**Extract of Paradise Lost (1763)**

[Editorial Introduction]

John Milton (1608–1674) remains one of the best known and respected poets in the English language. He was a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell, and his poetry reflects both his Puritan theology and his republican politics. While John Wesley differed from Milton on some theological and political points, he held Milton’s poetry in high regard, particularly Milton’s epic blank-verse poem *Paradise Lost* (1667).

Wesley’s study of *Paradise Lost* can be traced to immediately after he received his B.A. from Christ Church, Oxford. The diary Wesley kept during these years records him “collecting” (i.e., copying out in manuscript extended excerpts) from the epic poem in early 1725, and his purchase of a copy in September 1725. When Wesley began to serve as tutor at Lincoln College, Oxford in early 1730 he required his students to work carefully through *Paradise Lost*, and he later assigned it to the students at Kingswood School. He also placed copies of the poem in libraries that he maintained for his lay-preachers and exhorted them to study it. Wesley’s personal immersion in *Paradise Lost* is evidenced by frequent allusions and brief quotations in his sermons and letters.

Given his high regard for *Paradise Lost*, it was natural that Wesley would attempt to encourage its reading among all of his lay followers. His first effort in this direction was to include two excerpts from the poem in his 1744 *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*. In the early 1760s Wesley decided to go further, preparing an abridged version of the entire poem. This abridgement likely went to press in January 1763, though no advertisements of its publication in newspapers of the time have been located, and the first time it appears in one of Wesley’s book catalogues is 1768. We can be sure that the abridgement was being distributed by Wesley’s lay preachers in mid 1764, because he wrote to Matthew Errington on May 30, 1764 exhorting him to send more copies to Edinburgh. This may reflect that Wesley considered his abridgement of *Paradise Lost* to be primarily for his own followers, and relied on his network of preachers to encourage distribution. It might also explain why sales were slow and a new edition was not needed until shortly after Wesley’s death in 1791.

In producing his abridgement, Wesley’s stated concern was to make it more accessible to “persons of a common education.” Milton brought all of his learning to bear on *Paradise Lost*, filling it with classical and biblical allusions, as well as numerous geographical, astronomical, and historical connections. Even university-educated persons found it a difficult read, which spawned a stream of elucidating commentaries, beginning with Joseph Addison devoting eighteen issues of his *Spectator*...
journal to this task in 1712.\footnote{Addison’s comments were first published in Spectator between Dec. 31, 1711 and May 3, 1712; then later collected in book form.} Within a year of Wesley’s publication, Thomas Newton issued a crowning expression of this stream—a two-volume edition of *Paradise Lost* which added throughout explanatory notes selected from various scholarly commentaries.\footnote{Thomas Newton (ed.), *Paradise Lost. ... With notes of Various Authors*, 2 vols. (London: Printed for J. & R. Tonson, et al., 1763). While the publication date is “1763,” this collection was advertised as just being released in Feb. 6, 1764 in the *London Chronicle* and the *Public Advertiser*.} This competition may have contributed to the slow sales of Wesley’s abridgement. But a comparison of the two works highlights the distinctiveness of Wesley’s publication. Newton retains the whole of Milton’s poem, and his explanatory notes often assume knowledge of classical literature. By contrast, Wesley sought to make *Paradise Lost* accessible to persons of a common education:

First, by omitting those lines, which I despaired of explaining to the unlearned, without using abundance of words; and secondly, by adding short and easy notes, such as I trust will make the main of this excellent poem clear and intelligible to any uneducated person of a tolerable good understanding.

