

The Poetical Works of John Milton

By

John Milton

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PARADISE LOST.

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ON TIME

PREFACE by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M. A.

This edition of Milton's Poetry is a reprint, as careful as Editor and Printers have been able to make it, from the earliest printed copies of the several poems. First the 1645 volume of the Minor Poems has been printed entire; then follow in order the poems added in the reissue of 1673; the Paradise Lost, from the edition of 1667; and the Paradise Regain'd and Samson Agonistes from the edition of 1671.

The most interesting portion of the book must be reckoned the first section of it, which reproduces for the first time the scarce small octavo of 1645. The only reprint of the Minor Poems in the old spelling, so far as I know, is the one edited by Mitford, but that followed the edition of 1673, which is comparatively uninteresting since it could not have had Milton's oversight as it passed through the press. We know that it was set up from a copy of the 1645 edition, because it reproduces some pointless eccentricities such as the varying form of the chorus to Psalm cxxxvi; but while it corrects the errata tabulated in that edition it commits many more blunders of its own. It is valuable, however, as the editio princeps of ten of the sonnets and it contains one important alteration in the Ode on the Nativity. This and all other alterations will be found noted where they occur. I have not thought it necessary to note mere differences of spelling between the two editions but a word may find place here upon their general character. Generally it may be said that, where the two editions differ, the later spelling

is that now in use. Thus words like goddess, darkness, usually written in the first edition with one final s, have two, while on the other hand words like vernall, youthfull, and monosyllables like hugg, farr, lose their double letter. Many monosyllables, e.g. som, cours, glimps, wher, vers, aw, els, don, ey, ly, so written in 1645, take on in 1673 an e mute, while words like harpe, windes, onely, lose it. By a reciprocal change ayr and cipress become air and cypress; and the vowels in daign, vail, neer, beleeve, sheild, boosom, eeven, battail, travailer, and many other words are similarly modernized. On the other hand there are a few cases where the 1645 edition exhibits the spelling which has succeeded in fixing itself, as travail (1673, travel) in the sense of labour; and rob'd, profane, human, flood and bloody, forest, triple, alas, huddling, are found where the 1673 edition has roab'd, prophane, humane, floud and bloody, forrest, tripple, alass and hudling. Indeed the spelling in this later edition is not untouched by seventeenth century inconsistency. It retains here and there forms like shameles, cateres, (where 1645 reads cateress), and occasionally reverts to the older-fashioned spelling of monosyllables without the mute e. In the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, it reads--' And som flowers and some bays.' But undoubtedly the impression on the whole is of a much more modern text.

In the matter of small or capital letters I have followed the old copy, except in one or two places where a personification seemed not plainly enough marked to a modern reader without a capital. Thus in *Il Penseroso*, l. 49, I print *Leasure*, although both editions read *leasure*;

and in the Vacation Exercise, l. 71, Times for times. Also where the employment or omission of a capital is plainly due to misprinting, as too frequently in the 1673 edition, I silently make the correction. Examples are, notes for Notes in Sonnet xvii. l. 13; Anointed for anointed in Psalm ii. l.12.

In regard to punctuation I have followed the old printers except in obvious misprints, and followed them also, as far as possible, in their distribution of roman and italic type and in the grouping of words and lines in the various titles. To follow them exactly was impossible, as the books are so very different in size.

At this point the candid reader may perhaps ask what advantage is gained by presenting these poems to modern readers in the dress of a bygone age. If the question were put to me I should probably evade it by pointing out that Mr. Frowde is issuing an edition based upon this, in which the spelling is frankly that of to-day. But if the question were pressed, I think a sufficient answer might be found. To begin with, I should point out that even Prof. Masson, who in his excellent edition argues the point and decides in favour of modern spelling, allows that there are peculiarities of Milton's spelling which are really significant, and ought therefore to be noted or preserved. But who is to determine exactly which words are spelt according to the poet's own instructions, and which according to the printer's whim? It is notorious that in *Paradise Lost* some words were spelt upon a deliberate system, and it may very well happen that in the volume of minor poems

which the poet saw through the press in 1645, there were spellings no less systematic. Prof. Masson makes a great point of the fact that Milton's own spelling, exhibited in the autograph manuscript of some of the minor poems preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, does not correspond with that of the printed copy. [Note: This manuscript, invaluable to all students of Milton, has lately been facsimiled under the superintendence of Dr. Aldis Wright, and published at the Cambridge University press]. This is certainly true, as the reader may see for himself by comparing the passage from the manuscript given in the appendix with the corresponding place in the text. Milton's own spelling revels in redundant e's, while the printer of the 1645 book is very sparing of them. But in cases where the spelling affects the metre, we find that the printed text and Milton's manuscript closely correspond; and it is upon its value in determining the metre, quite as much as its antiquarian interest, that I should base a justification of this reprint. Take, for instance, such a line as the eleventh of Comus, which Prof. Masson gives as:--

Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

A reader not learned in Miltonic rhythms will certainly read this

Amongst th' enthroned gods

But the 1645 edition reads:

Amongst the enthron'd gods

and so does Milton's manuscript. Again, in line 597, Prof.

Masson reads:

It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness, &c.

But the 1645 text and Milton's manuscript read self-consum'd; after which word there is to be understood a metrical pause to mark the violent transition of the thought.

Again in the second line of the Sonnet to a Nightingale Prof. Masson has:

Warblest at eve when all the woods are still

but the early edition, which probably follows Milton's spelling though in this case we have no manuscript to compare, reads 'Warbl'st.' So the original text of Samson, l. 670, has 'temper'st.'

The retention of the old system of punctuation may be less defensible, but I have retained it because it may now and then be of use in determining a point of syntax. The absence of a comma, for example, after the word hearse in the 58th line of the Epitaph on the Marchioness

of Winchester, printed by Prof. Masson thus:--

And some flowers, and some bays
For thy hearse to strew thy ways,

but in the 1645 edition:--

And som Flowers, and som Bays,
For thy Hears to strew the ways,

goes to prove that for here must be taken as 'fore.

Of the *Paradise Lost* there were two editions issued during Milton's lifetime, and while the first has been taken as our text, all the variants in the second, not being simple misprints, have been recorded in the notes. In one respect, however, in the distribution of the poem into twelve books instead of ten, it has seemed best, for the sake of practical convenience, to follow the second edition. A word may be allowed here on the famous correction among the *Errata* prefixed to the first edition: 'Lib. 2. v. 414, for we read wee.' This correction shows not only that Milton had theories about spelling, but also that he found means, though his sight was gone, to ascertain whether his rules had been carried out by his printer; and in itself this fact justifies a facsimile reprint. What the principle in the use of the double vowel exactly was (and it is found to affect the other monosyllabic pronouns) it is not so easy to discover, though roughly it is clear the

reduplication was intended to mark emphasis. For example, in the speech of the Divine Son after the battle in heaven (vi. 810-817) the pronouns which the voice would naturally emphasize are spelt with the double vowel:

Stand onely and behold
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assign'd.

In the Son's speech offering himself as Redeemer (iii. 227-249) where the pronoun all through is markedly emphasized, it is printed mee the first four times, and afterwards me; but it is noticeable that these first four times the emphatic word does not stand in the stressed place of the verse, so that a careless reader might not emphasize it, unless his attention were specially led by some such sign:

Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
Account mee man.

In the Hymn of Creation (v.160-209) where ye occurs fourteen times, the

emphasis and the metric stress six times out of seven coincide, and the pronoun is spelt yee; where it is unemphatic, and in an unstressed place, it is spelt ye. Two lines are especially instructive:

Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light (l. 160);

and

Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise (l. 195).

In v. 694 it marks, as the voice by its emphasis would mark in reading, a change of subject:

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
Of his Associate; hee (i. e. the associate) together calls,
&c.

An examination of other passages, where there is no antithesis, goes to show that the lengthened form of the pronoun is most frequent before a pause (as vii. 95); or at the end of a line (i. 245, 257); or when a foot is inverted (v. 133); or when as object it precedes its verb (v. 612; vii. 747), or as subject follows it (ix. 1109; x. 4). But as we might expect under circumstances where a purist could not correct his own proofs, there are not a few inconsistencies. There does not seem,

for example, any special emphasis in the second wee of the following passage:

Freely we serve.

Because wee freely love, as in our will

To love or not; in this we stand or fall (v. 538).

On the other hand, in the passage (iii. 41) in which the poet speaks of his own blindness:

Thus with the Year

Seasons return, but not to me returns

Day, &c.

where, if anywhere, we should expect mee, we do not find it, though it occurs in the speech eight lines below. It should be added that this differentiation of the pronouns is not found in any printed poem of Milton's before *Paradise Lost*, nor is it found in the Cambridge autograph. In that manuscript the constant forms are me, wee, yee. There is one place where there is a difference in the spelling of she, and it is just possible that this may not be due to accident. In the first verse of the song in *Arcades*, the MS. reads:

This, this is shee;

and in the third verse:

This, this is she alone.

This use of the double vowel is found a few times in *Paradise Regain'd*: in ii. 259 and iv. 486, 497 where *mee* begins a line, and in iv. 638 where *hee* is specially emphatic in the concluding lines of the poem. In *Samson Agonistes* it is more frequent (e.g. lines 124, 178, 193, 220, 252, 290, 1125). Another word the spelling of which in *Paradise Lost* will be observed to vary is the pronoun *their*, which is spelt sometimes *thir*. The spelling in the Cambridge manuscript is uniformly *thire*, except once when it is *thir*; and where *their* once occurs in the writing of an amanuensis the *e* is struck through. That the difference is not merely a printer's device to accommodate his line may be seen by a comparison of lines 358 and 363 in the First Book, where the shorter word comes in the shorter line. It is probable that the lighter form of the word was intended to be used when it was quite unemphatic. Contrast, for example, in Book iii. 1.59: His own works and their works at once to view with line 113: Thir maker and thir making and thir Fate. But the use is not consistent, and the form *thir* is not found at all till the 349th line of the First Book. The distinction is kept up in the *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes*, but, if possible, with even less consistency. Such passages, however, as *Paradise Regain'd*, iii. 414-440; *Samson Agonistes*, 880-890, are certainly spelt upon a method, and it is noticeable that in the choruses the lighter form is universal.

Paradise Regain'd and Samson Agonistes were published in 1671, and no further edition was called for in the remaining three years of the poet's lifetime, so that in the case of these poems there are no new readings to record; and the texts were so carefully revised, that only one fault (Paradise Regain'd, ii. 309) was left for correction later.

In these and the other poems I have corrected the misprints catalogued in the tables of Errata, and I have silently corrected any other unless it might be mistaken for a various reading, when I have called attention to it in a note. Thus I have not recorded such blunders as Lethian for Lesbian in the 1645 text of Lycidas, line 63; or hallow for hollow in Paradise Lost, vi. 484; but I have noted content for concent, in At a Solemn Musick, line 6.

In conclusion I have to offer my sincere thanks to all who have collaborated with me in preparing this Edition; to the Delegates of the Oxford Press for allowing me to undertake it and decorate it with so many facsimiles; to the Controller of the Press for his unfailing courtesy; to the printers and printer's reader for their care and pains. Coming nearer home I cannot but acknowledge the help I have received in looking over proof-sheets from my sister, Mrs. P. A. Barnett, who has ungrudgingly put at the service of this book both time and eyesight. In taking leave of it, I may be permitted to say that it has cost more of both these inestimable treasures than I had anticipated. The last proof reaches me just a year after the first, and the progress of the work has not in the interval been interrupted. *In tenui labor et tenuis gloria.* Nevertheless I cannot be sorry it was undertaken.

H. C. B.

YATTENDON RECTORY,

November 8, 1899.

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of 1645 edition follows:

POEMS

OF

Mr John Milton,

BOTH

ENGLISH and LATIN

Compos'd at several times.

Printed by his true copies.

The SONGS were set in Musick by
Mr. HENRY LAWES Gentleman of
the KINGS Chappel, and one
of His MAIESTIES
Private Musick.

-----Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vace noceat mala lingua futuro,

Virgil, Eclog. 7.

Printed, and Publish'd according to

ORDER.

LONDON,

Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley,

and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes

Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1645.

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of 1673 edition

follows:

POEMS, &c.

UPON

Several Occasions.

BY

Mr. John Milton:

Both ENGLISH and LATIN &c.

Composed at several times.

With a small tractate of

EDUCATION

To Mr. HARTLIB

LONDON.

Printed for Tho. Dring at the Blew Anchor

next Mitre Court over against Fetter

Lane in Fleet-street. 1673.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

It is not any Private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now adayes more vendible then the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such Peeces in Prose and Vers as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest

Commendations and Applause of the learnedst Academicks, both domestic and forrein: And amongst those of our own Countrey, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that incouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Wallers late choice Peeeces, hath once more made me adventure into the World, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted Laurels. The Authors more peculiar excellency in these studies, was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to sollicit them from him. Let the event guide it self which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the Light as true a Birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art Eagle-eied to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to Command

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRISTS NATIVITY.

Compos'd 1629.

I

This is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherin the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,

10

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe, 30
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
She woo'd the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinfull blame,
The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning speare
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

IV

No War, or Battails sound
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V

But peacefull was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
His raing of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fit in steadfast gaze, 70
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame,
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly com to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX

When such Musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close. 100

X

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won

To think her part was don
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shame faced night arrayed
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set, 120
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th'Angelike symphony.

XIV

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

XV

Yea Truth, and Justice then

Will down return to men,
Th'enameld Arras of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy set between
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n as at som festivall,
Will open wide the gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so, 150
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The Wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast 160
With terrour of that blast,

XX

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth, 190
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound
Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII

Peor, and Baalim,
Forsake their Temples dim,

With that twise-batter'd god of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismall dance about the furnace Blue; 210
And Brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis hast.

THE PASSION.

I

ERE-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so, 10
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20

Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my Phoebus bound,
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the rest Cremona's Trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Note: 22 latter] latest 1673.

V

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flatterd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

VI

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit som transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the Towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood; 40
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatomic fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
They would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII

I thence hurried on viewles wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unboosom all their Echoes milde,
And I (for grief is easily beguild)
Might think th'infection of my sorrows bound,

Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

Note: This subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had,
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun,
left it unfinish'd.

ON TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd, 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good

And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit, 20
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Note: See the appendix for the manuscript version.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,

He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whileare 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to sease!

O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightfull doom remediles
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes; 20
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfi'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more neer his heart.

AT A SOLEMN MUSICK.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din 20
The fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,

And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

Note: 6 content] Manuscript reads concent as does the Second
Edition; so that content is probably a misprint.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of Winchester,
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Besides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More then she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darknes, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Bin as compleat as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife

10

In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame; 20
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cipress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorsles cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
The haples Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languisht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen som tender slip
Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
Who onely thought to crop the flowr

New shot up from vernall showr; 40
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funerall.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest cease thee evermore, 50
That to give the world encrease,
Shortned hast thy own lives lease;
Here besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weept for thee in Helicon,
And som Flowers, and som Bays,
For thy Hears to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy vertuous name; 60
Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian Shepherdess,
Who after yeers of barrennes,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore

To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boosom bright
of blazing Majesty and Light, 70
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long. 10

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th'sharne of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the Leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

10

Notes: On Shakespear. Reprinted 1632 in the second folio

Shakespeare:

Title] An epitaph on the admirable dramaticke poet W.

Shakespeare

1 needs] neede

6 weak] dull

8 live-long] lasting

10 heart] part

13 it] her

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER WHO SICKN'D IN THE TIME OF HIS
VACANCY, BEING FORBID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON OF THE
PLAGUE.

HERE lies old Hobson, Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd;

10

But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and 's newly gon to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,

10

And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term.
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers. 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He di'd for heavines that his Cart went light,
 His leasure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had bin an immortall Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate 30
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Onely remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There under Ebon shades and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying, 20
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free; 40
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.

While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin, 50
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures, 70
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest:

Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead, 90
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale, 100

With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend. 110
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prise
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted stream. 130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonsons learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out, 140

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice. 150

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Notes:

33 Ye] You 1673

104 And he by] And by the 1673

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in som idle brain
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train. 10
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy
Whose Sainly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,

Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnons 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;
His daughter she (in Saturns raign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Com 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: 40
There held in holy passion still,

Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Joves Altar sing.
And adde to these retired Leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure; 50
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will daign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke; 60
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly
Most musical!, most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among
I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,

Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way; 70
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drowsie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Daemons that are found

In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with Element.

Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.

100

Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if ought els, great Bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,

110

Where more is meant then meets the ear. 120

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.

