

THE VERSE

Paradise Lost
And
Paradise Regained

John Milton

THE Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; Rhime 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 Rhime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, triveal, and of no true musical delight; which consists onely 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 Rhime 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.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 1
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 darkness, 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 regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophetie 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 Prophetie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of

Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep:
The infernal Peers there sit in Council.

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, [5]
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 adventurous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues [15]
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
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence, [25]
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 thir Creator, and transgress his Will
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd [35]
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
[45]

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 [55]
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 onely to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
 peace [65]
 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 thir Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and thir 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!
 [75]
 There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'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
 [85]
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-
 shine
 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 fall'n, so much the stronger
 prov'd

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 [95]
 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? [105]
 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
 [115]
 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,
 [125]
 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' imbattel'd Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 [130]
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's 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 [135]
 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) [145]
 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? [155]
 Whereto 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;
 [165]
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from thir destin'd 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, [175]
 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, voyd 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, [185]
 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
 [195]

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,
 Briareos 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,
 [205]

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
 [215]

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 thir pointing spires, and
 rowld

In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 [225]

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 Ætna, whose combustible
 And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
 [235]

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 thir 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 he [245]
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best
 Whom reason hath equall'd, 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.
[255]

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
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
[265]

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' Onnipotent none could have
foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest
pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
[275]

In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Thir 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 shoar; his ponderous
shield

Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
[285]

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 [295]
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless 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 imbower; or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd
[305]
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves
orethrew

Busiris and his Memphian Chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore thir floating Carkases
[310]

And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick
bestrown

Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of thir hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep

Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, [315]
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
[325]

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 [335]
In which they were, or the fierce pains not
feel;

Yet to thir 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 Pharaoh 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
[345]

'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear

Of thir 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. [355]
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each
 Band
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where
 stood
 Thir great Commander; Godlike shapes and
 forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on
 Thrones; [360]
 Though of thir 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, [365]
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of
 man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God thir 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.
 [375]

Say, Muse, thir 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 thir prey on earth, durst fix
 Thir Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Thir Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide
 [385]
 Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,
 [390]
 And with thir 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
 Thir childrens cries unheard, that past through
 fire [395]
 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.
 [405]

Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moabs
 Sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of Southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, 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 thir march from Nile
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd [415]
 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 thir Essence pure,
 [425]
 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 thir aerie purposes, [430]
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.
 For those the Race of Israel oft forsook
 Thir living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which thir heads as low
 [435]
 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 thir 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 [445]
 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 [455]
 His eye survey'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 [465]
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertil 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 off'rings, and adore the Gods [475]
 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 thir borrow'd Gold
 compos'd
 The Calf in Oreb: and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan, [485]
 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
 [495]
 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 the hospitable door
 Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape. [505]
 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
 [515]
 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 some glimps of joy, to have found
 thir chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not
 lost [525]
 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
 Thir fainting courage, and dispel'd thir 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
 [535]
 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 [545]
 With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
 A Forest 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 hight 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,
 [555]
 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,
 [565]
 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
 [575]
 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 [585]
 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 [595]
 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 [605]
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd

For ever now to have thir 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 thir stately growth though
 bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
 [615]
 To speak; whereat thir 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 spight of
 scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at
 last [620]
 Words interwove with sighs found out thir
 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
 [625]
 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 beleieve, though after loss,
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess thir native seat?

For mee be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
[635]
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
[645]
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 pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere: [655]
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these
thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
[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 [665]
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped
arms
Clash'd on thir 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
[675]
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax 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, [685]
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 precious bane. And here let
those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian Kings
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
[695]
And Strength and Art are easily out-done
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 found out the massie Ore,
Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion
dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
[705]
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
[715]
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 Ægypt 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
[725]

And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle 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
[735]

Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchie, 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, [745]
On Lemnos th' Ægean 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 [755]
At Pandæmonium, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
From every Band and squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hunderds 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 Paynim chivalry [765]
To mortal combat or carrear with Lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the
air,

Brusht with the hiss of rusling wings. As
Bees

In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus
rides,
Pour 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 Baum, expatiate and confer
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
[775]

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 some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the
Moon

Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth [785]
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and
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 [795]
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 2
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 not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honourd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several employments, as thir 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.

Hlgh 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 and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd [5]
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 [15]
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
[25]
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aim
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 [35]
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:
[45]
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Care'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd 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
[55]
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 [65]
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 benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend [75]
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 [85]

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 hour
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,
[95]

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. [105]

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;
[115]

To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
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 persuade immediate Warr,
Did not dissuade 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 [125]
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
[135]

With blackest Insurrection, to confound
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemy
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,
[145]

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, [155]
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
[165]

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 arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament
[175]

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, [185]
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 trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
[195]

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
[205]

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 [215]
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 dayes may bring, what chance, what
change

Worth waiting, since our present lot appeers
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to our selves more woe.
[225]

Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reasons
garb

Counsell'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 unthroned 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 [235]
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,
[245]

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
[255]

Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appeer
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 indurance. 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, [265]
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 Desert 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
 [275]
 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 were, 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
 [285]
 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 Pinnacle 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
 [295]
 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 public care;
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood [305]
 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, [315]
 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 heighth or depth, still first and last will
 Reign
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
 [325]
 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
 Voutsaf't 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, [335]
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though
 slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror 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
 [345]
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy seat
 Of some 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,
 [355]
 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 [365]
 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 Original, and faded bliss, [375]
 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
 [385]
 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 [395]
 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 [405]
 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,
 [415]
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspence, awaiting who appeer'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 [425]
 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
 [435]
 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 whatever world,
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
 [445]
 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 deterr
 Mee 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 [455]
 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 [465] 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 fear'd; [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 then his voice Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; [475]
 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 clos ambition varnisht o're with zeal. [485]
 Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark

Ended rejoicing 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. [495]
 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, enmity, 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. [505]
 The Stygian Counsel 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 Than 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: [515]
 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 [525]
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain The irksom 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 [535]
 Prick 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 Typhœan 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 Oechalia 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 [545] 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 [555]
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the
 Sense,)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevatèd, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledg 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: [565]
 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 yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge [575]
 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 rouses
 Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 [585]
 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 Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching
 Air
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of
 Fire. [595]
 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, [605]
 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 [615]
 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'er 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,
 [625]
 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 towards 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. [635]
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by Æquinoctial 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, [645]
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
 Impenetrable, 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 Cerberian mouths full loud, and
 rung [655]
 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 than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the Sea that parts
 [660]
 Calabria from the hoarse 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 [665]
 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
 [675]
 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 valu'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 assured, without leave askt of thee:
 [685]
 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 dayes in woe and pain?
 [695]
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of
 Heav'n,
 Hell-doom'd, 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 lingering, or with one stroke of this Dart
 Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt
 before.
 So spake the grieslie terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold
 [705]
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
 Incenst 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 [715]
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
 To join 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,
 [725]
 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
 [735]
 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.
 [745]

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 deem'd 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
 Surprisd 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,
 [755]

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 [765]
 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
 [755]
 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 [785]
 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,
 Mee overtook his mother all dismayd,
 And in embraces forcible and foule
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 [795]
 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, thir repast; then bursting forth
 [800]
 A fresh 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
 [805]
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever 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 suttile Fiend his lore [815]
 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]

Befall us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, 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
[825]

Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and 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 Purlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more
remov'd, [835]

Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or
ought

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 seem'd highly pleas'd, and
Death [845]

Grinn'd 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'n's 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'rmatcht by living might. [855]
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 compass't 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
[865]

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 Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the Stygian powers
[875]

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 grate

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 Banner'd Host
[885]

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, &
highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest
Night

And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold [895]
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
[905]

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 [915]
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wild 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
[925]

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
[935]