While students of Wesley are well aware of his penchant for abridgement, this particular instance of abridging a literary classic has sparked scholarly debate. The most extended study by a literary scholar in the mid-twentieth century concluded that Wesley’s abridgement was “a parody of great literature and of great books, a watering down of a great poem for those who have to be told in the first sentence of the preface that it is a great poem.”\footnote{Sven Eric Molin, “John Wesley’s Techniques in Revising Literary Masterpieces for his Methodist Audience, with special reference to *Paradise Lost*” (University of Pennsylvania Ph.D. thesis, 1956), 296. See also the tepid evaluation in Thomas Walter Herbert, *John Wesley as Editor and Author* (Princeton University Press, 1940), 75–79.} By contrast, an essay-length study a few years earlier praised Wesley for the “excellence of his method and the splendid reliability of his edition,” which “made a great classic available to the masses.”\footnote{Oscar Sherwin, “Milton for the Masses: John Wesley’s Edition of *Paradise Lost*,” *Modern Language Quarterly* 12 (1951): 267–85; see p. 272 fn 18, and p. 285.} Building on this more positive evaluation, in part by focus on reader response, Jennifer Snead has argued most recently that Wesley’s abridgement of *Paradise Lost*, with his explanatory notes, “functioned to empower and create an active, engaged readership.”\footnote{Jennifer Snead, “The Work of Abridgments: Readers, Editors, and Expectations,” in Bonnie Gunzenhauser (ed.), *Reading in History: New Methodologies from the Anglo-American Tradition* (London: Pickering and Chatto, 2010), 77–89; here, p. 79.}

Close comparison shows that Wesley reduced the 10565 lines of Milton’s original to 8696 lines (or by about 17.7%).\footnote{The misnumbering in some sections of Wesley’s abridgement make it appear that he preserved 8708 lines. See the careful collation in Molin. “John Wesley’s Techniques,” 87.} Such comparison also makes clear that many of Wesley’s elisions were motivated by more than a concern to remove obscure references and detail—he also deletes comments where Milton’s (somewhat mild) Calvinism shines through.\footnote{For examples see Sherwin, “Milton,” 280–81; and Snead, “Work of Abridgments,” 84–85.} While this might be praised for providing a consistent theological portrait to Wesley’s readers, it must also be admitted that he thereby obscures (for those who read only his abridged text) some of the complexity in Milton’s theological stance.\footnote{See Molin, “Wesley’s Techniques,” 262–77.} As an aid for readers
who want to explore Wesley’s deletions, we have included an Appendix immediately following the transcription of Wesley’s version, which provides the full text of Milton with Wesley’s major deletions placed in red font.

In terms of process, Wesley’s editorial approach to *Paradise Lost* was fairly conservative. He worked with the text standardized by Milton.\(^{15}\) While he deleted significant portions, he rarely altered the words that he retained.\(^{16}\) There is every reason to believe that he followed his common process for abridgements, which was to take an existing edition of a book and draw lines through everything he wanted omitted. This marked book was then sent to the printer, and usually discarded after use. The notes that Wesley added would have been provided separately.

There was one more important dimension of Wesley’s edition of *Paradise Lost*. Having rendered it accessible (and theologically pure) through his abridging and notes, Wesley assumed the role of a critic. He notes in the Preface that he had highlighted throughout passages that he judged to be “peculiarly excellent, either with regard to sentiment or expression” and encouraged his followers to read these passages repeatedly, or even commit them to memory. After introducing this practice in *Paradise Lost*, Wesley carried it over to later publications, including his collected *Works* (1771–74).\(^{17}\)

Finally, it should be noted that Wesley’s edition of *Paradise Lost* contains several printer errors and evidence of insufficient copy correction. We have corrected these errors in the text, with annotation of the original. When a second edition was issued after Wesley’s death, they also corrected most of these problems.

**Editions:**


---

\(^{15}\)We do not know the exact edition Wesley used, but he follows the text of John Milton, *Paradise Lost* (London: S. Simons, 1668)—the first printing to add summaries of argument to each chapter.

\(^{16}\)As compared, for example, to how Richard Bentley rewrote sections that he considered problematic in his edition of *Milton’s Paradise Lost* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1732).