130

And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

There in close covert by som Brook,

Where no profaner eye may look, 140

Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,

Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let som strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portrature display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150

And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light. 160

There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,

And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eeven, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny: 10
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,

Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Ben e colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, O lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

10

III

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insu la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno 10
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' occostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi

Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne trecchie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una, 10
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degil occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli oreechi mi fia poco.

V

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia
Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ci suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,

Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forsi amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S 'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro

Ove amor mise l 'insanabil ago.

VII

How soon hath Time the suttle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th,
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow.
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

10

VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms

That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save th' Athenian Walls from ruine bare.

Notes:

Camb. autograph supplies title, When the assault was intended
to the city.

3 If deed of honour did thee ever please, 1673.

IX

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends

To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

Note: 5 with Ruth] the Ruth 1645.

X

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of Englands Counsel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you 10
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

Note: Camb. autograph supplies title, To the Lady Margaret

Ley.

ARCADES.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby at Harefield, by som Noble persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of State with this Song.

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:
This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse

10

Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddes bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20
Or the towred Cybele,
Mother of a hunderd gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd?

As they com forward, the genius of the Wood appears, and
turning toward them, speaks.

GEN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluse, 30
Stole under Seas to meet his Arethuse;

And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold 40
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the powr
Of this fair wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Eev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn

Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless, 60
But els in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, 70
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.

O're the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof,
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

90

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladons Lillied banks.
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erynanth your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.

100

From the stony Maenalus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pans Mistres were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Note: 22 hunderd] Milton's own spelling here is hundred. But in the Errata to Paradise Lost (i. 760) he corrects hundred to hunderd.

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of Lycidas follows:

JUSTA
EDOVARDO KING
naufrago,
ab
Amicis Moerentibus,
amoris
&
mneias chaein

Sirecte calculam ponas, ubique naufragium est.

Pet. Arb.

CANTABRIGIAE:

Apud Thomam Buck, & Rogerum Daniel, celeberrimae
Academiae typographos. 1638.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend,
unfortunatly drown'd in his Passage from Chester on the Irish
Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our
corrupted Clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. 10
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may som gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright 30

Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damoetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

40

The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

50

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there--for what could that have don?
What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament, 60
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes:
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze.
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfet witnes of all judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocall reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But now my Oate proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea, 90

He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
They knew not of his story,

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,

The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatall and perfidious Bark 100

Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,

His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least 120
 That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,

But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied showres, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
And strew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas

Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides.
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore, 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies

That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more;
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

Notes:

64 uncessant] Manuscript reads incessant, so that uncessant is probably a misprint; though that spelling is retained in the Second Edition.

82 perfet] So in Comus, line 203. In both these places the manuscript has perfect, as elsewhere where the word occurs. In the Solemn Music, line 23, where the First Edition reads perfect, the second reads perfet.

149 Amaranthus] Amarantus

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of Comus follows:

A MASKE
PRESENTED
At Ludlow Castle,
1634:

On Michalemasse night, before the
RIGHT HONORABLE,
IOHN Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackly,
Lord President of WALES, and one of
His MAIESTIES most honorable
Privie Counsell.

Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
Perditus -----

LONDON
Printed for HYMPHREY ROBINSON
at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in
Pauls Church-yard. 1637.

To the Right Honourable, John Lord Vicount Bracly, Son and
Heir apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

My LORD,

This Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of Birth from your
Self, and others of your Noble Family, and much honour from
your own Person in the performance, now returns again to
make a finall Dedication of it self to you. Although not openly
acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so
lovely, and so much desired, that the often Copying of it hath
tired my Pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought
me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view; and now
to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and
rare endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a
full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live
sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as
your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours
been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this
representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall
expression

Your faithfull, and most humble Servant

H. LAWES.

Note: Dedication to Vicount Bracly: Omitted in 1673.

The Copy of a Letter writt'n by Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to
the Author, upon the following Poem.

From the Colledge, this 13. of April, 1638.

SIR,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me
here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then
to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to
enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your
farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by
Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my
draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have
begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned
Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded

together som good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherin I may challenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of

your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice
som time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole
length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa,
whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend
Barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather tell
you a short story from the interest you have given me in your
safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an
old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having bin Steward to
the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled
save this onely man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest:
With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he
took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour: and at my
departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his
experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice,
how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of
mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (sayes he) I pensieri
stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of
which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement
doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you
with it to the best of all securities, Gods dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

Postscript.

SIR, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself through som busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for som fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

Note: Letter from Sir Henry Wootton: Omitted in 1673

A MASK PRESENTED At LUDLOW-Castle, 1634. &c.

The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The cheif persons which presented, were

The Lord Bracly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother,

The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Spir: Before the starry threshold of Joves Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.

10

Yet som there he that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather Jove, 20
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to severall government,
And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
The greatest, and the best of all the main
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30
A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer perill, 40
But that by quick command from Soveran Jove
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.
Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circes Hand fell (who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and Comus named,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic, and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,

Offering to every weary Travailer,
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
To quench the drouth of Phoebus, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear, 70
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star, 80
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my skie robes spun out of Iris Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,

Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd

90

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread

Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistening, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.

Co: The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,

Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,

And the gilded Car of Day,

His glowing Axle doth allay

In the steep Atlantick stream,

And the slope Sun his upward beam

Shoots against the dusky Pole,

Pacing toward the other gole

100

Of his Chamber in the East.

Meanwhile welcom Joy, and Feast,

Midnight shout, and revelry,

Tipsie dance, and Jollity.

Braid your Locks with rosie Twine

Dropping odours, dropping Wine.

Rigor now is gon to bed,

And Advice with scrupulous head,

Strict Age, and sowre Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber ly. 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the Starry Quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs dect with Daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Com let us our rights begin,
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
 Which these dun shades will ne're report.
 Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vaild Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame 130
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
 Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the ayr,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,

Wherin thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop hole peep, 140
And to the tel-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off; break off, I feel the different pace,
Of som chast footing neer about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms, 150
And to my wily trains, I shall e're long
Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling Spells into the spungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well plac't words of glozing courtesie
Baited with reasons not unplaussible
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her busines here.

The Lady enters.

La: This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence
of such late Wassailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180

In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus wain. 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had stole them from me, els O theevisch Night
Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Travailer? 200
This is the place as well as I may guess,
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory

Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands and Shoars and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
The vertuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.--
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings.
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly and now beleieve
That he, the Supreme good t'whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen

230

Within thy airy shell

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet imbroider'd vale

Where the love-lorn Nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O if thou have

Hid them in som flowry Cave,

Tell me but where

240

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,

So maist thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Co: Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould

Breath such Divine inchanting ravishment?

Sure somthing holy lodges in that brest,

And with these raptures moves the vocal air

To testifie his hidd'n residence;

How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night

250

At every fall smoothing the Raven doune

Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,

Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades

Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs.
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention.
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unlesse the Goddes that in rurall shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood. 270

La: Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
That is adrest to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co: What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La: Dim darknes, and this heavy Labyrinth.

Co: Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?

La: They left me weary on a grassie terf. 280

Co: By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?

La: To seek in vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co: And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

La: They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co: Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La: How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co: Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La: No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Co: Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La: As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

Co: Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more then human, as they stood;
I took it for a faery vision
Of som gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live 300
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. La: Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co: Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La: To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet, 310

Co: I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

320

La: Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted then this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.--

330

The Two Brothers.

Eld. Bro: Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontst to love the travailers benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that rains here
In double night of darknes, and of shades;

Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of som clay habitation visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light. 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2. Bro: Or if our eyes

Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumeros bowes.
But O that haples virgin our lost sister 350
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro: Peace brother, be not over-exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincip'l'd in vertues book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Vertue could see to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the salt sea sunk. And Wisdoms self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled and sometimes impaired. 380
He that has light within his own deer brest
May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro: Tis most true

That musing meditation most affects

The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,

And sits as safe as in a Senat house,

For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds, 390

His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,

Or do his gray hairs any violence?

But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree

Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard

Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,

To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit

From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

You may as well spred out the unsun'd heaps

Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,

And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400

Danger will wink on Opportunity,

And let a single helpless maiden pass

Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.

Of night, or lonelines it recks me not,

I fear the dred events that dog them both,

Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person

Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro: I do not, brother,

Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear 410
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2. Bro: What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELD Bro: I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity: 420
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty, 430

Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
 Som say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time,
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.
 Do ye beleeve me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
 To testifie the arms of Chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dred bow
 Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
 Wherwith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon sheild
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of Chast austerity, 450
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,

And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape, 460
The unpolluted temple of the mind.

And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
The divine property of her first being.

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link't it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro: How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfet rains.

Eld. Bro: List, list, I hear 480

Som far off hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro: Me thought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro: For certain

Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
Som roaving robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro: Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro: Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

[Enter] The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak; 490
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir: What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. Bro: O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro: Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delaid

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

Spir: O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro: To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spir: Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro: What fears good Thyrsis? Prethee briefly shew.

Spir: Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal vers
 Of dire Chimera's and enchanted Iles,
 And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
 Within the navil of this hideous Wood, 520
 Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
 Of Bacchus, and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likenes of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
 Character'd in the Face; this have I learn't 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
 Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
 To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks 540
 Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb

Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance, 550
At which I ceas' t, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac't. I was all eare, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare!

Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place 570
Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could praevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But furder know I not.

2. Bro: O night and shades, 580
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me Brother?

Eld. Bro: Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd, 590
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
And earths base built on stubble. But corn let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 600
May never this just sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the greisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpyies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Inde, Ile find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir: Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise, 610
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Farr other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro: Why prethee Shepherd

How durst thou then thy self approach so neer

As to make this relation?

Spir: Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal,

Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad

Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620

In every vertuous plant and healing herb

That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,

He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender grass

Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,

And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,

And shew me simples of a thousand names

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,

But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,

But in another Countrey, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:

Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,

And yet more med'cinal is it then that Moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;

He call'd it Haemony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp 640
Or gastly furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the lushious liquor on the ground,
But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew
Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoak,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro: Thyrsis lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

The scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of
deliciousness; Soft Musick, Tables spred with all dainties.

Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted

Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes
about to rise.

COMUS: Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaster, 660
And you a statue; or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

La: Fool do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co: Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone,
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.

680

La: 'Twill not false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceit
Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none

690

700

But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co: O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoick Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.

Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth, 710
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world 720

Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,

Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes. 730
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bested with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 List Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginitie,
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
 Unsavoury in th'injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; course complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?

There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La: I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760

And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance, she good cateress
Means her provision onely to the good
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:

If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and heseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770

Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
In unsuperfluous eeven proportion,
And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude

Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness then this thy present lot.

Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co: She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by som superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of Jove

Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To som of Saturns crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood; 810
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.--

The brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of
his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make signe of
resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir: What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me 820
Som other means I have which may he us'd
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence,

That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the Scepter from his father Brute.
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with Asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd, 840
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their festivals
Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850

Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charms, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a Virgin, such as was her self
In hard besetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair

Listen when thou art sitting 860
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestick pace, 870
By hoary Nereus wrinckled look,
And the Carpathian wisards hook,

By scaly Tritons winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings.

Sab: By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channell strayes,

Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.

900

Spir: Goddess dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab: Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;

910

And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bowr.

920

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spir: Virgin, daughter of Loocrine
Sprung of old Anchises line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:

Summer drouth, or singed air

Never scorch thy tresses fair,

Nor wet Octobers torrent flood

930

Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,

May thy billows rowl ashoar

The beryl, and the golden ore,

May thy lofty head be crown'd

With many a tower and terrass round,

And here and there thy banks upon

With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,

Let us fly this cursed place,

Lest the Sorcerer us intice

940

With som other new device.

Not a waste, or needless sound
Till we com to holier ground,
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish't presence, and beside 950
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President
Castle, then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant
Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir: Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod 960

Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth. 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir: To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr 980

All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling 990
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc't,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long,

Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn. 1010

But now my task is smoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime 1020
Higher then the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

Notes:

43 ye] you 1673

167 omitted 1673

168, 9 Thus 1637. Manuscript reads--

but heere she comes I fairly step aside

& hearken, if I may, her buisnesse heere.

1673 reads--

And hearken, if I may her business hear.

But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

474 sensualty] sensuality 1673. Manuscript also reads sensualtie,
as the metre requires.

493 father] So also 1673. Manuscript reads father's

547 meditate] meditate upon 1673

553 drowsie frighted] Manuscript reads drowsie flighted.

556 steam] stream 1673

580 furder] further 1673

743 In the manuscript, which reads--

If you let slip time like an neglected rose

a circle has been drawn round the an, but probably not by Milton.

780 anough] anow 1673

POEMS ADDED IN THE 1673 EDITION.

ANNO AETATIS 17. ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH.

I

O FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

II

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer, 10
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20

Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair hiding place.

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe, 30
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
O no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)

Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.) 40
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd roofe
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which carefull Jove in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head

VIII

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!
Or that c[r]own'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

Note: 53 Or wert thou] Or wert thou Mercy--conjectured by
John Heskin Ch. Ch. Oxon. from Ode on Nativity, st. 15.

IX

Or wert thou of the golden-winged boast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy praefixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode flie back with speed, 60
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe
To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art. 70

XI

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child

Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

Anno Aetatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part
Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus
began.

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
Where he had mutely sate two years before:
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee: 10
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,

Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And wearie of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may scare
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
Look in, and see each blissful Deitie
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings

To th'touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire, 40
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn Songs at King Alcinous feast,
While sad Ulisses soul and all the rest 50
Are held with his melodious harmonie
In willing chains and sweet captivitie.
But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my Roome

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten
Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons,
which Ens thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth; 60
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass
Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
Devouring war shall never cease to roare;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose, then Relation
was call'd by his Name.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphie Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie Avon, or of Sedgie Lee,
Or Coaly Tine, or antient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians Name,
Or Medway smooth, or Royal Towred Thame. 100

The rest was Prose.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE. LIB. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa

Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the
Latin Measure, as near as the Language permit.

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours

Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,

Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou

In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he

On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas

Rough with black winds and storms

Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,

Who always vacant, always amiable

10

Hopes thee; of flattering gales

Unmindfull. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd

Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung

My dank and dropping weeds

To the stern God of Sea.

[The Latin text follows.]

SONNETS.

XI

A Book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon;
And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek 10
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp;
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward Greek.

Note: Camb. Autograph supplies title, On the Detraction which followed my writing certain Treatises.

XII. On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raid at Latona's twin-born progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;
That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free. 10
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we see
For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,

With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus Quire 10
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn or Story
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

Note: 9 send] lend Cambridge Autograph MS.

XIV

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams 10
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,

And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

Note: Camb. Autograph supplies title, On the Religious
Memory of Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased
16 Decemb., 1646.

XV

ON THE LATE MASSACHER IN PIEMONT.

Avenge O lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
O're all th'Italian fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way

Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

XVI

When I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best 10
Bear his milde y oak, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

XVII

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,

Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day; what may be Won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise 10
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and Tuskan Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench:
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XIX

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Joves great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight, 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie
To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul 10
Must now he nam'd and printed Hereticks
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wors then those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but Old Priest Writ Large. 20

The four following sonnets were not published until 1694, and then in a mangled form by Phillips, in his Life of Milton; they are here printed from the Cambridge MS., where that to Fairfax is in Milton's autograph.

ON THE LORD GEN. FAIRFAX AT THE SEIGE OF COLCHESTER.

Fairfax, whose name in armes through Europe rings
Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshak'n vertue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, & the fals North displaies
Her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,
O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand;
Yet what can Warr, but endless warr still breed, 10
Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed

While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

TO THE LORD GENERALL CROMWELL MAY 1652.

ON THE PROPOSALLS OF CERTAINE MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR
PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPELL.

Cromwell, our cheif of men, who through a cloud
Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reard Gods Trophies, & his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,
And Dunbarr field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worsters laureat wreath; yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10
No less renownd then warr, new foes aries
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:
Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

TO SR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,
Then whome a better Senatour nere held
The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repelld
The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spelld,
Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,
Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes 10
What severs each thou hast learnt, which few have don
The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow.
Therefore on thy firme hand religion leanes
In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son.

TO MR. CYRIACK SKINNER UPON HIS BLINDNESS.

Cyriack, this three years day these eys, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot;
Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot,
Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heavns hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd 10
In libertyes defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

PSAL. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and ith'way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sate. But in the great

Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall.
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then
Nor sinners in th'assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th'upright way of the just
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

PSAL. II Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth upstand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear.
Let us break off; say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,

Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
This day, ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th'Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Sceptir bruis'd, and them disperse 20
Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve and let your joy converse
With trembling; Kiss the Son least he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD how many are my foes
How many those
That in arms against me rise
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count
Aloud I cry'd 10
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavillions.
Rise Lord, save me my God for thou
Hast smote ere now 20
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10.1653.

