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our of this Arm so lat e Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed, That were an ignomin
ce cannot fail; Since through experience of this great event In Arms not worse, in foresight mu
I warr Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe, Who now triumphs, and in th exceſs of joy Sole reign
Vaunting aloud, but racki with deep despare: And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.
phim to Warr Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetua
gth, or Chance, or Fate, Too well I see and rue the dire event, That with sad overthrow and foul
hus low, As far as Gods and heav'nly Essences Can Perish: for the mind and spirit remains Invi
not, and happy state Here swallow'd up in endless misery. But what if the our Conqueror, (who
en such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours) Have left us this our spirit and strength intire S
ce his vengeful ire, Or do him mightier service as his thralls By right of Warr, what e're his busin
rrands of this gloomy Deep; What can it then avail though yet we feel Strength undiminisht, or et
ur task, But ever to do ill our sole delight, As being the contrary to his high will Whom we resis
with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd. Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable Doing or Suffe
ther in this Plain Then strait commanded he His Legions to Battel rank on rank Right Orthodox
ain Of force to move. Thus saying rose The Monarch, and prepar'd His Chariot for the fatal Fra
ray appointed, Gold'n Harnes he put Upon his Head and Shoulders and his Thigh, Adorn'd
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