The tradition of invocation to the muses

THE ILIAD

Anger be now your song, immortal one,
Akhilleus' anger, doomed and ruinous,
that caused the Akhaians loss on bitter loss
and crowded brave souls into the undergloom,
leaving so many dead men — carrion
for dogs and birds; and the will of Zeus was done.
Begin it when the two men first contending
broke with one another —
the Lord Marshal
Agamémnon, Atreus' son, and Prince Akhilleus. . . .
--Robert Fitzgerald, 1974

THE ODYSSEY

Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns
driven time and again off course, once he had plundered
the hallowed heights of Troy.
Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds,
many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea,
fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home.
But he could not save them from disaster, hard as he strove –
the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all,
the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun
and the Sungod blotted out the day of their return. . . .
--Robert Fagles, 1996

AENEID

I sing of arms and the man, he who, exiled by fate,
first came from the coast of Troy to Italy, and to
Lavinian shores – hurled about endlessly by land and sea,
by the will of the gods, by cruel Juno's remorseless anger,
long suffering also in war, until he founded a city
and brought his gods to Latium: from that the Latin people
came, the lords of Alba Longa, the walls of noble Rome.
Muse, tell me the cause: how was she offended in her divinity,
how was she grieved, the Queen of Heaven, to drive a man,
noted for virtue, to endure such dangers, to face so many
trials? Can there be such anger in the minds of the gods?
--AS Kline, trans.

OVID, Metamorphoses 1

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
corpora; di, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi
ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen.
-- Meta. I.1-4

My soul would sing of metamorphoses.
But since, o gods, you were the source of these
bodies becoming other bodies, breathe
your breath into my book of changes: may
the song I sing be seamless as its way
weaves from the world's beginning to our day.
-- Allen Mandelbaum 1995

ANICII MANLII SEVERINI BOETHII

V.C. ET INL. EXCONS. ORD. EX MAG. OFF. PATRICII

PHILOSOPHIAE CONSOLATIONIS

LIBER I

I

Carmina qui quondam studio florente peregi,
Flebilis heu maestos cogor inire modos.
Ecce mihi lacerae dictant scribenda camenae
Et veris elegi fletibus ora rigant.
Has saltem nullus potuit pervincere terror,
Ne nostrum comites prosequerentur iter.
Gloria felicis olim viridisque iuventae
Solantur maesti nunc mea fata senis.
Venit enim properata malis inopina senectus
Et dolor aetatem iussit inesse suam.
Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani
Et tremit effeto corpore laxa cutis.
Mors hominum felix quae se nec dulcibus annis
Inserit et maestis saepe vocata venit.
Eheu quam surda miseros avertitur aure
Et flentes oculos claudere saeva negat.

BOETHIUS

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

BOOK I

I

Verses I made once glowing with content ;
Tearful, alas, sad songs must I begin.
See how the Muses grieftorn bid me write,
And with unfeigned tears these elegies drench my face.
But them at least my fear that friends might tread
my path
Companions still
Could not keep silent : they were once
My green youth's glory ; now in my sad old age
They comfort me.
For age has come unlooked for, hastened by ills,
And anguish sternly adds its years to mine ;
My head is white before its time, my skin hangs loose
About my tremulous frame : I am worn out.
Death, if he come
Not in the years of sweetness
But often called to those who want to end their
misery
Is welcome. My cries he does not hear ;
Cruel he will not close my weeping eyes.

Dum levibus male fida bonis fortuna faveret,
Paene caput tristis merserat hora meum.
Nunc quia fallacem mutavit nubila vultum,
Protrahit ingratas impia vita moras.
Quid me felicem totiens iactastis amici ?
Qui cecidit, stabili non erat ille gradu.

I

Haec dum mecum tacitus ipse reputarem querimoniamque lacrimabilem stili officio signarem, adstitisse mihi supra verticem visa est mulier reverendi admodum vultus, oculis ardentibus et ultra communem hominum valentiam perspicacibus colore vivido atque inexhausti vigoris, quamvis ita aevi plena foret ut nullo modo nostrae crederetur aetatis, statura discretionis ambiguae. Nam nunc quidem ad communem sese hominum mensuram cohibebat, nunc vero pulsare caelum summi verticis cacumine videbatur ; quae cum altius caput extulisset, ipsum etiam caelum penetrabat respicientiumque hominum frustrabatur intuitum. Vestes erant tenuissimis filis subtili artificio, indissolubili materia perfectae quas, uti post eadem prodente cognovi, suis manibus ipsa texuerat. Quarum speciem, veluti fumosas imagines solet, caligo quaedam neglectae vetustatis obduxerat. Harum in extrema margine ·Π· Graecum, in supremo vero ·Θ·, legebatur intextum. Atque inter utrasque litteras in scalarum modum gradus quidam insigniti videbantur quibus ab inferiore ad superius elementum

[a] For the twofold division of Philosophy, into Practical and Theoretical.

While fortune favoured me—
How wrong to count on swiftly-fading joys—
Such an hour of bitterness might have bowed my head.
Now that her clouded, cheating face is changed
My cursed life drags on its long, unwanted days.
Ah why, my friends,
Why did you boast so often of my happiness ?
How faltering even then the step
Of one now fallen.

I

While I was thinking these thoughts to myself in silence, and set my pen to record this tearful complaint, there seemed to stand above my head a woman. Her look filled me with awe ; her burning eyes penetrated more deeply than those of ordinary men ; her complexion was fresh with an ever-lively bloom, yet she seemed so ancient that none would think her of our time. It was difficult to say how tall she might be, for at one time she seemed to confine herself to the ordinary measure of man, and at another the crown of her head touched the heavens ; and when she lifted her head higher yet, she penetrated the heavens themselves, and was lost to the sight of men. Her dress was made of very fine, imperishable thread, of delicate workmanship : she herself wove it, as I learned later, for she told me. Its form was shrouded by a kind of darkness of forgotten years, like a smoke-blackened family statue in the atrium. On its lower border was woven the Greek letter Π (P), and on the upper, Θ (Th),[a] and between the two letters steps were marked like a ladder, by which one might climb from the lower

esset ascensus. Eandem tamen vestem violentorum quorundam sciderant manus et particulas quas quisque potuit abstulerant. Et dextera quidem eius libellos, sceptrum vero sinistra gestabat.

Quae ubi poeticas Musas vidit nostro adsistentes toro fletibusque meis verba dictantes, commota paulisper ac torvis inflammata luminibus : " Quis," inquit, " has scenicas meretriculas ad hunc aegrum permisit accedere quae dolores eius non modo nullis remediis foverent, verum dulcibus insuper alerent venenis ? Hae sunt enim quae infructuosis affectuum spinis uberem fructibus rationis segetem necant hominumque mentes assuefaciunt morbo, non liberant. At si quem profanum, uti vulgo solitum vobis, blanditiae vestrae detraherent, minus moleste ferendum putarem ; nihil quippe in eo nostrae operae laederentur. Hunc vero Eleaticis atque Academicis studiis innutritum ? Sed abite potius Sirenes usque in exitium dulces meisque eum Musis curandum sanandumque relinquite."

His ille chorus increpitus deiecit humi maestior vultum confessusque rubore verecundiam limen tristis excessit. At ego cuius acies lacrimis mersa caligaret nec dinoscere possem, quaenam haec esset mulier tam imperiosae auctoritatis, obstipui visuque in terram defixo quidnam deinceps esset actura, exspectare tacitus coepi. Tum illa propius accedens in extrema

[a] The Eleatics and the Academics were two ancient schools of philosophy. That of Elea was founded by Xenophanes in the mid-sixth century B.C. ; its best known representatives are the great monist Parmenides and Zeno, the author of the famous paradoxes concerned with motion. The Academics were the later (3rd and 2nd centuries B.C.) successors of Plato in the Academy in Athens ; theirs was a sceptical philosophy, in some respects not unlike contemporary analytical thought.

letter to the higher. But violent hands had ripped this dress and torn away what bits they could. In her right hand she carried a book, and in her left, a sceptre.

Now when she saw the Muses of poetry standing by my bed, helping me to find words for my grief, she was disturbed for a moment, and then cried out with fiercely blazing eyes : " Who let these theatrical tarts in with this sick man ? Not only have they no cures for his pain, but with their sweet poison they make it worse. These are they who choke the rich harvest of the fruits of reason with the barren thorns of passion. They accustom a man's mind to his ills, not rid him of them. If your enticements were distracting merely an unlettered man, as they usually do, I should not take it so seriously—after all, it would do no harm to us in our task—but to distract this man, reared on a diet of Eleatic and Academic thought ![a] Get out, you Sirens, beguiling men straight to their destruction ! Leave him to *my* Muses to care for and restore to health." Thus upbraided, that company of the Muses dejectedly hung their heads, confessing their shame by their blushes, and dismally left my room. I myself, since my sight was so dimmed with tears that I could not clearly see who this woman was of such commanding authority, was struck dumb, my eyes cast down ; and I went on waiting in silence to see what she would do next. Then she came closer and sat on the end of

lectuli mei parte consedit meumque intuens vultum luctu gravem atque in humum maerore deiectum his versibus de nostrae mentis perturbatione conquesta est.

II

Heu quam praecipiti mersa profundo
Mens hebet et propria luce relicta
Tendit in externas ire tenebras,
Terrenis quotiens flatibus aucta
Crescit in inmensum noxia cura.
Hic quondam caelo liber aperto
Suetus in aetherios ire meatus
Cernebat rosei lumina solis,
Visebat gelidae sidera lunae
Et quaecumque vagos stella recursus
Exercet varios flexa per orbes,
Comprensam numeris victor habebat.
Quin etiam causas unde sonora
Flamina sollicitent aequora ponti,
Quis volvat stabilem spiritus orbem
Vel cur hesperias sidus in undas
Casurum rutilo surgat ab ortu,
Quid veris placidas temperet horas,
Ut terram roseis floribus ornet,
Quis dedit ut pleno fertilis anno
Autumnus gravidis influat uvis
Rimari solitus atque latentis
Naturae varias reddere causas,

[a] *Numeris* here refers to mathematical astronomy: from Plato's pupil Eudoxus onwards, Greek astronomers were concerned to make mathematical "models" (in the modern philosophical sense) of the movements of the sun, moon and

my bed, and seeing my face worn with weeping and cast down with sorrow, she bewailed my mind's confusion bitterly in these verses:

II

Ah! How steep the seas that drown him!
His mind, all dulled, its own light fled,
Moves into outer dark, while noxious care
Swollen by earthbound winds
Grows beyond measure.
This man
Used once to wander free under open skies
The paths of the heavens; used to gaze
On rosy sunlight, and on the constellations
Of the cold new moon,
And on each star that on its wandering ways
Turns through its changing circles—all such things
He mastered and bound by number and law.[a]
Causes, moreover, he sought and knew:
Why the winds howl and stir up the waves of the sea,
What breath turns the fixed stars' sphere,
Why the sun rises in the red east
And sinks beneath the Western waves,
What warms the spring's calm hours
So that the earth is lovely with flowers of roses,
And who makes fruitful autumn heavy, as the year fills,
With the full grapes. He sought and told
All Nature's secret causes.

planets—the "wandering stars"— which would enable their positions and motions to be accurately computed. Boethius studied astronomy, and wrote a Latin textbook of the subject, based on Ptolemy, which has not survived.

Nunc iacet effeto lumine mentis
Et pressus gravibus colla catenis
Declivemque gerens pondere vultum
Cogitur, heu, stolidam cernere terram.

II

Sed medicinae," inquit, " tempus est quam querelae." Tum vero totis in me intenta luminibus : " Tune ille es," ait, " qui nostro quondam lacte nutritus nostris educatus alimentis in virilis animi robur evaseras ? Atqui talia contuleramus arma quae nisi prior abiecisses, invicta te firmitate tuerentur. Agnoscisne me ? Quid taces ? Pudore an stupore siluisti ? Mallem pudore, sed te, ut video, stupor oppressit." Cumque me non modo tacitum sed elinguem prorsus mutumque vidisset, admovit pectori meo leniter manum et : " Nihil," inquit, " pericli est ; lethargum patitur communem inlusarum mentium morbum. Sui paulisper oblitus est ; recordabitur facile, si quidem nos ante cognoverit. Quod ut possit, paulisper lumina eius mortalium rerum nube caligantia tergamus." Haec dixit oculosque meos fletibus undantes contracta in rugam veste siccavit.

III

Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebrae
Luminibusque prior rediit vigor,

But now he lies
His mind's light languishing,
Bowed with these heavy chains about his neck,
His eyes cast down beneath the weight of care,
Seeing nothing
But the dull, solid earth.

materialism (part T)

II

" But," she said, " now is the time for cure rather than complaint." Then, gazing keenly and directly on me, she said : " Are you the same man who was once nourished with my milk, once fed on my diet, till you reached your full manhood ? And did I not furnish you with such weapons as would now keep you steadfast and safe if you had not thrown them away ? Do you recognize me ? Why do you say nothing ? Were you silent because you were ashamed or stupefied ? I should like to think that you were ashamed, but I can see that you are quite stupefied." Seeing that I was not merely silent, but altogether speechless and dumb, she gently laid her hand on my breast and said : " He is in no real danger, but suffers only from lethargy, a sickness common to deluded minds. He has for a little forgotten his real self. He will soon recover—he did, after all, know me before—and to make this possible for him, let me for a little clear his eyes of the mist of mortal affairs that clouds them." And so saying she gathered her dress into a fold and dried my eyes, flowing as they were with tears.