ANSWER me when I call
God of my righteousness;
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disintrall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.

Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn
How long be thus forlorn
Still to love vanity, 10
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart

(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone, 20
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood;
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where ere I lie 40
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12.1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear
My meditation waigh
The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voyce
Shalt in the morning hear
Ith'morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight 10
Evil with thee no bidding makes
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly

The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20
Lord lead me in thy righteousness
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd; 30
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

PSAL. VI Aug. 13. 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me Lord for I am much deject
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes.
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in hast the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM.

Lord my God to thee I flie
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I crie
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
He hast to tear my Soul asunder
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And fre'd my foe for naught;

10

Let th'enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire
Rouze thy self amidst the rage 20
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their furi' asswage;
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the worlds foundation. 30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease

Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

40

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

50

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,

His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set, 10
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O What is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet. 20

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

APRIL, 1648. J. M. NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE,

Wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of

the Text, translated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Josephs seed,
That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright
Between their wings out-spread
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
And in Manasse's sight 10
Awake* thy strength, come, and be seen *Gnorera.
To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us O God vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare

Thy *smoaking wrath, and angry brow	*Gnashanta.
Against thy peoples praire.	20
5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,	
Their bread with tears they eat,	
And mak'st them* largely drink the tears	*Shalish.
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.	
6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey	
To every neighbour foe,	
Among themselves they *laugh, they *play,	*Jilgnagu.
And *flouts at us they throw.	
7 Return us, and thy grace divine,	
O God of Hosts vouchsafe	30
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,	
And then we shall be safe.	
8 A Vine from Aegypt thou hast brought,	
Thy free love made it thine,	
And drov'st out Nations proud and haut	
To plant this lovely Vine.	
9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place	
And root it deep and fast	
That it began to grow apace,	
And fill'd the land at last.	40
10 With her green shade that cover'd all,	
The Hills were over-spread	
Her Bows as high as Cedars tall	
Advanc'd their lofty head.	

- 11 Her branches on the western side
Down to the Sea she sent,
And upward to that river wide
Her other branches went.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence, 50
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The tusked Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold us, but without a frown,
And visit this thy Vine. 60
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted long,
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut with Axes down,
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy good hand be laid, 70

Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee

To wayes of sin and shame,

Quick'n us thou, then gladly wee

Shall call upon thy Name.

Return us, and thy grace divine

Lord God of Hosts voutsafe,

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

80

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, and clear,

Sing loud to God our King,

To Jacobs God, that all may hear

Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song

The Timbrel hither bring

The cheerfull Psaltry bring along

And Harp with pleasant string.

3 Blow, as is wont, in the new Moon

With Trumpets lofty sound, 10

Th'appointed time, the day wheron

Our solemn Feast comes round.

4 This was a Statute giv'n of old

For Israel to observe

A Law of Jacobs God, to hold

From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a Testimony ordain'd

In Joseph, not to change,

When as he pass'd through Aegypt land;

The Tongue I heard, was strange. 20

6 From burden, and from slavish toyle

I set his shoulder free;

His hands from pots, and mirie soyle

Deliver'd were by me.

7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,

On me then didst thou call,

And I to free thee did not faile,

And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in *thunder deep

*Be Sether ragnam.

With clouds encompass'd round; 30

I tri'd thee at the water steep

Of Meriba renown'd.

8 Hear O my people, heark'n well,

I testifie to thee

Thou antient flock of Israel,

- If thou wilt list to mee,
9 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Aegypt land
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel whom I lov'd so dear
Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind; 50
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind
- 13 O that my people would be wise
To serve me all their daies,
And O that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous waies.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their enemies. 60
- 15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain

To bow to him and bend,
But they, His should remain,
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would free them from the shock
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With Honey for their Meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

1	GOD in the *great *assembly stands	*Bagnadath-el
	Of Kings and lordly States,	
	Among the gods* on both his hands.	*Bekerev.
	He judges and debates.	
2	How long will ye *pervert the right	*Tishphetu
	With *judgment false and wrong	gnavel.
	Favouring the wicked by your might,	
	Who thence grow bold and strong?	
3	*Regard the *weak and fatherless	*Shiphtu-dal.
	*Dispatch the *poor mans cause,	10
	And **raise the man in deep distress	
	By **just and equal Lawes.	**Hatzdiku.

- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him that help demands.
- 5 They know not nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The Earths foundations all are *mov'd *Jimmotu.
 And *out of order gon. 20
- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The Sons of God most high
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other Princes die.
- 8 Rise God, *judge thou the earth in might,
 This wicked earth *redress, *Shiphta.
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The Nations all possess.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent now at length
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit not thou still O God of strength
 We cry and do not cease.

- 2 For lo thy furious foes now *swell
 And *storm outrageously, *Jehemajun.
 And they that hate thee proud and fill
 Exalt their heads full hie.
- 3 Against thy people they *contrive *Jagnarimu.
 *Their Plots and Counsels deep, *Sod. 10
 *Them to ensnare they chiefly strive *Jithjagnatsu gnal.
 *Whom thou dost hide and keep. *Tsephuneca.
- 4 Come let us cut them off say they,
 Till they no Nation be
 That Israels name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult *with all their might, *Lev jachdau.
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite
 And in firm union bind. 20
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of scornful Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagars blood
 That in the Desart dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
 And hateful Amalec,
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre
 Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Asshur also bands
 And doth confirm the knot, 30

All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold

That wasted all the Coast.

To Sisera, and as is told

Thou didst to Jabins hoast,

When at the brook of Kishon old

They were repulst and slain,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd

As dung upon the plain.

40

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped

So let their Princes speed

As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled

So let their Princes bleed.

12 For they amidst their pride have said

By right now shall we seize

Gods houses, and will now invade

*Their stately Palaces.

*Neoth Elohim bears both.

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel

No quiet let them find,

50

Giddy and restless let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire

Which on a sudden straies,

The greedy flame runs hier and hier

Till all the mountains blaze,

- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 *And till they *yield thee honour due, *They seek thy
 Lord fill with shame their face. Name. Heb.
- 17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, 60
 Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, and scape it never.
- 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehova is alone,
 Art the most high, and thou the same
 O're all the earth art one.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hoasts, how dear
 The pleasant Tabernacles are!
 Where thou do'st dwell so near.
- 2 My Soul doth long and almost die
 Thy Courts O Lord to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do crie,

O living God, for thee.

- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow freed from wrong
Hath found a house of rest, 10
The Swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her brooding nest,
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hoasts
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Toward thee, My King, my God
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy waies. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's thirstie Vale,
That dry and barren ground
As through a fruitfull watry Dale
Where Springs and Showrs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsom cheer
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hoasts hear now my praier
O Jacobs God give ear, 30
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts to be

Is better, and mere blest
Then in the joyes of Vanity,
A thousand daies at best.
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, and rich abode
With Sin for evermore

40

11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield

Gives grace and glory bright,
No good from him shall be with-held
Whose waies are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hoasts that raigh 'st on high,

That man is truly blest
Who only on thee doth relie.
And in thee only rest.

PSAL LXXXV.

1 THY Land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from hard Captivity
Returned Jacob back.

- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their Sin, that did thee grieve
 Hast hid where none shall know.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And calmly didst return 10
 From thy *fierce wrath which we had prov'd *Heb. The burning
 Far worse then fire to burn. heat of thy
- 4 God of our saving health and peace, wrath.
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Toward us, and chide no more.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and hear our voice * Heb. Turn to
 And us again * revive, quicken us.
 That so thy people may rejoyce
 By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew
 Thy saving health to us afford
 And lift in us renew.
- 8 And now what God the Lord will speak
 I will go strait and hear, 30

For to his people he speaks peace
And to his Saints full dear,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear

Salvation is at hand
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our Land.

40

10 Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd

Now joyfully are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth like to a flower

Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bow
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow

Whatever thing is good
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.

50

13 Before him Righteousness shall go

His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be slow
His footsteps cannot err.

*Heb. He will set his
steps to the way.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 THY gracious ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me I thee pray,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for *I have trod Heb. I am good, loving,
Thy waies, and love the just, a doer of good and
Save thou thy servant O my God holy things
Who still in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me Lord for daily thee
I call; 4 O make rejoyce 10
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul and voice,
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication Lord
Give ear, and to the crie
Of my incessant praiers afford

Thy hearing graciously. 20

7 I in the day of my distress

Will call on thee for aid;

For thou wilt grant me free access

And answer, what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the gods is none

O Lord, nor any works

Of all that other Gods have done

Like to thy glorious works.

9 The Nations all whom thou hast made

Shall come, and all shall frame 30

To bow them low before thee Lord,

And glorifie thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great

By thy strong hand are done,

Thou in thy everlasting Seat

Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me O Lord thy way most right,

I in thy truth will hide,

To fear thy name my heart unite

So shall it never slide. 40

12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God

Thee honour, and adore

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad

Thy name for ever more.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,

And thou hast free'd my Soul
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God the proud against me rise

And violent men are met 50
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou Lord art the God most mild

Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and art stil'd
Most mercifull, most true.

16 O turn to me thy face at length,

And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maids Son. 60

17 Some sign of good to me afford,

And let my foes then see
And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII

- 1 AMONG the holy Mountains high
Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac't.
- 2 Sions fair Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings faire
Of Jacobs Land, though there be store,
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee abroad are spoke; 10
- 4 I mention Egypt, where proud Kings
Did our forefathers yoke,
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends,
Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But twise that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast. 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there,

In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance
And all my fountains clear.

PSAL. LXXXVIII

- 1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee weep
Before thee prostrate lie.
- 2 Into thy presence let my praier
With sighs devout ascend
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie, 10
My life at death's uncherful dore
Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
Down to the dismal pit
I am a *man, but weak alas * Heb. A man without manly
And for that name unfit. strength.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite

Among the dead to sleep

And like the slain in bloody fight

That in the grave lie deep.

20

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o're

Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit profound'

Hast set me all forlorn,

Where thickest darkness hovers round,

In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath from which no shelter saves

Full sore doth press on me;

30

*Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

*The Heb.

*And all thy waves break me

bears both.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, for they change,

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord all the day I thee entreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee from their loathsom bed

With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell

On whom the grave hath hold,

Or they who in perdition dwell

Thy faithfulness unfold?

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand

Or wondrous acts be known,

50

Thy justice in the gloomy land

Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry

E're yet my life be spent,

And up to thee my praier doth hie

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruis'd, and *shake

*Heb. Prae Concussione.

With terror sent from thee;

60

Bruz'd, and afflicted and so low

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow

Thy threatnings cut me through.

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me persue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd

And sever'd from me far.

70

They fly me now whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

Finis.

COLLECTION OF PASSAGES TRANSLATED IN THE PROSE WRITINGS.

[From Of Reformation in England, 1641.]

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause

Not thy Conversion, but those rich demains

That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee.

DANTE, Inf. xix. 115.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,

'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,

Impudent whoore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in hast.
PETRARCA, Son. 108.

And to be short, at last his guid him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd
Things that on earth were lost or were abus'd.

.

Then past he to a flowry Mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.
ARIOSTO, Orl. Fur. xxxiv. 80.

[From Reason of Church Government, 1641.]

When I die, let the Earth be roul'd in flames.

[From Apology for Smectymnuus, 1642.]

Laughing to teach the truth

What hinders? as some teachers give to Boys

Junkets and knacks, that they may learne apace.

HORACE, Sat. 1. 24.

Jesting decides great things

Stronglier, and better oft than earnest can.

IBID. i. 10. 14.

'Tis you that say it, not I: you do the deeds

And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

SOPHOCLES, Elec. 624.

[From Areopagitica, 1644.]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men,

Having to advise the Public, may speak free,

Which he who can, and will, deserv's high praise;

Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace,
What can be juster in a state then this?
EURIPIDES, Supp. 438

[From Tetrachordon, 1645.]

Whom do we count a good man, whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood
See his foul inside through his whited skin.
HORACE, Ep. i. 16. 40.

[From The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, 1649.]

There can be slaine
No sacrifice to God more acceptable

Than an unjust and wicked king.

SENECA, Herc. Fur. 922.

[From History of Britain, 1670.]

Brutus thus addresses Diana in the country of Leogecia.

Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling Sphear, and through the deep,
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what Seat of rest thou bidst me seek,
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd, and Virgin quires.

To whom sleeping before the altar, Diana in a Vision that night
thus answer'd.

Brutus far to the West, in th' Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy People; thether bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,

There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise,
And Kings be born of thee, whose dredded might
Shall aw the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of first (1667) edition of
Paradise Lost follows:

Paradise lost.

A

POEM

Written in

TEN BOOKS

By John Milton

Licensed and Entred according
to Order

LONDON.

Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker
under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by
Robert Boulter at the Turk's head in Bishopsgate-street
And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstan's Church
in Fleet-street, 1667.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of second (1674) edition of
Paradise Lost follows:

Paradise Lost.
A
POEM
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

The Author
JOHN MILTON.

The Second Edition
Revised and Augmented by the
Same Author.

LONDON.
Printed by S. Simmons next door to the
Golden Lion in Aldergate-street, 1674.

PARADISE LOST.

ON Paradise Lost.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song
(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
The World o'rewelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence presume the whole Creations day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a share,
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane,
And things divine thou treatst of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horroure on us seise,
Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing

So never flaggs, but always keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?

Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?

Just Heav'n thee like Tiresias to requite

Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure

With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;

While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,

And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:

Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,

The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

I too transported by the Mode offend,

And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.

Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,

In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

A.M.

Note: On Paradise Lost] Added in the second edition 1674.

The Printer to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, there was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not. S. Simmons.

Notes: The Printer to the Reader] Added in 1668 to the copies then remaining of the first edition, amended in 1669, and omitted in 1670. I have procur'd it, and.... not. 1669] is procured. 1668.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime

both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight: which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

Note: The Verse] Added in 1668 to the copies then remaining of the first edition; together with the Argument. In the second edition (1674) the Argument, with the necessary adjustment to the division made in Books vii and x, was distributed through the several books of the poem, as it is here printed.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darknesse, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of gaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophesie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full councill. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel.

Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
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 Heav'nly 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 Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
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 20
Dove-like satst 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 highth of this great Argument
I may assert th' Eternal Providence,
And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creator, and transgress his Will
 For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
 Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 40
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
 With hideous ruine and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night 50
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe

Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde, 60
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover 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 unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side

One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80
 Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
 If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightnes didst outshine
 Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd 90
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,

And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.
So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130

Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King;
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
 Can Perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of Warr, what e're his business be 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Where to with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
If not what resolution from despare.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briarios or Typhon, whom the Den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that Sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:

So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence 210
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On Man by him seduc't, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
 Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundring Aetna, whose combustible
 And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,

Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,
Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260

Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270
 So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
 If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lye
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.
 He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands, 290
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the Mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
 Knotholes he so endur'd, till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd 300
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
 Busiris and his Memphian Chivalrie,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating Carkases 310
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can sieze
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod

Of Amrams Son in Egypts evill day
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious Pharoah hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain; 350
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones; 360
Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of Eve

Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him, that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various Names,
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.
 Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide
 Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd, 390

And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First Moloch, horrid King besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
 To his grim Idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshipt in Rabba and her watry Plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the Type of Hell.
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moabs Sons,
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
 Of Southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Heronaim, Seons Realm, beyond
 The flowry Dale of Sibma clad with Vines, 410
 And Eleale to th' Asphaltick Pool.
 Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove

Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bordring flood
Of old Euphrates to the Brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general Names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aerie purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For those the Race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood

Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
To Idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate
In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock 450
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected Sions daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survay'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful Seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile Banks

Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold: 470
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
 Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic Egypt and her Priests, to seek 480
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in Oreb: and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
 Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
 Belial came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest

Turns Atheist, as did Ely's Sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God.
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
And injury and outrage: And when Night 500
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when hospitable Does
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javans Issue held
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
Thir boasted Parents; Titan Heav'ns first born 510
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's Son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Creet
And Ida known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle Air
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian Cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric Land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian Fields, 520

And ore the Celtic roam'd the utmost Isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
 Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears. 530
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
 His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
 Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
 With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds: 540
 At which the universal Host upsent
 A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
 Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
 With Orient Colours waving: with them rose

A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
 In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
 To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
 Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods, 570
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength

Glories: For never since created man,
Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more then that small infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
That fought at Theb's and Ilium, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or Romance of Uthers Son 580
Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Thir dread Commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change

Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face 600
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,

As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat.
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his Regal State 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650

There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Caelestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyesse
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird, 660
For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr
Open or understood must be resolv'd.
He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arm's
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.
There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top 670
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd

Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts 680
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire 690
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian Kings,
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude

With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,
 Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boyling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge 710
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat 720
 Thir Kings, when Aegypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendant by suttile Magic many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed

With Naphtha and Asphaltus yeilded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On Lemnos th' Aegaeon Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim

A solemn Council forthwith to be held
 At Pandaemonium, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
 From every and Band squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
 Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh dewes and flowers
 Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
 The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
 New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer
 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race 780

Beyond the Indian Mount, or Faerie Elves,
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
 Or Fountain fome belated Peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon
 Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth
 Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance
 Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large, 790
 Though without number still amidst the Hall
 Of that infernal Court. But far within
 And in thir own dimensions like themselves
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

Notes:

504, 505 hospitable Dores Yielded thir Matrons] the hospitable
 door Expos'd a Matron 1674.

