
 Primeval justice is his blessed gift,
 Hence are his senses to his reason subject,
 His body to his mind,
 Enjoying reason as his prime endowment.

FIFTEENTH ANGEL.

Supernal love held him too highly dear,
 To let him dwell alone ;
 And thence of lovely woman
 (Fair faithful aid) bestow'd on man the gift.
 Adam, 'tis thine alone
 To keep thy duty to thy Lord unstain'd ;
 In his command of the forbidden fruit,
 Thy gift of freedom keep inviolate ;
 And though he fashion'd thee without thy aid,
 Think not without thy aid he means to save thee !
 But since, descending from the heights of heaven,
 We come as kind attendants upon man,
 Now let us haste to Eden's flowery banks.

ALL THE ANGELS SING.

Now take we happy flight
 To Paradise, adorn'd with fairest flowers ;
 There let us almost worship
 The mighty lord of this transcendent world,
 And joyous let us sing
 This flowery heaven, and Adam as its God.

SCENE THE SECOND.

ADAM. O mighty Lord of mighty things sublime !
 O my supreme Creator !
 O bounteous in thy love

To me thy humble servant, such rare blessings
 With liberal hand thou givest,
 Where'er I turn my eyes,
 I see myself revered.

Approach ye animals that range the field !
 And ye now close your variegated wings,
 Ye pleasing birds ! in me you look on Adam,
 On him ordain'd to name
 All things that gracious God has made for man ;
 And praise, with justice praise
 Him who created me, who made you all,
 And in his bounteous love with me rejoice.
 But what do I behold ? blest that I am,
 My dear, my sweet companion !
 Who comes to hail me with a gift of flowers,
 And with these sylvan honours crown my brow.
 Go ! stately lion, go ! and thou with scales
 Impenetrable arm'd
 Rhinoceros, whose pride can strike to earth
 The unconquer'd elephant !
 Thou fiery courser bound along the fields,
 And with thy neighing shake the echoing vale ;
 Thou camel, and all here, or beast, or bird,
 Retire, in homage to approaching Eve !

EVE. O what delight more dear,
 Than that, which, Adam in my sight enjoys,
 Draws him far off from me ? Ye tender flowers,
 Where may I find on you
 The traces of his step ?

LURCONE. See man and woman ! hide thyself and
 watch !

ADAM. No more fatigue my eyes,

Nor with thy animated glances dart
 Such radiant lightning round ;
 Turn the clear Heaven of thy serener face,
 To him who loves its light ;
 See thy beloved Adam,
 Behold him, my sweet love :

O thou, who art alone
 Joy of the world, and dear delight of man !

LURCONE. Dread the approach of evil !

GULIAR. Dread the deceit of hell !

EVE. By sovereign content

I feel my tongue enchain'd ;
 But though my voice be mute,
 My countenance may seem more eloquent,
 Expressing, though in silence, all my joy.

ADAM. O my companion dear !

LURCONE. And soon perchance thy foe !

ADAM. O thou my sweetest life !

GULIAR. Perchance thy bitter death !

EVE. Take, gentle Adam, from my hand these flowers ;
 With these, my gift, let me entwine thy locks.

ADAM. Ye lilies, and ye shrubs of snowy hue,
 Jasmine as ivory pure,
 Ye spotless graces of the shining field ;
 And thou most lovely rose
 Of tint most delicate,
 Fair consort of the morn,
 Delighted to imbibe
 The genial dew of Heaven,
 Rich vegetations vermil-tinctured gem,
 April's enchanting herald,
 Thou flower supremely blest,

SCENE THE FOURTH.

ADAM. Wretch that thou art ! now cast thine eyes
around,
No longer shalt thou see
Aught to console thy pain.
Ah ! in that very thought,
Sorrow so wounds my heart,
My tears so overwhelm me,
That in a sigh I seem to breathe my last.
Where, Adam, is thy beauty ? where thy grace,
That made thee dear to angels and to God ?
Ah ! thou alone hast dared
To stain thy nature, and to wound thy soul !
Is this, is this the way
To please that Being who on thee bestow'd
Whate'er thou seest around thee, with a promise
To give thee in the stars a heavenly mansion ?
Rather on fruit forbidden
To feed, than on the living words of God
Has been thy choice ; and lo,
Thou from an angel to a beast art changed !
And, more than other beasts,
Driven as a monster from this pleasant garden,
And thus in skins array'd ; alas ! I dare not
Lift up my eyes to heaven, yet it becomes me,
Low on my knees, to view the good I lost,
And in lamenting say,
Dear seat of God, thou should'st have been the seat
Of Adam also ; but thou art lost to me ;
Thee have I lost, alas ! and found in stead
Of thee, both death and hell.

