Under such mantles, as may make them look
(With some) as if their God had them forsook.
They softly went, but sure; and, at the end,
Found that the Lord of Pilgrims was their friend.

When thou hast told the world of all these things,
Then turn about, my Book, and touch these strings;
Which, if but touched, will such music make,
They'll make a cripple dance, a giant quake.

These riddles that lie couch'd within thy breast
Freely propound, expound; and for the rest
Of thy mysterious lines, let them remain,
For those whose nimble fancies shall them gain.

Now, may this little Book a blessing be
To those that love this little book and me;
And may its buyer have no cause to say,
His money is but lost or thrown away.
Yea, may this second Pilgrim yield that fruit
As may with each good Pilgrim's fancy suit;
And may it some persuade that go astray,
To turn their feet and heart to the right way,

Is the hearty prayer of

The Author,

JOHN BUNYAN.