

Reformation  
Revolution  
Restoration

## **Civil War and Restoration**

- English Civil War (Puritan Revolution) begins in 1642, led by Oliver Cromwell; execution of King Charles I (1649) and the Commonwealth (the Interregnum period); Restoration of King Charles II (1660)
- Puritans (Dissenters): Reformed believers; centrality of the Bible alone; congregations elect their own ministers
- overall a gradual shift from a hierarchical, centralized society to a more diverse one

# King James Bible

## Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

# Metaphysical Poets

- 17th century poets: John Donne, George Herbert, Andrew Marvell, Abraham Cowley, Henry Vaughan
- complex poetry; combination of the high and the low, the erotic and the religious; puns and paradoxes



**John Donne**

***Poems* (posthum., 1633)**

- songs and sonnets, holy sonnets, meditations, elegies

image: [collections.vam.ac.uk](http://collections.vam.ac.uk)

No man is an island,  
Entire of itself,  
Every man is a piece of the continent,  
A part of the main.  
If a clod be washed away by the sea,  
Europe is the less.  
As well as if a promontory were.  
As well as if a manor of thy friend's  
Or of thine own were:  
Any man's death diminishes me,  
Because I am involved in mankind,  
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;  
It tolls for thee.



## **Andrew Marvell**

“Horatian Ode upon Cromwell’s  
Return from Ireland” (1650)

“To His Coy Mistress” (posthum.,  
1681)

image: wikipedia

## To His Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down, and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires and more slow;



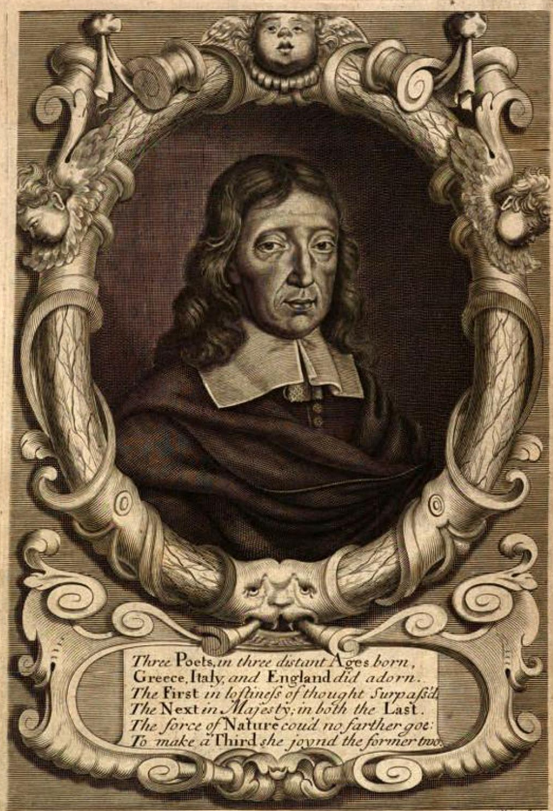
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;  
Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest;  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound

My echoing song; then worms shall try  
That long-preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust;  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.

Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Through the iron gates of life:  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.



Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The First in loftiness of thought surpass'd,  
The Next in Majesty; in both the Last.  
The force of Nature could no farther goe,  
To make a Third the joynd the former two.

## John Milton

*Aeropagitica* (1644)

*Paradise Lost* (1667)

*Paradise Regained* (1671)

*Samson Agonistes* (1671)

image: Milton's portrait in the first illustrated edition of *Paradise Lost*; bl.uk

## from *Aeropagitica*

(...) when God gave [Adam] reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force: God therefore left him free (. . .)

For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. (. . .) Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.

**from *Paradise Lost***

*opening lines*

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of chaos: Or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread  
Dovelike sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;

That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.





## **John Bunyan**

*Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners (1666)*

*The Pilgrim's Progress (1678, 1684)*

image: [wordsworth-editions.com](http://wordsworth-editions.com)

## ***The Pilgrim's Progress***

*Christian succumbs to fear of death just before he enters heaven*

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. (...) The Pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said: "No"; yet they could not help them in that case; "for," said they, "you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place." They then addressed themselves to the water and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me!"

Then said the other, “Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good.” Then said Christian, “Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death hath compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey”; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim.

It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us": but Christian would answer, "It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you." (...) Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was as in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole"; and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.""

Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.