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 Boggy 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 stelh [945]
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
Borne through the hollow dark assaults his
eare
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
[955]

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,
[965]

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 Spy,
[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
[975]

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
[985]

Erect the Standard 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'n's 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, [995]
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
[1005]
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; go 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 [1015]
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, [1025]

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
[1035]

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,
[1045]
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. [1055]

The End of the Second Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 3
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; but 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 God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo 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 Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir 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 staires, 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 unapproach'd light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee, [5]
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 [15]
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,
[25]
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 somtimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, [35]
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 heards, or human face divine;
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark [45]
Surrounds me, from the chearful wayes of
men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Nature's 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. [55]

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 [65]
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, [75]
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 desparate reveng, that shall redound [85]
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 some false guile pervert; and shall pervert
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, [95]

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 and 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, [105]

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 [115]
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 formd them free, and free they must remain,

Till they enthrall themselves: I else must
change [125]

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 [135]

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; [145]

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 Judg
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
[155]

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 [165]
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 [175]
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and
enthralld

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
[185]

Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incens'd 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 ear 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, [195]

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, [205]
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 dye,
Dye 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,
[215]

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 dwells of love divine,
[225]

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; he her aide
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Attonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring: [235]
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 dye [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 yield, and am his due
[245]

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,
 and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and
 show [255]
 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.
 [265]

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, and 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
 [275]

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 redeem,
 Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;
 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
 [285]

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, [295]
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So Heav'nly love shall 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 [305]

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 Reign
 [315]
 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 Sky appeer, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
 [325]

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 [335]

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 [345]
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's filld
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, and 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
[355]
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, [365]
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble 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 [375]
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 [385]
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 [395]
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud
acclaime
Thee only extoll'd, 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,
[405]
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 unexamp'l'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.
[415]
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
[425]
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;
Save on that side which from the wall of
Heav'n
Though distant farr some small reflection
gaines
Of glimmering air less vext 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
Spirings [435]

Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren Plains
Of Sericana, where Chinese 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 [445]
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,
[455]

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have
dreamd;

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
renownd: [465]

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; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna 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.
[475]

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
[485]

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
[495]

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 he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeer'd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate [505]
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
[515]

Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There alwayes, but drawn up to Heav'n
sometimes

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.
[525]

Direct against which opn'd 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 [535]
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Ægypt and th' 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
 [545]
 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 renown'd Metropolis
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,
 [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 [555]
 So high above the circling Canopie
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
 Of Libra to the fleecie Starr that bears
 Andromeda farr off Atlantic 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 [565]
 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, [575]
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thicke,
 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, & years, towards his all-
 chearing Lamp
 Turn swift thir various motions, or are turnd
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The Univers, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, [585]
 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
 With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
 If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
 [595]
 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.
 [605]
 What wonder then if fields and region 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,
 [615]
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at
 Noon
 Culminate from th' Æquator, 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 [625]
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind

Illustrious on his Shoulders fledg'd with wings
 Lay waving round; on some great charge
 employ'd
 He seem'd, 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 happy 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:
 [635]
 And now a stripling Cherube he appears,
 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 feign'd;
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire [640]
 In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd 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,
 [645]
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest 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 seven Spirits that
 stand
 In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously
 bright, [655]
 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 supreme decree
 Like honor 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 ordain'd,
 [665]
 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 bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces
 powrd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,
 [675]
 The Universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebell Foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
 Created this new happy Race of Men
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.
 [680]

 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisie, the onely evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and
 Earth: [685]
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion
 sleeps
 At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
 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 return'd.
 Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorifie [695]
 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 hear 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 [705]
 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, [715]
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowld orbicular, and turn'd to Starrs
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they
 move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his
 course, [720]
 The rest in circuit walle 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
[725]
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. [735]

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 in many an Aerie
wheeles,
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 4
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 discribed, 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 Sun-beam 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 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, least 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, [5]
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
[15]
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
[25]
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, [35]
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 deservd 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.
[45]
What could be less then 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 receivd,
And understood not that a grateful mind [55]
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and dischargd; what burden then?
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
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. [65]
 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; [75]
 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 [85]
 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 Sceptre 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 high recall high thoughts, how soon
 unsay [95]
 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 [105]
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this World.
 So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear,
 Farewel 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, [115]
 Which marr'd 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 warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him
 down [125]
 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 mark'd 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
 [135]
 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.
 [145]
 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 [155]
 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
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean
 smiles. [165]
 So entertain'd 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 enamour'd, from the
 Spouse
 Of Tobits Son, and with a vengeance sent
 [170]
 From Media post to Ægypt, 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 entwinn'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth [175]
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way:
 One Gate there only was, and that look'd East
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon
 saw
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
 [180]
 At one slight bound high over leap'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 [185]
 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-barr'd 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,
 [195]
 Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
 Thereby regain'd, 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 immortality. 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
 [205]
 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 stretch'd 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 ordain'd;
 [215]

Out of the fertile 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
 [225]
 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 darksome passage now
 appeers,
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous
 Realme
 And Country whereof here needs no account,
 [235]
 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
 [245]
 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 only, 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 spred her store, [255]
 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 crown'd,
 Her chrysal mirror holds, unite thir streams.
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 [265]
 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 gathering 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 [275]
 Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian 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, enclosd with shining Rock,
 A whole days journy high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian Garden, where the Fiend
 [285]
 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 auroty in men; though both
 [295]
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
 For contemplation hee and valour form'd,
 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 [305]
 Disheveld, 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 yielded, by him best receivd,
 Yielded 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
 [315]
 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 [325]
 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
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
 [335]
 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
[345]

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 career
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:

[355]

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. [365]

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,
[375]

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 unfold,
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,
[385]

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
[395]

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 unespi'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 Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd

In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
[405]

His couchant watch, as one who chose his
ground

Whence rushing he might surest seize them
both

Gript in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to hear 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, [415]
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 bear 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, [425]

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 possess
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: [435]
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants, and 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 form'd 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 [445]
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent 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 of 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 [455]
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 seem'd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite, [460]
A Shape within the watry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,

Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering
looks
Of sympathie and love; there I had fixt [465]
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd 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 shalt enjoy
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
[475]
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied 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 turn'd,
[480]
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return faire 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, nearest my heart
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side [485]
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd 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 imbracing leand
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
[495]
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 turn'd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus
plaind.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
[505]
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? [515]
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 [525]
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. [535]

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o're hill, 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
Leveld his eevning Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
[545]

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
[555]

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 course 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
Speare

A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know [565]
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.
[575]

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. [585]
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tellst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd hee, and Uriel to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now
rais'd [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
[595]

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 [605]
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
[615]

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.
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform [625]
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walk 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 adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
[635]

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
[645]

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 Eevning mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
[655]

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
[665]

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, [675]

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, [685]

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 sovrain Planter, when he fram'd
All things to mans delightful use; the roofe
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side [695]
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 shadie Bower
[705]
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'nlyly Quires the Hymenæan 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 [715]
In sad event, when to the unwiser 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 and
Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent
Globe
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, [725]
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
Ordaind 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.
[735]

This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bowre
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 austere talk
Of puritie and place and innocence, [745]
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 propriety,
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,
[755]
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 chaste 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 [765]

Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,
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.
[775]
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.
[785]
From these, two strong and suttel Spirits he
calld
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in
charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wingd speed
Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht
no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures
Lodge, [790]
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.

This Evening 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:
 [795]
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
 [805]
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence
 raise
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
Vaine hopes, vaine 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 [815]
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 enemy in waite [825]
Here watching at the head of these that
 sleep?

