

**THE HOLY WAR, MADE BY KING
SHADDAI UPON DIABOLUS, FOR THE
REGAINING OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE
WORLD: OR, THE LOSING AND TAKING
AGAIN OF THE TOWN OF MANSOUL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649383344

The holy war, made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the metropolis of the world: or, the losing and taking again of the town of Mansoul by John Bunyan

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOHN BUNYAN

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Portrait of Thomas Corneille, Grand Tasting by Salve

J. B. Buryan

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REGAINING OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD;

OR, THE

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OF

THE TOWN OF MANSOUL.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR'S OWN REFERENCES, AND EMBELLISHED WITH
SIXTY ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
GEORGE VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE.

MDCCLXIV.

W. H. & A. CO.

THE

NEW

EDITION

LONDON:
RICHARD CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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3329
H1
1844

MR. BUNYAN'S ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

SOME say the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother;
Or that so fond I am of being sire,
I'll father bastards; or, if need require,
I'll tell a lie in print to get applause:
I scorn it; John such dirt-heap never was
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To show why I my Pilgrim patronize.

It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.

Manner and matter too were all mine own,
Nor was it unto any mortal known,
Till I had done it. Nor did any then,
By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
Add five words to it, or write half a line:
Therefore the whole, and every whit, is mine.

Also for this thine eye is now upon,
The matter in this manner came from none
But the same heart, and head, fingers, and pen,
As did the others. Witness all good men:
For none in all the world, without a lie,
Can say that this is mine, excepting I.

I write not this of any ostentation,
Nor 'cause I seek of men their commendation;
I do it to keep them from such surmise,
As tempt them will my name to scandalize:
Witness my name, if anagram'd to thee,
The letters make, Nu hony in a B.

JOHN BUNYAN.

ADDRESS.

'Tis strange to me, that they that love to tell
Things done of old, yea, and that do excel
Their equals in Historiology,
Speak not of Mansoul's wars, but let them lie
Dead, like old fables, or such worthless things,
That to the reader no advantage brings;
When men, like them, make what they will their own,
Till they know this, are to themselves unknown.

Of stories I well know there's divers sorts,
Some foreign, some domestic; and reports
Are thereof made, as fancy leads the writers;
(By books a man may guess at the inditers.)
Some will again of that which never was,
Nor will be, feign (and that without a cause)
Such matter, raise such mountains, tell such things
Of men, of laws, of countries, and of kings;
And in their story seem to be so sage,
And with such gravity clothe every page,
That though their frontispiece says all is vain,
Yet to their way disciples they obtain.

But, readers, I have somewhat else to do,
Than with vain stories thus to trouble you:
What here I say some men do know so well,
They can with tears of joy the story tell.

The town of Mansoul is well known to many,
Nor are her troubles doubted of by any
That are acquainted with those histories,
That Mansoul and her wars anatomize.

Then lend thine ear to what I do relate
Touching the town of Mansoul, and her state;

How she was lost, took captive, made a slave;
And how against him set, that should her save;
Yea, how by hostile ways she did oppose
Her Lord, and with his enemy did close;
For they are true; he that will them deny,
Must needs the best of records vilify.
For my part, I myself was in the town,
Both when 'twas set up, and when pulling down:
I saw Diabolus in its possession,
And Mansoul also under his oppression.
Yea, I was there when she own'd him for lord,
And to him did submit with one accord.

When Mansoul trampled upon things divine,
And wallowed in filth as doth a swine:
When she betook herself unto her arms,
Fought her Emanuel, and despised his charms:
Then I was there, and sorely griev'd to see
Diabolus and Mansoul so agree.

Let no man, then, count me a fable-maker,
Nor make my name or credit a partaker
Of their derision; what is here in view,
Of mine own knowledge I dare say is true.

I saw the Prince's armed men come down
By troops, by thousands to besiege the town;
I saw the captains, heard the trumpets sound,
And how his forces cover'd all the ground;
Yea, how they set themselves in battle 'ray,
I shall remember to my dying day.

I saw the colours waving in the wind,
And they within to mischief how combin'd,
To ruin Mansoul, and to take away
Her Primum Mobile without delay.
I saw the mounts cast up against the town,
And how the slings were placed to beat it down.
I heard the stones fly whizzing by my ears;
(What's longer kept in mind, than got in fears?)
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made,
And how old Mors did cover with his shade
The face of Mansoul, and I heard her cry,
Woe worth the day, "In dying I shall die!"

I saw the battering-rams, and how they play'd
To beat up Ear-gate: and I was afraid
Not only Ear-gate, but the very town
Would by these battering-rams be beaten down.

I saw the fights, and heard the captains shout,
And in each battle saw who faced about:

I saw who wounded were, and who were slain,
And who, when dead, would come to life again.

I heard the cries of those that wounded were,
(While others fought like men bereft of fear:)
And while the cry, Kill! kill! was in mine ears,
The gutters ran not so much with blood as tears.

Indeed the captains did not always fight,
But then they would molest us day and night:
They cry, Up, fall on, let us take the town!
Keep us from sleeping, or from lying down.
I was there when the gates were broken ope,
And saw how Mansoul then was stript of hope.
I saw the captains march into the town,
How there they fought, and did their foes cut down.

I heard the Prince bid Boanerges go
Up to the castle, and there seize his foe:
And saw him and his fellows bring him down
In chains of great contempt quite through the town.

I saw Emanuel when he possest
His town of Mansoul: and how greatly blest
The town, his gallant town of Mansoul was,
When she received his pardon, lov'd his laws.

When the Diabolonians were caught,
When tried, and when to execution brought,
Then I was there: yea, I was standing by
When Mansoul did the rebels crucify.

I also saw Mansoul clad all in white,
And heard her Prince call her his heart's delight;
I saw him put upon her chains of gold,
And rings and bracelets, goodly to behold.

What shall I say? I heard the people's cries,
And saw the Prince wipe tears from Mansoul's eyes.
I heard the groans, and saw the joy of many;
Tell you of all, I neither will, nor can I;