III

Then was the night dispersed, and darkness left me;
My eyes grew strong again.

eyes-speech relship ?

Troilus and Criseyde

BOOK I

The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,
That was the kyng Priamus sone of Troye,
In lovynge, how his aventures fellen
Fro wo to wele, and after out of joie,
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye.
Thesiphone, thow help me for t'endite
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I write.

To the clepe I, thow goddesse of torment,
Thow cruwel Furie, sorwynge evere in peyne,
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument,
That helpeth loveres, as I kan, to pleyne;
For wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne,
A woful wight to han a drery feere,
And to a sorwful tale, a sory chere.

For I, that God of Loves servantz serve,
Ne dar to Love, for myn unliklynesse,
Preyen for speed, al sholde I therfore sterve,
So fer am I from his help in derknesse.
But natheles, if this may don gladnesse
Unto any lovere, and his cause availle,
Have he my thonk, and myn be this travaille!

This text was edited by STEPHEN A. BARNEY, with the assistance of materials provided by ROBERT A. PRATT and collations provided by MARGARET JENNINGS and ARDATH McKEE.

2 **kyng Priamus sone of Troye:** the son of King Priam of Troy
5 **ye:** you (the unstressed form of *yow*)
6 **Thesiphone:** the Fury Tisiphone
7 **vers:** verses
12 **sit** = *sitteth,* suits, befits
13 **feere:** companion
14 **chere:** expression
16 **unliklynesse:** unsuitability
17 **speed:** success **al:** although **sterve:** die

But ye loveres, that bathen in gladnesse,
If any drope of pyte in yow be,
Remembreth yow on passed hevynesse
That ye han felt, and on the adversite
Of othere folk, and thynketh how that ye
Han felt that Love dorste yow displese,
Or ye han wonne hym with to gret an ese.

And preieth for hem that ben in the cas
Of Troilus, as ye may after here,
That Love hem brynge in hevene to solas;
And ek for me preieth to God so dere
That I have myght to shewe, in som manere,
Swich peyne and wo as Loves folk endure,
In Troilus unsely aventure.

And biddeth ek for hem that ben despeired
In love, that nevere nyl recovered be,
And ek for hem that falsly ben apeired
Thorugh wikked tonges, be it he or she;
Thus biddeth God, for his benignite,
So graunte hem soone owt of this world to pace,
That ben despeired out of Loves grace.

And biddeth ek for hem that ben at ese,
That God hem graunte ay good perseveraunce,
And sende hem myght hire ladies so to plese
That it to Love be worship and plesaunce.
For so hope I my sowle best avaunce,

22 **bathen:** bask
27 **dorste:** must necessarily
28 **han:** have
35 **unsely:** unhappy, unfortunate
36 **biddeth:** pray
37 **nyl** = *ne wyl,* will not
38 **apeired:** injured
47 **avaunce:** cause to prosper

To prey for hem that Loves servauntz be,
And write hire wo, and lyve in charite,

And for to have of hem compassioun,
As though I were hire owne brother dere.
Now herkneth with a good entencioun,
For now wil I gon streght to my matere,
In which ye may the double sorwes here
Of Troilus in lovynge of Criseyde,
And how that she forsook hym er she deyde.

Yt is wel wist how that the Grekes stronge
In armes with a thousand shippes wente
To Troiewardes, and the cite longe
Assegeden, neigh ten yer er they stente,
And in diverse wise and oon entente,
The ravysshyng to wreken of Eleyne,
By Paris don, they wroughten al hir peyne.

Now fel it so that in the town ther was
Dwellynge a lord of gret auctorite,
A gret devyn, that clepid was Calkas,
That in science so expert was that he
Knew wel that Troie sholde destroied be,
By answere of his god, that highte thus:
Daun Phebus or Appollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calkas knew by calkulynge,
And ek by answer of this Appollo,
That Grekes sholden swich a peple brynge,
Thorugh which that Troie moste ben fordo,
He caste anon out of the town to go;
For wel wiste he by sort that Troye sholde
Destroyed ben, ye, wolde whoso nolde.

For which for to departen softely
Took purpos ful this forknowynge wise,
And to the Grekes oost ful pryvely
He stal anon; and they, in curteys wise,
Hym diden bothe worship and servyce,
In trust that he hath konnynge hem to rede
In every peril which that is to drede.

Gret rumour gan, whan it was first aspied
Thorugh al the town, and generaly was spoken,
That Calkas traitour fled was and allied
With hem of Grece, and casten to be wroken
On hym that falsly hadde his feith so broken,
And seyden he and al his kyn at-ones
Ben worthi for to brennen, fel and bones.

Now hadde Calkas left in this meschaunce,
Al unwist of this false and wikked dede,
His doughter, which that was in gret penaunce,
For of hire lif she was ful sore in drede,
As she that nyste what was best to rede;
For bothe a widewe was she and allone
Of any frend to whom she dorste hir mone.

Criseyde was this lady name al right.
As to my doom, in al Troies cite
Nas non so fair, forpassynge every wight,
So aungelik was hir natif beaute,
That lik a thing inmortal semed she,
As doth an hevenyssh perfit creature,
That down were sent in scornynge of nature.

This lady, which that alday herd at ere
Hire fadres shame, his falsnesse and tresoun,
Wel neigh out of hir wit for sorwe and fere,
In widewes habit large of samyt broun,
On knees she fil biforn Ector adown
With pitous vois, and tendrely wepynge,
His mercy bad, hirselven excusynge.

Now was this Ector pitous of nature,
And saugh that she was sorwfully bigon,
And that she was so fair a creature;
Of his goodnesse he gladede hire anon,
And seyde, "Lat youre fadres treson gon
Forth with meschaunce, and ye youreself in joie
Dwelleth with us, whil yow good list, in Troie.

"And al th'onour that men may don yow have,
As ferforth as youre fader dwelled here,

60 **stente:** ceased
62 **wreken:** avenge **Eleyne:** Helen of Troy
63 **peyne:** efforts
64 **fel it:** it happened
66 **devyn:** divine, soothsayer
71 **calkulynge:** astrological computation; see n.
74 **fordo:** ruined
75 **caste:** planned, plotted
76 **sort:** drawing or casting lots
77 **wolde whoso nolde:** whether anyone wished it or not
79 **forknowynge wise:** provident and shrewd man
80 **oost:** host, army
82 **worship:** honor
83 **rede:** advise

88 **casten:** they plotted **wroken:** avenged
91 **brennen:** burn **fel:** skin
93 **unwist:** uninformed
96 **nyste** = *ne wyste,* knew not
98 **dorste hir mone:** dared to complain
99 **al right:** exactly
101 **forpassynge:** surpassing
102 **natif:** native, natural
109 **large:** ample **samyt:** samite (rich silk)
110 **Ector:** Hector, Troilus's eldest brother
112 **bad:** prayed for
114 **sorwfully bigon:** in a sorrowful situation
118 **with meschaunce:** with bad luck
119 **whil yow good list:** as long as you please
121 **As ferforth as:** as much as when

Troilus	*Filostrato*
1555–1659	147–63
1667–1701	164–67
5.15–90	5.1–6; 10–13
190–261	14–21; 24–28
280–95	22–23
323–36; 353–64	29–32
386–686	33–38; 40–61; 67–71
687–93; 708–43	6.1–6
750–55	7
766–805	8; 10–11; 33; 24
841–47	9
855–942	12–25
953–58	26–27
967–91	28–31
1100–1354	7.1–32; 40–41; 48–55
1373–1421	60; 62; 72; 75
1422–39	76; 105; 77
1513–22	27; 89–90
1523–37	100–102; 104
1562–86	8.1–5
1632–1764	6–26
1800–1806	27
1828–36	28–29

BOOK I

1–14 Boccaccio invokes, not Jove or Apollo or the Muses, but his lady; Chaucer, retaining the epic machinery but consistent with his stance as an outsider in matters of love (see 2.13), invokes **Thesiphone,** the Fury Tisiphone, perhaps influenced by Statius, Theb. 1.56–59, 85–87; 8.65–71, 686. The satiric *Lamentationes* of Matheolus likewise has an invocation to the Furies, rejecting the Muses because of the sorrowful matter (ed. van Hamel, 6). On Chaucer's use of Matheolus, see Thundy, in Ch Problems, 24–56. Tisiphone was regularly interpreted as voice (vox) of the Furies: see McCall, Ch Among the Gods, 16, 29. The MS H^4 glosses line 6 "fure d'enfer" (Fury of hell), a phrase found in the Roman de Thèbes, 510. That the Furies themselves suffer blends the classical notion of them as agents of torment with Dante's conception (Inf. 9.37–51) of their own torment. But Virgil's Fury Alecto is herself "luctifica" (meaning, ambiguously, causing woe or doleful), and he speaks of "tristis Erinys" (the sad Fury, Aen. 7.324, 2.337). See Tr 4.22–24; SqT V.448; FranT V. 950, 1101 (Lowes, MP 14, 1917, 718; Spenser, Spec 2, 1927, 185). Schless persuasively argues that Chaucer need not have had Dante in mind here, noting (with Spenser) the passage from Bo cited below (Ch and Dante, 103–5). Thomas E. Maresca notes that the Furies' cheeks are wet with tears in response to Orpheus's lament in Ovid, Met. 10.45–46 (Three English Epics, 1979, 158). Boethius, 3.m12.26, 36–37, adapted the passage from Ovid and refers to the doubled sorrow of Orpheus and the weeping Furies. Nearly all the classical lore found in this poem by Boethius is used in Troilus.

1 double sorwe: May recall Dante's "doppia tristizia," (Purg. 22.56), speaking of Statius as author of "the double sorrow of Jocasta." Maresca (see previous note) suspects that Chaucer has in mind the theologians' description of hell as "duplex poena" (the double torment of mind and body; e.g., Haymo of Halberstadt, PL 118: 946; Paschasius Radbertus, PL 120:868). Cf. Fil. 4.118, "doppia doglia" (Wdt).

4 wo and wele: Commonly associated (OED s.v. *woe* B.1.b; Whiting W132–40), and their alternation ascribed to the influence of Fortune, as in the lyric "Lady Fortune and Her Wheel": "She turnes wo al into wele, and wele al into wo" (Brown, Relig. Lyrics, no. 42). Compare the sentences on "joy after woe" (Whiting J61, Hassell D47), and Fort 2, MLT II.1161.

5 Chaucer here, as often, presents himself both as writer for readers and as reader before an audience. See the studies by Crosby and Bronson cited in the introductory note above. With the rhyme *Troye* : *fro ye* cf. *Rome* : *to me.* GP I.523 and n.; for other examples of broken rhyme, see Tr 1.687–89 and n., 2.20–21, 5.382–83, 1161, 1376–77. See also Mustanoja, ME Syntax, 125.

7 Fil. 1.6: "'I mio verso lagrimoso," and Boethius, Cons. 1.m1.2, "maestos modos" (sorrowful meters, perhaps playing on his "elegiac" Latin meter and the sad content of elegy; Chaucer translates *vers of sorueful matere*). **Vers** is plural with *wepen.*

12–14 For this rhetorical commonplace, see SqT V.103 and note 99–104, and Whiting W254.

15–21 For Chaucer's pose as servant to Love and to lovers, see HF 615–40. His stance partly conforms to the rhetorical topos of "affected modesty" (see GP I.746 and n.). As servant of the servants of the God of Love he alludes to the papal title ("servus servorum Dei," servant of the servants of God), a title itself derived from humility formulas (Curtius, Europ. Lit., 407–13): see ParsT X.773. Chaucer as pope of Love may recall Ovid as helmsman and charioteer of Love (Ars Am. 1.3–8). In the Troilus Chaucer frequently draws from the medieval convention of the "religion of love." See the note to 29–46 below, and see also Tr 1.42 (an allusion to despair as the sin against the Holy Ghost), 336–40; 2.523–41, 1503; 3.15–17, 704, 1267, 1282; cf. KnT I.3089 and n., and William G. Dodd, Courtly Love in Chaucer and Gower, 1913, 190–204; Meech, Design in Tr, 262–70; Dunning, in Eng. and Med. Sts. presented to J. R. R. Tolkien, ed. Davis and Wrenn, 1962, 164–82. G. H. Roscow, Syntax and Style, 42, draws attention to the modern form of group genitive here, as opposed to Chaucer's usual split group (as in line 2). See Language and Versification, p. xxxviii.

22–52 For the address to an audience of lovers cf. Ovid, Amores 2.5–10. If taken as a single sentence, only KnT I.2919–62 and HF 1–52 are longer in Chaucer's poetry. See also 3.127–47 and PF 334–64. For an account of the various audiences addressed in the poem, see Dieter Mehl's essay in Ch and ME Sts., 173–89.

29–46 Root observes that these lines imitate the form of the "bidding prayer" of the Mass, when the priest requests prayers for various people. See the account in Joseph A. Jungmann, Mass of the Roman Rite, trans. F. A. Brunner, 1950, 1:488–89, and for English examples, Lay Folks Mass Book, EETS 71, 61–80 and 315–46.

39 wikked tonges: Cf. 2.785, 5.1610 and *Wikked-Tunge,* Rom 3257.