Know ye not then said Satan, fill'd with scorn
Know ye not mee? 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,
 [835]
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 [845]
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seemd [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 [855]
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, and closing stood in squadron joind
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud. [865]

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
 approach'd
And brief related whom they brought, where
 found, [875]
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. [885]

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 thyself,
no doubt, [890]

And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope
to change

Torment with ease, and; soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
[895]

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 he 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, [905]

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
[915]

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, hadst 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,
[925]

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 [935]
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.
[945]

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 [955]
Allegeance 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,
[965]

And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to
scorene
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 [975]

In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-
pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron
bright

Turnd fierie red, sharpening 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
[985]

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
[995]

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 balanc'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. [1005]

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
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
doubl'd now

To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
[1010]

And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
Where thou art weigh'd, and 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. [1015]

The End of the Fourth Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 5
THE ARGUMENT

Morning approacht, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn at the Door of thir 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; thir 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 from 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 [5]
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
 [15]

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, and what the balmie
 Reed,

How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet. [25]

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 offense and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night; methought
 [35]

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, [45]
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 [55]

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
 [65]

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 God's, 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 honour'd more?
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
 [75]
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the
 Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
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, [85]
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, [95]
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, [105]
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,
 [115]
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 abhor 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 employments rise [125]
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.
 [135]
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 [145]
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,
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous
 then! [155]
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 rejoicing, yee in Heav'n,
 On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 [165]
 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, and when
 thou fallst.
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now
 fli'st [175]
 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 [185]
 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 th' 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,
 Breathe 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,
 [195]
 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 [205]
 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 [215]

To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him
 twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dowr 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 [225]
 Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 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, [235]
 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,
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd. [245]
 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-opend wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work [255]
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
crownd [260]
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appeering kenns [265]
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal
Skie
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with
steddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick
Fann
Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare [270]
Of Towing 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 Ægyptian Theb's he flies.
At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise [275]
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,
[285]
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 guessd 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
[295]
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 needs;
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst [305]
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 [315]
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:
[325]
But I will haste and from each bough and
break,
Each Plant and juiciest 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
 [335]
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields
 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
 [345]
 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
 Accompanied 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 [355]
 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
 [365]
 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
 [375]
 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
 Undeck't, 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
 [385]
 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; [395]
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to
 taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from
 whom
 All perfet 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
 [405]
 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 [415]
 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 alimantal recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even [425]
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the
Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yield 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
[435]
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
[445]
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.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had
suffic'd [450]
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
[455]
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 voutsaft
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, [465]
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what
compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
O Adam, one Almightye 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,
[475]
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, [485]
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: [495]
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. [505]
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 we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert [515]
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
[525]

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]
Finds 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?
Myself and all th' Angelic Host that stand [535]
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 we 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 [545]
Divine instrcter, 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, [555]
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 [565]
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 [575]

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'
Empyrean Host

Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne
[585]

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, [595]
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
[605]

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.
[615]

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were
not all.
That day, as other solemn 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 Wheeles
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervov'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem,
And in thir motions harmonie Divine [625]
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods
own ear
Listens delighted. Eevning now approach'd
(For wee have also our Eevning and our
Morn,
Wee 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.
[635]

On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets
crownd,
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 [640]

With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds
exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light &
shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had
changd
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
[645]
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 out spred,
(Such are the Courts of God) th' Angelic
throng [650]
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in
thir course [655]
Melodious Hymns about the sovrان Throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
[660]
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, & thought himself
impaird. [665]
Deep malice thence conceiving and 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
[670]
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep
can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips [675]
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 [680]
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue; more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
[685]
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 [690]
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest [695]
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,
[700]
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts
between

Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice [705]
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:
[710]

Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight
discernes

Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
[715]

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,
[720]

Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne [725]
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
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 employ
[730]

In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,

Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
[735]

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 [740]
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
Far was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night, [745]
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 [750]
All thy Dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North [755]
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, and Rocks of
Gold,

The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call [760]
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, [765]
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
[770]

Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues,
Powers,

If these magnific Titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross't [775]
All Power, and us ecliptst 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
[780]

Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect [785]
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
[790]

By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right [795]
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 [800]
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
Had audience, when among the Seraphim

Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale
ador'd [805]

The Deitie, and divine commands obeid,
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
[810]

Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne
The just Decree of God, pronounc't and
sworn,

That to his only Son by right endu'd [815]
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, [820]
One over all with unsucceeded power.

Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of libertie, who made
Thee what thou art, and formd the Pow'rs of
Heav'n

Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir
being? [825]

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
[830]

United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
Thy self though great and glorious dost thou
count,

Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom [835]
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, and to thir Glory
nam'd

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues,
Powers, [840]

Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious
rage, [845]

And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd 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,
[850]

Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were formd then saist thou? and the
work

Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? strange point and
new! [855]

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
[860]

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.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
[865]

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; [870]
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
[875]

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 spread [880]
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods Messiah; those indulgent Laws
Will not now be voutsaf't, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall; [885]
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
[890]

Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt
know. [895]

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;

Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, uneduc'd, unterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale; [900]
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
 mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he
 passd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he
 susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; [905]
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction
 doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 6
THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second day's 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'n's 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,
[5]
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 hour
[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 [15]
Coverd with thick embattel'd 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 [25]
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 [35]
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 scorn'd 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.
Go Michael of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next [45]
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. [55]
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 [65]
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 [75]
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 [85]
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 [95]
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' Apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot sate
[100]

Idol of Majesty 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 intervall, and Front to Front [105]
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
[115]

Remain not; wherefore should not strength
and 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
[125]

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
[135]

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 [145]
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 [155]
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
[165]

I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spirits, traind 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,
[175]

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 blest, and his Divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd, [185]
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 [195]
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
Heaven

It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
[205]

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.
So under fierie Cope together rush'd [215]
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,
[225]

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 [235]
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 [245]
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 [255]
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
[265]

And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's 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 [275]
Thy offspring, 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 turn'd the least of
these

To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise [285]
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and 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.
[295]

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likon 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 [305]

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. [315]

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,
[325]

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
Passd 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 staid ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
[335]

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
Humbld 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 [345]
In Entrailles, 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,
[355]

And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep
array
Of Moloc furious King, who him defi'd
And at his Chariot wheeles 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, [365]
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
[375]
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
Cancel'd 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. [385]
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,
recoyl'd
Orewearied, 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 [395]
By sin 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. [405]
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,
[415]
His Potentates to Council call'd by night;

And in the midst thus undismay'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 powerfulest to send
[425]
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 Empyrean form
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
[435]
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.
[445]
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 arms to fight in paine,
Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil
[455]
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 [465]
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright [470]
Believst 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, [475]
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 yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hallow Engins long and round
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of
fire [485]
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 disarmd
[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 despaird.
[495]
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
To be th' inventor 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
[505]
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
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 suttile Art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
[515]

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 [525]
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 descrie 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
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, [535]
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 orb'd Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr, [545]
But ratling storm of Arrows barb'd 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 Embattel'd; 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
[555]
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding
loud.

Vanguard, 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
[565]
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) [575]
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, [585]
From those deep throated Engins belcht,
whose roar
Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
Thir devilish glut, chaind 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
[595]
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. [600]
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
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 [605]
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 [615]
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;
[625]
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, and found
them arms [635]
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 [645]
 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 whelm'd, 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, [655]
 Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and
 bruis'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, [665]
 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,
 [675]
 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, [685]
 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 thir Creation they were form'd, [690]
 Save what sin hath impaired, 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, [695]
 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,
 [705]
 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 [715]
 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, [725]
 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, [735]
 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
 Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them
 chief. [745]
 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
 whirl-wind 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 [755]
 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
 [765]
 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 Chrystallin 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
 [775]
 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,
 [785]
 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
 [795]
 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 [805]
 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,
 [815]
 Hath honourd me according to his will.
 Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig'n'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 [825]
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.