O hide, in pity hide thy splendour, Heaven !
Since Adam is a sinner.
Conceal your light, ye stars ;
Vanish, thou moon and sun ;
Eternal horror be the fate of man,
Since Adam is a sinner.
Now in the faithful choir of angels cease
Ye soothing melodies,
Since Adam is a sinner.
Behold, with pain behold,
How, from thy dread offence,
All things this day appear to change their form,
All hold thee in abhorrence,
All from thy aspect fly !
Ah, thou mayst well exclaim,
There, from the verdant stem and parent tree,
The rose is fled, and leaves thee but the thorn !
There sinks each flower, within the grassy earth
Hiding its head precipitate, and scarce
Where it display'd its pride now shews its stalk :
Well mayst thou add, in plucking here the apple
Thou gavest a fatal shake to every tree,
Then bringing to the ground
Each leaf, each flower, and every blooming fruit.
Ah, how despoil'd and waste
All now appears to me ; all shade and horrors ;
Produced by man's rebellion to his God.
Where, where are now the gay and sprightly birds
That on their painted plumes
Round me were used to sport and flutter here ?
Ah, your closed wings I see
Amidst the thickest leaves, and fearing all

The deadly snares of Adam.
Where, where is now the tiger, bear, and lion,
The wolf, the pard, and thousand other beasts,
Obedient all to man, and in his train ?
Alas ! now made voracious
Of human carnage and of smoking blood
I now behold you all,
Sharpening 'gainst man the talon and the tooth.
Where now, ah where, their young
May all the fleecy kind
Let fall in safety ? for, alas, I see
No longer will they offer
Their milky dugs to thee, their dugs or offspring,
Since to escape from man,
Now, now, I see them eager,
Man turn'd into a wolf
By having seized an apple.
All fly, and all abhor thee,
And from thee, barbarous, learn barbarity.
Hence in the earth and sea,
Beyond their custom, now
All fish, and all the beasts,
To battle seem to invite thee ;
See now the wolf and lamb,
She who of late not far from him might wander,
See how she bleating flies from his unfaithful
Tusk, now expecting bloody violence !
Behold the hare, behold
How timid she is made, and the dog fierce
In striving for her life,
While more than native fear to flight inclines her.
Behold that dusky beast,

That with white tusks of an enormous size
 Extends its weighty jaw,
 That now forgetting to revere the moon,
 Intractable, ferocious
 Beyond its native temper,
 Rushes in anger with its fibrous trunk
 That serves it for a nose,
 Against the horn which the rhinoceros
 Sharpens of hardest stone !
 Behold the sea enraged,
 Now by thy rage, the very sea inflamed
 Takes up the fish within its watery arms,
 And in a thousand caverns,
 Against the mossy stones
 Now strikes, and now entombs them.
 At length, behold that ox,
 That now beneath thy crooked yoke of wood
 To turn the sterile earth
 Thou must contrive to couple,
 See how he darts an eye of fire upon thee,
 And foaming now, and panting, fiercely points
 His crooked horn, and threatens thee with death.
 And more, yet more, the Earth
 Provokes thee now to conflict,
 Thanks to thy dire offence ;
 And since her bosom must by thee be wounded,
 Strives with thee for thy viands, arm'd herself
 With thistles and with thorns.
 I've sinn'd, O Lord, I've sinn'd !
 I've sinn'd, and for my fault
 My mournful heart in weeping I distill.
 Why wretched do I speak ? see what a band

Of beasts made barbarous,
 Of hostile beasts, now wet
 With crimson's deadly stain,
 I see around me, darting from their caves !
 Alas ! what see I more ? wretch that I am !
 Behold, from them affrighted Eve is flying !

SCENE THE FIFTH.

ADAM *and* EVE.

EVE. Ah whither shall I fly ? and where conceal me ?

ADAM. Haste to my arms, O haste !

Let him who sinn'd like thee,
 Like thee become of savage beasts the prey !

EVE. Ah, every path becomes
 The pass of death to one of life unworthy ;
 Here in this cavern's depth,
 Here let us plunge, O Adam.

ADAM. Ah, they at length depart ; yet not from man
 Will misery depart, or mortal anguish.
 Oh wonderful wretchedness, e'en pleasure weeps,
 Joy wears the form of sorrow,
 And life itself now dies.

EVE. Ah, how I grieve, O Adam !
 O Heaven ! what tears I shed,
 How do I sigh, O God, wounded in heart,
 Now, nor alive nor dead.

ADAM. But hark, what horrid roarings
 Make air rebellow, and the vallies shake.