

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view, [15]
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memmons sister might beseem,
Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above [20]
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright- hair'd Vesta long of yore,
To solitary *Saturn* bore;

... pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes...

...

John Milton

Paradise Lost, Book I, lines 59-69

[Satan surveying Hell for the first time after the fall]

At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover the sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed...

Abraham Cowley

The Davideis (publ. 1656)

[Presentation of Hell]

There is a place deep, wondrous deep below.
Which genuine night and horror doth o'erflow;
No bound controls th'unwearied space, but hell
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place...