At once the Four spread out their Starry 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 Wheel
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand [835]
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he
sent

Before him, such as in their Soules infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons drop'd;
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads
he rode [840]

Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wisht 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,
[845]

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 their
strength, [850]

And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
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:
[855]

The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck,
pursu'd

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which opening
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 [865]

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 their 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, [875]

Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburnd 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 Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order
bright, [885]

Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heir, 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 [895]
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,
[905]

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.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 7
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 reascention 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 [5]
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 Empyrean Aire,
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
[15]

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 remains 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,
[25]

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 [35]

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, [45]
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole
command,
So easily obeyd amid the choice
Of all tastes 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
[55]

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 [65]
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: [75]
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 voutsaf't
[80]

Gently for our instruction to impart

Things above Earthly thought, which yet
concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
[85]
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
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
[95]
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 Eevening and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will
bring [105]
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 [115]
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 suppress in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know.
[125]
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 return'd [135]
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,
[145]
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 [155]
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 Heav'n, & Heav'n to
Earth, [160]
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
And by my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
[165]
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
Infinite, 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.
[175]
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 Almighty'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 [185]
 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 [195]
 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
 [205]
 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. [215]

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 Train
 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
 [225]
 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 outspread,
 [235]
 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 [245]
 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;
 [255]
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
 shout
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd thir Golden Harps, and 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 [265]
 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 he the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
 [270]
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos farr remov'd, least fierce extremes

Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So
Eev'n
And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.
[275]

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 [285]
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 [295]
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 error 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
[305]

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 yielding
Seed, [310]
And Fruit Tree yielding 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 [315]
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: and the humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and
spred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or
gemm'd [325]
Thir blossoms: with high woods the hills were
crownd,
With tufts the vallies and 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
[335]
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. [345]
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,
[355]
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the
Moon
Globose, and every magnitude of Starrs,
And sowed 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 Sun's 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, [365]
And hence the Morning Planet guilds her
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'n's high rode: the
gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the
Moon, [375]

But opposite in level'd 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,
[385]

Glad Eevning and 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, [395]

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
and Bay

With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
[400]

Of Fish that with thir Finns and 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, and through
Groves

Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
[405]

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
[415]

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
[425]

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 [435]
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 [445]
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 Soul 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
 Innumeros living Creatures, perfet formes,
 [455]
 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 Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from
 Bonds, [465]
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the
 Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
 Rising, the crumb'l'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 scalie Crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the
 ground, [475]
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries dect 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 involv'd
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First
 crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident [485]
 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 Female 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, & gav'st them
 Names,
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field, [495]
 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
 [505]
 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 [515]
 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
 [525]
 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
 Female 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 [535]
 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
 yields,
 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, [545]
 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't 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 [555]
 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, [565]
 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
 [575]
 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
 Seventh
 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 [585]
 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,
 [595]
 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
 [605]
 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 seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil [615]
 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, [625]
 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
[635]

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
seek'st

Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.
[640]

The End of the Seventh Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 8
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
[5]
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't
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; something yet of doubt remaines,
Which onely thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
[15]
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, [25]
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 appeers, 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,
[35]
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,
[45]
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
[55]
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. [65]
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 Dayes, 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 [75]
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'n's
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, [85]
 Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposet
 That bodies bright and greater should not
 serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies
 run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves
 The benefit: consider first, that Great [90]
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistening, may of solid good containe
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect, [95]
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigour 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 [105]
 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
 [115]
 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 Centre to the World, and other Starrs
 By his attractive vertue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 [125]
 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 Spheres 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 above all Starrs, the Wheele
 [135]
 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,

Fields and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest
 [145]
 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 describe
 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 unpossest
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute [155]
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
 Down to this habitable, which returnes
 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, [165]
 And beares thee soft with the smooth Air
 along,
 Solicit 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 [175]
 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 me, 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,
[185]

And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and
notions vain.

But apt the Mind or Fancy 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 subtle, 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, [195]
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;
[205]

And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detaine 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 [215]
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 [225]
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, [235]
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 loud lament, and furious rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
[245]
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 [255]

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, [265]

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, [275]

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 præeminent;
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,
[285]

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 drousd 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, [295]

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 [305]

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 [315]

Submiss: he rear'd me, and 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,
[325]

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 [335]

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 receive
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
[345]

Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summon'd, 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;
[355]

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, [365]
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. [375]

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 [385]
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 [395]

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 suttile happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice [400]

Of thy Associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
What think'st thou then of mee, and this my
State,

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
Of happiness, or not? who am alone [405]
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 [415]
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 unities defective, which requires [425]
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.
Thou in thy secresie 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 [435]

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, [445]
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, [455]
As with an object that excels the sense,
Daz'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
 [465]
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the
 wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and 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 summ'd up, in her containd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, [475]
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 Shee 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, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 [485]
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
 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
 [495]
 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, [505]
 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 [515]
 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,
 [525]
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
 I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits
 and 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,
 [535]
 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 [545]
 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, vertuosest, discreetest, best;
 [550]
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
 Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;
 Authority and Reason on her waite,
 As one intended first, not after made [555]
 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 [565]
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 yield all her shows: [575]
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 and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
 [585]
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. [595]
Neither her out-side formd 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 [605]
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 [615]
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:
 [625]
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 lest Passion
 sway [635]
Thy Judgment 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, [645]
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.

The End of the Eighth Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 9
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 a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded 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 [5]
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 [15]
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 slumb'ring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song [25]
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; [35]
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious 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 [45]
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 [55]
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
[65]
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 invol'd in rising Mist, then sought [75]
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and
Land
From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length
West from Orontes 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 [85]
The Serpent sottlest 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 wilie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious
mark,
As from his wit and native sottletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r [95]
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 preferr'd
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,
[105]
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
appeers [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 [115]
Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, and 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; [125]
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 find 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 [135]
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
[145]
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, [155]
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
Thir earthy 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
constrained
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime, [165]

This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height 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 [175]
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-rowld,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle
wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den, [185]
Nor 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 when as 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 [195]
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill

With grateful Smell, forth came the human
pair
And joind 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 [205]
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 minde first thoughts
present,
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to
wind [215]
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 taske we choose, what wonder if so 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.
[225]

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, well 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 household good,
And good workes in her Husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd [235]
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 & Bowers doubt not but our joynt
hands
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide
[245]
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.
For solitude sometimes 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
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
[255]

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

[265]

That gave thee being, still shades thee and
protects.

The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her Husband stiaies,
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 Enemie we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne, [275]
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 fear'st 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
[285]

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 replyd.

[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 itself, intended by our Foe. [295]
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least
asperses

The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
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.
[305]

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 [315]

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, [325]
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 wherefore shund or
feard

By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace
within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th'
event.

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid
[335]

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 ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left [345]
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or aught 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 misinforme the Will
[355]

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 suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was
warn'd.

Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and most likelie if from mee [365]
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 warn'd 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. [375]

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd 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 [385]

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
arm'd, [390]

But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeliest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime, [395]
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 return'd 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! [405]
Thou never from that houre in Paradise
Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and
Shades

Waited with hellish rancour 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 [415]
The whole included Race, his purpos'd 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, [425]

Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head
though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd, 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,
[435]

Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
Imborder'd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious then those Gardens
feign'd

Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd [440]
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person
more.

As one who long in populous City pent, [445]
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
 [455]
 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, [465]
 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 ye led me, with what
 sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor
 hope [475]
 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, [485]
 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 [495]
 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 [505]
 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 off, as oft so steers, and shifts her
 Saile; [515]
 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,
 [525]
 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 [535]
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
 Thee all things living 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,
 [545]

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 glaz'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
express't

The first at lest of these I thought deni'd [555]
To Beasts, whom God on thir 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, suttlest 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? [565]
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 obey'd: [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 [575]
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,

Ruddie 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 [585]
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 plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
[595]

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
retain'd.

Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
[605]

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
[615]

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.
[625]

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 made 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
[635]

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, and oft through Pond or
Poole,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour
farr.
So glist'rd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe; [645]
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she
spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming
hither,
Fruitless to mee, 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. [655]
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 [665]
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,

New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuats disturb'd, 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
Flourish'd, since mute, to som great cause
address't,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the
tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay [675]
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impassion'd 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, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
[685]

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 attain'd 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 petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
[695]

Deterr'd 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 obeyd:
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
[705]
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so
cleere,
Yet are but dim, shall perfetly 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 shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this
can bring. [715]
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 eates thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
[725]

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
[735]

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;
Mean while 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. [745]

Though kept from Man, and 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: [755]
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
discerns, [765]

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? [775]
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
[785]

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: Satiated 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
[795]

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;
[805]

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
[815]

About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appeer? 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? [825]

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 turn'd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
[835]

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 something ill, [845]
Misgave him; hee the faulting 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. [855]

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 pain 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 [865]
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who
taste;

And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd 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 prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes
[875]

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.
[885]

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. [895]

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, [900]
Defac't, deflour'd, 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 beguill'd thee, yet unknown,
[905]

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
[915]

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,

Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turnd.
[920]

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous
Eve
And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd
Had it been onely coveting to Eye
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
[925]

But past who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God Omnipotent, nor 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 our taste;
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 [935]
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 [945]

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 [955]
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, [965]

And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good
proof
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 [975]
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, [985]

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 [995]

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 low'r'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 [1005]
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 scorne 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: [1015]
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,
[1025]

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 [1035]
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow'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. [1045]

Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser
sleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscous
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, [1055]

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,
[1065]

At length gave utterance to these words
constrained.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give eare
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, [1075]
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 glade [1085]
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, [1095]

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
Branching so broad and long, that in the
ground

The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters
grow [1105]
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 sowl,
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 [1115]
 Columbus found th' American so 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
 Rained 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, calm Region once
 [1125]
 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 beneathe
 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, and
 stai'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that
 strange [1135]
 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 [1145]
 Of wandring, 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 been there,
 Or here 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
 [1155]
 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 this the recompence
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, [1165]
 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 Enemie
 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
 [1175]
 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 error 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,
 [1185]
 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.

The End of the Ninth Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 10
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 of 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 condolment of Eve; she persists and at

length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes 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 despoightfull 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 [5]
Of God All-seeing, or deceive 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, [15]
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall. Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad For Man, for of his state by this they knew, Much wondring how the suttile 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. [25]
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, [35]
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 [45]
His free Will, to her own inclining left In even 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 [55]

Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or
Hell.

Easie it might 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 [65]
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
[75]

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
[85]

Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and
Powers,
Princedoms, 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 wrath
more coole [95]

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,
[105]

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. [115]

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 [125]
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 [135]

Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my
help,

And gav'st me as thy perfet 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 justify the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.
 Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
 [145]
 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: Adornd
 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
 [155]
 And person, hadst 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 transerre
 [165]
 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
 [175]
 Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;
 Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
 And dust shalt eat all the dayes 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
 [185]
 Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
 In open shew, and with ascention bright
 Captivity led captive through the Aire,
 The Realm 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 [195]
 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;
 Thorns 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 eat Bread,
 [205]
 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 form of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants feet so now
 [215]
 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 [225]
 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
[235]
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 Avengers, 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,
[245]

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 return perhaps over this Gulfe
Impassable, Impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
[255]

Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevales, 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 [265]
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, [275]
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 Quarry from so farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was
great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
[285]

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 [295]
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
Immovable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell. [305]
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 self same place where hee
[315]

First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos to the out side 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,
[325]
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 [335]
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 listening 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 [345]
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 encreas'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, [355]
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, join'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,
[365]
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, [375]
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
[385]
Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
AmPLY 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, and 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
[395]
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among these numerous
Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and 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
[405]
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevailes, 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 [415]
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 Pandæmonium, Citie and proud seate
Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld, [425]
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 Realm of Aladule, in his retreat [435]
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 thir 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
[445]
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: [455]
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, [465]
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 th' 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
[475]

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
[485]
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 [495]
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 [505]
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 [515]
 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 Amphisbæna dire,
 Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
 [525]
 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, [530]
 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,
 [535]
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
 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, [545]
 Turn'd 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 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 further woe or shame;
 [555]
 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 Megæra: 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 [565]
 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 soot 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 ceaseless hiss,
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo [575]
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduct.
 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 Dictæan Jove was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair [585]
 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
 earn'd
 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? [595]
 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,
and Flours
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and
Fowle,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing [605]
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' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints
among,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.
[615]

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, [625]
That laugh, as if transported with some fit

Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded 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 sling
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at
last [635]
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]

He 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,
[645]
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 [655]

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
[665]
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
[675]
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
[685]
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
 [695]
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and
 flaw,
 Boreas and Cæcias 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 Serralliona; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes
 Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise, [705]
 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, and Fowle
 with Fowle, [710]
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all
 leaving,
 Devour'd 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 [715]
 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 [725]
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, Encrease and multiply, [730]
 Now death to hear! 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, [735]
 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
 [745]
 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,
 [755]
 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. [765]
 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 delays
 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
 [775]
 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
 [785]
 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, [795]
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,
[805]

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
[815]

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,
[825]

Not to do onely, but to will the same
With me? how can they then 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
[835]

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 only 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 [845]
Through the still Night, not 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
[855]

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 late 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:
[865]

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 vanities, when lest was safe,
[875]

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,
[885]

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,
[895]

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 perversness, 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
[905]

To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To Humane life, and household 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, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
[915]

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 [925]
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 judgment 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,
[935]

Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
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, [945]
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, [955]
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.
[965]

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 regain
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,
[975]

Tending to some 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 [985]
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 imbraces
sweet,

And with desire to languish without hope,
[995]

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 he 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,
[1005]
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 somthing more sublime
And excellent then what thy minde
contemnes; [1015]

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
[1025]

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
Some 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
[1035]
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
[1045]

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; [1055]

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
[1065]
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 [1075]
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. [1085]
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, [1095]

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.

The End of the Tenth Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 11
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 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, & made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now
 breath'd [5]
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 missd the way, by envious
 windes [15]
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,
 [25]
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 [35]
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.
 [45]
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 [55]
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, [65]
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 [75]
To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast

Filled all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowers
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 pronouncd his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
 [85]

Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had 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 [95]
For ever, 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,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim [100]
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,
 [105]

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 softn'd 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 [115]
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
 climbes,

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. [125]

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 then
 those [130]

Of Argus, and more wakeful then to drouze,
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral
 Reed

Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews
 imbalm'd [135]

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, [145]
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; [155]

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
 [165]

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 source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, [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, [175]
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Wherere 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,
[185]
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 funder change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature
shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn [195]
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
[205]
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with somthing 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;
[215]
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 find where Adam shelterd, took his way,
Not unperceav'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great Visitant approachd, thus
spake. [225]

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determin, or impose
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie
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, [235]
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 Melibœan, 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
[245]
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
Inclin'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, [255]
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious
claime;
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
[265]
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 respite 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 [275]
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, accustomd to immortal Fruits?
[285]

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.
[295]

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 [305]
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 availles 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,
[315]
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, [325]
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms and Fruits and
Flours:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot step-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. [335]
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
spred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
[345]
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
But this præeminence 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 beleve, and be
confirmd [355]
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 [365]
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,
[375]

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
[385]
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 Sinæan 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, [395]
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of Negus to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritim 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 [405]

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;
[415]

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 [425]

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, [435]

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 [445]
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,
[455]

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! [465]