58, 60 The **thousand shippes** and **ten yer** were traditional figures, derived from Aen. 2.198 and Ovid, Her. 13.97. Benoît and Guido give different numbers of ships.

BOOK II

Incipit prohemium secundi libri.

Owt of thise blake wawes for to saylle,
O wynd, o wynd, the weder gynneth clere;
For in this see the boot hath swych travaylle,
Of my connyng, that unneth I it steere.
This see clepe I the tempestous matere
Of disespeir that Troilus was inne;
But now of hope the kalendes bygynne.

O lady myn, that called art Cleo,
Thow be my speed fro this forth, and my Muse,
To ryme wel this book til I have do;
Me nedeth here noon other art to use.
Forwhi to every lovere I me excuse,
That of no sentement I this endite,
But out of Latyn in my tonge it write.

Wherfore I nyl have neither thank ne blame
Of al this werk, but prey yow mekely,
Disblameth me if any word be lame,
For as myn auctour seyde, so sey I.
Ek though I speeke of love unfelyngly,
No wondre is, for it nothyng of newe is;
A blynd man kan nat juggen wel in hewis.

Ye knowe ek that in forme of speche is chaunge
Withinne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
That hadden pris, now wonder nyce and straunge
Us thinketh hem, and yet thei spake hem so,
And spedde as wel in love as men now do;
Ek for to wynnen love in sondry ages,
In sondry londes, sondry ben usages.

And forthi if it happe in any wyse,
That here be any lovere in this place
That herkneth, as the storie wol devise,
How Troilus com to his lady grace,
And thenketh, "So nold I nat love purchace,"
Or wondreth on his speche or his doynge,
I noot; but it is me no wonderynge.

For every wight which that to Rome went
Halt nat o path, or alwey o manere;
Ek in som lond were al the game shent,
If that they ferde in love as men don here,
As thus, in opyn doyng or in chere,
In visityng in forme, or seyde hire sawes;
Forthi men seyn, "Ecch contree hath his lawes."

Ek scarsly ben ther in this place thre
That have in love seid lik, and don, in al;
For to thi purpos this may liken the,
And the right nought; yet al is seid or schal;
Ek som men grave in tree, some in ston wal,
As it bitit. But syn I have bigonne,
Myn auctour shal I folwen, if I konne.

Explicit prohemium secundi libri.

Incipit, *etc.:* Here begins the prologue of the second book.
2 **gynneth clere:** begins to clear
3–4 **boot . . . Of my connyng:** boat of my skill
5 **clepe:** call
7 **kalendes:** the first day of the month (i.e., the beginning)
8 **Cleo:** Clio, the Muse of history
9 **speed:** help, cause of success
12 **Forwhi:** therefore, wherefore
13 **sentement:** emotion, personal feeling
14 **Latyn:** Chaucer's Lollius supposedly wrote in Latin.
17 **Disblameth:** excuse
20 **of newe:** recent, novel
24 **pris:** value, currency
25 **Us thinketh hem:** they seem to us
31 **devise:** tell
36 **went** = *wendeth,* goes
37 **Halt** = *holdeth,* holds
38 **shent:** ruined
40 **opyn doyng or in chere:** public conduct or appearance
41 **in forme:** formally **seyde:** said (i.e., saying) **sawes:** speeches
47 **grave:** carve **tree:** wood
48 **bitit** = *bityditb,* happens
Explicit, *etc.:* Here ends the prologue of the second book.

Tr 1.969). Two of the invocations in The House of Fame are from Dante (see HF 66n.). Cummings, Indebtedness of Ch, 53, compares Boccaccio, Ninfale Fiesolano 7.65, and Sonnet 95; Tes. 11.12; Fil. 9.3; and Petrarch's Canzone 8 (In morte). See also Ovid, Ars Amat. 1.772; 3.26, 748; Rem. Am. 811–12. **the boot . . . Of my connyng** translates "la navicella del mio ingegno," Purg. 1.2. See Schless, Ch and Dante, 114–15.

7 **kalendes:** See 5.1634 and n.

8 In invoking **Cleo,** Chaucer follows Statius, Theb. 1.41, rather than Dante, who invokes the Muses generally and Calliope (Purg. 1.8–9); cf. Tr 3.451. A gloss in MS H^4 calls her "domina eloquentie" (mistress of eloquence).

13 The claim of writing "de sentemente" was a commonplace among the French poets: Windeatt cites Machaut, Remède, 407–8; Froissart, Par. d'amours, 1604–6; L'Espinette am., 919–21 and 3925–30.

14 Skeat followed Kynaston and Tyrwhitt in thinking **Latyn** here means "Latino volgare" (Tes. 2.2.4), that is, the Italian of the Filostrato, but Kittredge (Harv. Sts. in Class. Philol. 28:50) rightly rejected the notion as unfounded. Romancers conventionally claimed a "livre du latin" as a source (see Larry D. Benson, Malory's Morte Darthur, 1976, 8–9; Thorpe, Nottingham Med. Sts. 5, 1961, 57).

17 A characteristic Chaucerian disclaimer: cf. GP I.725–46, MilPro I.3181.

21 Proverbial: "Caecus non judicat de coloribus" (a blind man is no judge of colors). See Whiting M50; Walther 2208a, 2214a. It is used similarly in Dante, De vulgari eloquentia 2.6.27, and in L'Intelligenza (ed. Gellrich, 1883) st. 5. See Kittredge, MP 7, 1909–10, 477–78, and Lowes, MP 14:710–11.

22–28 Ultimately from Horace, Ars poetica 70–71 (a passage that circulated independently: see Walther 15417), with perhaps further debt to Seneca, Epist. 114.13. The Horatian passage is quoted by John of Salisbury, Metalogicon 1.16, 3.3, and by Dante, Convivio 1.5.55–66, 2.14.83–89. The former citation in Dante speaks of "mille anni," Chaucer's *thousand yeer,* and is therefore closest (so Lowes, MP 14:710–11; cf. Schless, Ch and Dante, 115–17). On Chaucer's sense of history, and on the Troilus narrator's distance from his story, see Bloomfield, JEGP 51, 1952, 301–13, and PMLA 72: 14–26.

28 Proverbial: Whiting T63; see below, 42 and n.

36–37 Cf. Alanus de Insulis, Lib. par. (PL 210:591): "Mille viae ducunt homines per saecula Romam" (a thousand ways lead men through the centuries to Rome—Walther 14873). Walther also cites another relevant proverb: "Mille vias et mille modos mens querit amantum" (the mind of lovers seeks a thousand roads and a thousand ways—14873a). Prudentius represents Symmachus as arguing similarly that men seek God by many paths, and "suus est mos cuique genti" (every nation has its own custom), in Contra orationem Symmachi, ed. H. J. Thomson, 1961, 2.87–89. See also Astr Pro 39–40; Whiting P52, T63.

41 **seyde:** Can be construed as parallel with *ferde* in line 39, or perhaps better (Elliott, Ch's English, 72, and Donaldson's gloss), as loosely for the gerund, "saying." A comma after **visityng** is possible, in which case **in forme** would mean "in formal etiquette." Cf. 3.1674.

42 Also proverbial. See the note to lines 36–37 above, and Haeckel, Sprichwort, 34, no. 113. For similar proverbs, see Walther 22657, 23133, 4176 (when in Rome, do as Romans do), and 33849, and Hassell C29. See Bo 2.pr7.72–77.

50–55 Cf. Tes. 3.6–7; RR 45–66 (Rom 49–70).

55 **Bole:** Taurus. On 3 May, the sun (*Phebus*) would have reached 21 degrees and six minutes of Taurus according to the *Kalendarium* of Nicholas of Lynn, 89; cf. NPT VII.3195 (see Eisner, ed. Kalendarium, 32). Taurus may be **white** as the bull whose shape Jupiter took when he ravished Europa (Met. 2.852; see Tr. 3.722–23); or (Clayton, N&Q 224, 1979, 103–4) Chaucer may have remembered Virgil's "candidus . . . Taurus" (Georgics 1.217–18), quoted by Macrobius, Comm. on the Dream of Scipio, ed. Willis, 72, a bull presumably white as the bulls used by Romans in sacrifices. Supporting the former interpretation is the medieval notion that the white bull that abducted Europa was the origin of the zodiacal sign Taurus. See the Third Vatican Mythographer 15.2 (ed. Bode, Scriptores Rerum Myth., 253); Wood, Chaucer and Stars, 148; Pauly-Wissowa, Real-Ency., s.v. *Tauros;* Mars 86.

56 **Mayes day the thrydde:** Chaucer mentions this date in KnT I.1462–63 (the night of Palamon's escape from prison) and NPT VII.3189–90 (the day of Chanticleer's capture by the fox). See KnT I.1462–64n.

64–70 **Proigne,** Procne, sister of Philomena and wife of **Tereus,** was metamorphosed into a swallow, and Philomena into a nightingale, after they avenged Tereus's rape of Philomena. Cf. Tes. 4.73; Purg. 9.13–15 (a probable source); and Petrarch's Sonnet 42, In morte, "Zefiro torna." For the story of Procne, see Ovid, Met. 6.412–674, to which a gloss in MS R refers, and LGW 2228–2393.

74 Cf. MLT II.306–8. Pandarus's "casting" might involve merely consulting a moonbook or Lunarium. See MilT I.3515n., KnT I.1462–64n.

77 **Janus:** A gloss in MS R refers to Ovid's Fasti, probably especially to 1.125–27, 139.

80–109 The scene in which a maiden reads aloud to the three ladies is not from the Filostrato, and represents a practice current in Chaucer's age. See Crosby, Spec 11:88 and Spec 13:413, and cf. SqT V.235 and n. Crosby notes similar scenes in Chrétien's *Yvain* (5356–63) and in *Li chevaliers as deus espees* (ed. Foerster, 1887, 4266ff., 8951ff.). See also the familiar story of Robert Bruce reading *Fierabras* to his men (Barbour's Bruce, ed. Skeat, EETS, 1870–89, 3.435–66) and Havelock, ed. Skeat and Sisam, 1915, 2327.

84, 100–108 Chaucer's classical authority for the story of Thebes was the *Thebaid* of Statius, of which a Latin summary is inserted in the Troilus MSS after 5.1498. See the note to 5.1485–1510. The term "romance" could be applied in Chaucer's time to any narrative of adventure, not merely to a narrative written in a Romance vernacular such as French (see Strohm, Spec 46, 1971, 348–59, and Genre 10, 1977, 1–28). Nevertheless, Chaucer could have had in mind the French Roman de Thèbes, which as Renoir points out was regularly associated with the Roman de Troie and sometimes bound with it in the same codex (SN 32, 1968, 14–17). **Romaunce . . . of Thebes** (line 100) seems almost a translation of its title. Evidence that Chaucer knew the French poem is assembled by Wise, Infl. of Statius, 127–37. The mention of **bookes twelve** (108) suggests rather the *Thebaid.*

103 **lettres rede:** The rubrics that regularly set off titles and sections of works in medieval manuscripts. She

"Avyseth yow what folk ben hire withinne,
And in what plit oon is, God hym amende!"
And inward thus, "Ful softely bygynne,
Nece, I conjure and heighly yow defende,
On his half which that soule us alle sende,
And in the vertu of corones tweyne,
Sle naught this man, that hath for yow this peyne!

"Fy on the devel! Thynk which oon he is,
And in what plit he lith; com of anon!
Thynk al swich taried tyde, but lost it nys.
That wol ye bothe seyn, whan ye ben oon.
Secoundely, ther yet devyneth noon
Upon yow two; come of now, if ye konne!
While folk is blent, lo, al the tyme is wonne.

"In titeryng, and pursuyte, and delayes,
The folk devyne at waggyng of a stree;
And though ye wolde han after mirye dayes,
Than dar ye naught. And whi? For she, and she
Spak swych a word; thus loked he, and he!
Las, tyme ilost! I dar nought with yow dele.
Com of, therfore, and bryngeth hym to hele!"

But now to yow, ye loveres that ben here,
Was Troilus nought in a kankedort,
That lay, and myghte whisprynge of hem here,
And thoughte, "O Lord, right now renneth my sort
Fully to deye, or han anon comfort!"
And was the firste tyme he shulde hire preye
Of love; O myghty God, what shal he seye?

Explicit secundus liber.

BOOK III

Incipit prohemium tercii libri.

O blisful light of which the bemes clere
Adorneth al the thridde heven faire!
O sonnes lief, O Joves doughter deere,
Plesance of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentil hertes ay redy to repaire!
O veray cause of heele and of gladnesse,
Iheryed be thy myght and thi goodnesse!

In hevene and helle, in erthe and salte see
Is felt thi myght, if that I wel descerne,
As man, brid, best, fissh, herbe, and grene tree
Thee fele in tymes with vapour eterne.
God loveth, and to love wol nought werne,
And in this world no lyves creature
Withouten love is worth, or may endure.

