

A  
STUDENT'S EDITION  
OF  
MILTON

Lu Peixian  
(Bei-Yei Loh)

Volume I: Texts

THE COMMERCIAL PRESS

A  
STUDENT'S EDITION  
OF  
**MILTON**

Lu Peixian  
(Bei-Yei Loh)

**Volume I : Texts**

**THE COMMERCIAL PRESS**

**BEIJING 1996**

## 内 容 简 介

十七世纪英国史诗诗人约翰·密尔顿(1608—1674)不仅是英国文学史上的不朽人物,也对欧洲文化起过进步影响。他是一位饱学之士,壮年投身英国资产阶级革命,捍卫英国人民的政治和宗教自由,前后历二十年,因用目过度,甚至失明。王室复辟后,他入狱二月,幸免一死。他从青年时期起立志以写史诗为天职,以后是因为感到革命是他当时更重要的天职而暂时放弃的。在复辟后十四年的窘迫处境中,他将一生为正义奋斗而终遇坎坷的愤懑之气,通过圣经故事,发为悲壮激亢之歌,永传后世。

密尔顿的诗歌用典很多,辞句冗长,结构繁复,不易了解。本书作者将诗人的全部英语作品详作注解,以利一般已有较高英语水平、对这位诗人有兴趣的读者之用。注解之外,并附有简传及语言特点各一文。

MÌ ĚR DÙN SHÍGĒ QUÁNJÍ XIÁNG ZHÙ

### 密尔顿诗歌全集详注(上下册)

陆佩弦 编

责任编辑 周骏生

---

商 务 印 书 馆 出 版

(北京王府井大街36号 邮政编码100710)

新华书店总店北京发行所发行

河北省香河县第二印刷厂印刷

ISBN 7-100-0095-4/H·317

---

1990年4月第1版

1996年12月北京第2次印刷

印数1200册

开本850×1164mm 1/32

字数1207千

印张30 1/2

定价: 36.50元

## PREFACE

In the preparation of this edition of Milton, my primary concern has been to make the poet's language thoroughly understandable to the senior and graduate students of English literature in China, and to all readers of equal standing, who are interested in a study of this great poet. Not only are the biblical and classical allusions fully explained, but the constructions of all long and involved sentences are also reconciled with modern syntactic practice so that the student will readily catch their significance, on which alone a true appreciation of Milton can be founded. My years of teaching English literature and my knowledge of the students' average level will I hope make this compilation of real use to them. My ultimate aim is to enable them to enjoy reading Milton. The profuseness of my notes and my manner of annotating can only be justified by a wish on my part to explain to my readers' satisfaction all the 'difficult' points, big and small, which I expect may confront them in their reading.

This edition is done in two separate volumes for text and notes so that the reader can have both books opened at the corresponding places during his reading. This arrangement facilitates collateral reference between text and notes while keeping the text throughout clean. The notes are of several kinds. The simplest take the form of a mere substitution of the original word with another. Some are a rearrangement of the word order. This applies mostly to the simple inversions. For long sentences of which the basic syntactic relationships between words and phrases are not easily recognizable, the skeletal construction, i.e. the subject and finite verb(s) of the principal sentence, is drawn out for clearer identification of all the composite parts. In all these notes, the form '(i.e....)' indicates a substitution with another word or phrase for the original word or phrase immediately preceding the bracket; and words in brackets without 'i.e.' supply the ellipses necessary in normal syntax. Numerals found abruptly after a word or phrase signify the line in which that particular word or phrase is found. To the notes I have added an essay on Milton's syntax and a short memoir. The former calls the readers' attention to certain 17th

## **PREFACE**

century English usages and Miltonisms. The latter is written because no appreciation of Milton's poetry is complete without a knowledge of his life and personality.

Milton's metrical paraphrases of the *Psalms* have been deleted from this edition, as they have little literary value. The text of all his English poems is from the Everyman's Library edition of *The Poetical Works of John Milton* 1923, with certain spellings modernized and evident typographical mistakes corrected. The capitalizations have been followed. The Everyman's Library edition is chosen for its modernized punctuation.

I am afraid that errors, omissions and inaccuracies are bound to be in this compilation. All corrections or suggestions from my readers will be gratefully appreciated.

