

1671
SAMSON AGONISTES
John Milton

Milton, John (1608-1674) - English poet and prose writer who is one of the most highly regarded figures in world literature and is widely considered the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Often called the "Puritan Poet," he had many of the good traits of the Puritans as well as many of the bad and spent much of his life immersed in political and religious controversy. *Samson Agonistes* (1671) This work in blank verse deals with blinded Samson searching to rekindle his faith in God. Milton, too, was blind.

SAMSON AGONISTES

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sowr against sowr, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the Text of Holy Scripture, I Cor. 15.33. and Paraeus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. Augustus Cesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinisht. Seneca the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at lest the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, Christ suffering. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be Epistl'd; that Chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the

modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Antients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd Allaeostropha. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fift Act, of the style and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with AEschulus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

THE ARGUMENT

Samson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to

procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS Samson.

Harapha of Gath.

Manoa the Father of Samson.

Publick Officer. Messenger.

Dalila his Wife.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON AGONISTES**Sams.**

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsom draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To Dagon thir Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Thir Superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek

This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His Godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye
Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a Beast, debas't
Lower then bondslave! Promise was that I

Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the Mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine Prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but my self?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it
O'come with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensom,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest suttleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will

Of highest dispensation, which herein
Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferiour to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more then half.
O dark, dark, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the Soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
So obvious and so easie to be quench't,
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By priviledge of death and burial

From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor.

This, this is he; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish't head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O're worn and soild;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee,
 That Heroic, that Renown'd,

Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
 Ran on embattelld Armies clad in Iron,
 And weaponless himself,
 Made Arms ridiculous, useles the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
 Chaly bean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanc't,
 In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold Ascalonite
 Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turnd
 Their plated backs under his heel;
 Or grovling soiled the crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestin
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day:
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
 The Gates of Azza, Post, and massie Bar

Up to the Hill by Hebron, seat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy Bondage or lost Sight,
 Prison within Prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!
 The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul
 (Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd!
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the spear of fortune raises;
 But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate
 Might have subdu'd the Earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sam.

I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

Chor.

Hee speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful Vale
 To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
 Counsel or Consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage
 The tumors of a troubl'd mind,
 And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

Sam.

Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their Superscription (of the most
 I would be understood) in prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
 Not to be found, though sought. Yee see, O friends,
 How many evils have enclos'd me round;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwrack't,
 My Vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
 In every street, do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more then mean;

This with the other should, at least, have paird,
 These two proportiond ill drove me transverse.

Chor.

Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men
 Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne're so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thy self,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Then of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sam.

The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Mee, not my Parents, that I sought to wed,
 The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The Marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's Deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd;

She proving false, the next I took to Wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too-late)
 Was in the Vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare.
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressours: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self,
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor.

In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy Countries Enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet Israel still serves with all his Sons.

Sam.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's Governours, and Heads of Tribes,
 Who seeing had great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerours
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd

Deliverance offerd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length
 Thir Lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
 Enterd Judea seeking mee, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best;
 Mean while the men of Judah to prevent
 The harrass of thir Land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into thir hands, and they as gladly yeild me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
 Toucht with the flame: on thir whole Host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Thir choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the Towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve;

But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
 And by thir vices brought to servitude,
 Then to love Bondage more then Liberty,
 Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As thir Deliverer; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor.

Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the Fort of Penuel
 Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit
 Of Madian and her vanquisht Kings:
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse then by his shield and spear
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
 Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride
 In that sore battel when so many dy'd
 Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,

For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sam.

Of such examples adde mee to the roul,
Mee easily indeed mine may neglect,
But Gods propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to Men;
Unless there be who think not God at all,
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts, found contradicting,
Then give the rains to wandring thought,
Regardless of his glories diminution;
Till by thir own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
As if they would confine th' interminable,

And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From National obstruction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can best dispence.
He would not else who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaste.
Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
But see here comes thy reverend Sire
With careful step, Locks white as doune,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Sam.

Ay me, another inward grief awak't,
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.
 Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
 My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
 Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor.

As signal now in low dejected state,
 As earst in highest, behold him where he lies.
 Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
 Equivalent to Angels walk'd thir streets,
 None offering fight; who single combatant
 Duell'd thir Armies rank't in proud array,
 Himself an Army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spears length. O ever failing trust
 In mortal strength! and oh what not in man

Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
 I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
 And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind?
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
 Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men: then in an hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor, and Blind
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'whelm, and as a thrall

Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

Sam.

Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father,
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I my self have brought them on,
 Sole Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God givn me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her highth
 Of Nuptial Love profest, carrying it strait
 To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
 And Rivals? In this other was there found
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd
 Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?

Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd in what part summ'd, that she might know:
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me Traytor to my self;
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch't, and wearied out.
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok't
Her Bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! servil mind
Rewarded well with servil punishment!

The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude. ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse then this,
 That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd.

Man.

I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure; our Foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Thir Captive, and thir triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou hear'st
 Enough, and more the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paving
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the Philistines a popular Feast

Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee Samson bound and blind into thir hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnifi'd, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house.

Sam.

Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths
 Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense anough before

To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols:
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
 Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise and his great name assert:
 Dagon must stoop, and shall e're long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man.

With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
 I as a Prophecy receive: for God,
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his name
 Against all competition, nor will long

Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lie in this miserable loathsom plight
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some Philistian Lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfi'd thir utmost of revenge
 By pains and slaveries, worse then death inflicted
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sam.

Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
 Of that sollicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, on my punishment;
 And expiate, possible, my crime,
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How hainous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front?
 But I Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret

Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: A sin
 That Gentiles in thir Parables condemn
 To thir abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man.

Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son,
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thy self; perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
 Who evermore approves and more accepts
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Then who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offence, more then for God offended.
 Reject not then what offerd means, who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return the
 Home to thy countrey and his sacred house,

Where thou mayst bring thy off'rings, to avert
His further ire, with praiera and vows renew'd.

Sam.

His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The Sons of Anac, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softn'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine who shore me
Like a tame Weather, all my precious fleece,

Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among my enemies.

Chor.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous Warriour overturns,
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Rubie
Sparkling, out-pow'rd, the flavor, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

Sam.

Where ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch aethereal of Heav'ns fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milkie juice allaying
Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbid'n made choice to rear

His mighty Champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sam.

But what avail'd this temperance, not compleat
Against another object more
What boots it at one gate to make defence
And at another to let in the foe
Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means,
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servil food
Consume me, and oft-invocated death
Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains.

Man.

Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
 Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battel, can as easie
 Cause light again within thy eies to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better then thou hast;
 And I perswade me so; why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks)
 His might continues in thee not for naught,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sam.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself;

My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man.

Believe not these suggestions which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a Fathers timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sam.

O that torment should not be confin'd
 To the bodies wounds and sores
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, brest, and reins;
 But must secret passage find
 To th' inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense,

Though void of corporal sense.
 My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingring disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less then wounds immedicable
 Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.
 Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can asswage,
 Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy Alp.
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're
 To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure.
 Thence faintings, swounings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'ns desertion.
 I was his nursling once and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending.
 Under his special eie
 Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;

He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies.
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok't,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
 The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor.

Many are the sayings of the wise
 In antient and in modern books enroll'd;
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to mans frail life
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much perswasion sought

Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above;
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.
 God of our Fathers, what is man!
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temperst thy providence through his short course,
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st
 The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandring loose about
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
 Heads without name no more rememberd,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
 To some great work, thy glory,

And peoples safety, which in part they effect:
 Yet toward these thus dignifi'd, thou oft
 Amidst thir highth of noon,
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eie,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of Heathen and prophane, thir carkasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old age;
 Though not disordinate, yet causless suffring
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,

just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Femal of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this. way sailing
Like a stately Ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber sent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian Matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sam.

My Wife, my Traytress, let her not come near me.

Cho.

Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,
 About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
 Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps
 And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil:
 But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal.

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event then I foresaw)
 My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
 Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt
 Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.

If aught in my ability may serve
 To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sam.

Out, out Hyaena; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His vertue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skil
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
 With goodness principl'd not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,

If not quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal.

Yet hear me Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shewdst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty
E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.

Let weakness then with weakness come to parl
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, then in thy self was found.
And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, feard lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw then by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sate full of cares and fears
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;

Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Loves prisoner, not the Philistines,
 Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.
 These reasons in Loves law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps:
 And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sam.

How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,
 I to my self was false e're thou to me,
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,

Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What Murtherer, what Traytor, Parricide,
 Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
 But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
 To satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who tookst the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

Dal.

Since thou determinst weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, e're I consented;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
 The constantest to have yielded without blame.

It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the Magistrates
 And Princes of my countrey came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
 And of Religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate;
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men; that to the public good
 Private respects must yield; with grave authority
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
 Vertue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoyning.

Sam.

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
 In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Bin, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe
 And of my Nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but over-powr'd
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
 Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest:
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and countrey; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
 Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations,
 No more thy countrey, but an impious crew

Of men conspiring to uphold thir state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our countrey is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be:
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd,
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

Dal.

In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes whatever the her whatever be her cause.
 Sam. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal.

I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence

Towards thee I intend for what I have misdome,
 Misguided: only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thy self in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
 Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsom prison-house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age
 With all things grateful chear'd, and so suppli'd,
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Sam.