Ye Joves first to thilke effectes glade,
Thorugh which that thynges lyven alle and be,
Comeveden, and amorous him made
On mortal thyng, and as yow list, ay ye
Yeve hym in love ese or adversitee,

1732 **inward:** on the way in (or, privately)
1733 **conjure:** implore **heighly yow defende:** strictly forbid you
1734 **On his half:** on his behalf
1735 And in the power of two crowns (the sense is obscure)
1738 **com of:** come on, hurry up
1739 **taried tyde:** time spent in delaying
1741–42 **devyneth noon Upon yow:** no one suspects anything about you
1743 **blent:** deceived

1744 **titeryng:** vacillation, hesitation **pursuyte:** (prolonged) suing, entreating
1745 People conjecture about, find meaning in, the moving of a straw
1746 **wolde han after:** desire afterwards to have
1749 **Las:** alas
1752 **kankedort:** difficult situation (?); see n.
1754 **sort:** lot, destiny
Explicit, *etc.:* Here ends the second book.

Incipit, *etc.:* Here begins the prologue of the third book.
2 **thridde heven:** the third planetary sphere, that of Venus (Jove's daughter)
3 **sonnes lief:** beloved of the sun
5 **repaire:** go
7 **Iheryed:** praised

11 **in tymes:** at (certain) seasons **vapour:** influence, emanation
12 **werne:** deny (anything to love)
14 **worth:** worthy, of any value
15 **Joves:** Jove (the object of the verbs in 17)
17 **Comeveden:** moved emotionally, excited

And in a thousand formes down hym sente
For love in erthe, and whom yow liste he hente.

Ye fierse Mars apaisen of his ire,
And as yow list, ye maken hertes digne;
Algates hem that ye wol sette a-fyre,
They dreden shame, and vices they resygne;
Ye do hem corteys be, fresshe and benigne;
And heighe or lowe, after a wight entendeth,
The joies that he hath, youre myght it sendeth.

Ye holden regne and hous in unitee;
Ye sothfast cause of frendship ben also;
Ye knowe al thilke covered qualitee
Of thynges, which that folk on wondren so,
Whan they kan nought construe how it may jo
She loveth hym, or whi he loveth here,
As whi this fissh, and naught that, comth to were.

Ye folk a lawe han set in universe,
And this knowe I by hem that lovers be,
That whoso stryveth with yow hath the werse.
Now, lady bryght, for thi benignite,
At reverence of hem that serven the,
Whos clerc I am, so techeth me devyse
Som joye of that is felt in thi servyse.

Ye in my naked herte sentement
Inhielde, and do me shewe of thy swetnesse.
Caliope, thi vois be now present,
For now is nede: sestow nought my destresse,
How I mot telle anonright the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus heryinge?
To which gladnesse, who nede hath, God hym brynge!

Explicit prohemium tercii libri.

Incipit liber tercius.

Lay al this mene while Troilus,
Recordyng his lesson in this manere:
"Mafay," thoughte he, "thus wol I sey, and thus;
Thus wol I pleyne unto my lady dere;
That word is good, and this shal be my cheere;
This nyl I nought foryeten in no wise."
God leve hym werken as he kan devyse!

And, Lord, so that his herte gan to quappe,
Heryng hire come, and shorte for to sike!
And Pandarus, that ledde hire by the lappe,
Com ner, and gan in at the curtyn pike,
And seyde, "God do boot on alle syke!
Se who is here yow comen to visite:
Lo, here is she that is youre deth to wite."

Therwith it semed as he wepte almost.
"Ha, a," quod Troilus so reufully,
"Wher me be wo, O myghty God, thow woost!
Who is al ther? I se nought trewely."
"Sire," quod Criseyde, "it is Pandare and I."
"Ye, swete herte? Allas, I may nought rise,
To knele and do yow honour in som wyse."

And dressed hym upward, and she right tho
Gan bothe hire hondes softe upon hym leye.
"O, for the love of God, do ye nought so
To me," quod she, "I! What is this to seye?
Sire, comen am I to yow for causes tweye:
First, yow to thonke, and of youre lordshipe eke
Continuance I wolde yow biseke."

This Troilus, that herde his lady preye
Of lordshipe hym, wax neither quyk ne ded,

20 **formes:** the forms (bull, swan, etc.) that Jove adopted to court his loves
24 **Algates:** always, at any rate
25 **resygne:** reject
27 **after a wight entendeth:** as a person wishes
30 **sothfast:** true
31 **covered:** hidden (inner)
33 **jo:** happen (?)

Incipit, *etc.:* Here begins the third book.
52 **Mafay:** by my faith
57 **so that:** how **quappe:** beat
59 **lappe:** fold or hem of a garment
60 **curtyn:** the curtains of the canopy that encloses the bed
pike: peek
63 **youre deth to wite:** to blame for your death

35 **were:** weir, a trap for fish
36 **in universe:** universally
40 **At:** in
43 **sentement:** emotion, feeling
44 **Inhielde:** pour in **do me shewe of:** make me show forth some of (i.e., inspire my verse with some of)
45 **Caliope:** Calliope, muse of epic poetry
48 **to Venus heryinge:** in praise of Venus
Explicit, *etc.:* Here ends the prologue of the third book.

65 **reufully:** pitifully
66 **Wher me be wo:** if I am woeful (ill)
71 **dressed hym:** raised himself
76 **lordshipe:** protection, patronage
77 **Continuance:** continued support

Bell suggested that the reference was to the crowns of Priam and Hecuba, a guess only faintly supported by the reference to *thise worldes tweyne* in 3.1490, but this phrase is also of uncertain meaning (see note), and the guess lacks any support in the context. Malarkey's suggestion is similar: the two crowns refer to the second crown of the papal tiara added by Boniface in 1300, perhaps to represent the pope's temporal power (the third crown was added, for unknown reasons, before 1316), and hence to the spiritual and temporal powers of church and state. Along the same lines it may be noted that the royal coronation in Chaucer's time involved a double crowning ceremony, and that Lydgate (in 1432) mentions Henry VI's "crounes tweyne" (Minor Poems, 630–48, line 133; see MED s.v. *coroune* 1a); but this also seems very unlikely.

Robinson thought the reference might be to the nuptial crowns for bride and groom still used in the "stevening" (crowning) ceremony in the Greek Orthodox nuptial rite, a ceremony apparently still a part of the Latin ritual in some parts of Europe (see Léon Gautier, La chevalerie, 1884, 416, 420, and the nuptial garland in CIT IV.381 and n). Teresa Tavormina kindly brings to my attention evidence that the Greek ceremony was known in the Latin West; see Pope Nicholas I's letter of 866 A.D. to the Bulgari (PL 119:979–80), partially quoted in Gratian's Decretum among the canons forbidding clandestine marriage (Decretum 2.30.4.3, ed. Friedberg 1:1103). If Chaucer knew of the ancient Greek practice, Robinson suggests, he may have been aiming at a bit of "local color." Dunning (in Eng. and Med. Sts. for Tolkien, ed. Davis and Wrenn, 164–82) takes the words *whan ye be oon* in 1740 as solid support for the notion that Pandarus refers to nuptial crowns; those who regard the relation between Troilus and Criseyde as a "clandestine marriage" (see 4.554–55n.) would perhaps agree. But this explanation still does not account for Pandarus's request not to slay Troilus "by the virtue of *corones tweyne.*" The reference to the *duplicem coronam* of a perfect husband—chastity and martyrdom—in Matheolus's satiric *Lamentationes* likewise seems inapplicable in context (see Thundy, NM 86, 1985, 343–47).

Root suggested, tentatively, that the crowns stand for either Pity and Bounty (see Pity, 58, 71–77) or Justice and Mercy (see ABC 137–44). Agreeing with Root that the context suggests that *vertu* is pity or mercy, Robert E. Kaske, in a talk before the New Chaucer Society (16 April 1982), drew attention to the medieval interpretation of the "diadem" of Canticles 3.11 as a "corona duplex," double crown. Kaske notes that Gulielmus Durandus (Rationale divinorum officiorum, 1859, 1.3.19, p. 26) calls this diadem "corona misericordiae" (a crown of mercy), and that Sicard of Cremona (PL 213:43) and (confusedly) Hugh of St. Cher make the same interpretation. But a double crown is not quite the same as two crowns, and Robinson's objection to Skeat's interpretation applies here as well.

Doob proposed (ChR 7:85–96) that *corones* means, not "crowns" (as most of the scribes took it—but one wrote "his reignes" and one, "owre goddis," in place of the word), but two kinds of the gem named "ceranius" (see MED), supposedly of magical properties (which explains Pandarus's use of *vertu;* see 2.344 and n.); but Doob cannot explain why the ceranius is relevant here, nor why Pandarus should refer to two of them.

Wetherbee's suggestion (Ch and Poets, 94n.) that Ch may allude to the twin boys, Coronae, of Ovid, Met. 13.692–99, and their interpretation by Bernard Silvestris as instruments of generation (Cosmographia 2.14.157–62) seems too obscure.

Possibly Pandarus's oath is deliberately obscure, playfully portentous like the charm in MilT I.3483–86. Perhaps the *vertu of corones tweyne* is mere impressive nonsense.

1745 **devyne at waggyng of a stree:** See OED s.v. *wagging,* and Whiting W4. Gnerro (N&Q 207, 1962, 164–65) wrongly suggests the reference is to the movement of a divining rod.

1749 **Las, tyme ilost:** See textual note.

1750 One manuscript adds some lines here; see textual note.

1752 The word **kankedort** is unexplained; from the context it seems to mean a difficult situation or a state of suspense. The efforts at discovering the etymology of the word have proved fruitless. Among them: Swedish *kanka* (to be unsteady) and *ort* (place); *canker* (cancer) and Lowland Scottish *dort* (sulkiness); Old French *quant que dort* (whenever he sleeps) or *chien qui dort.* Provençal *can que dorm,* early Anglo-Norman *ken ke dort* (sleeping dog—which should not be wakened; see Tr 3.764); Old French *calembour(d)* (joke, pun—a word perhaps associated with the later English word *quandary*). These guesses are surveyed by Gillmeister, ES 59, 1978, 310–23. The word *cangen,* meaning "make a fool of," is attested mainly from the Middle English Katherine Group of texts, in an early dialect remote from Chaucer's; perhaps its past participle *canged* (made a fool of), or related words *cang* (from OE *canc,* scorn), *acangen,* play some part in the formation of *kankedort.* See MED for these words. Root noted what seems to be a corruption of the word, in the form "crank dort," in Henry Medwall's Nature (late fifteenth century; Plays, ed. A. H. Nelson, 1980, 1.1285).

BOOK III

1–49 The elaborate invocation to Venus is based mainly on Fil. 3.74–79, where it is part of a song sung by Troiolo, derived partly from Boethius (2.m8), perhaps with suggestions from Dante, Par. 8.1–15. At that point in the story (Tr 3.1744–71), Chaucer supplies a new song derived directly from the same poem in Boethius. In "astrologizing" the gods, Chaucer follows common medieval practice (see KnT I.2217n.). Venus, the **blisful light** (1) and **Joves doughter** (3), is the planet of the third sphere (2); she is **sonnes lief** (3) because the planet accompanies the sun as morning star and evening star (cf. Dante, Par. 8.11–12). As goddess of love she represents both sexual attraction and the cosmic "love" that binds the elements of the universe (see KnT I.2987–93, Tr 1.237). On the background of the medieval philosophical conception of love, see Cook, Archiv 119, 1907, 40–54 and Bloomfield, Classical Philology 47, 1952, 162–65. For Venus in the mythographic tradition, see Schreiber, JEGP 74, 1975, 519–35; on Chaucer's use of mythography generally, see Twycross, Med. Anadyomene; Minnis, Ch and Antiquity; and McCall, Ch Among the Gods. Good general studies of medieval ideas about

love are Arthur O. Lovejoy, The Great Chain of Being, 1936, and Dronke, SMed, 3rd ser., 6, 1965, 389–422.

5 Closer to this than Fil. 3.74.5 ("Benigna donna d'ogni gentil core": gracious mistress of every noble heart) or Dante, Inf. 5.100, is the famous line by Guido Guinizelli, "Al cor gentil rempaira sempre Amore" (Love always repairs to a noble heart; Canzone, ed. Gianfranco Contini, Poeti del duecento, 1960, 2:460), cited by Dante, Convivio 4.20. Cf. Tes. 3.27.

11 vapour: Fil. 3.75: "vapor"; Boccaccio may recall Dante, Purg. 11.6, where "vapore" was taken by early commentators to mean divine love. The term in Dante is now understood to refer to Wisdom (see Wisdom 7.25 in the Vulgate where "vapor" is equated with "emanatio" as an aspect of "sapientia," wisdom).

14 worth: Wood wrongly suggests "has being" from the verb *worthen* (ELN 11, 1973, 9–14), but the Italian and French sources that he cites in fact support the more obvious interpretation. See 2.866.

15 The shift to the respectful plural, **ye**, from here to line 38, is not paralleled in Fil., which continues with "tu." See 1.550–875n.

17–21 Chaucer seems to have in mind only the amorous powers of Venus, whereas Boccaccio speaks of Venus in terms applicable to Mercy as an attribute of God. Many of the **thousand formes** love caused Jove to assume (bull, golden shower, swan) are told in Ovid, Met.

22–28 Cf. 1.250–52 and n. For the influence of Venus on Mars, see also Mars 36–42.

33 jo: A word not attested elsewhere, it may derive (Skeat) from Old French *joer* (to play, to move); here, then, "come about, come to pass."

39–42 The language seems to echo expressions used in addressing the Virgin Mary. Cf. Tr 1.15; ProPrT VII.478; Dante, Par. 33.16.