\(^{18}\)Only 10–12 copies of this original edition are known to survive.
# Table of Contents

Wesley’s Preface ............................................................... 3  

Book I ............................................................... 5  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 24  

Book II ............................................................... 28  
   Notes ........................................................ .............. 57  

Book III ............................................................... 62  
   Notes ........................................................ .............. 81  

Book IV ............................................................... 83  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 112  

Book V ............................................................... 116  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 138  

Book VI ............................................................... 141  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 167  

Book VII ............................................................... 170  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 188  

Book VIII ............................................................... 191  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 209  

Book IX ............................................................... 211  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 242  

Book X ............................................................... 244  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 273  

Book XI ............................................................... 275  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 300  

Book XII ............................................................... 303  
   Notes ........................................................ ............. 321  

[Editor’s Appendix of Milton’s text with Wesley deletions noted after p. 322]
TO THE READER.

Of all the poems which have hitherto appeared in the world, in whatever age or nation, the preference has generally been given by impartial judges, to Milton’s *Paradise Lost*. But this inimitable work amidst all its beauties, is unintelligible to abundance of readers: the immense learning which he has every where crowded together, making it quite obscure to persons of a common education.

This difficulty, almost insuperable as it appears, I have endeavoured to remove in the following extract: first, by omitting those lines, which I despaired of explaining to the unlearned, without using abundance of words: and, secondly, by adding short and easy notes, such as I trust will make the main of this excellent poem, clear and intelligible to any uneducated person, of a tolerable good understanding.
To those passages which I apprehend to be peculiarly excellent, either with regard to sentiment or expression, I have prefixed a star:\textsuperscript{1} and these, I believe, it would be worth while to read over and over, or even to commit to memory.

London, January
1, 1763.

\textsuperscript{1}Wesley’s intent was to place an asterisk (*) both at the beginning and end of each selection he wanted to highlight. If the selection included paragraph breaks, he typically put an asterisk at the opening of each paragraph, until you reached the end of the selection. In a few places the terminating asterisk appears to be accidentally omitted. We have tried to add these when possible (with notation).
This first book proposes first in brief, the whole subject, man’s disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: 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 passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the center (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who, next in order
and dignity, lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan, and the countries adjoining. 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 antient prophecy 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 prophecy, and what to determine 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 man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
*Sing heav’nly muse. O Spi’rit, 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
Dove-like sat’st 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 height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways 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
From their 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,
Stirr’d up with envy and revenge, deceiver’d
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav’n, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory ’bove his peers,
He trusted to have equal’d the Most High,
If he oppos’d; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais’d impious war in heav’n and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl’d headlong flaming from th’ ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th’ Omnipotent to arms.
* Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish’d, rolling in the fiery gulph
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv’d him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness’d huge affliction and dismay
Mix’d with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam’d, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv’d only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum’d:
Such place eternal justice had prepar’d
For those rebellious, here their pris’on ordain’d
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov’d from God and light of heaven,
As from the center thrice to th’ utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o’erwhelm’d
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt’ring by his side
One next himself in pow’r, and next in crime,
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heav’n call’d Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou art he; but O how fall’n! how chang’d
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth’d with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join’d with me once, now misery hath join’d
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall’n; so much the stronger prov’d
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of these dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage

---

2An error on one line in numbering begins at this point. We have generally not corrected line numbering because of the line references in the notes at the end of each Book. The only times we have corrected (with annotation) is when there is incongruity between the numbering within the chapter and the references in the notes.
Can else inflict, do I repent or change, 85
Though chang’d in outward lustre, that fix’d mind,
And high disdain, from sense of injur’d merit,
That with the mightiest rais’d me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm’d,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow’r with adverse pow’r oppos’d
In dubious battel on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne.* What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th’ unconquerable will, 90
And courage never to submit or yield,
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy’ and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event 95
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc’d,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th’ excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake th’ apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack’d with deep despair:
And him thus answer’d soon his bold compeer.

O prince, O chief of many throned powers, 100
That ledst th’ imbattel’d seraphim to war

[Page] 9
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, indanger’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
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 spi’rit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory’ extinct, and happy state
Here swallow’d up in endless misery.

*But what if he our Conqu’ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o’er-pow’rd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spi’rit and strength entire
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 war, whate’er his business be,
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 undiminish’d, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?*
Whereto with speedy words th’ arch-fiend reply’d.