530 fainted] fa(i)nting 1674.

703 founded] found out 1674.

737 Herarchie] Hierarchie 1674.

The End Of The First Book.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Propheſie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or much inferiour to themſelves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Satan their cheif undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Councel thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral wayes and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and diſcover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos the Power of that place, to the ſight of this new World which he ſought.

Note: who shall be sent] who should be sent 1669.

High on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Shows on her Kings Barbaric Pearl & Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid. 10
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial vertues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight, 20
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne

Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper then prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloc, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse

He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50
My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose 60
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend

Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing houre
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
 We should be quite abolisht and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier farr
 Then miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,
And with perswasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120
Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
Did not disswade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
With Armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest Insurrection, to confound
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can

Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires 170
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,

Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'ns highth 190
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus tramp'l'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear

What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow milde, this darkness light, 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to our selves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reasons garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then

May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supream
We overpower? Suppose he should relent
And publish Grace to all, on promise made
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place so e're 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
 And with the Majesty of darkness round
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
 Imitate when we please? This Desart soile 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay

After the Tempest: Such applause was heard 290

As Mammon ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another Field
They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By pollicy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.

Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n, 310
 Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude: For he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
 Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss 330
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
 Voutsaft or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,

But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of som new Race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left

To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole Creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy

Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
 Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air, 400
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need

All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These past, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next

Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into what ever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deterre
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize

None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread
Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element 490
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;

If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction waite.
The Stygian Council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers,
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream, 510
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie

By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian Games or Pythian fields; 530
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
 Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
 As when Alcides from Oealia Crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian Pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic Sea. Others more milde,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate 550
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yeild them easier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate,
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful stream; fierce Phlegeton 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion roules
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.

Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice 600
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethean Sound
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe, 620
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,

A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.
Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; som times
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
Up to the fiery concave touring high.
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by Aequinoctial Winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Iles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood 640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,

Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fould
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the Sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarce Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.
To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then 690
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incenc't with indignation Satan stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood; 720
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,

Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom; 730
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd:
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.
T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,

All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis'd
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a Sign 760
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat

Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780

At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemie
Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
From all her Caves, and back resounded Death.

I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceasless cry
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine invold; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the suttle Fiend his lore
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemie, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense

To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinnd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.
The key of this infernal Pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.

But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born, 860
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compassst round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great

Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She op'nd, but to shut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before thir eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise
Of endless warrs and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
Hee rules a moment; Chaos Umpire sits,

And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss, 910
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) then when Bellona storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to rase
 Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In mutinie had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuitie: all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops

Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a Boggie Syrtis, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Pursues the Arimaspien, who by stelth
Had from his wakeful custody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes: 950
At length a universal hubbub wilde
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne

Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and Ancient Night, I come no Spie, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
Wandring this darksome desart, as my way
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course; 980
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more

Erect the Standerd there of Ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring speech and visage incompos'd
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'ns King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
Pourd out by millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
That little which is left so to defend 1000
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,

With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, then when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling Rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the Larbord shunnd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard. 1020
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse 1030
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins

Her fardest verge, and Chaos to retire
 As from her outmost works a brok'n foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
 Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermind square or round,
 With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
 Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat; 1050
 And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
 This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

Notes:

282 where] were 1674.

402 breath] misprint for breathe.

483 thir] her 1674.

527 his] this 1674.

542 Oealia] Oechalia 1674.

631 toward] towards 1674.

The End Of The Second Book.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praises to his father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all in Heaven and Earth, commands all the Angels to

adore him; they obey, amid hymning to their Harps in full Quire,
celebrate the Father and the Son.. Mean while Satan alights upon the
bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds
a place since call'd The Lympo of Vanity, what persons and things fly up
thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by
stairs and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His
passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of
that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel;
and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom
God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is
directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

Hail holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes then to th' Orphean Lyre
I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend, 20
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks beneath 30
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year 40

Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Emphyrean where he sits
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat,
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,

Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and Satan there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.
 Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80
 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
 On desperat revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay 90
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;

For man will hearken to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
 Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers 100
 And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
 Made passive both, had servd necessitie, 110
 Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,

Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, 120
 Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
 Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.
 The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd 130
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd, and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd,
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.
 O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell 160
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170

All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deitie, while offerd grace
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with sincere intent,
Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,

And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns
Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posteritie must die,
Die hee or Justice must; unless for him 210
Som other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?
He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind

Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewd.
Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
Happie for man, so coming; be her aide
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Attonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomie power I shall not long
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule

For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue 250
 My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeemd 260
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
 And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shon
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
 Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
 O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace

Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost. 280
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in Adams room
The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit 290
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate 300

So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.
Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A World from utter loss, and hast been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce: 320
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes

The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
 Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground 350
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,

Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn
Rowls o're Elisian Flours her Amber stream;
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect 360
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Praeamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine 370
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.
Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer, 380
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
 Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
 Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n, 400
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man

So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die
 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love, 410
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd 420
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant farr som small reflection gaines
 Of glimmering air less vex't with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430

As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plaines
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggon light:
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,

Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dream'd;
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
 First from the ancient World those Giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
 The builders next of Babel on the Plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain designe
 New Babels, had they wherewithall, would build:
 Others came single; hee who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into Aetna flames, 470
 Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
 Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
 And they who to be sure of Paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs

The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'ns Wicket seems
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
 A violent cross wind from either Coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see
 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost 490
 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since calld
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth

By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.

The Stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510

Angels ascending and descending, bands

Of Guardians bright, when he from Esau fled

To Padan-aram in the field of Luz,

Dreaming by night under the open Skie,

And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.

Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood

There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes

Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd

Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon

Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd, 520

Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake

Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.

The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare

The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate

His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.

Direct against which op'nd from beneath,

Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,

A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,

Wider by farr then that of after-times

Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530

Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,

By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,

On high behests his Angels to and fro

Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard

From Paneas the fount of Jordans flood
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Aegypt and the Arabian shoare;
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair 540
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
 Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some forein land
 First-seen, or some renownd Metropolis
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd, 550
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopie
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
 Of Libra to the fleecie Starr that bears
 Andromeda farr off Atlantick Seas
 Beyond th' Horizon; then from Pole to Pole 560

He views in bredth, and without longer pause
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
Like those Hesperian Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570
He stayd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Univers, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:

So wondrously was set his Station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike informd
Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
In Aarons Brest-plate, and a stone besides
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the Sea,
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt 610
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?

Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
Culminate from th' Aequator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray 620
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the Sun:
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb

Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire 640
 In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
 Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seav'n
 Who in Gods presence, neerest to his Throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes 650
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O're Sea and Land: him Satan thus accostes;
 Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
 In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
 Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;
 And here art likeliest by supream decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye 660
 To visit oft this new Creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happie Race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his wayes. 680
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicities
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held 690

The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar 710
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n

Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
 The rest in circuit walles this Universe.
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;
 With borrowd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
 Thus said, he turnd, and Satan bowing low,
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
 Throws his steep flight with many an Aerie wheele,
 Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

The End Of The Third Book.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satans first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work thir fall; overhears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the

shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him out ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ'd; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, leas't the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo To The Inhabitants On Earth! that now,
While time was, our first Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth

Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:

Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher 50
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,

But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane;
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd 90
The lower still I fall, onely Supream
In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.
But say I could repent and could obtaine

By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least 110
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,

Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme, 120
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
 Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
 He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
 With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
 Access deni'd; and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.

And higher then that Wall a circling row
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile
 Beyond the Cape Of Hope, and now are past 160
 Mozambic, off at Sea North-East windes blow
 Sabean Odours from the spicie shoare
 Of Arabie the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League
 Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Then Asmodeus with the fishie fume,
 That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouse
 Of Tobits Son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From Media post to Aegypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:
One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East
On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw
Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death

To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
 Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge 200
 Of immortalitie. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretchd her Line 210
 From Auran Eastward to the Royal Towrs
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian Kings,
 Or where the Sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soile
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life 220
 Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a River large,

Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
 Which from his darksom passage now appeers,
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
 And Country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
 With mazie error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade
 Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde

Hung amiable, Hesperian Fables true, 250
If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole recess, o're which the mantling Vine
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathring flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie Dis 270
Was gatherd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian Ile

Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her Florid Son
 Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin Kings thir issue Guard, 280
 Mount Amara, though this by som suppos'd
 True Paradise under the Ethiop Line
 By Nilus head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
 A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian Garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all, 290
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks

Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since borne
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil

Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
 To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
 Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
 Alone as they. About them frisking playd 340
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pardes
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer

To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.
O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd.
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such

Accept your Makers work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conquering this new World, compels me now
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unesp'i'd
To mark what of thir state he more might learn 400
By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft

His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
Grip't in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep 420

This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n 430
Over all other Creatures that possesse

Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His bountie, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,
 Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.
 To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
 Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe

On the green bank, to look into the cleer
 Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
 Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies 470
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
 Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy
 Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
 Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,
 Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd, 480
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair Eve,
 Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent

Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excelld by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
 So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing leand
 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
 Smil'd with superior Love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the Clouds 500
 That shed May Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy thir fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

Among our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely stand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with designe
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This Garden, and no corner leave unspid;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began
 Through wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his roam.
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun 540
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
 Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
 Of Alablaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars Gabriel sat
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night; 550
 About him exercis'd Heroic Games
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the Eeven
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
 In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
 Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
 From what point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560
 Gabriel, to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n

Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from Eden North,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom

Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.
 So promis'd hee, and Uriel to his charge
 Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd 590
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
 Beneath th' Azores; whither the prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
 The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
 Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird, 600
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphirs: Hesperus that led
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
 Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
 And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.
 When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort, th' hour 610
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men

Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies; 620
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.

Tomorrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms, 630
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve with perfet beauty adornd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,

All seasons and thir change, all please alike. 640
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
 Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends 650
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
 To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve, 660
 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
 By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Least total darkness should by Night regaine

Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place 690
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd

All things to mans delightful use; the rooffe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
 Iris all hues, Roses, and Gessamin
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet, 700
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
 Pan or Silvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
 Espoused Eve deckt first her Nuptial Bed, 710
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenaeae sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely then Pandora, whom the Gods
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when to the unwise Son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd

Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Joves authentic fire.
Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesom disguises which wee wear, 740
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor Eve the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:

Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
 Of puritie and place and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source 750
 Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, 760
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chast pronounc't,
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings

To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.
 Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade, 780
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
 Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
 From these, two strong and suttile Spirits he calld
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
 Ithuriel and Zephon, with wingd speed
 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, 790
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:

Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.
 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Eve; 800
 Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his Spear 810
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King;

Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
Why satst thou like an enemie in waite
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then said Satan, filld with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
Not to know mee argues your selves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule. 840
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, & closing stood in squadron joint
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate 870
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt, 890
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, & soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.

The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900

But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,

Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.

O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,

Since Satan fell, whom follie overthrew,

And now returns him from his prison scap't,

Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;

So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

However, and to scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,

Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,

Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain

Can equal anger infinite provok't.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee

Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them

Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they

Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief, 920

The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd

To thy deserted host this cause of flight,

Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,

Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard assaies and ill successes past
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie
This new created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire; 940
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope 960
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre
Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.
So threatn'd hee, but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines, 970
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yoak, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.
While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright

Turn'd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
 Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan allarm'd
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
 Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
 What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds 990
 Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise
 In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion signe,
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;

The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Notes:

Argument: promises to find him out] promises to find him 1674

627 walks] walk 1674.

928 The] Thy 1674.

The End Of The Fourth Book.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream: he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: 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 describ'd, his coming discern'd 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 choycest 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 Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning with his first revolt in Heaven and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
When Adam wak't, so customd, for his sleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song

Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve
 With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek, 10
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
 Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'ns 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
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
 What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.
 Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake.
 O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night, 30
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,

But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night; methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleepest thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,

Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd? 60

Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?

Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold

Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?

This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme

He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd

At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:

But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,

Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,

Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit

For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: 70

And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more

Communicated, more abundant growes,

The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?

Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic Eve,

Partake thou also; happie though thou art,

Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:

Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods

Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,

But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes

Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80

What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part

Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell

So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,

Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her Night
Related, and thus Adam answerd sad.
Best Image of my self and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule 100
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fansie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senses represent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes 110
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,

Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Som such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
But first from under shadie arborous roof,

Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim, 140
 Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
 Of Paradise and Edens happie Plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, 150
 More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.
 These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almightye, thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
 Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160
 Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,

On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170

Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.

Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth 180
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,

Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.

His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.

Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;

Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk 200

The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,

To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade

Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still

To give us onely good; and if the night

Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,

Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts

Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm. 210

On to thir mornings rural work they haste

Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row

Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr

Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check

Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine

To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dour th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
 With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd 220
 Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.
 Raphael, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
 Satan from Hell scap't through the darksom Gulf
 Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd
 This night the human pair, how he designes
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what Bowre or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
 To respit his day-labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happie state,
 Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall
 His danger, and from whom, what enemie
 Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;

By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.
 So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld
 All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint
 After his charge receivd, but from among
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd 260
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:
 Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades
 Delos or Samos first appeering kenns
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie

Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare 270
 Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
 A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
 Bright Temple, to Aegyptian Theb's he flies.
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair 280
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise;
 For on som message high they guesd him bound. 290
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;

A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
 Adam discern'd, as in the dore he sat
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then Adam need;
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,
 Berrie or Grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
 Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn 310
 Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
 This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
 Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows

More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earths hallowd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste and from each bough and break,
Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n. 330
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds
In India East or West, or middle shoare
In Pontus or the Punic Coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes

From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet 350
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence Adam though not awd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior Nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline. 370
Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.

Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
 To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
 Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's Arbour smil'd
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but Eve
 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair 380
 Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
 Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel Haile
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest Marie, second Eve.
 Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
 And on her ample Square from side to side
 All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste

These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie 410

Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,

And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd. 420
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.

The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimetal recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Supps with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchymist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts

Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell. 450
Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd. 460
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;

But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
 As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
 Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves 480
 More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
 Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fansie and understanding, whence the soule
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance; time may come when men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend
 Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500

If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution joind, If Ye Be Found
Obedient? can wee want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert
Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God; 520
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfet, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will

By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntarie service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him 530
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By Destinie, and can no other choose?
My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve.
Because wee freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eare
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
 Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n. 560
 Thus Adam made request, and Raphael
 After short pause assenting, thus began.
 High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
 This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best, though what if Earth
 Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
 Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?
 As yet this world was not, and Chaos wilde
 Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth now rests

Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd 580
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future) on such day
 As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Host
 Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
 Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
 Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve 590
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
 Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
 Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My onely Son, and on this holy Hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
 United as one individual Soule 610
 For ever happie: him who disobeyes
 Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
 Ordaind without redemption, without end.
 So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solem dayes, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
 Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare 620
 Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervold, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem:
 And in thir motions harmonie Divine
 So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
 Listens delighted. Eevning approachd
 (For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630

Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade 640
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard, 650
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more Heav'n; he of the first,

If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
In favour and praeeminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd 660
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.

Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou Companion dear, what sleep can close 670
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
Of Heav'ns Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou 680
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night

Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me thir Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws. 690
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
Of his Associate; hee together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound 700
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes

Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne 710
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim 720
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all imploy
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.
To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer 730
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,

Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.
So spake the Son, but Satan with his Powers 740
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
All thy Dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose 750
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, hee
Affecting all equality with God, 760

In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of thir King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,
If these magnific Titles yet remain 770
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross't
All Power, and us eclipst under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to consult how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd, 780
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves

Natives and Sons of Heav'n possest before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist. 790

Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule 800
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.

Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne 810
The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
That to his only Son by right endu'd

With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
And equal over equals to let Reigne,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of libertie, who made 820
Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignitie
How provident he is, how farr from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happie state under one Head more neer
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count, 830
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in thir bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,

But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes, 840
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
While Pardon may be found in time besought.
So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were formd then saist thou? & the work 850
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
When this creation was? rememberst thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons. 860
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend

Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applause 870
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.
O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods Messiah; those indulgent Laws 880
Will not be now voutsaft, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire. 890

Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, uneduc'd, untterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he passd, 900
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

Notes:

627: Eevning approachd] Eevning now approachd 1674

636-639: On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd

They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet

Quaff immortalitie and joy, secure

Of surfet where full measure onely bounds

Excess, before th'all bounteous King, who showrd 1674.

The End Of The Fifth Book.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: he calls a Councel, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; But they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory. Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
Light issues forth, and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre 10
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold
Empyrean, from before her vanisht Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintaind 30

Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe Michael of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive thir fall.
So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began

To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
 Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow: 60
 At which command the Powers Militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides 70
 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
 Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summond over Eden to receive
 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht 80
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable

Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they weend
That self same day by fight, or by surprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To set the envier of his State, the proud
Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate 100
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,

Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,
 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold; 110
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
 O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
 Remain not; wherfore should not strength & might
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,
 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd 120
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
 Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that Reason overcome.
 So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd. 130
 Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power

Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre 150
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160

From me som Plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n
 To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring Spirits, traird up in Feast and Song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,
 Servilitie with freedom to contend,
 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd.
 Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve
 In Heav'n God ever blessed, and his Divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while

From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud Crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout, 200
Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
Of Battel: whereat Michael bid sound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles 210
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss

Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.
Sunder fierie Cope together rush'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could weild
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
Armie against Armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited thir might; though numberd such
As each divided Legion might have seemd 230
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,

As onely in his arm the moment lay
 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred
 That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then
 Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale
 The Battel hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
 A vast circumference: At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.
 Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,

Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along
 Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine. 280
 So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
 The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
 Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win, 290

Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth 300
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth 310
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,

Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword 320
Of Michael from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side; then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd 330
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour staind ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
From off the files of warr; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath

His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare, 350
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc furious King, who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquish'd Adramelec, and Asmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile.

Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
 Ariel and Arioc, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and thir names
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
 Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
 Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.
 And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap
 Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd 390
 And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
 Oreweari'd, through the faint Satanic Host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd: 400

Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field 410

Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismai'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
Found worthy not of Libertie alone, 420

Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Emypreal forme
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood

Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake. 450
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelld with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfet miserie, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturnes
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
 Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves
 No less then for deliverance what we owe.
 Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd.
 Not uninvnted that, which thou aright 470
 Belevst so main to our success, I bring;
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface

Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
 Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
 With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
 Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hallow Engins long and round
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
 Enlighntn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee

To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought 500
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With dev'lish machination might devise
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with suttle Art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all ere day spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespi'd.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd

Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,
 Each quarter, to descree the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in alt: him soon they met
 Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
 But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
 Zephiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.
 Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see 540
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,
 Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,
 But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.
 So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
 And onward move Embattelld; when behold 550

Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.
Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open brest 560
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part: yee who appointed stand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd. 570
Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,
A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes

With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense, 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar
Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
Thir devillish glut, chaine'd Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host 590
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse 600
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,

And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode thir second tire
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld thir plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
 O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee, 610
 To entertain them fair with open Front
 And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
 Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
 For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were heard
 We should compel them to a quick result.
 To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood. 620
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
 So they among themselves in pleasant veine

Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might 630
To match with thir inventions they presum'd
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row 650
They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air

Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and brus'd
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light, 660
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like Armes
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.
Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd, 680

Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr 700
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,

To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
 By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might, 710
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles
 That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
 From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God and Messiah his anointed King.
 He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest 720
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.
 O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst
 To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,
 As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume, 730
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee

For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfained Halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, 750
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd 760
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
 Under whose Conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd; 780
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.

This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdainning flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his Host on either hand thus spake. 800
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, stand onely and behold 810

Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supream
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host. 830
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent

Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode 840
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength, 850
And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide, 860
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight

Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.

870

Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.

Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes

880

Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd 890
On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human Race bin hid;
The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld
With Satan, hee who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
His punishment, Eternal miserie;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite don against the most High,
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward 910
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

The End Of The Sixth Book.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

Descend from Heav'n Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play

10

In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Emyreal Aire,
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th' Aleian Field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne. 20
Half yet remaines unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
In Rhodope, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround

Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.
Say Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael, 40
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates, least the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his Race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obeyd amid the choice
Of all tast else to please thir appetite,
Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve 50
The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With Blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World

Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares, 70

Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
Divine Interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:

For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receave with solemne purpose to observe

Immutably his sovran will, the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaft 80

Gently for our instruction to impart

Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,

Deign to descend now lower, and relate

What may no less perhaps availe us known,

How first began this Heav'n which we behold

Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd

Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills

All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause 90
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternitie so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares, 100
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.
Thus Adam his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde. 110
This also thy request with caution askt
Obtaine: though to recount Almightye works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?

Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Onely Omniscient, hath supprest in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left besides to search and know.
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde. 130
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returnd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.
At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140

This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deitie supream, us dispossesst,
He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:
But least his heart exalt him in the harme 150
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a Race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth, 160
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep

Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almightye, and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
Then time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180
When such was heard declar'd the Almightye's will;
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:

Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son

On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 200
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into Chaos, and the World unborn; 220
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his Traine
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds, 230
This be thy just Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform'd and void: Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.
Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure

Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
 To journie through the airie gloom began,
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
 Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 250
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,
 And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd
 God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn. 260
 Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide
 The Waters from the Waters: and God made
 The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide 270

Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos farr remov'd, least fierce extreames
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe, 280
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiated with genial moisture, when God said
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.
Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)

Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill, 300
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within those banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding Seed, 310
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept 320
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,

And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread
 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd
 Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crown'd,
 With tufts the vallies & each fountain side,
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
 Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
 Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.
 Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide 340
 The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
 For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
 And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
 Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
 To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.
 And God made two great Lights, great for thir use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
 The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,

And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day 350
 In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
 And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,
 Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
 Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
 And sowl with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
 Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
 Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
 So farr remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
 His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd

Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in level West was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adornd
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
 Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.
 And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n. 390
 And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by thir kindes,
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales 400

Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
 Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
 Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge 420
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
 Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,

Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane 430
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit 440
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.
 The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said, 450
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,

Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up-rose
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green: 460
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung:
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
 The Tawny Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould 470
 Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scaly Crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries deckt of Summers pride

With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
 These as a line thir long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
 Wondrous in length and corpulence invol'd
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd
 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,
 Needlest to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand 500
 First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
 Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;

There wanted yet the Master work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formd thee, Adam, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said, 530

Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food 540
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
 Varietie without end; but of the Tree
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
 Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
 Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, least sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
 Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day: 550
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,

Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Followd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire 560
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
 The great Creator from his work returnd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men 570
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged Messengers
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580
 Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh
 Eev'ning arose in Eden, for the Sun

Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down
With his great Father (for he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount. 600
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee; greater now in thy return
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
Is greater then created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound

Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine 610
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
 On the cleer Hyaline, the Glassie Sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's 620
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
 Of destind habitation; but thou know'st
 Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
 Created in his Image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers 630
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.
 So sung they, and the Emphyrean rung,
 With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Informd by thee might know; if else thou seekst
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

Notes:

451. Bentley's emendation of soul for fowl should be noted.

See Genesis i. 30 A. V. margin.

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The End of the Seventh Book

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God

concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

[THE Angel ended, and in Adams Eare
So Charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.]
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaft
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,
Which onely thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,
An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
Thir distance argues and thir swift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light

Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all thir vast survey
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appears, and on thir Orbs impose 30
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
That better might with farr less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
Her end without least motion, and receaves,
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.
So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve 40
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse

Delighted, or not capable her eare
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; hee, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen 60
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.
To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought

Rather admire; or if they list to try
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild 80
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest
That Bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit: consider first, that Great 90
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
His beams, unactive else, thir vigor find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak 100

The Makers high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could adde
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow, 110
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his wayes from human sense,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight, 120
If it presume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and thir own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,

Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move? 130
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descric
Communicating Male and Femal Light, 150
Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.

For such vast room in Nature unpossess
By living Soule, desert and desolate,
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n 160
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
Or Shee from West her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou 170
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy faire Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure 180
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vaine.
But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and suttle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concerne
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of somthing not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate

My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
 And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
 How suttly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
 Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine
 Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.
 To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 220
 Inward and outward both, his image faire:
 Speaking or mute all comliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.
 Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
 Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
 On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;
 For I that Day was absent, as befell,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230

Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
 Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
 Or enemie, while God was in his work,
 Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,
 Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
 The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
 But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
 Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
 Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.
 But thy relation now; for I attend,
 Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.
 So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
 For Man to tell how human Life began 250
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
 In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
 Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.

Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.

My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power praeeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite

To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream 310
 Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
 Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
 Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,
 Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate: 320
 Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
 Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 But of the Tree whose operation brings
 Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set
 The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
 Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
 Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye; 330
 From that day mortal, and this happie State
 Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds

Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After thir kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowering low 350
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still;
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360

And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Aire 370
Replenisht, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee, know'st thou not
Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.
Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
Among unequals what societie
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie

The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate 390

All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.
Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

A nice and suttle happiness I see
Thou to thy self proposet, in the choice 400
Of thy Associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.

What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possesset
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents 410

Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine

The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite; 420
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.
Thou in thy secrecie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt 430
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.
Thus farr to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,

Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such companie as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.
Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell 460
Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;

Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew, 470
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,
 That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformd
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
 In every gesture dignitie and love.
 I overjoyd could not forbear aloud. 490

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought, 500
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre 510
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happie Constellations on that houre
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings

Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp. 520

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, & Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More then enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which most excell,

In outward also her resembling less
His Image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that Dominion giv'n
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in her self compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best; 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well

Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self; 570
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Then self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yeild all her shows;
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maist love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaft
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her societie thou findst
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd.
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kindes
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free 610
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620

Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:
 Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
 But I can now no more; the parting Sun 630
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
 Hesperean sets, my Signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed least Passion sway
 Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
 Perfet within, no outward aid require;
 And all temptation to transgress repel.
 So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
 Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,

Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

Notes:

1-4 These lines were added in the second edition (1674) when Book VII was divided into two at line 640. Line 641 had read 'To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd'.
269 as] and 1674.

The End Of The Eighth Book.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve

in the Morning go forth to thir labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover thir nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change

Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd
Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;
If answerable style I can obtaine 20
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
Since first this subject for Heroic Song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by Nature to indite
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights 30
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude

Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40
 To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
 Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument
 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.
 The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
 Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter 50
 Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
 Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
 When Satan who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.

By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri'd 60
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change, 70
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole
Maeotis, up beyond the River Ob;
Downward as farr Antarctic; and in length
West from Orantes to the Ocean barr'd 80
At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep

Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field.
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
From sharpest sight: for in the wylie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native suttletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferrd
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built 100
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,

Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appears 110
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walkt thee round
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
 Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crownd,
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream;
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I though thereby worse to me redound:
 For onely in destroying I finde ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd, 130
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among

The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almightye styl'd, six Nights and Days
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed 140
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
 More Angels to Create, if they at least
 Are his Created or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original, 150
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Thir earthlie Charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde 160
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds

To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last 170
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.
So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth

The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd
Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires: 200
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
And Eve first to her Husband thus began.
Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,

Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
 With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day 220
 Our task we choose, what wonder if no near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.
 To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
 Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures deare,
 Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd
 How we might best fulfill the work which here 230
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, then to studie houshold good,
 And good workes in her Husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,

To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food, 240
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksom toile, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.
For solitude somtimes is best societie,
And short retirement urges sweet returne. 250
But other doubt possesses me, least harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
To other speedie aide might lend at need; 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side

That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
 To whom the Virgin Majestie of Eve, 270
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.
 Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
 That such an enemies we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
 And from the parting Angel over-heard
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
 Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
 His violence thou fearst not, being such,
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,
 Can either not receive, or can repell.
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy Brest,
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?
 To whom with healing words Adam reply'd. 290
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong, 300
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick Adam in his care
 And Matrimonial Love, but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere, 320
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.
 If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
 Single with like defence, wherever met,
 How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns 330
 Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard
 By us? who rather double honour gaine
 From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?
 Let us not then suspect our happie State
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd.
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so, 340
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.
 To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.
 O Woman, best are all things as the will

Of God ordaind them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happie State secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harme. 350

But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
She dictate false, and missinforme the Will
To do what God expresly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet 360

Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likelie if from mee
Thou sever not; Trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,

Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde 370
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.
With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought, 380
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd, 390
But with such Gardning Tools as Are yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought,
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adornd,
Likest she seemd, Pomona when she fled

Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne,
Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd 400
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that houre in Paradise
Foundst either sweet repast, or found repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
Waited with hellish rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet 420

He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round
About her glowd, oft stooping to support
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,
Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies 430
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renownd 440
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his faire Egyptian Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,

Forth issuing on a Summers Morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine, 450
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of gesture or lest action overawd 460
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have he led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone 480
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeeb'l'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love 490
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd

Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes; 500
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
 Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique 510
 At first, as one who sought access, but feard
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
 As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
 Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the Field, 520
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
 Then at Circean call the Herd disguis'd.
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd

His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turnd at length
The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single; nor have feard
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all living things gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.
So glorz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of Eve his words made way, 550

Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd
To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound;
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.
Thee, Serpent, sottlest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be obeyd: 570
I was at first as other Beasts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
 Ruddle and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
 Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
 Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
 To satisfie the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd
 Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.
 About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
 For high from ground the branches would require 590
 Thy utmost reach or Adams: Round the Tree
 All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech 600
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep

I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd
 Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.
 So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
 For many are the Trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.
 To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past

Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld
In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way 640
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.
So glister'd the dire Snake and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650

But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
 Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?
 To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the Fruit
 Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate, 660
 But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
 The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.
 She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
 The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
 Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act
 Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.
 As when of old som Orator renound 670
 In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence
 Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addrest,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
 The Tempter all impassiond thus began.
 O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power 680

Within me cleere, not onely to discern
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attained then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot. 690
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a pretty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye shalt die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds,
I question it, for this fair Earth I see, 720
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In heav'nly brests? these, these and many more 730
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.
Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use, 750
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death 760
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us deni'd
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
 The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then, rather what know to feare
 Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk

The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fansied so, through expectation high
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought. 790

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating Death: Sate at length,
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise 800

Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810

And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power 820
Without Copartner? so to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps
A thing not undesireable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure; without him live no life.
So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd

Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne 840
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand 850
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address.
Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought, 860
The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:

This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
And hath bin tasted such; the Serpent wise,
Or not restrained as wee, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth 870
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
Least thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with Countenance blithe her storie told;
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard

The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for Eve
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke.
 O fairest of Creation, last and best
 Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to fight or thought be found,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
 Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
 Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
 And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to Die;
 How can I live without thee, how forgoe
 Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,
 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? 910
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
 The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,

Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
Submitting to what seemd remediless,
Thus in calme mood his Words to Eve he turnd. 920
Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
But past who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God omnipotent, for Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first 930
Made common and unhallowd: ere one tastes;
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attaine
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high, 940

Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us must faile,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to abolish, least the Adversary
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next? 950
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.
So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd. 960
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Ingaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,
Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,

One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare, 970
 To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
 Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion hath presented
 This happie trial of thy Love, which else
 So eminently never had bin known.
 Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die
 Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact 980
 Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful Love unequald; but I feel
 Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life
 Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
 Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.
 So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr

Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings 1010
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
Farr other operation first displaid,
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on Eve
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,

Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And Palate call judicious; I the praise 1020
 Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
 For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious Fare;
 For never did thy Beautie since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep

Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
 That with exhilarating vapour bland
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds
 How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour from about them, naked left
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong
 Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap 1060
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
 Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,
 Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.
 O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give care
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes 1070

Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good lost and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glad
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowl,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round

Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
 So counsel'd hee, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose 1100
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to Indians known
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her Armes
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;
 There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate
 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves 1110
 They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
 Columbus found th' American to girt
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within

Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd 1130

Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd.
Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.

Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve 1140
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have past thy Lips, Adam severe,
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou bin there,

Or bere th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
 No ground of enmitie between us known,
 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent, 1160
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.
 To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd.
 Is this the Love, is the recompence
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 1170
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking Enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,
 And force upon free Will hath here no place.

But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to finde
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue 1180
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

Notes:

186 not] nor 1674.

213 hear] bear 1674.

394 Likest] likeliest 1674.

922 hast] hath 1674.