43 Cf. 2.13.

45 The invocation of **Caliope,** Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry, may have been influenced by Dante, Purg. 1.7–9, or Statius, Theb. 4.34–35. See also Bo 3.m12.24, Aen. 9.525. McCall, Ch Among the Gods, 16, quotes medieval mythographers' interpretations of Calliope as "optima vox" (best voice).

50–238 Largely independent of the Filostrato, but with suggestions from Fil. 3.23–29. Troilus's vows (127–47) are commonplace, but comparable to passages in the letter of Criseida, Fil. 2.96–106.

60 curtyn, the canopy of the bed. See 659–67n. below.

81 See 3.957, LGW 1817.

86–88 Robinson, acknowledging an unpublished note by Kittredge, explains: "Criseyde liked him none the less for being abashed—(1) for not being malapert, (2) for not bearing himself with jaunty self-assurance, (3) for not being over-bold in flattery or in professions of love—in such 'fair words' as, according to the proverb, 'make fools fain.'" On **made it tough,** see 2.1025n. The phrase **to synge a fool a masse** seems to be proverbial, but no exact parallel has been found (Whiting F458). The line probably means, "nor was he too bold, as one who would sing a mass to a fool," that is, flatter deceptively. The other recorded use of the proverb, by Lydgate (Minor Poems 2:483.341), refers to the mad futility rather than the boldness of the act, like teaching an ass to harp (cf. Tr 1.731). MED (s.v. *fole* n., 1b.) seems unwarranted in rendering *fool* as "foal," although the words cannot be distinguished phonologically outside of rhyme. The idiom *to bolde, to synge* is treated in John S. Kenyon, Syntax of the Inf. in Ch, Ch Soc, 2nd ser., 44, 1909, 67. Carson, AmN&Q 6, 1968, 135–36, suggests "too bold a fool to sing a mass," but the sense and grammar are unlikely.

90 resons . . . rymes: Perhaps playing on the proverbial "rhyme or reason" (Whiting R103, Hassell R46).

114 For the proverbial comparison, see LGW 1841; Whiting H277.

115 See SqT V.496 and Whiting W81.

125 Cf. MerT IV.2106.

150 natal Joves feste: Unexplained. Perhaps "the feast of Jupiter, who presides over nativities" (so Skeat, Robinson), in support of which Pratt cites Jerome, Adversus Jovinianum: "Jovem Gamelium & Genethlium," that is, "Jove, god of betrothals and procreation" (JEGP 61, 1962, 244–48). Pauly-Wissowa, Real-Ency. s.v. *Iuppiter,* knows no "natalis Iovis," but does mention the epithets Almus and Propagator. Root suggests "the festival of Jove's birth," hence "the pagan equivalent of Christmas," but as Baugh observes, Chaucer could then more clearly have written *Joves natal feste* without disrupting the meter. Latin *natalis* means "birthday, festival" as well as "natal"; some scribal confusion of *natal* and a gloss "feste" may underlie the passage. *Joves* could be a miswriting of *Junos*: Juno presides over childbearing, and the two words look very much alike in medieval script; Jove would be more familiar than Juno. In the only other places in Troilus where *Juno* appears in a context in which *Jove* would also make sense, some of the manuscripts in fact read "Jove" (4.1116, 5.601). Juno is addressed as "natalis Iuno" in citations in Pauly-Wissowa, Real-Ency. s.v. *Iuno,* col. 1115, and in the Oxford Lat. Dict. s.v. *natalis.* Chaucer may have been aware that Jove's feasts were on the Ides of every month, and Juno's on the Kalends (Macrobius, Saturnalia 1.14–15; Ovid, Fasti 1.55–56).

188–89 In romance, saints' lives, and ballad, bells are rung "without hand" to mark an event of special joy or solemnity. See for example Child, Ballads 1:173, 231; 3:235, 244, 519–10. See Hinckley, MP 16, 1918–19, 40; Tatlock MLN 29, 1914, 28; Barry, MLN 30, 1915, 28–29. Barry suggests that the origin of such stories is a story told by the eighth-century St. Willibrord about the monks of Fulda. See Vitae S. Bonifatii, ed. W. Levison, 1905, 53.

198 bere the belle: Either "lead the flock" as a bellwether or, more likely, "take the prize" in a race (see Flom, JEGP 6, 1906, 115, citing Camden's Remaines, 1605, 348; see also Faerie Queene 4.4.25.9); in either case, "take first place." See Whiting B230; MED s.v. *bell* 9(a).

273 traitour probably from a mistranslation (as if Chaucer read "traditore") of "trattator," Fil. 3.8, "procurer" (Rossetti, 115). The French translator of the Filostrato also misunderstood or bowdlerized "trattator," taking it from its etymological sense "agent" to mean "provider for all her needs" (conduiseur de toute la bisogne—p. 175). Griffin and Windeatt mistranslate it "guardian"; Branca correctly glosses the word as "mezzano," and Havely translates "go-between."

293 us yonge: Could imply that Pandarus is young, or it may mean "to us when we were young" (see Slocum, PQ 58:16–25 and the introductory note).

294 Ultimately from pseudo-Cato, Disticha 1.3: "Vir-

BOOK IV

Incipit prohemium quarti libri

But al to litel, weylaway the whyle,
Lasteth swich joie, ythonked be Fortune,
That semeth trewest whan she wol bygyle
And kan to fooles so hire song entune
That she hem hent and blent, traitour comune!
And whan a wight is from hire whiel ythrowe,
Than laugheth she, and maketh hym the mowe.

From Troilus she gan hire brighte face
Awey to writhe, and tok of hym non heede,
But caste hym clene out of his lady grace,
And on hire whiel she sette up Diomede;
For which myn herte right now gynneth blede,
And now my penne, allas, with which I write,
Quaketh for drede of that I moste endite.

For how Criseyde Troilus forsook —
Or at the leeste, how that she was unkynde —
Moot hennesforth ben matere of my book,
As writen folk thorugh which it is in mynde.
Allas, that they sholde evere cause fynde
To speke hire harm! And if they on hire lye,
Iwis, hemself sholde han the vilanye.

O ye Herynes, Nyghtes doughtren thre,
That endeles compleignen evere in pyne,
Megera, Alete, and ek Thesiphone,
Thow cruel Mars ek, fader to Quyryne,
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,
So that the losse of lyf and love yfeere
Of Troilus be fully shewed heere.

Explicit prohemium quarti libri.

Incipit liber quartus.

Liggyng in oost, as I have seyd er this,
The Grekes stronge aboute Troie town,
Byfel that, whan that Phebus shynyng is
Upon the brest of Hercules lyoun,
That Ector, with ful many a bold baroun,
Caste on a day with Grekis for to fighte,
As he was wont, to greve hem what he myghte.

Not I how longe or short it was bitwene
This purpos and that day they issen mente,
But on a day, wel armed, brighte, and shene,
Ector and many a worthi wight out wente,
With spere in honde and bigge bowes bente;
And in the berd, withouten lenger lette,
Hire fomen in the feld hem faste mette.

The longe day, with speres sharpe igrounde,
With arwes, dartes, swerdes, maces felle,
They fighte and bringen hors and man to grounde,
And with hire axes out the braynes quelle.
But in the laste shour, soth for to telle,
The folk of Troie hemselven so mysledden
That with the worse at nyght homward they fledden.

At which day was taken Antenore,
Maugre Polydamas or Monesteo,
Santippe, Sarpedoun, Polynestore,
Polite, or ek the Trojan daun Rupheo,
And other lasse folk as Phebuseo;

Incipit, *etc.:* Here begins the prologue of the fourth book.
4 **entune:** sing
5 **blent** = *blendeth,* blinds
7 **mowe:** moue, grimace
9 **writhe:** turn

Incipit, *etc.:* Here begins the fourth book.
29 **Liggyng in oost:** besieging
31 **Phebus:** the sun
32 **brest:** i.e., the first part **Hercules lyoun:** the zodiacal sign Leo (which the sun enters in July)
37 **issen:** go out (to attack)
40 **bigge:** strong
41 **in the berd:** face to face

18 **thorugh which it is in mynde:** by whom it is made known, recorded
22 **Herynes:** the Erinyes, the three Furies
24 **Alete:** Alecto
25 **Quyryne:** Quirinus, a name of Romulus
26 **fyne:** finish
Explicit, *etc.:* Here ends the prologue of the fourth book.

44 **felle:** cruel, terrible
46 **quelle:** dash
47 **shour:** assault
48 **hemselven so mysledden:** conducted themselves so badly
51 **Maugre:** in spite of (the efforts of)

1691–92 **Felicite:** See Bo 3.pr2.8–11; Dante, Conv. 4.22

1703 For **Piros** (Pyrois), and Eous, Aethon, and Phlegon, the sun's other horses, see Ovid, Met. 2.153–54.

1716–19 A combination of Fil. 3.72 and 2.84.

1744–71 For Troiolo's song, as given at this point by Boccaccio, Chaucer substitutes a song based on Boethius 2.m8. See Tr 3.1–49 above. This passage is omitted in MS H^2 and appears on an inset leaf in MS Ph. Root and others have taken this as evidence that Chaucer wrote this song in a revision of Troilus. See, however, the cogent counter-argument by Windeatt, in Essays on Tr, 1–23. Baum, Ch's Verse, 87–90, gives a helpful analysis of the difficult grammar of Troilus's song. Steadman, Disembodied Laughter, 69, notes that one commentator interpreted the love addressed in Boethius's poem as "divine love" (Pseudo-Aquinas, Commentum duplex on 2.8).

1751–54 Cf. PF 380–81 and n.

1751 **That, that:** See De Vries, ES 52, 1971, 502–7. Comparison with the grammar of Boethius's Latin and Boece shows that Chaucer construed the *That, that* of line 1758 in the same way, referring now back to line 1757.

1752 Cf. Boethius: Concordes uariat uices (*varieth accordable chaungynges*).

1762–68 See the note to lines 1261–67 above.

1784 In an unpublished paper, Matthew Abbate observes how nicely Chaucer assimilates Boccaccio's comparison ("Come falcon ch' uscisse di cappello," like a falcon that emerged from its hood) to a proverbial English alliterating phrase (Whiting F25), *fressh as faukoun.* Boccaccio (Fil. 3.91) drew the figure from Dante (Par. 19.34), but in the Filostrato it is Troiolo, not Criseida, who is compared with a falcon. The association of falconry with courtship was common; see for example Machaut's Dit de l'alerion.

1807–10 Chaucer seems to combine reminiscences of Tes. 1.3 and 11.63, and Dante, Par. 8.7–8, or perhaps, as Schless argues (Ch and Dante, 128–29), merely relies on general knowledge. The reference to Venus as daughter of **Dyone** (Dione) may be due to Aen. 3.19, or Claudian, De rapt. Pros. 3.433, or Ovid (Ars Am. 2.593; 3.3; 3.769; Amores 1.14.33). Chaucer calls Venus **lady bryght** in 3.39, also.

1808 On Cupid's blindness, see KnT I.1963–65n.

1809–10 On the erroneous conception of (Mount) Helicon as a fountain or spring on Mount Parnassus, see HF 521–22n.

1811–13 By echoing his invocation to Venus and the Muse Calliope (3.39–48), Chaucer consciously encloses and sets off his third book. See Baum, Ch's Verse, 185.

1814–16 Cf. Fil. 4.24.

BOOK IV

1–11 Special studies of the structure and meaning of the fourth book are Wenzel, PMLA 79, 1964, 542–47, and Erzgräber, in Manfred Bambeck and H. H. Christmann, ed., Philologica Romanica, E. Lommatzsch gewidmet, 1975, 97–117. For the commonplace sentiments of the opening stanzas, see, besides Fil. 3.94, Bo 2.pr1.14–21 and m1.12–15; RR 8039–41; Machaut, Remède de fortune (Oeuvres 2:1049–62), and Jugement dou Roy de Behaingne (1:684–91). The phrasing of lines 1–2 recalls MLT II.1132–33, 1140–41. See also Tr 1.138–40n.

6–7 **mowe:** Seldom used by Chaucer (ParsT X.258, HF 1806); it may have occurred to him because of its use in French poems about Fortune's wheel. Patch, Goddess Fortuna, 160, cites several French poems which rhyme "roue," wheel, and "moue," grimace. RR 8039–40, cited above, is an example. For the rhymes in Machaut, see Wimsatt, MAE 45:284–85.

22–24 **Herynes:** See Pity 92n., and on the Furies as suffering pain, Tr 1.1–14n. Both passages may reflect Dante, Inf. 9.37–51, although Schless is skeptical of any use of Dante here (Ch and Dante, 129). The form **Alete** (Alecto) may be due to the Italian "Aletto." For the idea that the Furies are **Nyghtes doughtren thre,** see Met. 4.451–52; Aen. 12.845–47; Boccaccio, De gen. deorum 3.6–9. See 2.435–36 and n.

25 **Quyryne:** See Ovid, Fasti, 2.475–80. For the statement that he is son of Mars, see Fasti 2.419; Aen. 1.274–76; Met. 15.863; Dante, Par. 8.131–32. The epithet **cruel** recalls Theb. 7.703 ("saevi"); Mars is generally malefic in astrology (see 3.716 and n.). Boccaccio associates Mars and the Furies in Tes. 3.1.