No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst
 To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toyls;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
 So much of Adders wisdom I have learn't
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me
 Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceiveable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfet thraldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This Gaol I count the house of Liberty
 To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal.

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sam.

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
 Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
 Cherish thy hast'n'd widowhood with the gold
 Of Matrimonial treason: so farwel.

Dal.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To prayers, then winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc't?

To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth' d,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
 On both his wings, one black, th' other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.
 My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't.
 But in my countrey where I most desire,
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath
 I shall be nam'd among the famousest
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers.
 Not less renown'd then in Mount Ephraim,
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the Temples nail'd.

`Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn.
 At this who ever envies or repines
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor.

She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sam.

So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secresie, my safety, and my life.

Chor.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possest, nor can be easily
 Repuls't, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sam.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chor.

It is not vertue, wisdom, valour, wit,
 Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That womans love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 (Which way soever men refer it)
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit;
 If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
 Had not so soon preferr'd
 Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
 Successour in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosly disally'd
 Thir nuptials, nor this last so trecherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish't on thir Sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for hast unfinish't, judgment scant,

Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self-love mixt,
 Of constancy no root infixt,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?
 What e're it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestin, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to vertue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
 Draws him awry enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embarqu'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?
 Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One vertuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:

But vertue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.
 Therefore Gods universal Law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.
 But had we best retire, I see a storm?

Sam.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor.

But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sam.

Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor.

Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The Giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture then when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sam.

Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor.

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har.

I come not Samson, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
 As Og or Anak and the Emims old
 That Kiriathaim held, thou knowst me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,

That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd
 Each others force in camp or listed field:
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sam.

The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har.

Dost thou already single me; I thought
 Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
 To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw;
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carkass where the Ass lay thrown:
 So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sam.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har.

To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.

Sam.

Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with thir whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear

A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
 I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
 Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har.

Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
 Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,
 Thir ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some Magicians Art
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
 Feigndst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf't wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Sam.

I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
 My trust is in the living God who gave me

At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
 Then thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har.

Presume not on thy God, what e're he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and delivered up
 Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into the common Prison, there to grind

Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

Sam.

All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open; and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose god is God,
 Thine or whom I with Israel's Sons adore.

Har.

Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Sam.

Tongue-doubtie Giant, how dost thou prove me these?

Har.

Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
 Thir Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
 As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
 Nortorious murder on those thirty men
 At Askalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a Robber stripdst them of thir robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sam.

Among the Daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
 And in your City held my Nuptial Feast:
 But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
 Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride

To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
 I us'd hostility, and took thir spoil
 To pay my underminers in thir coin.
 My Nation was subjected to your Lords.
 It was the force of Conquest; force with force
 Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
 But I a private person, whom my Countrey
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
 Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts.
 I was no private but a person rais'd
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
 To free my Countrey; if their servile minds
 Me their Deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to thir Masters gave me up for nought,
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it if my known offence
 Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellat

Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har.

With thee a Man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
 Due by the Law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sam.

Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Har.

O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Sam.

No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har.

This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sam.

Go baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down
 To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har.

By Astaroth e're long thou shalt lament
 These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor.

His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
 Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides,
 And lower looks, but in a sultrie chafe.

Sam

I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
 Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons
 All of Gigantic size, Goliah chief.

Chor.

He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sam.

He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
 And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
 Much more affliction then already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 If they intend advantage of my labours
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners.
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because thir end
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor.

Oh how comely it is and how reviving
 To the Spirits of just men long opprest!
 When God into the hands of thir deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
 He all thir Ammunition
 And feats of War defeats
 With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd
 Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
 Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.
 But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,

Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all
 That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom Patience finally must crown.
 This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More then the day thy hands,
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind.
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A Public Officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

Off.

Ebrews, the Pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Chor.

His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off.

Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;
 This day to Dagon is a solemn Feast,
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly;
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

Sam.

Thou knowst I am an Ebrew, therefore tell them,
 Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off.

This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Sam.

Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort
 Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,

Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics,
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
 And over-labour'd at thir publick Mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
 On my refusal to distress me more,
 Or make a game of my calamities?
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off.

Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Sam.

My self? my conscience and internal peace.
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?
 Although thir drudge, to be thir fool or jester,
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
 To shew them feats, and play before thir god,
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

Off.

My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sam.

So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off.

I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam.

Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor.

Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

Sam.

Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite

Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to Idols;
 A Nazarite in place abominable
 Vaunting my strength in honour to thir Dagon?
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor.

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Sam.

Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food
 Of those who have me in thir civil power.

Chor.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sam.

Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;
 But who constrains me to the Temple of Dagon,
 Not dragging? the Philistian Lords command.
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
 I do it freely; venturing to displease

God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
 Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
 For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

Chor.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sam.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.
 I with this Messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
 Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor.

In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.
 Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords

To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
 Our Captive, at the public Mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
 Or we shall find such Engines to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou wert firmlier fastn'd then a rock.

Sam.

I could be well content to try thir Art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
 Yet knowing thir advantages too many,
 Because they shall not trail me through thir streets
 Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
 Masters commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off.

I praise thy resolution, doff these links:

By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sam.

Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are Lordliest in thir wine;
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:
No less the people on thir Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable;
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor.

Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, & spread his name

Great among the Heathen round:
 Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Fathers field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee
 In the camp of Dan
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.
 For never was from Heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen.
 But wherefore comes old Manoa in such hast
 With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while
 He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man.

Peace with you brethren; my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my Son,
 By order of the Lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at thir Feast.
 I heard all as I came, the City rings
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,

Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly.
 But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty.

Chor.

That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
 With thee; say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man.

I have attempted one by one the Lords
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone and Fathers tears
 To accept of ransom for my Son thir pris'ner,
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
 That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his Priests,
 Others more moderate seeming, but thir aim
 Private reward, for which both God and State
 They easily would set to sale, a third
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd
 They had anough reveng'd, having reduc't
 Thir foe to misery beneath thir fears,

The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor.

Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Thir once great dread, captive, & blind before them,
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man.

His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And numberd down: much rather I shall chuse
 To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left.
 No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption all my Patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forgo
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor.

Fathers are wont to lay up for thir Sons,
 Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;
 Sons wont to nurse thir Parents in old age,

Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,
 Made older then thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd
 With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
 And I perswade me God had not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair
 Garrison'd round about him like a Camp
 Of faithful Souldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor.

Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Fathers love,

In both which we, as next participate.

Man.

I know your friendly minds and-O what noise!
 Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noise was that!
 Horribly loud unlike the former shout.

Chor.

Noise call you it or universal groan
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd,
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man.

Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise,
 Oh it continues, they have slain my Son.

Chor.

Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man.

Some dismal accident it needs must be;
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

Chor.

Best keep together here, lest running thither
 We unawares run into dangers mouth.
 This evil on the Philistines is fall'n,
 From whom could else a general cry be heard)
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eye-sight (for to Israels God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Man.

That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man.

He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
 Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor.

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
 An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our Tribe.

Mess.

O whither shall I run, or which way flie
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle
 Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold;
 For dire imagination still persues me.
 But providence or instinct of nature seems,
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these
 My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horreur,
 So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man.

The accident was loud, & here before thee
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
 No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess.

It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man.

Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess.

Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man.

Sad, but thou knowst to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Mess.

Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfet.

Man.

Relate by whom. Mess. By Samson.

Man.

That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess.

Ah Manoa I refrain, too suddenly
 To utter what will come at last too soon;
 Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man.

Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess.

Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man.

The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
 To free him hence! but death who sets all free
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
 What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
 Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves
 Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
 Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost.
 Yet e're I give the rains to grief, say first,
 How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,
 What glorious hand gave Samson his deaths wound?

Mess.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man.

Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess.

By his own hands. Man. Self-violence? what cause
 Brought him so soon at variance with himself
 Among his foes? Mess. Inevitable cause
 At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
 The Edifice where all were met to see him
 Upon thir heads and on his own he pull'd

Man.

O lastly over-strong against thy self!
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
 More than enough we know; but while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess.

Occasions drew me early to this City,
 And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,

The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
 Through each high street: little I had dispatch't
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious Theatre
 Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the Lords and each degree
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold,
 The other side was op'n, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand;
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
 Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high chear, & wine,
 When to thir sports they turn'd. Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In thir state Livery clad; before him Pipes
 And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot before him and behind
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.

At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,
 Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall.
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,
 Came to the place, and what was set before him
 Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist.
 At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him;-which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.
 At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld.
 Now of my own accord such other tryal
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down thy came and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,
 Thir choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each Philistian City round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
 Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pulld down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor.

O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold

To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor.

While thir hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
 Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo his bright Sanctuary:
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt thir minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in hast for thir destroyer;
 They only set on sport and play
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine,

As thir own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor.

But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated
 His fierie vertue rouz'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning Dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.
 So vertue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begott'n bird
 In the Arabian woods embost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay e're while a Holocaust,
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most

When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird ages of lives.

Man.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause, Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
 A life Heroic, on his Ene'mies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
 To himself and Fathers house eternal fame;
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was feard,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies

Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame thir breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor.

All is best, though we oft doubt,
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent,
 His servants he with new acquit
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

THE END