Fall’n cherub, 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,
As bei’ng 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.
*But see the angry Victor hath recall’d
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav’n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o’erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav’n receiv’d us falling; and the thunder,
Wing’d with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,*
And re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair:
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.
*Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz’d, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood: nor ever thence
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,
*Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv’n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll’d
In billows, leave i’ th’ midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight, ’till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn’d
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire.

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
Who now is Sovreign can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reas’on hath equal’d, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail
Infernall 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 itself
Can make a heav’n of hell, a hell of heav’n.*

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than 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:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th’ associates and copartners of our loss
Lie thus astonish’d 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
Regain’d in heav’n, or what more lost in hell? 220

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer’d. Leader of those armies bright,
Which, but th’ Omnipotent, none could have foil’d,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 225
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag’d, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz’d,
No wonder, fall’n such a pernicious height.

*He scarce had ceas’d when the superior fiend
Was moving tow’ard the shore; his pond’rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round 235
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, were but a wand,
He walk’d with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, (not like those steps
On heaven’s azure,) and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so indur’d, till on the beach 240
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call’d
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc’d
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Valombrosa, where th’ Etrurian shades
High over-arch’d imbow’r: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
*He call’d so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flow’r of heav’n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seise
Eternal spi’rits; or have ye chos’n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To’ adore the Conqueror? Who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter’d arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav’n gates discern
Th’ advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall’n.*

They heard, and were abash’d, and up they sprung:
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general’s voice they soon obey’d
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram’s son, up call’d a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind.
That o’er 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
’Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv’n, th’ up-lifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow’rs that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav’nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras’d
By their rebellion from the book of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand’ring o’er the earth,
Through God’s high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th’ invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn’d
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous’d from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great empe’ror’s call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador’d
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund’ring out of Zion, thron’d
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac’d
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan’d.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear’d with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children’s, cries unheard, that pass’d through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain.
Next Chemos, th’ obscene dread of Moab’s sons,
Peor his other name, when he entic’d
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
With these came they, who from the bord’ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
*These feminine. For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not ty’d or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens’d, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes
And works of love or enmity fulfil.*
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow’d down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call’d
Astarte, queen of heav’n, Thammuz came next.
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur’d
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer’s day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos’d with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. Next came one
Who mourn’d in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim’d his brute image, head and hands lopt off.
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear’d in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza’s frontier bounds.
Him follow’d Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar. Next 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
Their wand’ring gods disguis’d in brutish forms.
Belial came last, than whom a spi’rit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoak’d; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli’s sons, who fill’d
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of ri’ot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear’d
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to’ have found their chief
Not in despair, to’ have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais’d
Their fainting courage, and dispell’d their fears.

Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear’d
His mighty standard: that proud honor claim’d
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl’d
Th’ imperial ensign, which full high advanc’d
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore hell’s concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rising, to the air
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
*To flutes and soft recorders; such as rais’d
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath’d, firm and unmov’d
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow’r to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled 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
Mov’d in silence to soft pipes, that charm’d
Their painful steps o’er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc’d in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order’d spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc’d eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion, views their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods,
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard’ning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man,
Met such im-bodied force. These far beyond,
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ’d
*Their dread commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow’r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear’d
Less than arch-angel ruin’d, and th’ excess
Of glory’ obscur’d. As when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken’d so, yet shone
Above them all th’ archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench’d, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn’d
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc’d
Of heav’n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither’d: as when heaven’s fire
Hath scath’d the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar’d
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay’d, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.*
O myriads of immortal spi’rits, O powers
Matchless, but with th’ Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th’ event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what pow’r 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?
For me be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunn’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 custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal’d.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok’d; our better part remains
To work by guile, what force effected not:
That he at length may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
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:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spi’rits in bondage, nor th’ abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair’d,
For who can think submission? War then, war
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

[Page] 21
Far round illumin’d hell: highly they rag’d
Against the High’est, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash’d on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance to’ward the vault of heaven.*
  There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch’d fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing’d with speed
A numerous brigad hasten’d: Mammon led,
Mammon, the least erected spi’rit that fell
From heav’n, for e’en in heav’n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav’n’s pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy’d
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack’d the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open’d into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg’d out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. In many cells
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc’d from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm’d the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form’d within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill’d each hollow nook.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge

*Orig., “225”; a misprint.
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple. The ascending pile
Stood fix’d her stately height, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o’er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and cressets yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
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,
   Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sovereign pow’r, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call’d
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng’d, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
Thick swarm’d, both on the ground and in the air:
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem’d
In bigness to surpass earth’s giant$^4$ sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room:
Throng numberless. Thus spi’rits to smallest forms
Reduc’d their shapes immense, and were at large
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their$^5$ own dimensions like themselves,

$^4$Orig., “giants”; a misprint.

$^5$Orig., “ther”; a misprint.
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Verse 4. “With loss of Eden”—That is, of Paradise, which was in Eden.
Ver. 10. “Dove-like satst brooding”—This is the proper meaning of the word, which is translated moved, Gen. i. 2.
Ver. 12.7 “Illumin”—Enlighten.
Ver. 28. “Above his peers”—His fellow angels, even to be equal with God.
Ver. 31. “Monarchy,” is government by one.
Ver. 35.8 “Ruin”—Falling with violence.
“Combustion”—Burning in a dreadful manner.
Ver. 45. “Balefull”—Full of woe or mischief.
Ver. 52. “Darkness visible”—A dark gloom.

6Orig., “576”; a misprint.
7Orig., “11”; a misprint.
8Orig., “25”; a misprint.
Ver. 63. “From the center” of the earth to the outermost point of it.

Ver. 69. “Beelzebub”—Our Lord terms him, prince of the devils: therefore probably next to Satan.

Ver. 70. “Satan” signifies an enemy.
Ver. 76. A “myriad” is ten thousand.
Ver. 99. “Deify his power”—Own it to be divine.
Ver. 116. “Seraphim”—The highest order of angels.
Ver. 118. “Heaven’s perpetual King”—So he terms him, not eternal: endeavouring to detract as much as possible from his everlasting dominion, as if he had only reigned from time immemorial.

Ver. 144. “Cherubim” are the second order of angels.
Ver. 154. “His ministers of vengeance”—To veil his shame, Satan ascribes his fall to the whole host of angels: but Raphael, Book VI. to the Messiah alone.

Ver. 157. The “surge” is the swelling of the sea.
Ver. 166. “Livid”—Bluish.
Ver. 179. A “rood” is two hundred and twenty yards.
Ver. 205. “Can make a heaven of hell”—This is a fit rant for a stoic or a devil.

Ver. 210. “Here”—That is, this place.
Ver. 216. “Oblivious”—Where they forget all things.
Ver. 231. “Astounded”—Astonished.
Ver. 245. “Nathless”—Nevertheless.

*Orig., “181”; a misprint.
Ver. 249. “Valombrosa”—That is a shady valley, a valley in Tuscany, formerly called Hetruria.


Ver. 290. “Erst”—Formerly.

Ver. 297. “By falsities and lies”—By false idols, belying the true God.


Ver. 318. “Shrines”—Altars.


Ver. 325. “Chemos,” Baalpeor and Priapus were the same, the idol of obscenity, worshipped with all manner of lewdness.

Ver. 330. “Old Euphrates”— Mentioned by the oldest historian, in the earliest account of time. It was the eastern boundary of Canaan.

Ver. 347. “With these in troop came Astoreth”—The moon, worshipped by the Phoenicians, with the stars.

Ver. 349. “Thammuz came next”—Thammuz, or Adonis, was the God of the Sidonians, slain by a wild boar in Mount Lebanon, from which the River Adonis descends. At a certain season of the year, about the feast of Adonis, this is of a bloody colour, occasioned by a sort of minium or red earth, which the rains wash into it. The women then made loud lamentations for Adonis, supposing it was discoloured with his blood.

Ver. 369. “Fanatic”—Mad, void of understanding. Orus was said to be the son of Osiris and Isis. They worshipped them in the form of bulls, dogs and cats.

10Orig., “274”; a misprint.