The End Of The Ninth Book.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that The entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands

his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the Serpent had perverted Eve,
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye
Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulst 10
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast

Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance, 30
And easily approv'd; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine

Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free Will, to her own inclining left
In evn scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth; or Hell.
Easie it may be seen that I intend
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.
So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will

Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd 70
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none 80
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole

Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
 Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
 Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
 Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
 He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
 To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd; 110
 Love was not in thir looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
 Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam faulting long, thus answer'd brief.
 I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
 Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who

Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
By my complaint; but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.
To whom the sovrain Presence thus repli'd.
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her

Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd 150
 Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
 Were such as under Government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
 And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.
 So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
 Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?
 To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.
 The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.
 Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
 The Guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his Creation; justly then accurst,
 As vitiated in Nature: more to know
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:

And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed; 180
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.
So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open shew, and with ascention bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire,
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.
On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which

I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof, 200
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day 210
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins 220
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd

In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
By his Avenger, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kinde
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along: 250
For Death from Sin no power can separate.

But least the difficultie of passing back
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse, 260
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.
Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With sent of living Carcasses design'd

For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
 So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air, 280
 Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.
 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
 Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
 Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive 290
 Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich
 Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
 Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
 As Delos floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,
 And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the Gate,
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on 300
 Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
 Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world

Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn'd, 310
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the selfsame place where hee
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space 320
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion steering
His Zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:

Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear 330
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
Hee, after Eve seduc't, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth 340
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time. With joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy increas'd.
Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.
O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,

Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
 Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks 360
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy Son;
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd
 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay 370
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.
 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
 Of all things, parted by th' Empyreal bounds, 380
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,

Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.
Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
Amplly have merited of me, of all
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the Aire, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.

If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.
So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed 410
Thir course through thickest Constellations held
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
Then sufferd. Th' other way Satan went down
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those 420
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, Citie and proud seate
Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld,
Of that bright Starr to Satan paragond.
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian Foe
By Astracan over the Snowie Plaines
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the hornes

Of Turkish Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The Realme of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen. So these the late
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible
Ascended his high Throne, which under state
Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And shape Starr bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad 450
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
Rais'd from thir dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers, 460
For in possession such, not onely of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine 470
Voyag'd the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride
Th' untractable Abyesse, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found 480
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd

From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A World who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss.
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Thir universal shout and high applause
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more; 510
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,

His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories

520

To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbaena dire,
Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
And Dipsas (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle
Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;

530

They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathie; for what they saw, 540
They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them furdur woe or shame;
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees
Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks
That curld Megaera: greedily they pluck'd 560
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste

Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
 With hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
 With foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion, not as Man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd
 And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld 580
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
 And Ops, ere yet Dictaeon Jove was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began. 590
Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd
With travail difficult, not better farr
Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.
To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,
Till I in Man residing through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
This said, they both betook them several wayes, 610
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almightye seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wastful Furies, who impute 620
 Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
 And his Adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratifie my scornful Enemies,
 That laugh, as if transported with some fit
 Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yeilded up to their misrule;
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one fling
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
 Through Chaos hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
 Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes. 640
 Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud

Sung Halleluia, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them several charge, 650
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
Thir planetarie motions and aspects
In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne 660
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to showre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.

Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in thir sight
Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
From cold Estotiland, and South as farr
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now, 690
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,

Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
 Boreas and Caecias and Argestes loud
 And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn; 700
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds
 From Serralion; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes
 Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,
 Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle, 710
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end 720
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encrease And Multiply, 730
Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light 740
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place

In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne, and render back
All I receav'd, unable to performe 750
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refusd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne: 770
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes

His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?

Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as Argument 800
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
 For angers sake, finite to infinite
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of thir matter act,
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuities; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defensless head; both Death and I
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,

If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
Not to do onely, but to will the same
With me? how can they acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain
And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still 830
But to my own conviction: first and last
On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrauth, Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,
Then all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future, 840
To Satan onely like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still Night, now now, as ere man fell,
Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented

All things with double terror: On the ground 850

Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft

Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd

Of tardie execution, since denounc't

The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,

Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke

To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,

Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?

But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine

Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, 860

With other echo farr I taught your Shades

To answer, and resound farr other Song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,

Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,

Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best

Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false

And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,

Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870

Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee

Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended

To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee

I had persisted happie, had not thy pride

And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last 890
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake, 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain

Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To humane life, and houshold peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not

Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
 On me already lost, mee then thy self
 More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou 930
 Against God onely, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgement will return,
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Mee mee onely just object of his ire.
 She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wraught
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
 Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,
 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine 950
 His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
 And my displeasure bearest so ill. If Prayers
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place

Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of Love, how we may light'n 960
Each others burden in our share of woe;
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
Tending to som relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,

Which must be born to certain woe, devourd 980
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this cursed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two 990
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be miserie
And torment less then none of what we dread,
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply
With our own hands his Office on our selves;
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,

Destruction with destruction to destroy.
She ended heer, or vehement despaire
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve repli'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
Of miserie, so thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacie will provoke the highest
To make death in us live: Then let us seek
Som safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to minde with heed 1030
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise

The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on our selves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee 1050
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care

Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
 Which now the Skie with various Face begins
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams 1070
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd

By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, then to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air 1090
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?
 So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Notes:

58 may] might 1674.

241 Avenger] Avengers 1674.

397 those] these 1674.

827 they acquitted] they then acquitted 1674.

The End Of The Tenth Book.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down, Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in a vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh

Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair 10
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
 The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
 Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious windes
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd
 Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son 20
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.
 See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare 30

To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
 And propitiation, all his works on mee
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
 Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I 40
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.
 To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal Elements that know 50
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
 Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt

Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endowd, with Happiness
 And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe; 60
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
 His final remedie, and after Life
 Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
 Wak't in the renovation of the just,
 Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
 But let us call to Synod all the Blest
 Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
 My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw; 70
 And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.
 He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew
 His Trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
 Filled all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowrs
 Of Amarantin Shade, Fountain or Spring,
 By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
 In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light 80
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
 And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream

Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite, 90
My motions in him, longer then they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
Forever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge, 100
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint

At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I behold them soft'nd and with tears 110
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
 To Adam what shall come in future dayes,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame 120
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.
 He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus, all thir shape
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than those 130
 Of Argus, and more wakeful then to drouze,
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Meanwhile
 To resalute the World with sacred Light

Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd
The Earth, when Adam and first Matron Eve
Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewd. 140
Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends
But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace returnd
Home to my brest, and to my memorie
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160

Man is to live, and all things live for Man.
 To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.
 Ill worthie I such title should belong
 To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind
 A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
 The sourse of life; next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaft, 170
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
 Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Whereere our days work lies, though now enjoind
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180
 So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd Eve, but Fate
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
 The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his aerie tour,
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:

Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight. 190

Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.
O Eve, some furdur change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more. 200

Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the East
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, 210
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adams eye.

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
In Dothan, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
Against the Syrian King, who to surprize
One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch 220
In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
To finde where Adam shelterd, took his way,
Not unperceav'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determin, or impose
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descric
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate 230
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,

Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes 240
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd
 Livelier then Meliboean, or the graine
 Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Hero's old
 In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the wooff;
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
 As in a glistering Zodiac hung the Sword,
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
 Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
 Incl'in'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250
 Adam, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claimes;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come, 260
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.
 He added not, for Adam at the newes
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,

That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades, 270
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respit of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adornd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accustomed to immortal Fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
Lament not Eve, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes 290

Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To Michael thus his humble words addressd.
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries: 310
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd

His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
 With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
 Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
 On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree 320
 Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful Altars I would reare
 Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
 Or monument to Ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd 330
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.
 To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or Eden: this had been

Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
But this praeeminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a signe
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
Which that thou mayst beleeeve, and be confirmd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This Hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,

As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.
 To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd. 370
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
 However chast'ning, to the evil turne
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain. So both ascend
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second Adam in the Wilderness,
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
 His Eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,
 To Paquin of Sinaean Kings, and thence 390
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar

In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
 Th' Empire of Negus to his utmost Port
 Ercoco and the less Maritime Kings
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the Realme 400
 Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;
 Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount
 The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,
 Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
 Guiana, whose great Citie Geryons Sons 410
 Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
 Michael from Adams eyes the Filme remov'd
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
 Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam now enforc't to close his eyes,
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst: 420

But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
 Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
 His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves 430
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd. 440
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
 The others not, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale

Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.
These two are Brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire. 460
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more

In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What miserie th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseases'd, all maladies 480
Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope. 490
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restraind excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miserable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd?

Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why 500
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas't
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free, 510
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?
Thir Makers Image, answerd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules 520
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.
I yeild it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides

These painful passages, how we may come
 To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?
 There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
 In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight, 530
 Till many years over thy head return:
 So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
 Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease
 Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To witherd weak & gray; thy Senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne 540
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry
 To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.
 Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day
 Of rendring up, Michael to him repli'd.
 Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livst
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n: 550

And now prepare thee for another sight.
 He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
 Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
 Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
 Of Instruments that made melodious chime
 Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
 Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions low and high
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part stood one who at the Forge 560
 Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
 Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
 To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
 From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
 Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
 First his own Tooles; then, what might else be wrought
 Fulfil or grav'n in mettle. After these,
 But on the hether side a different sort 570
 From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
 Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise
 Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor those things lost which might preserve
 Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain

Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
 A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
 In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung
 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on: 580
 The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
 And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
 Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours, 590
 And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of Adam, soon enclin'd to admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.
 True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
 Much better seems this Vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
 Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.
 To whom thus Michael. Judg not what is best
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet, 600
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end
 Holie and pure, conformitie divine.

Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
 Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
 Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
 Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
 Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
 For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd 610
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
 Bred onely and completed to the taste
 Of lustful apperence, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
 Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles 620
 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
 (Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which
 The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.
 To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
 Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
 But still I see the tenor of Mans woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.
From Mans effeminate slackness it begins, 630
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.
He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd 640
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustering stood;
One way a Band select from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field 650
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
 To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
 In factious opposition, till at last 660
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
 And Judgement from above: him old and young
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide 670
 Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,
 Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
 His Brother; for of whom such massacher
 Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?
 To whom thus Michael; These are the product
 Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st; 680

Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;
To overcome in Battel, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done 690
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
The onely righteous in a World perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With Foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come 700
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;

Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.
 He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;
 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game, 710
 To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
 Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
 Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
 At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
 And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
 And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft
 Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls 720
 In prison under Judgements imminent:
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
 Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
 For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!
 Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small 730
 Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
 Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons

With thir four Wives, and God made fast the dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth 740
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold 750
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Childern, all in view destroyd at once;
And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne 760
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispenst
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil shall no less 770
In apprehension then in substance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't
Famin and anguish will at last consume
Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste. 780
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,
And whether here the Race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou sawst
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they

First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
 Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth, 790
 Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace.
 The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
 And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aide
 Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
 Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear 800
 More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd:
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
 One Man except, the onely Son of light
 In a dark Age, against example good,
 Against allurement, custom, and a World
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe, 810

And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence; and shall returne
Of them derided, but of God observd
The one just Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and houshold from amidst
A World devote to universal rack.

No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,

820

And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,

830

Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass 840
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde. 850
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his Bill
 An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:
 Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds 860
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
 Conspicuous with three lifted colours gay,

Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou that future things canst represent
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
Farr less I now lament for one whole World 870
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?
To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st; 880
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy

The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World 890
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

Notes:

484 After this line, 1674 adds:

Daemoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie
And Moon struck madness, pining Atrophie,
Marasmus, and wide wasting Pestilence,

548 Of rendring up, and patiently attend

My dissolution. Michael repli'd 1674.

647 tacks] makes 1674.

866 that] who 1674.

The end of the Eleventh Book.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascention; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place.

[As one who in his journey bates at Noone
Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel' paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes]
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense: 10
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,

Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, 20
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) 30
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.

Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the West, shall finde 40
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
And get themselves a name, least far disperst
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, 50
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange 60
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.
Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.

O execrable Son so to aspire
Above his Brethren, to himself affirming
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but Man over men
He made not Lord; such title to himself 70
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this Usurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?
To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce

Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits 90
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
Deprives them of thir outward libertie, 100
Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant Of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes; 110
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To-worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes 120
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
 His benediction so, that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
 Ur of Chaldaeae, passing now the Ford 130
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
 Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
 Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of Moreb; there by promise he receaves
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
 From Hamath Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd) 140
 From Hermon East to the great Western Sea,

Mount Hermon, yonder Sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,
Whom Faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
From Canaan, to a Land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a yonger Son 160
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that Realme
Of Pharao: there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claime 170
 His people from enthrallment, they return
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know thir God, or message to regard,
 Must be compelld by Signes and Judgements dire;
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss, 180
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' Egyptian Skie
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould;
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
 This River-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice

More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on drie land between two christol walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Host
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends 210
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shoar advance
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
Least entring on the Canaanite allarmd
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life

To noble and ignoble is more sweet 220
Untraine in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine
To civil Justice, part religious Rites 230
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destined Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares, to introduce 240
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes

Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony, 250
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these
 A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
 Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
 The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
 Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land
 Promisd to Abraham and his Seed: the rest
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought, 260
 How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
 Mans voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,
 And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,
 Till Israel overcome; so call the third
 From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
 Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things 270
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concerne

Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth 280
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak, 290
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part

Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time 300
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
 From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
 Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;
 But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell 310
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly Canaan plac't
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
 National interrupt thir public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
 The second, both for pietie renownd 320
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing

All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
 Of David (so I name this King) shall rise
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.
 But first a long succession must ensue, 330
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,
 Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey 340
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
 Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
 To David, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.
 Returnd from Babylon by leave of Kings
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
 They first re-edifie, and for a while

In mean estate live moderate, till grown 350
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the Priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the Altar, and should most
Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com, 360
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns. 370
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.
O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand

What oft my steddies thoughts have searcht in vain,
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son 380
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.
 To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thir fight,
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise, 390
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
 On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
 The penaltie to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid. 400
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill

Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd, 410
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light 420
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,

In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes, 430
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve 440
Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
All Nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of Abrahams Loines
Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
Of Abrahams Faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend 450
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines

Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 460
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Then this of Eden, and far happier daies.
So spake th' Archangel Michael, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.
O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful 470
Then that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd, 480
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deale
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?
Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arme
With spiritual Armour, able to resist 490
Satans assaults, and quench his fierie darts
What Man can do against them, not affraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompenc't,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles, 500
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,

They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages shall turne
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth 510

With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.

Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to joine
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,

Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force 520

On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then

But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild

His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,

Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth

Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard

Infallible? yet many will presume:

Whence heavie persecution shall arise 530

On all who in the worship persevere

Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes
Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own waight groaning, till the day
Appeer of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return 540
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss. 550
He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill

Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
 Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best, 560
 And love with feare the onely God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
 Is fortitude to highest victorie,
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life; 570
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.
 To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:
 This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
 Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
 And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
 And all the rule, one Empire; onely add 580
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
 Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul

Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect 590
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind. 600
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happie end.
He ended, and they both descend the Hill;
Descended, Adam to the Bowre where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.
Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know;

For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise, 610
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.

This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost, 620

Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.
So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist

Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel 630
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat

In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Let them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd.
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld 640
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through Eden took thir solitarie way.

Notes:

Argument: The Angel.... seed] Thence from the Flood relates,
and by degrees explains who that seed 1667.

1-5 These five lines were added in the Second Edition (1674) when
the original tenth book was divided into an eleventh and twelfth.

The End.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of first edition of Paradise

Regained follows:

PARADISE
REGAIN'D.
A
POEM.
In IV BOOKS
To which is added
SAMSON AGONISTES

The Author
JOHN MILTON

LONDON.
Printed by J.M. for John Starkey at the
Mitre in Fleetstreet, near Temple-Bar.
MDCLXXI

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The First Book.

I WHO e're while the happy Garden sung,
By one mans disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one mans firm obedience fully tri'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,
And Eden rais'd in the wast Wilderness.
Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field
Against the Spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence 10
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful then the sound of Trumpet, cri'd
Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand 20
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd
With aw the Regions round, and with them came

From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descri'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove 30
The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To Council summons all his mighty Peers, 40
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.
O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conquest, then remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,

This Universe we have possest, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50
Since Adam and his facil consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of Eve
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Womans seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born,
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youths full flowr, displaying
All vertue, grace and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70
His coming is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather

To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
Out of the water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, what e're it meant
And out of Heav'n the Sov'raign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Fathers glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch't fraud, well woven snares,
E're in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100

The dismal expedition to find out
And ruine Adam, and the exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success.
He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led thir march
From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coast of Jordan he directs
His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles, 120
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his Raign on Earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd

The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.
Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the highest
O're-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown, 140
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
Less over-weening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate're his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man 150
Of female Seed, far abler to resist
All his sollicitations, and at length

All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e're I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance: 160

His weakness shall o'recome Satanic strength
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and Aetherial Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate vertue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.
So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd, 170
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri'd,
Against whate're may tempt, whate're seduce,

Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.

Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180

And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:

Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days

Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,

Musing and much revolving in his brest,

How best the mighty work he might begin

Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first

Publish his God-like office now mature,

One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;

And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190

With solitude, till far from track of men,

Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He entred now the bordering Desert wild,

And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,

His holy Meditations thus persu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once

Awakn'd in me swarm, while I consider

What from within I feel my self and hear

What from without comes often to my ears,

Ill sorting with my present state compar'd. 200

When I was yet a child, no childish play

To me was pleasing, all my mind was set

Serious to learn and know, and thence to do

What might be publick good; my self I thought

Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,
 The Law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that e're yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast 210
 I went into the Temple, there to hear
 The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own;
 And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
 To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Thence to subdue and quell o're all the earth
 Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make perswasion do the work of fear;
 At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware
 Misled: the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,
 And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts
 O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230

To what highth sacred vertue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told
Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's Throne. 240
And of thy Kingdom there should be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lais't,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 250
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew thee King of Israel born.
Just Simeon and Prophetic Anna, warn'd
By Vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake

Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, strait I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,
E're I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus disheartn'd or dismay'd,
The time prefixt I waited, when behold
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heaven)
Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won;
But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,

And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodg'd in his brest, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt

Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
 The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve
 Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at Eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utt'red spake. 320
 Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In Troop or Caravan, for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with droughth?
 I ask the rather and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
 To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
 What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek,
By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More then the Camel, and to drink go far, 340
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other then thou seem'st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed 350
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days Eliah without food
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n 360

With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
 Vet to that hideous place not so confin'd
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft
 Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
 Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
 Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came among the Sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
 And when to all his Angels he propos'd
 To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
 I undertook that office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes
 To his destruction, as I had in charge.
 For what he bids I do; though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me then desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?

Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these Regions of the World,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were Man adjoyn'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.
To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heavens; thou com'st indeed, 410
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat

Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpityed, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell then when in Heaven. 420
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a lyer in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles 430
By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine

Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To flye or follow what concern'd him most, 440
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels President
In every Province, who themselves disdaining
To approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a Fawning Parasite obey'st;
Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth fore-told.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living Oracle 460
Into the World, to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembl'd, and this answer smooth return'd.
 Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath rested from me; where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lye,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac't above me, thou art Lord;
 From thee I can and must submiss endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discourst, pleasing to th' ear,
 And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
 Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
 Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
 To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
 About his Altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490

To Balaam reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade 500
The Desert Fowls in thir clay nests were couch't;
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.

The Second Book.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expresly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,

And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now missing him thir joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd thir doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great Thisbite who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jerico 20
The City of Palms, Aenon, and Salem Old,
Machaerus and each Town or City wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret
Or in Perea, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a Creek:
Where winds with Reeds, and Osiers whisp'ring play
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a Cottage low together got
Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.
Alas from what high hope to what relapse 30
Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our eyes beheld

Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd:
Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire 40
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth thir pow'r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
Thy Glory, free thy people from thir yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his Mother Mary, when she saw 60
Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none;
Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubl'd thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
Hale highly favour'd, among women blest;
While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,
And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet soon enforc't to flye
Thence into Egypt, till the Murd'rous King
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life 80
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,

By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look't for some great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of Many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul 90
A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.

But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
Thus Mary pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,

Sole but with holiest Meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan with slye preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council sate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Aethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from the Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an Enemy
Is ris'n to invade us, who no less
Threat'ns then our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impowr'd, 130
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Then when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
Though Adam by his Wives allurements fell,
However to this Man inferior far,

If he be Man by Mothers side at least,
With more then humane gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to perswasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd thir utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial the dissolutes Spirit that fell 150
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each Region passing fair
As the noon Skie; more like to Goddesses
Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues
Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach, 160
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw

Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Eneve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest brest,
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.
To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd
Belial in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self; because of old
Thou thy self doat'st on womankind, admiring
Thir shape, thir colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False titl'd Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
And coupl'd with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'st,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,

Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
 Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
 Remember that Pellean Conquerour,
 A youth, how all the Beauties of the East
 He slightly view'd, and slightly over-pass'd;
 How hee sirnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
 For Solomon he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design then to enjoy his State;
 Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far
 Then Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
 Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauties Throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt

To enamour, as the Zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so Fables tell;
 How would one look from his Majestick brow
 Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands 220
 In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Flumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abasht:
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more shew
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfie
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
 He ceas'd, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active Scene

Of various persons each to know his part; 240

Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;

Where still from shade to shade the Son of God

After forty days fasting had remain'd,

Now hungring first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd

Wandering this woody maze, and humane food

Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that Fast

To Vertue I impute not, or count part

Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,

Or God support Nature without repast 250

Though needing, what praise is it to endure?

But now I feel I hunger, which declares,

Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God

Can satisfie that need some other way,

Though hunger still remain: so it remain

Without this bodies wasting, I content me,

And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed

Mee hungring more to do my Fathers will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260

Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down

Under the hospitable covert nigh

Of Trees thick interwoven; there he slept,

And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,

Of meats and drinks, Natures refreshment sweet;

Him thought, he by the Brook of Cherith stood
And saw the Ravens with thir horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing Even and Morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled 270
Into the Desert, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awakt,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towring to descry 280
The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassy Couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud; 290
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there

To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade
 High rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
 That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
 Natures own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
 And to a Superstitious eye the haunt
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.
 With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
 The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
 Out cast Nebaioth, yet found he relief
 By a providing Angel; all the race 310
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold
 Native of Thebes wandring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.
 To whom thus Jesus; what conclud'st thou hence?

They all had need, I as thou seest have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
Tell me if Food were now before thee set, 320
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
Hast thou not right to all Created things,
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
To Idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who 330
Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.
He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boyl'd,

Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric Coast.
Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Then Ganymed or Hylas, distant more
Under the Trees now trip'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And Ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer then feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
Of Fairy Damsels met in Forest wide
By Knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
Lancelot or Pelleas, or Pellenore,
And all the while Harmonious Airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd
From their soft wings, and flora's earliest smells.
Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.
What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict

Defends the touching of these viands pure, 370

Thir taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,

But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,

Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.

All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,

Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay

Thee homage, and acknowledge thee thir Lord:

What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:

Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?

And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,

When and where likes me best, I can command?

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,

Command a Table in this Wilderness,

And call swift flights of Angels ministrant

Array'd in Glory on my cup to attend:

Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,

In vain, where no acceptance it can find,

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, 390

And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:

That I have also power to give thou seest,

If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary

What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd.

And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd.
By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions: but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
Bred up in poverty and streights at home;
Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence Authority deriv'st,
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude, 420
Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?

Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his Son Herod plac'd on Juda's Throne;
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.
To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,
To gain dominion or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those antient Empires of the Earth,
In highth of all thir flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and Jephtha, and the Shepherd lad,
Whose off-spring on the Throne of Juda sat 440
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools
The wise mans cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Then prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights 460
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a King,
His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which every wise and vertuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head-strong Multitudes, 470
Subject himself to Anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide Nations in the way of truth

By saving Doctrine, and from errour lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part,
That other o're the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480

Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, then to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a Scepter, ofttest better miss't.

Note: 309 he] here 1695.

The End of the Second Book.

The Third Book.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,

What to reply, confuted and convinc't
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
Conteins of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urim and Thummin, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20
These God-like Vertues wherefore dost thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
Aetherial, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest? 30
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son
Of Macedonian Philip had e're these
Won Asia and the Throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose, young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic King and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth
For Empires sake, nor Empire to affect
For glories sake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
Things vulgar, & well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise,
They praise and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,

To live upon thir tongues and be thir talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few; and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God 60
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heaven & Earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
Then those thir Conquerours, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80

Then swell with pride, and must be titl'd Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worship't with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of Jove, of Mars the other,
Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death thir due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence; 90
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a Land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truths sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted Country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his

Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.
Think not so slight of glory; therein least,
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven
By all his Angels glorifi'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts. 120
To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render 130
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unsutable return

For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not thir own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.
So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.
Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy Father David's Throne;
By Mother's side thy Father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms;
Judaea now and all the promis'd land
Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,

Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Machabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o're a mighty King so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
Though Priests, the Crown, and David's Throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her Suburbs once content. 170
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;
But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Fathers house, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless raign,
The happier raign the sooner it begins,
Raigh then; what canst thou better do the while? 180
To whom our saviour answer thus return'd.
All things are best fullfil'd in thir due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my raigh Prophetic Writ hath told

That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roul.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just tryal e're I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the Tempter inly rackt reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me then the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my Port.
My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210

The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd
And will alike be punish'd; whether thou
Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather then aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Fathers ire,
(Whose ire I dread more then the fire of Hell,) 220
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summers cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be hast,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thy self and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should'st be thir King?
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain d
Of the enterprize so hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found, 230
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Gallilean Towns
And once a year Jerusalem, few days
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,

Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.

The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever 240

Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)

Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes

The Monarchies of the Earth, thir pomp and state,

Sufficient introduction to inform

Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,

And regal Mysteries; that thou may'st know

How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such power was giv'n him then) he took

The Son of God up to a Mountain high.

It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet

A spacious plain out stretch't in circuit wide

Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,

Th' one winding, the other strait and left between

Fair Champain with less rivers interveind,

Then meeting joyn'd thir tribute to the Sea:

Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,

With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills, 260

Huge Cities and high towr'd, that well might seem

The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large

The Prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
Well have we speeded, and o're hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her Empires antient bounds, 270
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus East, Euphrates West,
And oft beyond; to South the Persian Bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drouth:
Here Ninevee, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon the wonder of all tongues, 280
As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His City there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hecatompylos her hunderd gates,
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Tesiphon,
Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.

All these the Parthian, now some Ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian King
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his Host 300

Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in hast; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half moons, and wings.

He look't and saw what numbers numberless 310
The City gates out powr'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and military pride;
In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice

Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
 From Arachosia, from Candaor East,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the South 320
 Of Susiana to Balsara's hav'n.
 He saw them in thir forms of battell rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowie showers against the face
 Of thir pursuers, and overcame by flight;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
 Chariots or Elephants endorst with Towers
 Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners 330
 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
 And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his Northern powers
 Besieg'd Albracca, as Romances tell;
 The City of Gallaphrone, from thence to win 340

The fairest of her Sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,
Both Paynim, and the Peers of Charlemane.
Such and so numerous was thir Chivalrie;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.
That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy Vertue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn 350
All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy Father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wer't possess'd of David's Throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings

Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league 370
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true Successour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers't,
Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel; serving as of old
Thir Fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To thir inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt raign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear 390
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,

Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them; those Ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway
To just extent over all Israel's Sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel or for David, or his Throne,
When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
Of numbring Israel which cost the lives 410
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship Calves, the Deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,

Besides thir other worse then heathenish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their fore-fathers; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,
 And God with Idols in their worship joyn'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,
 Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps 430
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
 Thir enemies, who serve Idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembring Abraham by some wond'rous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere,
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they hast,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land thir Fathers pass'd;
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
 So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

The Fourth Book.

PERPLEX'D and troubl'd at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope,
So oft, and the perswasive Rhetoric
That sleek't his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held 10
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet moust is powr'd,
Beat off; returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,

Though all to shivers dash't, the assault renew,
Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end: 20
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o're though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men 30
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With Towers and Temples proudly elevate
On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of Mountains interpos'd.
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill 40
Of vision multiplyed through air or glass
Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.
The City which thou seest no other deem

Then great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine 50
The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and Terrases, and glittering Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
My Aerie Microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold. 60
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to thir Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of thir power,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on the Aemilian, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70

Meroe, Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor Sea;
From the Asian Kings and Parthian among these,
From India 'and the golden Chersoness,
And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd:
From Gallia, Gades, and the Brittish West,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians North
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool.
All Nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
To Rome's great Emperour, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, wealth and power,
Civility of Manners, Arts, and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.
This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old, 90
Old, and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreae an Island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,

Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
 Indu'd with Regal Vertues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne 100
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less then all the world,
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 On Davids Throne, be prophecied what will,
 To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More then of alms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On Cittron tables or Atlantic stone;
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios and Creet, and how they quaff in Gold,
 Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss'd with Gems
 And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst 120
 And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
 From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,

But tedious wast of time to sit and hear
So many hollow complements and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
Of the Emperour, how easily subdu'd,
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter Conscience find him out, 130
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling thir Provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by thir sports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On David's Throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and over-shadowing all the Earth,

Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All Monarchies besides throughout the world, 150

And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.

I see all offers made by me how slight

Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:

Nothing will please the difficult and nice,

Or nothing more then still to contradict:

On the other side know also thou, that I

On what I offer set as high esteem, 160

Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;

All these which in a moment thou behold'st,

The Kingdoms of the world to thee I give;

For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,

No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,

On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,

And worship me as thy superior Lord,

Easily done, and hold them all of me;

For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain. 170

I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,

Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter

The abominable terms, impious condition;

But I endure the time, till which expir'd,

Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt bolder then that on Eve, 180
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp't,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
Be not so sore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Then these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200

Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok't and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'st
Alone into the Temple; there was found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o're all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,
All knowledge is not couch't in Moses Law,
The Pentateuch or what the Prophets wrote,

210

220

The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Natures light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean'st, 230
Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Thir Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc't.
Look once more e're we leave this specular Mount
Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold
Where on the Aegean shore a City stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts 240
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
There flowrie hill Hymettus with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rous
His whispering stream; within the walls then view 250
The schools of antient Sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,

Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Aeolian charms and Dorian Lyric Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whose Poem Phoebus challeng'd for his own. 260
Thence what the lofty grave Tragoedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing;
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those antient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democraticie,
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes Throne;
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates, see there his Tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those

Sirnam'd Peripatetics, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's waight;
These rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn'd.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli'd.
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I aught: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sence;
Others in vertue plac'd felicity,
But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride, 300
By him call'd vertue; and his vertuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all

Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,
And in themselves seek vertue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
An empty cloud. However many books
Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself;
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As Children gathering pibles on the shore. 330

Or if I would delight my private hours
With Music or with Poem, where so soon
As in our native Language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these Arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of thir Deities, and thir own 340
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
Thir Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid
As varnish on a Harlots cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and Godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; 350
Unless where moral vertue is express't
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Thir Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
And lovers of thir Country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,

As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of Civil Government
In thir majestic unaffected stile
Then all the Oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a King.
So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame, 370
What dost thou in this World? the Wilderness
For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
When Propheesies of thee are best fullfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,

Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In thir conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, Opposition, bate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I discern not, 390
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.
So saying he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shadowy off-spring unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day. 400
Our Saviour meek and with untroubl'd mind
After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick interwind might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams

Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the Clouds 410
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruine reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within thir stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd thir Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst 420
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee thir fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd 430
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds

Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood,
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;
And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450
Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Skie would mingle; but my self
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
To mans less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460

On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way 470
Of gaining David's Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
E're thou of Israel's Scepter get fast hold; 480
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
Mee worse then wet thou find'st not; other harm

Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatning nigh; what they can do as signs
 Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing.
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie
 Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.
 To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
 Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
 Announc't by Gabriel with the first I knew,
 And of the Angelic Song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the Ford of Jordan whither all 510
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n

Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sence;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520
In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this wast wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my Adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent,
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:
Therefore to know what more thou art then man,

Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540
So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of Hippogrif bore through the Air sublime
Over the Wilderness and o're the Plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy City lifted high her Towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster, top't with golden Spires:
There on the highest Pinnacle he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn: 550
There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Fathers house
Have brought thee, and highest plac't, highest is best,
Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in thir hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
To whom thus Jesus: also it is written, 560
Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood.
But Satan smitten with amazement fell
As when Earths Son Antaeus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove

With Joves Alcides and oft foil'd still rose,
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn'd,
 Thrott'l'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
 And as that Theban Monster that propos'd
 Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
 Cast her self headlong from th' Ismenian steep,
 So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
 So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasie station, and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
 Then in a flowry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
 Ambrosial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life Ambrosial drink, 590

That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the Wilderness, whatever place, 600
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debase, and down from Heav'n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install.
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be

Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down 620
Under his feet: for proof, e're this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniack holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before thir time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.
Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sling Victor, and from Heavenly Feast refresht
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobserv'd
Home to his Mothers house private return'd.

The End.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of first edition of Samson Agonistes
follows:

SAMSON
AGONISTES,
A
DRAMATIC POEM.

The Author
JOHN MILTON

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Tragedia mimeis praxeos spadaias, &c.

Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriae. &c. Per misericordiam &
metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

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MDCLXXI

SAMSON AGONISTES

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the Text of Holy Scripture, I Cor. 15. 33. and Paraeus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to

compose a Tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy which he entitl'd, Christ suffering. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that Chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this Poem with good reason, the Antients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided

into Stanza's or Pauses they may be call'd Allaeostropha. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fifth Act, of the style and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschulus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

The Argument.