LU PEIXIAN  
(BEIYI LOH)

November 1983

The Shanghai Institute of Foreign Languages

## CONTENTS

### *EARLY POEMS*

On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough .....	1
At a Vacation Exercise in the College.....	4
Sonnet I: [To the Nightingale] .....	7
Song on May Morning .....	7
The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I.....	8
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity .....	8
Upon the Circumcision .....	17
The Passion .....	18
On Shakespeare .....	20
On the University Carrier .....	20
Another on the Same .....	21
An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester .....	22
Sonnet VII: [On His Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three].....	24
On Time .....	25
Arcades .....	25
At a Solemn Music .....	29
<i>L'ALLEGRO</i> .....	30
<i>IL PENSEROSO</i> .....	35
<i>COMUS</i> .....	40
<i>LYCIDAS</i> .....	70

### *SONNETS*

Sonnet VIII: When the Assault Was Intended to the City ...	76
Sonnet IX: [To a Virtuous Young Lady] .....	76
Sonnet X: To the Lady Margaret Ley .....	77

## CONTENTS

Sonnet XI: On the Detraction Which Followed upon my Writing Certain Treatises .....	77
Sonnet XII: On the Same .....	78
Sonnet XIII: To Mr. H. Lawes, on His Airs .....	78
On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament .....	79
Sonnet XIV: On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomason.....	79
Sonnet XV: On the Lord General Fairfax .....	80
Sonnet XVI: To the Lord General Cromwell .....	80
Sonnet XVII: To Sir Henry Vane the Younger .....	81
Sonnet XVIII: On the Late Massacre in Piedmont .....	81
Sonnet XIX: [On His Blindness] .....	82
Sonnet XX: [To Mr. Edward Lawrence] .....	82
Sonnet XXI: [To Cyriack Skinner] .....	83
Sonnet XXII: [To Cyriack Skinner, upon His Blindness].....	83
Sonnet XXIII: [On His Deceased Wife] .....	84

## PARADISE LOST

Book I .....	85
Book II.....	108
Book III .....	137
Book IV .....	158
Book V.....	187
Book VI .....	212
Book VII .....	238
Book VIII.....	256
Book IX .....	274
Book X .....	307
Book XI .....	338
Book XII .....	363

## PARADISE REGAINED

Book I .....	381
--------------	-----

*CONTENTS*

Book II .....	395
Book III .....	409
Book IV .....	422
<i>SAMSON AGONISTES</i> .....	440



## EARLY POEMS

### ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH

#### I

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

#### II

For, since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touched his deity full near, 10  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infâmous blot  
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

#### III

So, mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far;  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace, 20  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,  
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;  
    But then transformed him to a purple flower:  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb;  
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom?  
    Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

VI

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear!)  
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were), 40  
    Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII

Wert thou some star, which from the ruined roof  
Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
    Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some goddess fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

VIII

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50  
 Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,  
 And camest again to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou Mercy, that sweet smiling Youth?  
 Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robed Truth?  
 Or any other of that heavenly brood  
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60  
 As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed;  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

X

But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art. 70

XI

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
 Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent:  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE  
COLLEGE, PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH

*The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began:—*

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask  
That now I use thee in my latter task!  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee.  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;  
Believe me, I have thither packed the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
For this same small neglect that I have made;  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantastics with delight;  
But cull those richest robes and gayest attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out,  
And, weary of their place, do only stay  
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,

10

20

30

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE

Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
Look in, and see each blissful deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;  
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest  
Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!  
Expectance calls thee now another way.  
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
To keep in compass of thy Predicament.  
Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
That to the next I may resign my room.

40

50

*Then ENS is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten sons; where-  
of the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with his Canons; which ENS, thus  
speaking, explains:*

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth  
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth.  
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.

60

## EARLY POEMS

She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still  
From eyes of mortals walk invisible.

Yet there is something that doth force my fear;

For once it was my dismal hap to hear

A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,

That far events full wisely could presage,

70

And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,

Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.

"You son," said she, "(nor can you it prevent)

Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.

O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king;

Yet every one shall make him underling,

And those that cannot live from him asunder

Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.

In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;

Yet, being above them, he shall be below them.

80

From others he shall stand in need of nothing,

Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,

And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door

Devouring war shall never cease to roar;

Yet, it shall be his natural property

To harbour those that are at enmity."

What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not

Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

90

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose: then RELATION was  
called by his name.*

Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son

Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,

Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads

His thirty arms along the indented meads,

Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,

Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,

Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,

Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,

Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,

Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

100

*The rest was prose.*

# SONNET I

## [TO THE NIGHTINGALE]

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
 Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will  
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.  
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,  
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
    Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
    In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he  
On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas  
    Rough with black winds and storms  
    Unwonted shall admire,  
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;  
Who always vacant, always amiable,  
    Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
    Unmindful! Hapless they  
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
    My dank and dropping weeds  
    To the stern God of Sea.

10

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
    That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

10



## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

He laid aside, and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

### III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

### IV

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!  
Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN

### I

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child 30  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature, in awe to him,  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathise:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

### II

Only with speeches fair