THE FIFTH BOOK OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST: WITH A PROSE TRANSLATION OR PARAPHRASE, THE PARSING OF THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS, AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

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The fifth book of Milton's Paradise lost: with a prose translation or paraphrase, the parsing of the more difficult words, and numerous illustrative notes by John Hunter

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JOHN HUNTER

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THE FIFTH BOOK

OF

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST:

WITH

A PROSE TRANSLATION OR PARAPHRASE, THE PARSING OF THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS, AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

Adapted for Use in Training Colleges and Reducts, and specially designed to prepare Condidates for the

UNIVERSITY MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

By REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.

One of the National Society's Examiners of Middle-Chas Schools; Formerly Vice-Principal of the Society's Training College, Batteries.

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THE

FIFTH BOOK

OP.

MILTON'S

PARADISE LOST.

ARGUMENT.

Mountes approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their daylabours; their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drow his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Scraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then foreskee him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK FIFTH.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl, When Adam waked, so customed, for his sleep Was sery light, from pure digestion bred And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,

PARAPHRASE.

Monning now coming forth in the region of the east, sewed the carth with shining pearl, when Adam awoke, as he was wont, for his sleep was very light, being produced from free healthy digestion, and from mild temperate vapours, which only the leaves and steaming rills, Aurora's fan, with their sound and that of the shrill matin

 Her rosy steps.] Homer (II. i.477) calls Morning rosy-fingered; and Milton at the beginning of Book VI. gives her a 'rosy hand,' and in xi. 174, refers to her as beginning 'her rosy progress smiling.'

 Sowed the earth, dc.] The metaphor in Lucretius of the sun sowing the fields with light ('lumine conserit arva,' ii. 211) is not so appropriate as this of Milton, referring to the glistening dew-drops. But see note on line 747.

 Bland. Mild; gentle. In ix. 1049, the poet refers to 'Grosser sleep bred of unkindly fumes.'

6. Fuming.] Sending up exhalations.

Aurora's fan.] The leaves

Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song Of birds on every bough; so much the more His wonder was to find unwakened Eve, With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek, 10 As through unquiet rest. He, on his side Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love, Hung over her enamoured, and beheld Beauty, which, whether waking or saleep, Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice 15 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, Her hand soft touching, whispered thus: -- 'Awake, My fairest, my espoused, my latest found, Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight, Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field 20 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring

song of birds on every bough, gently dissipated; so much the more was he surprised to find Eve not awakened, but with her hair dishevelled, and her check flushed, as if her rest had been uneasy. He, leaning on his side half-raised, with looks of heart-felt love, hung captivated over her, and gazed on beauty, which shone with peculiar graces according as it was awake or asleep; then gently touching her hand, he with voice as mild as when Zephyrus breathes on Flora thus whispered:—

'Awake, my fairest, my espousod one, my latest acquisition, the last and the best gift of Heaven, my ever-new delight, awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field calls us; we are losing the time

and rills slightly agitated by the morning breeze were Aurora's fan. Milton says the sound of these things was her fan. This is quite in his manner. See note on line 710.

8. So much the more, do.]
Adam would have wondered at

Eve being unwakesed, but he wondered so much the more at the indications of unquiet rest.

16. As when Zephyrus, &c.] As when the gentle west wind breathes on the flowers. Zephyrus was the husband of Flora.

21, The prime.] The time of

Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove, What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed, How Nature paints her colours, how the bee Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.'

25

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake:

'O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose, My glory, my perfection, glad I see Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night-Such night till this I never passed—have dreamed, If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee, Works of day past, or morrow's next design,

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of opening day, the time for observing how the plants we have tended are growing, how the citron grove blooms, what the myrrh tree and the balmy rood distil, how Nature puts on her colours, how the bee rests on the blossoms and extracts their awest juices."

This whispering woke her, but with startled eyes on Adam, and

embracing him she spoke thus :-

'O thou sole object in whom my thoughts find all satisfaction, my glory, my fulness, glad I am to see again thy face and the light of morning; for I this night—Oh, I never passed such a night till this! have dreamed, if indeed it was but a dream, not, as I frequently do, of thee, or of our employments during the past day, or of the work

opening day; called in line 170, 'that sweet hour of prime,' and in ix. 200, ' the season prime for sweetest scents and airs.

23. The myrrh, &c.] The myrrh treegrows chiefly in Arabia, and exudes a bitter resin from the bark. Balm is the aromatic juice of a tree of a slender reedlike stem, which grows in Arabia

and Syria,

29. My perfection.] It was formerly thought that the female constitution was imperfect without marriage. Thus Shakspeare in K. John, ii. 2, referring to Blauche and the Dauphin, says "And she a fair divided excellence Whose fulness of perfection lies in