32 **Hercules lyoun:** The zodiacal sign Leo is associated with Hercules because that hero killed the Nemean lion and is regularly depicted as carrying or wearing a lion skin. Chaucer adopts this *chronographia* from Ars Am. 1.68, where Ovid speaks of the sun approaching the back (not **brest**) of Herculean Leo ("Herculei terga Leonis"). Martial also calls Leo "Herculean" (8.55.15); for other instances see Pauly-Wissowa, Real-Ency., s.v. *Leo* (12:2, 1925) col. 1974, 1979–80. The sun was in Leo from about 12 July to the first part of August; Root surmises that by *brest* Chaucer means the first part of this period; Skeat takes Chaucer to mean the star Regulus in the constellation (not sign) of Leo, and hence about 1 August. For the use of *brest,* cf. LGW F 113.

38–42 Not from the Filostrato; cf. Benoît, Roman de Troie, 11996–12006. **in the berd:** See Whiting B117, and MED s.v. *berd* 4a.(c), Hassell B9. Lines 39–42 briefly imitate the alliterative battle-descriptions rendered with such virtuosity in KnT I.2602–16 and LGW 635–49. Robbins notes a similar use of alliteration in a rhyming poem in the romance Ywain and Gawain, 3531–55, again a battle-description (in Eleanor of Aquitaine, ed. William W. Kibler, 1976, 147–72).

50–54 Except for **Phebuseo,** who appears to have been invented by Chaucer (an Italianate name based on Apollo's name Phoebus), all these men are named in Fil. 4.3. According to Boccaccio, they were all taken prisoner; Chaucer's account (with **Maugre** in line 51) follows Guido and Benoît in specifying that only Antenor was captured (see 5.403 and n.). One MS, H^3, reads "Palidomas and also Menestes" for line 51, which suggests, as Root notes, that Chaucer's drafts may at one time have agreed with Boccaccio. Antenor, Polydamas, Sarpedon, and Polymnestor are familiar names in the Trojan cycle. **Santippe** (Italian "Santippo") is Antiphus (spelled Antipus, Anthiphus, Xantipus in Guido; Antif or Xantif in Benoît), Priam's ally, king of Frisia. **Polite** (Polites, Aen. 2.526), **Monesteo** (Mnestheus, Aen. 5.166, etc.), and **Rupheo** (Ripheus or Rhipeus, Aen. 2.339) are names Boccaccio probably derived ultimately from Virgil. Pernicone would derive three of the names

O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.
Or if a work so infinite he spanned,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treatest of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou singest with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird named from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just heaven thee like Tiresias to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well mightest thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the mode offend,
And while I meant to praise thee must commend.
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

A[ndrew]. M[arvell].

THE VERSE

Added in *Ed II*. For explanations of the meanings of the technical terms used, see Sprott 39ff, and Introd., 'Prosody', above.

The measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed

since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

Paradise Lost

BOOK I

The Argument

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre[1] (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made,[2]

¶ 94. i *Argument*[1]. *described here, not in the centre*] The obvious meaning is that hell is here described not at the centre of the earth, but at another situation. As MacCaffrey 54 implies, however, there is a secondary sense in which M., still discussing his *in medias res* narrative method, is telling us that we shall not find hell at the centre of *PL*. On the symbolic importance of the mid-point of the poem, which is occupied by Christ in his triumphal chariot, see vi 749–59*n*. M. displaces hell from the centre of the earth for theological reasons: namely, that when hell was formed the earth was not yet cursed; and that the earth is to be destroyed at the last (*De doctrina* i 33, Columbia xvi 372–4). Cp. Cowley's note 11 to *Davideis* i: 'making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and sweating should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*.'
i *Argument*[2]. *yet not made*] Earth was not yet made when Satan and his angels

certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter[3] darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers.[4] To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt.[5] Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

fell into hell; but it is made *now*: see Introduction, 'Chronology', pp. 443–45 above.

i *Argument*[3]. *utter*] Either 'outer' or 'utter.'

i *Argument*[4]. *De doctrina* i 7 (Columbia xv 33–5): 'Many at least of the Greek, and some of the Latin Fathers, are of opinion that angels, as being spirits, must have existed long before the material world; and it seems even probable, that the apostasy which caused the expulsion of so many thousands from Heaven, took place before the foundations of this world were laid.' In M.'s own day, however, the commoner belief was that the angels were created at the same time with the world.

i *Argument*[5]. *What his associates thence attempt*] The building of Pandaemonium, as the next sentence explains.

i *1–49*. Rhetorically, the *invocatio*, consisting of an address to the Muse; 1–26 is also the *principium* that states the whole scope of the poem's action. M.'s particular overlapping arrangement of the opening parts traditional in epic combines the Virgilian and Homeric plans; so that, without the interruption of direct allusion, *PL* is silently related to its three principal analogues. A metaphorical comparison is set up between Adam and Achilles, Odysseus and Aeneas, and between the loss of Paradise and the loss of Troy (Condee). On the placing of the poem's four invocations, see ix 1–47*n* below.

i *1–13*. As Sims 11 points out, the widely separated persons and events referred to in these lines have a typological or figural connection that M. assumes his readers will grasp: 'the disobedience of Adam in Eden, the receiving of the Law by Moses on Sinai, and the placing of the Ark of the Covenant in the Temple on '*Sion* Hill' are not causally connected as a horizontal chain of events, but the divine scheme of salvation as seen by centuries of Christians seeking to align the Old Testament with the New had vertically

With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse, that on the secret top

connected these events as successive stages in God's plan for man's redemption.' See, however, Lewis 40f for the view that the true function of the opening 'is to give us the sensation *that some great thing is now about to begin*'.

i *1–5*. The sequence *disobedience–loss of Eden–regain the blissful seat* corresponds to the sequence in Virgil's *principium*, from the fall of Troy through a journey to the founding of Rome. See Arthur Barker in *PQ* xxviii (1949) 17f, MacCaffrey 83f.

i *1–2*. This definition of the first sin follows exactly that given in Calvin's Catechism, in its familiar Ursinian form: see Fletcher ii 95f. Daiches (56f) finds in the alliterative connection between *first, fruit* and *forbidden* an 'acoustical' allusion to the oblation of firstfruits, prescribed in *Lev.* xxiii. More obviously, the metrical pause between the lines invites us to connect *fruit* with *disobedience*–'disobedience and its organic consequences'–until *Of* (2) shows that the grammatical link is with the words that follow. Such double syntactical or lexical sequences are ubiquitous in *PL*, but will not be noticed below unless some special difficulty is involved. The *taste* of the fruit is *mortal* in a derivative sense: 'deadly', 'death-bringing' (Latin *mortalis*). On the strict logical structure of these lines, and on M.'s concern with the *causes* of the Fall, see Howard, especially 152.

i *3. all our woe*] A key phrase in *PL*; see MacCaffrey 84.

i *4–5. loss of Eden*] By a synecdoche, the whole is put for the part; Eden is not lost, though Paradise is. The *greater man* is Christ, in Pauline theology the second Adam (see especially *Rom.* v 19). M.'s repetition of *man* is mainly intended to make this point, though it also glances at Virgil's *virumque* (*Aen.* i 1) and Homer's ἄνδρα (*Od.* i 1). Virgil sings one man, but M. will sing two: setting the supernatural Christ over against the natural man, he deliberately departs from pagan epic tradition. There were, however, precedents for having two heroes; see Spenser's Letter to Raleigh on Tasso's practice in this respect. *Restore*] Both 'replace in a state of grace; free from the effects of sin' (*OED* 4 a) and 'make amends for' (*OED* 2). In the latter sense, *Restore* is followed by an ethic dative (Emma 54*n*).

i *6–22*. The *heavenly Muse*, later addressed as *Urania* (vii 1), is here apparently identified as the divine Logos, the second person of the Trinity, who inspires both the prophetic vision of a Moses on Mount *Oreb* and the sacerdotal wisdom and Temple ritual of *Sion hill*, but who is not confined to these localities (ll. 17f). M. is signifying his readiness to assume either the prophetic or the priestly role, as the Spirit wills (Daiches[2] 61). M.'s opening was particularly bold in view of contemporary attacks on invocation. Davenant, e.g., condemned the invoking of the Holy Ghost in poetry as 'saucy familiarity with a true God'; see Broadbent 67, also ll. 17–22*n* below.

i *6–8*. The form of this allusion, with its casual assumption of common

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar

ground with the reader, resembles Dante's periphrastic references to historical personages. As *shepherd* of Jethro's flock, Moses was granted the vision of the burning bush on Mount Horeb (*Exod.* iii: for euphony, the Vulgate form, *Oreb*, is preferred); as pastor, he received the Law, either on Mount Horeb (*Deut.* iv 10) or on its lower part, Mount Sinai (*Exod.* xix 20). The *top* is *secret* because set apart (Latin *secretus*) and concealed by storm clouds (*Exod.* xix; cp. *PL* xii 227–9).

i 7. *MS* omits both commas.

i *8. the chosen seed*] The children of Israel, whom Moses, the *first* (note the emphatic repetition of this word, in ll. 1, 19, 27, 28, 33) Jewish writer, taught about the *beginning* of the world in *Genesis*, the principal source of the mythos of *PL*. Cp. Gabriel Harvey, *Marginalia*, ed. Smith (Stratford-upon-Avon 1913) 209, where the Pentateuch is called the root and fountain of all books in the world. Moses should not be regarded merely as M.'s authority, but as his original. For the reference is no mere literary artifice: M. believed himself 'possessed', in the Platonic sense, by Moses; as his successor, he was similarly animated by divine afflatus (Hanford 414f).

i *9. In the beginning*, the opening words of the Bible, are mimetically moved earlier by the inversion.

i *10. Sion hill*] The sanctuary, a place of ceremonial song, but also (*Is.* ii 3) of oracular pronouncements.

i *11. Siloa*] A spring immediately west of Mount Zion and beside Calvary, often used as a symbol of the operation of the Holy Ghost 'in gentle mild manner' (Lancelot Andrewes, *Sermons*, Libr. of Anglo-Cath. Theol., iii (1841) 267f) or in a manner not obvious (e.g. Calvin's Comm. on *Is.* viii 6). But M. may have in mind the curative and purificatory pool of Siloam ('which is by interpretation, Sent': *John* ix 7). If so, an analogy would seem to be implied between the poet, and the blind disciple given sight and insight by Jesus and sent to wash in the pool (*John* ix 1–11, 30–9; see Paul Lauter, *N & Q* cciii (1958) 204f). As *PL* iii 26–32 shows, M. intends, in the brook flowing beside the Temple Mount, a complete sacred counterpart to the brook frequented by the pagan Muses: Aganippe, that 'from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring' (*Lycidas* 16, following Hesiod). *Sion* and *Siloa* are again Vulgate forms.

i *13. adventurous*] 'adventrous' in *MS* and the early edns; probably pronounced as a trisyllable. See *Comus* 79*n*.

15 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
20 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss

i *15. the Aonian mount*] Helicon, sacred to the Muses. M. believes his source of inspiration and the matter he *pursues* (i.e. treats: Latin *sequor*) to be higher than any possible in the pagan world. Appropriately, he makes the Biblical mountains–sources of inspiration–more numerous than the classical (Daiches² 63). The spelling in *MS* and the early edns indicates the synaloepha: th'Aonian. *MS* has semicolon after *mount*.

i *16*. Ironically translating Ariosto's boast in *Orl. Fur.* i 2: *Cosa non detta in prosa mai, né in rima*; cp. ix 27–47 below. On the claim to novelty as a traditional opening topic, see Curtius 85f. *unattempted*] 'Unattempted even in the Bible? . . . "unattempted in English literature"?' asks Daiches² 63.

i *17–22*. If not before, surely now it is the Holy Spirit who is addressed; in spite of M.'s argument in *De doctrina* i 6 (Columbia xiv 392–4), that invocation of the Holy Spirit as a separate person has no Biblical foundation. Unlocalised and operating inwardly, the Spirit provides the impulse of every creative act, divine or human. The analogy M. implies between creation and poetic making is examined by Cormican (178f), who finds it to be developed in a Metaphysical manner; and by Daiches (² 66f), who traces its theological content. An unnoticed analogue is Sylvester's Du Bartas 9f: 'As a good Wit . . . on his Book still muses: / . . . Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood / . . . Even in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternall / To brood upon this Gulf.' In visual art of the period, chaos was often depicted as an egg-shaped mass. *temples*] Cp. the Pauline idea of the body as the 'temple of the Holy Ghost' (*1 Cor.* vi 19). St Paul also regarded the Spirit as the only instructor about the things of God (Sims 17). *Dove-like*] Identifying the Spirit present at the creation with the Spirit in the form of a dove that descended on Jesus at the beginning of his ministry (*John* i 32). *brooding*] rendering the Heb. word in *Gen.* i 2 that is translated in A.V. as 'moved', but in St Basil and other patristic authors as *incubabat* (brooded). *brooding . . . madest it pregnant*] Not a mixed metaphor, but a deliberate allusion to the Hermetic doctrine that God is both masculine and feminine. Cp. Nicolas Cusanus, *De docta ignorantia* i 25; tr. G. Heron, ed. D. J. B. Hawkins (1954) 57. *vast*] In addition to the primary sense ('large') there is a Latinizing secondary sense, 'waste, deserted, unformed' (Lat. *vastus*).

i 17. *MS* has no point after *Spirit*.

i 18. *MS* has no point after *pure*.

i *19*. Cp. Homer, *Il.* ii 484: 'Tell me, Muses . . . since you are goddesses and are present and know all things.'