Samson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his

tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

The Persons

Samson.

Manoa the father of Samson.

Dalila his wife.

Harapha of Gath.

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

Sam: A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsom draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet, 10
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To Dagon thir Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Thir Superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm

Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His Godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye
Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a Beast, debas't
Lower then bondslave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeless in Gaza at the Mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine Prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,

Whom have I to complain of but my self?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it 50
O'recome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensom,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse then chains,
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight

Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferiour to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more then half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!

80

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Since light so necessary is to life,

90

And almost life itself, if it be true

That light is in the Soul,

She all in every part; why was the sight

To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?

So obvious and so easie to be quench't,

And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,

That she might look at will through every pore?

Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By priviledge of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
The tread of many feet stearing this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Thir daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor: This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish't head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd 120
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds

O're worn and soild;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee,
That Heroic, that Renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
Ran on embattelld Armies clad in Iron,
And weaponless himself, 130
Made Arms ridiculous, uselesse the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean Proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc't,
In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
Thir plated backs under his heel; 140
Or grovling soild thir crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to Hand,
The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestin
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
The Gates of Azza, Post, and massie Bar
Up to the Hill by Hebron, seat of Giants old,

No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n. 150
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy Bondage or lost Sight,
Prison within Prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul
(Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light 160
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high estate 170
Whom long descent of birth
Or the spear of fortune raises;
But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate
Might have subdu'd the Earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sam: I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air
Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

Chor: Hee speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or Consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage
The tumors of a troubl'd mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

Sam: Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Superscription (of the most 190
I would be understood) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
Not to be found, though sought. Wee see, O friends.
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,

Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwrack't,
My Vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
In every street, do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor: Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men 210
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne're so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thy self,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Then of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sam: The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Mee, not my Parents, that I sought to wed, 220
The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not

That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The Marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's Deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd;
She proving false, the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late)
Was in the Vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. 230
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressours: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I my self,
Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor: In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy Countries Enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I hear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his Sons. 240

Sam: That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's Governours, and Heads of Tribes,
Who seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their Conquerours
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd

Deliverance offerd: I on th' other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
Thir Lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enterd Judea seeking mee, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best;
Mean while the men of Judah to prevent
The harrass of thir Land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
Toucht with the flame: on thir whole Host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Thir choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this possess'd the Towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve;
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by thir vices brought to servitude,
Then to love Bondage more then Liberty, 270
Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty;

And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As thir Deliverer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor: Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the Fort of Penuel
Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280
Of Madian and her vanquisht Kings;
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Not worse then by his shield and spear
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride
In that sore battel when so many dy'd
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sam: Of such examples adde mee to the roul, 290
Mee easily indeed mine may neglect,
But Gods propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor: Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to Men;

Unless there be who think not God at all,
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
As to his own edicts, found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glories diminution;
Till by thir own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From National obstruction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can best dispence.
He would not else who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride, 320

Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,

Though Reason here aver

That moral verdict quits her of unclean:

Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend Sire

With careful step, Locks white as doune,

Old Manoah: advise

Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Sam: Ay me, another inward grief awak't,

330

With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man: Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,

As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,

My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd

Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age

Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor: As signal now in low dejected state,

As earst in highest; behold him where he lies.

Man: O miserable change! is this the man,

340

That invincible Samson, far renown'd,

The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

Equivalent to Angels walk'd thir streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd thir Armies rank't in proud array,
Himself an Army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spears length. O ever failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind? 360
For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
The miracle of men: then in an hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor, and Blind
Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once

To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'whelm, and as a thrall 370
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

Sam: Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father,
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I my self have brought them on,
Sole Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380

This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of Nuptial Love profest, carrying it strait
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd 390
Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me

My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd in what part summ'd, that she might know:
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt 400
She sought to make me Traytor to my self;
Yet the fourth time, when mustring all her wiles,
With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch't, and wearied out.
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok't 410
Her Bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! servil mind
Rewarded well with servil punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse then this,
That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd.

Man: I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son, 420
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
I state not that; this I am sure; our Foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Thir Captive, and thir triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou hear'st 430
Enough, and more the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular Feast
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee Samson bound and blind into thir hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnifi'd, and God, 440
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,

Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house.

Sam: Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths
Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols:
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall e're long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him

Of all these boasted Trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man: With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a Prophecy receive: for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsom plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian Lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfi'd thir utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse then death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sam: Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that sollicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How hainous had the fact been, how deserving

Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: A sin
That Gentiles in thir Parables condemn
To thir abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

500

Man: Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son,
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, selfpreservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy self; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who evermore approves and more accepts
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Then who selfrigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues overjust, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more then for God offended.
Reject not then what offerd means, who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy countrey and his sacred house,

510

Where thou mayst bring thy off'rings, to avert
His further ire, with praiera and vows renew'd. 520

Sam: His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The Sons of Anac, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softn'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine who shore me
Like a tame Weather, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among my enemies. 540

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous Warriour overturns,

Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Rubie
Sparkling; out-pow'rd, the flavor, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

Sam. Where ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch aetherial of Heav'ns fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milkie juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbid'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sam. But what avail'd this temperance, not compleat
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
And at another to let in the foe
Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means,
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,

But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
And sedentary numness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servil food
Consume me, and oft-invocated death
Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
After the brunt of battel, can as easie
Cause light again within thy eies to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better then thou hast;
And I perswade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sam: All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, 590
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a Fathers timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sam. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the bodies wounds and sores
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, brest, and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,

As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
'Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less then wounds immedicable 620
Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
Or medcinal liquor can asswage,
Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're
To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure. 630
Thence faintings, swounings of despair,
And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eie
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm

Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies. 640
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor: Many are the sayings of the wise
In antient and in modern books enroll'd;
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to mans frail life
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much perswasion sought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir sound 680
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above;

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.
God of our Fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temperst thy providence through his short course, 670
Not evenly, as thou rul'st
The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more rememberd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory, 680
And peoples safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignifi'd, thou oft
Amidst thir highth of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them high,
Unseemly falls in human eie, 690

Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and prophane, thir carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd, 700
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causless suffring
The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land? 710
Femal of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately Ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber sent of odorous perfume 720
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian Matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sam: My Wife, my Traytress, let her not come near me.

Cho: Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,
About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps
And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal: With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event then I foresaw)
My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection

Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt 740
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.
If aught in my ability may serve
To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sam: Out, out Hyaena; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His vertue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
With goodness principl'd not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off

As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal: Yet hear me Samson; not that I endeavour

To lessen or extenuate my offence,

But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd

By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,

Or else with just allowance counterpois'd

770

I may, if possible, thy pardon find

The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.

First granting, as I do, it was a weakness

In me, but incident to all our sex,

Curiosity, inquisitive, importune

Of secrets, then with like infirmity

To publish them, both common female faults:

Was it not weakness also to make known

For importunity, that is for naught,

Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?

780

To what I did thou shewdst me first the way.

But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.

Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty

E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.

Let weakness then with weakness come to parl

So near related, or the same of kind,

Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine

The gentler, if severely thou exact not

More strength from me, then in thy self was found.

And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, feard lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw then by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sate full of cares and fears
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Loves prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in Loves law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps:
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere

As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sam: How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,
I to my self was false e're thou to me,
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What Murtherer, what Traytor, Parricide,
Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;
My love how couldst thou hope, who tookst the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840

In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

Dal: Since thou determinst weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, e're I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
The constantest to have yielded without blame.

It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the Magistrates

850

And Princes of my countrey came in person,
Sollicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,

Preaching how meritorious with the gods

It would be to ensnare an irreligious

860

Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I

To oppose against such powerful arguments?

Only my love of thee held long debate;

And combated in silence all these reasons

With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim

So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men; that to the public good
Private respects must yield; with grave authority'
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Vertue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoyning. 870

Sam: I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Bin, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-powr'd 880
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest:
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and countrey; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890

No more thy countrey, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold thir state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our countrey is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be:
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd, 900
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

Dal: In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sam: For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal: I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to shew what recompence 910
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdome,
Misguided: only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist

To afflict thy self in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsom prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd, and so suppli'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Sam: No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toyls;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
So much of Adders wisdom I have learn't
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men

Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me
Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me; 940
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceiveable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This Gaol I count the house of Liberty
To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal: Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sam: Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
Cherish thy hast'n'd widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal: I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
To prayers, then winds and seas, yet winds to seas

Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc't?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
On both his wings, one black, th' other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't.
But in my countrey where I most desire, 980
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers.

Not less renown'd then in Mount Ephraim,
Jael who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping through the Temples nail'd. 990
Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn.
At this who ever envies or repines
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor: She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sam: So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly who committed 1000
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecie, my safety, and my life.

Chor: Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possest, nor can be easily
Repuls't, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sam: Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-trechery endangering life.

Chor: It is not vertue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010
 Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That womans love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 (Which way soever men refer it)
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit;
 If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
 Had not so soon preferr'd
 Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
 Successour in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosly disally'd
 Thir nuptials, nor this last so trecherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish't on thir Sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for hast unfinish't, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030
 Or was too much of self-love mixt,
 Of constancy no root infixt,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?
 What e're it be, to wisest men and best

Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestin, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to vertue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embarqu'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?
 Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One vertuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But vertue which breaks through all opposition, 1050
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.
 Therefore Gods universal Law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, nor dismay'd. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm?

Sam: Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor: But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sam: Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor: Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,

The Giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

1070

I less conjecture then when first I saw

The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sam: Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor: His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har: I come not Samson, to condole thy chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,

Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd

As Og or Anak and the Emims old 1080
That Kiriathaim held, thou knowst me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd
Each others force in camp or listed field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Sam: The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har: Dost thou already single me; I thought
Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carkass where the Ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou hear'st 1100
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sam: Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har: To combat with a blind man I disdain
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.

Sam: Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with thir whole united powers 1110
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee.
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon. 1120
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear
A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield.
I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,

Thou oft shalt wish thy self at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har: Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms 1130
Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,
Thir ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some Magicians Art
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
Feigndst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaft wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Sam: I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
My trust is in the living God who gave me 1140
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Then thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150

Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har: Presume not on thy God, what e're he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and delivered up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160
Into the common Prison, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those, thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

Sam: All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open; and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again

Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine or whom I with Israel's Sons adore.

Har: Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

1180

Sam: Tongue-doubtie Giant, how dost thou prove me these?

Har: Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
Thir Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Askalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a Robber stripdst them of thir robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.

1190

Sam: Among the Daughters of the Philistines
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your City held my Nuptial Feast:
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,

Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took thir spoil
To pay my underminers in thir coin.
My Nation was subjected to your Lords.
It was the force of Conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my Countrey
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts. 1210
I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Countrey; if their servile minds
Me their Deliverer sent would not receive,
But to thir Masters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellat 1220
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,

As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har: With thee a Man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
Due by the Law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sam: Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

Har: O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Sam: No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har: This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sam: Go baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down 1240
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har: By Astaroth e're long thou shalt lament

These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor: His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultrie chafe.

Sam: I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantic size, Goliah chief.

Chor: He will directly to the Lords, I fear, 1250
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sam: He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.

Much more affliction then already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping 1260
With no small profit daily to my owners.

But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.

Yet so it may fall out, because thir end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor: Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long opprest!
When God into the hands of thir deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
He all thir Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1270
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,

And Victor over all

1290

That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,

Either of these is in thy lot,

Samson, with might endu'd

Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd

May chance to number thee with those

Whom Patience finally must crown.

This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest,

Labouring thy mind

More then the working day thy hands,

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind.

1300

For I descry this way

Some other tending, in his hand

A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,

Comes on amain, speed in his look.

By his habit I discern him now

A Public Officer, and now at hand.

His message will be short and voluble.

Off: Ebrews, the Pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Chor: His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off: Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;

1310

This day to Dagon is a solemn Feast,

With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;

Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

Sam: Thou knowst I am an Ebrew, therefore tell them,
Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites 1320
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off: This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Sam: Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics,
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at thir publick Mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off: Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Sam: My self? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although thir drudge, to be thir fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before thir god, 1340
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

Off: My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sam: So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off: I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam: Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor: Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to bold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

Sam: Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to thir Dagon? 1360
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor: Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Sam: Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in thir civil power.

Chor: Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not

Sam: Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:
But who constrains me to the Temple of Dagon, 1370
Not dragging? the Philistian Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely; venturing to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy

Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

Chor: How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach. 1380

Sam: Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor: In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns. 1390

Off: Samson, this second message from our Lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the public Mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such Engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,

Though thou wert firmlier fastn'd then a rock.

Sam: I could be well content to try thir Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious. 1400
Yet knowing thir advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through thir streets
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
Masters commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off: I praise thy resolution, doff these links: 1410
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sam: Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are Lordliest in thir wine,
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd: 1420

No less the people on thir Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable;
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor: Go, and the Holy One

Of Israel be thy guide

To what may serve his glory best, & spread his name

Great among the Heathen round:

1430

Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand

Fast by thy side, who from thy Fathers field

Rode up in flames after his message told

Of thy conception, and be now a shield

Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee

In the camp of Dan

Be efficacious in thee now at need.

For never was from Heaven imparted

Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,

As in thy wond'rous actions Hath been seen.

1440

But wherefore comes old Manoa in such hast

With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while

He seems: supposing here to find his Son,

Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man: Peace with you brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at thir Feast.
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

1450

Chor: That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
With thee; say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man: I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Fathers tears
To accept of ransom for my Son thir pris'ner,
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his Priests,
Others more moderate seeming, but thir aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale, a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc't

1460

Thir foe to misery beneath thir fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor: Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Thir once great dread, captive, & blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man: His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numberd down: much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor: Fathers are wont to lay up for thir Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurse thir Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,
Made older then thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man: It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490

Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man: Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise,
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son.

Chor: Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man: Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see? 1520

Chor: Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into dangers mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight (for to Israels God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

Man: That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor: Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man: He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor: Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our Tribe. 1540

Mess: O whither shall I run, or which way flie
The sight of this so horrid spectacle
Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold;
For dire imagination still persues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these
My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horroure, 1550
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man: The accident was loud, & here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess: It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man: Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess: Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man: Sad, but thou knowst to Israelites not saddest 1560
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Mess: Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfet.

Man: Relate by whom.

Mess: By Samson.

Man: That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess: Ah Manoa I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man: Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess: Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead. 1570

Man: The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost.
Yet e're I give the rains to grief, say first,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1580
What glorious band gave Samson his deaths wound?

Mess: Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man: Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess: By his own hands.

Man: Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess: Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to see him
Upon thir heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man: O lastly over-strong against thy self! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess: Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold,
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand; 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high chear, & wine,

When to thir sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In thir state Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot before him and behind
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,
Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him.
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massie Pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,

Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd 1640

I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld.

Now of my own accord such other tryal

I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;

As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,

As with the force of winds and waters pent,

When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro,

He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew 1650

The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder

Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,

Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,

Thir choice nobility and flower, not only

Of this but each Philistian City round

Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.

Samson with these immixt, inevitably

Pulld down the same destruction on himself;

The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor: O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660

Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold

To Israel and now ly'st victorious

Among thy slain self-kill'd

Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Then all thy life had slain before.

Semichor: While thir hearts were jocund and sublime
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, 1670
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright Sanctuary:
Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
Who hurt thir minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in hast for thir destroyer;
They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd 1680
Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As thir own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor: But he though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,

With inward eyes illuminated
His fierie vertue rouz'd 1690
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an ev'ning Dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.
So vertue giv'n for lost,

Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begott'n bird
In the Arabian woods embost, 1700
That no second knows nor third,
And lay e're while a Holocaust,
From out her ashie womb now teem'd
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man: Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause, Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroicy hath finish'd 1710
A life Heroic, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of Capthor

Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and Fathers house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feard,
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)

Will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame thir breasts

To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor: All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.

Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns 1750
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

The End.

APPENDIX.

Specimen of Milton's spelling, from the Cambridge autograph
manuscript.

ON TIME

(Set on a clock case)

Fly envious Time till thou run out thy race
call on the lazie leaden-stepping howres
whose speed is but the heavie plummets pace
& glut thy selfe wth what thy womb devoures
Wch is no more then what is false & vaine
& meerly mortall drosse
so little is our losse
so little is thy gaine
for when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd
& last of all thy greedie selfe consum'd 10
then long Aeternity shall greet our blisse
wth an individuall kisse
and Joy shall overtake us as a flood
when every thing yt is sincerely good
& pfectly divine
with Truth, & Peace, & Love shall ever shine
about the supreme throne
of him t' whose happy-making sight alone
when once our heav'nly-guided soule shall clime
then all this earthie grossnesse quit 20
attir'd wth starres wee shall for ever sit
Triumphing over Death, & Chance, & thee O Time.