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 then 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 shall
bring

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst
know [475]

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, 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,
Dæmoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie
[485]

And Moon-struck madness, pining Atrophie
Marasmus and wide-wasting Pestilence,
Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking
Rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans,
despair

Tended the sick busiest from Couch to
Couch; [490]

And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invokt
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
[495]

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 [500]
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
[505]

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 [510]
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Thir Makers Image, answerd Michael, then
[515]

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, [520]
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
While they pervert pure Natures healthful
rules

To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.
[525]

I yield 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
[530]

The rule of not too much, by temperance
taught
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from
thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
[535]

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 wither weak and gray; thy Senses then
[540]
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
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
[545]
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 [550]
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael repli'd,

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livst
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another sight. [555]

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 [560]

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
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and
Brass [565]

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
[570]
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
First his own Tooles; then, what might else be
wrought
Fusil or grav'n in mettle. After these,
But on the hether side a different sort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was
thir Seat, [575]

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 last which might
preserve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
[580]

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:
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir
eyes [585]

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
[590]

Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands,
Flours,

And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
[595]
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; [600]
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,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end [605]
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, [610]
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

Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
[615]

Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule
the Eye. [620]

To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
[625]

(Erelong to swim at large) 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
[630]

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,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his
place [635]
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receav'd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
[640]

Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning
Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;
Part wield thir Arms, part coub the foaming
Steed,

Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring
stood; [645]

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, [650]

But call in aide, which makes a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th'ensanguind Field

Deserted: Others to a Citie strong [655]
Lay Seige, 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 [660]
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
Of middle Age one rising, eminent [665]
In wise deport, spake much of Right and
Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him
thence [670]

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
Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,
[675]

Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal
Death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfould the sin of him who slew
His Brother; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
[680]

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:
Where good with bad were matcht, who of
themselves [685]

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; [690]
To overcome in Battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
[695]

Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
Thus Fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on
Earth,

And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou
beheldst [700]

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
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most
High [705]

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?
[710]

Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, and 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,

To luxurie and riot, feast and dance, [715]
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, [720]
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
In prison under Judgments imminent: [725]
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, and breadth, and
highth, [730]
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 every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as
taught [735]
Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives; and God made fast the
dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, and with
black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie
[740]
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
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
[745]
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 [750]
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
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad, [755]
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 [760]
His Children, 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
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot [765]
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 [770]
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
In apprehension then in substance feel [775]
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warne: those few escapt
Famin and anguish will at last consume
Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope

When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
[780]
All would have then gon well, peace would
have crownd
With length of happy dayes the race of man;
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,
[785]
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; [790]
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,
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride
[795]
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 fear of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
In sharp contest of Battel found no aide [800]
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
More then anough, that temperance may be
tri'd: [805]
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
 [810]
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, hee of wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more
 safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
 [815]
 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 beheldest,
 To save himself and household from amidst
 [820]
 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
 [825]
 Raine day and night, all fountains 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
 [830]
 Out of his place, pushd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
 And there take root an lland salt and bare,
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-
 mews clang. [835]
 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 flood,
 [840]
 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
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely
 drew, [845]
 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 [850]
 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.
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
 [855]
 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: [860]
 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
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow [865]
 Conspicuous with three listed 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 [870]
 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

Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce [875]
 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, [880]
 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;
 So willingly doth God remit his Ire, [885]
 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, [890]
 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
 With Man therein or Beast; but when he
 brings [895]
 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, [900]
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall
 dwell.

The End of the Eleventh Book.

Paradise Lost
BOOK 12
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. [5]

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, [15]
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
 [25]
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;
 [35]
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 and Towre, whose top may reach to
 Heav'n;
And get themselves a name, least far disperst
 [45]
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:
 [55]
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 assuming [65]
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 [75]
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 always with right Reason
dwells

Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
[85]

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, [95]
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes 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, [105]
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 [115]
(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 [125]
All Nations shall be blest; he 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 Chaldæa, passing now the Ford [130]
To Haran, after 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 [135]
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring
Plaine

Of Moreh; 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-founded
stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons [145]
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 [155]

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
[165]

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 compell'd by Signes and Judgements
dire; [175]

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
rouls;

What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
[185]

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]

The 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
[195]

Swallows him with his Host, but them lets
pass

As on drie land between two christal 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,
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:
[205]

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 [210]

Moses once more his potent Rod extends
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
[215]

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 [220]
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untraind 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 [225]

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
[230]

To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall
achieve

Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
[235]

To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech

That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they
besaught

Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now
[240]

Moses in figure beares, to introduce
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 [245]
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 [250]
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
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
[255]

The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
Shall rest by Day, a fiery 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
[260]

Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
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, [265]

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,
[270]

Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
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 perplex't with thoughts what would
becom [275]

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 [280]
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on
Earth

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
[285]

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, [290]
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may
conclude

Some blood more precious must be paid for
Man,

Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
[295]

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 [300]
With purpose to resign them in full time
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
[305]

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,
[310]

His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
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
[315]

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
[320]

The second, both for pietie renown'd
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 [325]
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.

[330]

But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom
fam'd,

The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple
enshrine.

Such follow him, as shall be registerd [335]
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 [340]
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
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, [345]

Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
To David, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of Kings
Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of
God

They first re-edifie, and for a while [350]
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
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
[355]

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 [360]
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
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;
[365]

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
[370]

With earths wide bounds, his glory with the
Heav'ns.

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 [375]
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddier 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 [380]

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the
Son

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 [385].

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 enemie; nor so is overcome [390]
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier
bruise,

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, [395]
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:
[400]

So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
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 [405]
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. [410]

For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
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, [415]
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
[420]

Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
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
[425]

Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes: 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 [430]

Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine
armes,

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. [435]
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
[440]

And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve
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.
[445]

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. [450]
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall
ascend

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, and there
confounded leave; [455]
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 and
dead [460]
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
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.
[465]

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, [470]
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
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 [475]
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 [480]
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
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 [485]
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 [490]
With spiritual Armour, able to resist
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, [495]
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
[500]
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
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,
[505]
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 [510]
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
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, [515]
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,
[520]
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
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
[525]
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: [530]
Whence heavie persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
Well deem in outward Rites and specious
formes
Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire [535]
Bestuck with slanderous 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, [540]
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promiss'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
[545]
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 [550]

To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

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, [555]
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. [560]

Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
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 [565]

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, [570]

And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
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 [575]

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, Aire, Earth, or
Sea,

And all the riches of this World enjoydst, [580]
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add

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 [585]

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, [590]

By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
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
[595]

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
[600]

(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
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. [605]

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, and whither wentst, I
know; [610]

For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,

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, [615]
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 [620]

I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
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 [625]

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, [630]
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
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, [635]
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught

Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappear'd.

[640]

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
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; [645]
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.

THE END

Paradise Regained
John Milton
Chapter 1

I, Whe erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foiled

In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him
thence

By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else
mute,

And bear through highth or depth of Nature's
bounds,
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of
deeds

Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age:
Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at
hand

To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked
With awe the regions round, and with them
came

From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed
To the flood Jordan--came as then obscure,
Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist
soon

Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore

As to his worthier, and would have resigned
To him his heavenly office. Nor was long
His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a Dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heaven pronounced him his beloved
Son.

That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom
Such high attest was given a while surveyed
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,
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
With looks aghast 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, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation), well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possessed, and ruled
In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceived 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 Heaven
Delay, for longest time to Him is short;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein
we

Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened
wound

(At least, if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power

To be infringed, our freedom and our being
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)--
For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;
But his growth now to youth's full flower,
displaying

All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
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 baptized--
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
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head
A perfet Dove descend (whate'er it meant);
And out of Heaven the sovraign voice I heard,
'This is my Son beloved,--in him am pleased.'
His mother, than, is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
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;
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be opposed
(Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-
woven snares),
Ere in the head of nations he appear,
Their king, their leader, and supreme on
Earth.