And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
Moved our grand parents in that happy state,
Favoured of heaven so highly, to fall off
From their creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride

i *22–6*. Both in sense and in rhetorical form, this prayer of invocation echoes the celebrated 'Golden Sequence', *Veni sancte Spiritus*: *'Veni, lumen cordium. / . . . Lava quod est sordidum, / . . . Rege quod est devium.'* *argument*] subject, theme. *justify* does not mean merely 'demonstrate logically' but has its Biblical meaning and implies spiritual rather than rational understanding (Cormican 175). *to men*] The plural contrasts with the generalising singular of *man* (1): the Fall is universal, but M. writes for the elect, a 'fit audience . . . though few' (Daiches² 57).
i *25*. *eternal*] th'eternal *Ed I*; corr. in 1668 *Errata*. *MS* originally had 'th'eternal', and the deletion of *th'* seems to have been ignored by the *Ed I* printer.
i *27–49*. Rhetorically the *initium*, introducing the first scene and giving the cause of the action. With l. 28, cp. the *initium* of Virgil's *Aen.* (i 8: *'Musa mihi causas memor*); and with 33 cp. Homer's question about the source of discord between Achilles and Agamemnon (*Il.* i 8). M.'s formulaic method assists the involvement of 'a whole segment of western culture', and counterpoints the deeds of classical heroes with those of Adam (Condee 507). The counterpoint emerges here as a strong contrast, for in Virgil it is the cause of divine wrath that seems inexplicable.
i *28–31*. *cause*] M. turns at once to the instrumental cause of the Fall (Howard 159).
i *29*. *grand*] Implies not only titular greatness, but also inclusiveness or generality of parentage–a meaning that now survives only in the phrase 'grand total'.
i *32*. i.e. because of a single restraint; even though their autonomy in all other respects was unrestricted.
i *34*. *The infernal serpent*] 'That old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan' (*Rev.* xii 9) both because Satan entered the body of a serpent to tempt Eve, and because his nature is guileful and dangerous to man. See also x 506–47, where the devils are metamorphosed into serpents.
i *36–7*. *MS* has colon, altered to semicolon, after *mankind*, and semicolon

Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the most high,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,

after *heaven*. *what time*] Usually compared with Lat. *quo tempore*–needlessly, since the phrase was perfectly idiomatic English; see *OED* s.v. *What* C II 10. Cp. *Comus* 291, *Lycidas* 28.
i *38*. *aspiring*] The first of the poem's comparatively rare feminine line-endings. The only other certain instances in Bk i are at ll. 98, 102 and 606. On the theory underlying M.'s practice in this respect, see Prince 135.
i *39*. Satan's crime was not his aspiring *above his peers*–he was already 'high above' them (v 812)–but aspiring *To set himself in* [divine] *glory*.
i *40–8*. Numerous verbal echoes relate these lines to the Biblical accounts of the fall and binding of Lucifer, in *2 Pet.* ii 4, *Jude* 6, *Rev.* xx 1–2, and *Is.* xiv 12–15: 'Thou hast said . . . I will exalt my throne above the stars of God . . . I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell.'
i *40*. The construction with a past infinitive was standard English.
i *42*. *MS* has comma after *God*.
i *43*. *impious war*] Perhaps has a secondary Latinate sense; *bellum impium* means internecine war.
i *44*. *With vain attempt*] 'The typically Miltonic half-line of derision' (Broadbent 69). Cp. ll. 746f below.
i *44–5*. *Him . . . Hurled*] Object–subject–verb inversions constitute one of the two types of inversion commonest in *PL*, according to Emma (143ff). But larger samples than his show this to be the only common form of inversion. (Subject–object–verb inversions, Emma's other common type, are in fact rare.)
i *45*. Characteristically mingling a Biblical allusion (to *Luke* x 18, 'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven') with a classical (to Homer, *Il.* i 591, Hephaistos 'hurled from the ethereal threshold').
i *46*. *ruin*] falling, downfall. Not a Latinism, except etymologically. *combustion*] M. may intend an ambiguity; in astronomical contexts the word meant 'obscuration of a planet due to near conjunction with the sun'.
i *48*. Cp. *Jude* 6 and *2 Pet.* ii 4; 'God spared not the angels that sinned, but . . . delivered them into chains of darkness.' The *adamantine* chains, however, perhaps also allude to Aeschylus, *Prom.* 6. *MS* omits comma after *fire*.

Who durst defy the omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:
At once as far as angels' ken he views
The dismal situation waste and wild,

i *49*. The elliptic *Who* (=He who) is common in Spenser, Shakespeare and Donne (see Emma 57). It is not a Latinism. Empson 37 brings out the implication that 'though Milton believes God to be omnipotent, Satan dared to hope he could be defeated'. Note how M. gives an early signal to prepare the reader to recognize this as one of the many things about which Satan deludes himself.

i *50–83*. In rhetorical terminology, the *exordium*, which supplies the setting and stage directions of the opening scene (Condee 507f). The nine days during which the devils *Lay vanquished* (Days 13–22) immediately follow the nine days of their fall from Heaven (Days 4–13; see vi 871, also Introduction, 'Chronology', pp. 25–28 above. The choice of this particular time interval points up the analogy between the fall of the devils and the fall of the defeated Titans (also lasting nine days: see Hesiod, *Theog.* 664–735). Throughout, M. makes extensive use of this mythological parallel; it was important to him, since it justified treating the brief Biblical references to a war in heaven as more than allegory.

i *55*. The fallen angels became vulnerable to pain when their natures were 'impaired' by sin (vi 327 and 691).

i *56*. *MS* has comma after *him*. *baleful*] 'full of evil'; but also 'full of suffering'. On the change of tense, see MacCaffrey 43; also Broadbent 69f: 'the tenses shift imperceptibly into an immediate Hell.'

i *57*. *witnessed*] bore witness to.

i *58*. *obdurate*] Stressed on the second syllable.

i *59*. *Angels' ken*] the field of vision of angels (*OED* 2). As was common seventeenth-century orthographical practice, however, the apostrophe is omitted in *MS*, *Ed I* and *Ed II*, so that *Angels ken* is also a possible reading. Both uses of *ken* (i.e., as noun or as verb) can be matched in *PL* (e.g. xi 379 and 396).

i *60*. *MS* has no stop after *wild*. It is usually said that the sense demands a colon. This is not so, however, if 'flamed' (l. 62) is understood as a past participle='aflame' (see *OED* s.v. *Flamed* 1). *dismal*] A stronger word than it has since become: 'dreadful' or 'sinister', rather than merely 'gloomy'. Emma 73 finds the epithet–noun–epithet scheme infrequent in M. But this

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes

extraordinary conclusion may be the result of taking an inadequate sample, or of underestimating the rarity of the scheme in the corpus of literature at large. Until we have rank-ordered rhetorical tables, one can only record the guess that this will in fact be found to be a favourite device of M.'s. Cp. ll. 69, 180, 304f; and for a discussion of earlier uses of the device by the Italian poets, see Prince 112–9.

i *61*. *dungeon horrible*] M. customarily avoided inversion of the normal noun–adjective order; see Emma (69f), who finds an incidence of only 4·7 per cent of the adjectives in his poetry. On the symbolic nature of M.'s hell, see Joseph E. Duncan in *HLQ* xx (1957); Merritt Y. Hughes in *MP* liv (1956); Ernest Schanzer in *UTQ* xxiv (1955); and Broadbent Ch. ii.

i *62–4*. Oddly censured by T. S. Eliot as 'difficult to imagine'; but of course the passage is not intended merely as physical description. Cp. the account of the land of the dead in *Job* x 22: 'the light is as darkness'; and see Ann Gossman *N & Q* ccvi (1961) 182 on Plutarch's affirmative answer to the question 'Whether darkness can be visible to us'. The paradoxes M. alludes to would be familiar to his contemporaries, for they were the subject of much theological speculation. Thus, the notion of flames without light had its classic statement in St Basil's *Homil. in Ps. xxviii*, where we are told that God separates the brightness of fire from its burning power, in such a way that the brightness works to the joy of the blessed, the burning to the torture of the damned; cp. Herrick 387, 'The fire of Hell this strange condition hath' / To burn, not shine (as learned *Basil* saith.)'; and see further Hughes 183 and John M. Steadman, 'John Collop and the flames without light', *N & Q* cc (1955) 382–3. Discussing the paradox of *sights of woe* visible in darkness, Edgar F. Daniels ('Thomas Adams and "Darkness Visible"("Paradise Lost", I, 62–3)', *N & Q* cciv (1959)) finds authority in Adams for the idea of a special visory power granted to devils. But a more obvious source is Aquinas *Summa theol.* Supple. xcvii 4, where it is debated whether the damned have any light and can see, and where the Basilian passage is cited. Among literary analogues to M.'s description, the best known is the O.E. *Genesis B*, 333: 'þæt wæs leohtes leas | and wæs liges full'. Broadbent 71 notes that i and ii 'are full of paradoxical expressions–antithesis, antimetabole, oxymoron, etc.' This is the case with almost all those parts of the poem where the devils appear. See vi 498*n* on the extravagant rhetoric used to portray the angelic war.

i *66*. Cp. Dante, *Inf.* iii 9, 'All hope abandon, you who enter here'; also Euripides, *Troades* 681, 'to me even hope, that remains to all mortals, never comes'.

That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For these rebellious, here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,

i *68. urges*] presses.
i *69. sulphur*] The sulphurousness of the *deluge* goes back at least to Statius, who speaks of Cocytus' *sulfureas undas* (*Theb.* i 91).
i *71. those*] these *MS*. *prison*] In *MS* an apostrophe over the *o* indicates elision, by a convention common at the time.
i *72. utter*] Both 'outer' and 'utter'.
i *73–4*. See iv 20–3*n*. For the association of heaven with the celestial pole, see Cicero, *De nat.* ii 40f, rendering Aratus, *Phainomena*. Whereas Homer simply places Hades as far below earth as heaven is above it (*Il.* viii 16), and Virgil places Tartarus 'twice' as far below (*Aen.* vi 577), M. gives a more intricate formulation: a 'typically "geometrical" statement of relationships', as MacCaffrey 78 calls it. By so doing, he draws attention to the numerical proportion, heaven–earth: earth–hell : : 1 : 2, i.e., earth divides the interval between heaven and hell in the proportion that Neoplatonists believed should be maintained between reason and concupiscence: the harmonious diapason. See, e.g., Pico della Mirandola, *Conclusiones*, 'secundum mathematicam Pythagorae', *Opera omnia* (Basel 1573) i 79. For the view that 'thrice' is merely an intensive, see B. A. Wright in *RES* xxi (1945) 43.
i *76. MS* omits comma after *fall.*
i *79. MS* omits comma after *power.*
i *81. Beelzebub*] Hebrew 'Lord of the flies'; *Matt.* xii 24, 'the prince of the devils'; cp. *Mark* iii 22, *Luke* xi 15, etc. Although M. would know that Beelzebub's name had an anthropological background in the cults of deliverers from insect pests (see John Selden, *De dis Syris* ii 6), his portrayal of the devil seems rather to be based on an allegorization invented by St Jerome and cited by Valeriano in his discussion of the fly as a symbol of pertinacity. Beelzebub is god of flies 'because he never ceases to infest the human race in every way, and to lay now this snare, now that, for our destruction' (Valeriano 320). It is in keeping with his pertinacious malignity

And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; but O how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright: if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,

towards mankind that Beelzebub should be made the spokesman of Satan's plan to ruin the 'new race' (ii 345–76). *arch-enemy,*] *MS* omits comma.
i *82. Satan*] Hebrew, 'enemy'. After his rebellion, Satan's 'former name' (according to patristic tradition, Lucifer) was no longer used (v 658).
i *84*. Rhetorically, the *iamua narrandi* or opening of the action proper. Satan's exclamation echoes Aeneas' at the appearance of Hector's ghost during the fall of Troy: *ei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo / Hectore* (*Aen.* ii 274). But cp. also *Is.* xiv 12: 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer.' The 41-line speech beginning here, the first speech in the book, exactly balances the last, which also is spoken by Satan and also consists of 41 lines (i 622–62). For the numerological significance of speech-lengths in *PL*, see Introduction, 'Numerology', p. 23 above. *he;*] he? *MS*, question mark altered to comma. *fallen!*] *MS* no point.
i *85. him,*] *MS* omits comma.
i *86. didst*] The break in grammatical concord reflects Satan's doubt whether Beelzebub is present and so whether second-person forms are appropriate. In *PL*, such incomplete grammar usually implies agitation in the speaker.
i *87. If he*] Ellipsis for 'If thou beest he' as in l. 84. For the closeness of Beelzebub's alliance with Satan, see v 673–96.
i *88–9. MS* comma after *hope* is transferred to the end of the line following in *Ed I* and *Ed II*, probably correctly.
i *91–2. into what . . . From what*] Possibly imitating the Greek construction οἷος . . . οἷος. Cp. v 543 and *PR* ii 30.
i *94–8*. Perhaps echoing Aeschylus, *Prom.* 987–96, or Dante, *Inferno* xiv 52–60, the boast of Capaneus (one of the Violent against God) that all Jove's thunderbolts will never crush his spirit. *fixed mind*] Cp. *Il Penseroso* 4 and Spenser, *F.Q.* IV vii 16: 'nothing could [Aemylia's] fixed mind remove'. *high disdain*] A common phrase in Elizabethan poetic diction, rendering the Italian *alto sdegno*, and not necessarily implying adverse criticism of the aristocratic sentiment. So Satan intends it here; but M. means it to betray the speaker's contemptuous pride, as 'fixed' does his rigidity.
i *94. MS* and *Ed I* omit comma.

HYPERION: A FRAGMENT
By John Keats

Book I.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up! — though wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:— O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."
As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,

And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth,
While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. — I am gone
Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light;
Space region'd with life-air; and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell. —
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must — it must
Be of ripe progress — Saturn must be King.
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children; I will give command:
Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"
This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus. —"But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another chaos? Where?"— That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three. — Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.
"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.
Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty; —
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he —
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright

Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day —
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.
He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
I cannot see — but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp. —
Fall! — No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirror'd level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.

The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith — hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries:
Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled. — Two wings this orb
Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach:
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not:— No, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night
And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
Of Coelus, from the universal space,
Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
I, Coelus, wonder, how they came and whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die. — This is the grief, O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence:— I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail:—
But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur. — To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

ll. 2–3. By thus giving us a vivid picture of the changing day — at morning, noon, and night — Keats makes us realize the terrible loneliness and gloom of a place too deep to feel these changes.
l. 10. See how the sense is expressed in the cadence of the line.
l. 11. voiceless. As if it felt and knew, and were deliberately silent.
ll. 13, 14. Influence of Greek sculpture. See Introduction, p. 248.
l. 18. nerveless . . . dead. Cf. Eve of St. Agnes, l. 12, note.
l. 19. realmless eyes. The tragedy of his fall is felt in every feature.
ll. 20, 21. Earth, His ancient mother. Tellus. See Introduction, p. 244.
l. 27. Amazon. The Amazons were a warlike race of women of whom many traditions exist. On the frieze of the Mausoleum (British Museum) they are seen warring with the Centaurs.
l. 30. *Ixion's wheel*. For insolence to Jove, Ixion was tied to an ever-revolving wheel in Hell.
l. 31. Memphian sphinx. Memphis was a town in Egypt near to which the pyramids were built. A sphinx is a great stone image with human head and breast and the body of a lion.
ll. 60–3. The thunderbolts, being Jove's own weapons, are unwilling to be used against their former master.
l. 74. branch-charmed . . . stars. All the magic of the still night is here.
ll. 76–8. Save . . . wave. See how the gust of wind comes and goes in the rise and fall of these lines, which begin and end on the same sound.
l. 86. See Introduction, p. 248.
l. 94. aspen-malady, trembling like the leaves of the aspen-poplar.
ll. 98 seq. Cf. King Lear. Throughout the figure of Saturn — the old man robbed of his kingdom — reminds us of Lear, and sometimes we seem to detect actual reminiscences of Shakespeare's treatment. Cf. Hyperion, i. 98; and King Lear, I. iv. 248–52.
l. 102. front, forehead.
l. 105. nervous, used in its original sense of powerful, sinewy.
ll. 107 seq. In Saturn's reign was the Golden Age.
l. 125. of ripe progress, near at hand.
l. 129. metropolitan, around the chief city.
l. 131. strings in hollow shells. The first stringed instruments were said to be made of tortoise-shells with strings stretched across.
l. 145. chaos. The confusion of elements from which the world was created. See Paradise Lost, i. 891–919.
l. 147. rebel three. Jove, Neptune, and Pluto.
l. 152. covert. Cf. Isabella, l. 221; Eve of St. Agnes, l. 188.
ll. 156–7. All the dignity and majesty of the goddess is in this comparison.
l. 171. gloom-bird, the owl, whose cry is supposed to portend death. Cf. Milton's method of description, 'Not that fair field,' etc. Paradise Lost, iv. 268.
l. 172. familiar visiting, ghostly apparition.
ll. 205–8. Cf. the opening of the gates of heaven. Paradise Lost, vii. 205–7.
ll. 213 seq. See Introduction, p. 248.
l. 228. effigies, visions.
l. 230. O . . . pools. A picture of inimitable chilly horror.
l. 238. fanes. Cf. Psyche, l. 50.
l. 246. Tellus . . . robes, the earth mantled by the salt sea.

ll. 274–7. colure. One of two great circles supposed to intersect at right angles at the poles. The nadir is the lowest point in the heavens and the zenith is the highest.
ll. 279–80. with labouring . . . centuries. By studying the sky for many hundreds of years wise men found there signs and symbols which they read and interpreted.
l. 298. demesnes. Cf. Lamia, ii. 155, note.
ll. 302–4. all along . . . faint. As in l. 286, the god and the sunrise are indistinguishable to Keats. We see them both, and both in one. See Introduction, p. 248.
l. 302. rack, a drifting mass of distant clouds. Cf. Lamia, i. 178, and Tempest, IV. i. 156.
ll. 311–12. the powers . . . creating. Coelus and Terra (or Tellus), the sky and earth.
l. 345. Before . . . murmur. Before the string is drawn tight to let the arrow fly.
l. 349. region-whisper, whisper from the wide air.

Book II.

Just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Coeus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
Lock'd up like veins of metal, crampt and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phoebe wandered;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iäpetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild

As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds:
And many else whose names may not be told.
For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chaunt
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
Till on the level height their steps found ease:
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.
As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with reverence;
And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up —"Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom; —
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footstool:— Ah, infirm!
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire —
At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
Unhinges the poor world; — not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
No, no-where can unriddle, though I search,
And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
O Titans, shall I say 'Arise!'— Ye groan:
Shall I say 'Crouch!'— Ye groan. What can I then?

O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
I see, astonied, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!"
So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From chaos and parental darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it light, and light, engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."
Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,

Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmur'd into it, and made melody —
O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
I fled, it follow'd me, and cried 'Apollo!'
O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."
So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish, Giant–Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous'd
Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide glaring for revenge!"— As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
O let him feel the evil he hath done;
For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
When all the fair Existences of heaven
Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
That was before our brows were taught to frown,
Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
That was before we knew the winged thing,
Victory, might be lost, or might be won.

And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced —
Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"
All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:— a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He utter'd, while his hands contemplative
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

l. 310. over-foolish, Giant–Gods? MS.: over-foolish giant, Gods? 1820.
l. 4. Cybele, the wife of Saturn.
l. 17. *stubborn'd*, made strong, a characteristic coinage of Keats, after the Elizabethan manner; cf. Romeo and Juliet, IV. i. 16.
ll. 22 seq. Cf. i. 161.
l. 28. gurge, whirlpool.
l. 35. Of . . . moor, suggested by Druid stones near Keswick.
l. 37. chancel vault. As if they stood in a great temple domed by the sky.
l. 66. *Shadow'd*, literally and also metaphorically, in the darkness of his wrath.
l. 70. that second war. An indication that Keats did not intend to recount this 'second war'; it is not likely that he would have forestalled its chief incident.
l. 78. Ops, the same as Cybele.
l. 79. No shape distinguishable. Cf. Paradise Lost, ii. 666–8.
l. 97. mortal, making him mortal.
l. 98. A disanointing poison, taking away his kingship and his godhead.
ll. 116–17. There is . . . voice. Cf. i. 72–8. The mysterious grandeur of the wind in the trees, whether in calm or storm.
ll. 133–5. that old . . . darkness. Uranus was the same as Coelus, the god of the sky. The 'book' is the sky, from which ancient sages drew their lore. Cf. i. 277–80.
l. 153. palpable, having material existence; literally, touchable.

l. 159. unseen parent dear. Coelus, since the air is invisible.
l. 168. no . . . grove. ‘Sophist and sage’ suggests the philosophers of ancient Greece.
l. 170. locks not oozy. Cf. Lycidas, l. 175, ‘oozy locks’. This use of the negative is a reminiscence of Milton.
ll. 171–2. murmurs . . . sands. In this description of the god’s utterance is the whole spirit of the element which he personifies.
ll. 182–7. Wise as Saturn was, the greatness of his power had prevented him from realizing that he was neither the beginning nor the end, but a link in the chain of progress.
ll. 203–5. In their hour of downfall a new dominion is revealed to them — a dominion of the soul which rules so long as it is not afraid to see and know.
l. 207. though once chiefs. Though Chaos and Darkness once had the sovereignty. From Chaos and Darkness developed Heaven and Earth, and from them the Titans in all their glory and power. Now from them develops the new order of Gods, surpassing them in beauty as they surpassed their parents.
ll. 228–9. The key of the whole situation.
ll. 237–41. No fight has taken place. The god has seen his doom and accepted the inevitable.
l. 244. *poz’d*, settled, firm.
l. 284. Like . . . string. In this expressive line we hear the quick patter of the beads. Clymene has had much the same experience as Oceanus, though she does not philosophize upon it. She has succumbed to the beauty of her successor.
ll. 300–7. We feel the great elemental nature of the Titans in these powerful similes.
l. 310. Giant–Gods? In the edition of 1820 printed ‘giant, Gods?’ Mr. Forman suggested the above emendation, which has since been discovered to be the true MS. reading.
l. 328. purge the ether, clear the air.
l. 331. As if Jove’s appearance of strength were a deception, masking his real weakness.
l. 339. Cf. i. 328–35, ii. 96.
ll. 346–56. As the silver wings of dawn preceded Hyperion’s rising so now a silver light heralds his approach.
l. 357. See how the light breaks in with this line.
l. 366. and made it terrible. There is no joy in the light which reveals such terrors.
l. 374. *Memnon’s image*. Memnon was a famous king of Egypt who was killed in the Trojan war. His people erected a wonderful statue to his memory, which uttered a melodious sound at dawn, when the sun fell on it. At sunset it uttered a sad sound.
l. 375. dusking East. Since the light fades first from the eastern sky.

Book III.

Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! ’tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o’er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp’d shells,
On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn

Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade:
Apollo is once more the golden theme!
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers? 30
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves, 40
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea? 50
Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face, 60
Or I have dream'd."—"Yes," said the supreme shape,
"Thou hast dream'd of me; and awaking up
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,
What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs 70
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
From the young day when first thy infant hand
Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new born."— Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes, 80
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
Throbb'd with the syllables. —"Mnemosyne!
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan, 90
Like one who once had wings. — O why should I
Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star, 100
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarum in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves! 110
Mute thou remainest — Mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:

Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal."— Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd:
His very hair, his golden tresses famed
Kept undulation round his eager neck.
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied. — At length
Apollo shriek'd; — and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial **********
**********.

l. 9. bewildered shores. The attribute of the wanderer transferred to the shore. Cf. Nightingale, ll. 14, 67.
l. 10. Delphic. At Delphi worship was given to Apollo, the inventor and god of music.
l. 12. Dorian. There were several 'modes' in Greek music, of which the chief were Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian. Each was supposed to possess certain definite ethical characteristics. Dorian music was martial and manly. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 549–53.
l. 13. Father of all verse. Apollo, the god of light and song.
ll. 18–19. Let the red . . . well. Cf. Nightingale, st. 2.
l. 19. faint-*lipp'd*. Cf. ii. 270, 'mouthed shell.'
l. 23. Cyclades. Islands in the Aegean sea, so called because they surrounded Delos in a circle.
l. 24. Delos, the island where Apollo was born.
l. 31. mother fair, Leto (Latona).
l. 32. twin-sister, Artemis (Diana).
l. 40. murmurous . . . waves. We hear their soft breaking.
ll. 81–2. Cf. Lamia, i. 75.
l. 82. Mnemosyne, daughter of Coelus and Terra, and mother of the Muses. Her name signifies Memory.
l. 86. Cf. Samson Agonistes, ll. 80–2.
l. 87. Cf. Merchant of Venice, I. i. 1–7.
l. 92. liegeless, independent — acknowledging no allegiance.
l. 93. aspirant, ascending. The air will not bear him up.
l. 98. patient . . . moon. Cf. i. 353, 'patient stars.' Their still, steady light.
l. 113. So Apollo reaches his divinity — by knowledge which includes experience of human suffering — feeling 'the giant-agony of the world'.
l. 114. gray, hoary with antiquity.
l. 128. immortal death. Cf. Swinburne's Garden of Proserpine, st. 7.
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands.
l. 136. Filled in, in pencil, in a transcript of Hyperion by Keats's friend Richard Woodhouse — Glory dawn'd, he was a god.

PERSONAL HELICON
By Seamus Heaney

for Michael Longley

As a child, they could not keep me from wells
And old pumps with buckets and windlasses.
I loved the dark drop, the trapped sky, the smells
Of waterweed, fungus and dank moss.

One, in a brickyard, with a rotted board top.
I savoured the rich crash when a bucket
Plummeted down at the end of a rope.
So deep you saw no reflection in it.

A shallow one under a dry stone ditch
Fructified like any aquarium.
When you dragged out long roots from the soft mulch
A white face hovered over the bottom.

Others had echoes, gave back your own call
With a clean new music in it. And one
Was scaresome, for there, out of ferns and tall
Foxgloves, a rat slapped across my reflection.

Now, to pry into roots, to finger slime,
To stare, big-eyed Narcissus, into some spring
Is beneath all adult dignity. I rhyme
To see myself, to set the darkness echoing.