I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed
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 the infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings. But no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this man enterprise
To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their 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 easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-
declared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try--
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed:
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and
fixed,
Of the Most High, who, in full frequency bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:--

"Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With Man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify 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 called the Son of God.
Then told'st 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'ershadow her. This Man, born and now
upgrown,

To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasy. He might have learnt
Less overweening, since he failed in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man,
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell--
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand
foes.

By humiliation and strong sufferance
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic
strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and aethereal Powers--
They now, and men hereafter--may discern
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit called 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 moved,

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 entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some
days

Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in his breast
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his godlike office now mature,
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step
led on,
He entered now the bordering Desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environed
round,
His holy meditations thus pursued:--

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared!
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 public good; myself 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, ere yet my age
 Had measured twice six years, at our great
 Feast
 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 admired by all. Yet this not all
 To which my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts--one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;
 Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored:
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
 Mised; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon
 perceiving,
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
 And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,
 O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar
 To what highth sacred virtue 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 foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold

Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's
 throne,
 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 lay'st;
 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,
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;
 By whose bright course led on they found the
 place,
 Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,
 By which they knew thee King of Israel born.
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned
 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 heart, straight I again revolved
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was
 writ
 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,
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
 Full weight must be transferred upon my
 head.
 Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,
 The time prefixed I waited; when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
 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 believed was from above; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice
 proclaimed
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from
 Heaven)--
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won.
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven opened 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 Heaven, pronounced me
 his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
 He was well pleased: 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 derived from Heaven.
 And now by some strong motion I am led
 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 marked return,
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in his breast as well might
 recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he passed--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 harboured in one cave, is not revealed;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hungered then at last
Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew
 mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some
 stray eye,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might
 serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow
 keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus uttered
 spake:--

"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 returned, and dropt not here
His carcass, pined 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 honoured so, and called thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want,
 come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to
 hear,

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

What happens 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," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far--
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 thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom
 taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:--
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not
 written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Eliah without food
Wandered 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 answered the Arch-Fiend, now
 undisguised:--
"'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate
Who, leagued with millions more in rash
 revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep--
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconniving but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy

John Milton

Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,
Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of
 Heavens
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;
And, when to all his Angels he proposed
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 glibbed with lies
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 beloved of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike 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
I gained what I have gained, 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 woe!
At first it may be; but, long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.

Page 127 of 146

This wounds me most (what can it less?) that
Man,
Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:--
"Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to
come
Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st,
indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,
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 than when in Heaven.
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 moved 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 liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles
By thee are given, and what confessed more
true
Among the nations? That hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers? what but
dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom
understood,

And, not well understood, as good not
known?
Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concerned him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly given 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 disdain
To approach thy temples, give thee in
command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be enquired at Delphos or elsewhere--
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living Oracle
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,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth
returned:--
"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urged me hard with doings which not will,
But misery, hath wrested from me. Where

Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforced oft-times to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art placed above me; thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must, submit, endure
Cheek or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to
the ear,
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder, then, if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men
admire
Virtue 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 voutsafed his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspired: disdain not such access to me."
To whom our Saviour, with unaltered 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, disappeared,
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were
couched;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to
roam.

Paradise Regained
John Milton
Chapter 2

Meanwhile the new-baptized, who yet
remained
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly called
Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talked, and with him lodged--I
mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not named--
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
So lately found and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increased, increased their
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 Jericho
The city of palms, AEnon, and Salem old,
Machaerus, and each town or city walled
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peraea--but returned in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers
whispering play,
Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints
outbreathed:--

"Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlooked for are we fallen! 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 restored.'
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned
Into perplexity and new amaze.
For whither is he gone? what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
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 their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of Thee; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke!
But let us wait; thus far He hath performed--
Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have conversed.
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 plaints new hope
resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought.
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast
though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised

Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs
thus clad:--

"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!'
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore:
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtained to shelter him or me
From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing,
filled
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king. But now,
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,
Son owned from Heaven by his Father's
voice,
I looked 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
A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured 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
mused--
Since understand; much more his absence
now
Thus long to some great purpose he
obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of
things
And sayings laid up, pretending strange
events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
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 sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his Potentates in council sate.
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began:--

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, AEthereal
Thrones--
Daemonian Spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
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 risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was impowered,

Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but
find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
However to this Man inferior far--
If he be Man by mother's side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven
adorned,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am returned, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion 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
overmatched."

So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from
all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised:--

"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 sky, more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach,
Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and
tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,

Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolute breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the
heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:--
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself. Because of old
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such
toys.

Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,
False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled 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 mossy fountain-side,
In valley or green meadow, to waylay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amyone, Syrinx, many more
Too long--then lay'st thy scapes on names
adored,

Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, 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 scorned
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed;
How he surnamed of Africa dismissed,
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.

For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not
 beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;
 Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far
 Than 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 voutsafe an eye
 Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
 As sitting queen adored on Beauty's 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 majestic brow,
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
 Discountenance her despised, and put to rout
 All her array, her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands
 In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her
 plumes
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abashed.
 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
 wrecked);
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.
 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 ceased, and heard their grant in loud
 acclaim;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

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;
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
 Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of
 God,
 After forty days' fasting, had remained,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:-

-
 "Where will this end? Four times ten days I
 have passed
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast,
 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 satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain. So it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
 And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment
 sweet.
 Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their 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

John Milton

Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper--then how, awaked,
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof sufficed 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 harald Lark
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
 The Morn's 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 waked.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
 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.
 Thither he bent his way, determined there
 To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
 High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys
 brown,

That opened in the midst a woody scene;
 Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught
 Art),
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed
 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,
 And with fair speech these words to him
 addressed:--

"With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God

Page 132 of 146

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,
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famished, had not God
Rained from heaven manna; and that Prophet
bold,
Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee those 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 replied.
"Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Wouldst thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like
the giver," answered 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 offered first
To idols--those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffered by an enemy--though who
Would scruple that, with want oppressed?
Behold,
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath
purveyed
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,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour--beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or
shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn
stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
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 odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
smells.
Such was the splendour; and the Tempter
now
His invitation earnestly renewed:--

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;

Their 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 their
Lord.
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down
and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:--
"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to
use?

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,
Arrayed 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,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but
guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, male-
content:--

"That I have also power to give thou seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I
pleased,

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,
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil."

With that

Both table and provision vanished quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons
heard;

Only the importune Tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptation
pursued:--

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not
moved;

Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits 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,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy
cost?

Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and
realms.

What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed 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,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:--

"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained--
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;
But men endued with these have oft attained,
In lowest poverty, to highest deeds--

Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Juda sate
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 offered from the hand of
kings.

And what in me seems wanting but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and
more?

Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more
apt

To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than 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,

To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden
lies;

For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public 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 virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
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 error 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'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force--which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless, then, both for
themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be
sought--

To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

Paradise Regained
John Milton
Chapter 3

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renewed, 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
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth
consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast, or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or, wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou
hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory--glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
Aethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son

Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought
down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey
quelled
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 inflamed
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:--
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek
wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise
unmixed?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, 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 extolled,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk?
Of whom to be dispraised were no small
praise--
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown--when God,
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
and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well
remember,
He asked 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.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles 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
Than those their conquerors, who leave
behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled
Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce
men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But, if there be in glory aught of good;
It may be means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence--
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still

Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience
borne,
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 suffered for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives
now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffered--if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage--
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at
least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I
am."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus
replied:--
"Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father. He seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven,
By all his Angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.
Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
From us, his foes pronounced, glory he
exact."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
"And reason; since his Word all things
produced,
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
Than glory and benediction--that is, thanks--
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable 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 received,
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoiled;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs?
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advances his glory, not their 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;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a Kingdom thou art born--ordained
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 Promised Land,
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
Obeyes Tiberius, nor is always ruled
With temperate sway: oft have they violated
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
Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed
That by strong hand his family obtained,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne
usurped,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty--zeal and duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best--
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless
reign--
The happier reign the sooner it begins.
Rein then; what canst thou better do the
while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned:--
"All things are best fulfilled in their due time;
And time there is for all things, Truth hath
said.
If of my reign 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 rowl.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
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 obeyed--just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom? Why art thou
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied:--
"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 than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,
And will alike be punished, whether thou
Reign or reign not--though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best?
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their
King!
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts
detained
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!
No wonder; for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can in Man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days'

Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou
observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her
glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant
courts--
Best school of best experience, quickest in
sight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
Timorous, and loth, with novice modesty
(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and
state--
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then),
he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left
between
Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks
the hills;
Huge cities and high-towered, 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'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and
towers,
Cut shorter many a league. Here thou
behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
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, Nineveh, 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,
As ancient, 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,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy 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 gathered all his host

Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste. 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 looked, and saw what numbers
numberless
The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride.
In mail their 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
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind
them shot
Sharp sleet of arrow showers against the
face
Of their 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 indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioners
A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay

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,
Besieged Albracea, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
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 their chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more
presumed,
And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:--

"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and
mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and
shew
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 used, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possessed of David's
throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure
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,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by
league.

By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor--
Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
The sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need
fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus,
unmoved:--

"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
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, 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
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 sceptre 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 numbering Israel--which cost the lives
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 Ashtaroath,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish
crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers, but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,
Headlong would follow, and to their gods
perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve
Their enemies who serve idols with God.
Yet He at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous
call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian
flood,

While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promised Land their fathers
passed.
To his due time and providence I leave them."

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 falsehood
contends.

Paradise Regained
John Milton
Chapter 4

Perplexed and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That slept his tongue, and won so much on
Eve,
So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve;
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
But--as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reached where least he
thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils 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 must is
poured,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault
renew,
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end--
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, 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 breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea, and on the
north

To equal length backed with a ridge of hills
That screened the fruits of the earth and seats
of men
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the
midst
Divided by a river, off whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes
Above the highth of mountains interposed--
By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied 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
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the
Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods--so well I have disposed
My aerie microscope--thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and
see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
Praetors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;

Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions and cohorts, turms 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,
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor 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
wreathed;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians
north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay--
To Rome's great Emperor, 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,
Shared among petty kings too far removed;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee
all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
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 public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,

Endued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his
 throne,
Now made a sty, 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 than all the world;
Aim at the highest; without the highest
 attained,
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied:--
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic shew
Of luxury, though called magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st
 add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous
 feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, imbossed with
 gems
And studs of pearl--to me should'st tell, who
 thirst
And hunger still. Then embassies thou
 shew'st
From nations far and nigh! What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk
Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,
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 tormentor, Conscience, find him out;
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, conquered
 well,

But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts
 exposed;
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These, thus degenerate, by themselves
 enslaved,
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 overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world;
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, replied:--
"I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.
On the other side know also thou that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
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, given 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 answered with
 disdain:--
"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to
 utter
The abominable terms, impious condition.
But I endure the time, till which expired
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, accursed? now more
 accursed
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;
Other donation none thou canst produce.
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all supreme? If given 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--
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 damned."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed,
 replied:--
"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
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have
 proposed
 What both from Men and Angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth
 Nations besides from all the quartered winds--
 God of this World invoked, and World
 beneath.
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
 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 thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute;
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou
 went'st
 Alone into the Temple, there wast 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'er all the world
 In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.
 All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must
 converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.

Without their learning, how wilt thou with
 them,
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular
 mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south-west;
 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
 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-warbled notes the summer
 long;
 There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rowls
 His whispering stream. Within the walls then
 view
 The schools of ancient 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-measured
 verse,
 AEolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher
 sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
 Whose poem Phoebus challenged for his
 own.
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians
 taught

In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 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 ancient whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed
 house
 Of Socrates--see there his tenement--
 Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued
 forth
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the
 schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at
 home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

 To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:--
 "Think not but that I know these things; or,
 think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought. He who receives
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all professed
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;

The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain
 sense;
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
 By him called virtue, and his virtuous 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,
 And how the World began, and how Man fell,
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
 And in themselves seek virtue; 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,
 An empty cloud. However, many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; 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 unsettled still remains,
 Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
 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 strewed
 With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms
 inscribed,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
 That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts
 derived--
 Ill imitated while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own,
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past
 shame.
 Remove their swelling epithetes, thick-laid
 As varnish on a harlot's 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 praised aright and godlike men,
 The Holiest of Holies and his Saints
 (Such are from God inspired, not such from
 thee);
 Unless where moral virtue is expressed
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
 The top of eloquence--statists indeed,
 And lovers of their 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 their majestic, unaffected style,
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
 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, replied:--

 "Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor
 arts,
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught
 By me proposed in life contemplative
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 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 offered 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,
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.
 Now, contrary--if I read aught in heaven,
 Or heaven write aught of fate--by what the
 stars
 Voluminous, or single characters
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
 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;
 Nor when: eternal sure--as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefixed
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

 So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
 Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness
 Brought back, the Son of God, and left him
 there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,

As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day.
 Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind
 After his jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might
 shield
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered
 head;
 But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head
 The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly
 dreams
 Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the
 clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive poured
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with
 fire,
 In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest
 oaks,
 Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy
 blasts,
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environed thee; some howled, some yelled,
 some shrieked,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.
 Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,
 Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the
 winds,

And griesly spectres, which the Fiend had
 raised
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheered the face of earth, and dried 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,
 Cleared 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,
 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 resolved,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
 And mad despite to be so oft repelled.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Backed 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:--
 "Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals
 fear them,
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
 Yet, as being oft-times noxious where they
 light

On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to
 point,
 They oft fore-signify 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 offered with my aid
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows
 when
 (For both the when and how is nowhere told),
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no
 doubt;
 For Angels have proclaimed 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,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee
 round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."
 So talked he, while the Son of God went on,
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:--
 -
 "Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other
 harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me
 none.
 I never feared they could, though noising loud
 And threatening night: what they can do as
 signs
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn

As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy
preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my
God;
And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discerned,
And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage,
replied:--

"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born!
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
Announced 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 ceased 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
Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest
(Though not to be baptized), by voice from
Heaven

Heard thee pronounced the Son of God
beloved.

Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer
view

And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
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
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that
hour,

And followed thee still on to this waste wild,
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parole or composition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.
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 centre, firm
To the utmost of mere man both wise and
good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms,
glory,
Have been before contemned, and may
again.

Therefore, to know what more thou art than
man,
Worth naming the Son of God by voice from
Heaven,
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and, without
wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:--

"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand
upright
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house

Have brought thee, and highest placed:
highest is best.
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a
stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and
stood;

But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth's son, Antaeus (to compare
Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new
strength,

Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;
And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not
devoured,

That once found out and solved, for grief and
spite

Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian
steep,

So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the
Fiend,

And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans received Him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore,

As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,
That soon refreshed him wearied, and
 repaired
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,
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 throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven,
 enshrined

In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
Wandering the wilderness--whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army; now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;
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 Heaven, trod
 down

Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest
 wound)

By this repulse received, 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 unarmed,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul--
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the Deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their 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,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast
 refreshed,
Brought on his way with joy. He, unobserved,
Home to his mother's house private returned.
END.