11Orig., “322”; a misprint.
Ver. 394. “Clarians” are a kind of small, shrill trumpet.
Ver. 399. “A Meteor”—Is a vapour kindled in the air.
Ver. 409. “Serried”—Clossly joined, locked one within another.
Ver. 424. “In guise”—In the manner of.
Ver. 442. “Horizontal”—Near the horizon; the line where the sky and earth seem to meet.
Ver. 456. “Amerced of heaven”—Punished with the loss of it.
Ver. 460. “Scathed”—Struck, hurt, scorched.
Ver. 494. “Rife”—Frequent.
Ver. 506. “Understood”—Covertly carried on.
Ver. 518. “The work of sulphur”—Quicksilver and sulphur, are supposed to be the principles of all metals.
Ver. 525. “Vision beatific”—The sight of God which makes the essential happiness of heaven.
Ver. 536. “Founded”—Melted, and poured out.
Ver. 537. “The bullion dross”—That which arose from the boiling metal.
Ver. 550. “Cressets”—A crescent is a vessel to contain oil.
Ver. 558. “Pandemonium”—That is, the palace of all the devils.

12Orig., “549”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created; their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake themselves several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, 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.

High on a throne, Satan exalted sat,
And high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heav’n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display’d.
Pow’rs and dominions, deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress’d and fall’n,
I give not heav’n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall.
Me though just right, and the fix’d laws of heaven,
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achiev’d of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover’d, hath much more
Establish’d in a safe unenvied throne
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav’n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund’rer’s aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will clame in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav’n, we now return
To clame our just inheritance of old,
Whether by open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas’d; and next him Moloch, scepter’d king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heav’n, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th’ Eternal to be deem’d
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car’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.
   My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling’ring here
Heav’n’s fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Arm’d with hell flames and fury all at once
O’er heav’n’s high tow’rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engin he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mix’d with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
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
Than 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
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy’d than thus
We should be quite abolish’d and expire.
What fear we then? What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? Which to the height enrag’d,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:*
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory is yet revenge.

*He ended frowning, and his look denounc’d
Desp’rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th’ other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav’n; he seem’d
For dignity compos’d and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus begun.*
I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg’d
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not persuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact\textsuperscript{13} of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The tow’rs of heav’n are fill’d
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bord’ring deep
Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav’n’s purest light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th’ ethereal mould
Incappable of stain\textsuperscript{14} would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls’d, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th’ Almighty Victor to spend all his rage
*And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow’d up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?* And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe

\textsuperscript{13}Orig., “facts”; a misprint. “Fact of arms” comes from the Italian, \textit{fatto d’ arme}.

\textsuperscript{14}Orig., “slain”; a misprint.
Can give it, or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
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, pursued and struck
With heav’n’s 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 kindled those grim fires
Awak’d should blow them into sev’nfold 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
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl’d
Each on his rock transfix’d, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespite, unpitied, unrepriv’d,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.*
War therefore, open or conceal’d, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heav’n’s height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell’d to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decrees,
The Victor’s will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
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.
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov’d
Not mind us not offending, satisfy’d
With what is punish’d; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inur’d not feel,
Or chang’d at length, and to the place conform’d
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain.
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears

---

"Orig., “285”; a misprint."
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

Thus Belial with words cloth’d in reason’s garb
Counsel’d ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disinherit the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter:16 for what place can be for us
Within heav’n’s bound, unless heav’n’s Lord supreme
We overpow’r? 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
Strict laws impos’d, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his godhead sing
Fore’d hallelujah’s while he lordly sits
Our envied soverain, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain’d
Unacceptable, though in heav’n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this waste recess
Free and to none accountable, preferring

16Orig., “fatter”; a misprint.
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e'er
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’n’s all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur’d,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must’ring their rage, and heav’n resembles hell?*
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav’n show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang’d
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, 17 dismissing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.
*He scarce had finish’d, when such murmur fill’d
Th’ assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust’ring winds, which all night long
Had rous’d the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o’erwatch’d, whose bark by chance

17Orig., “where”, a misprint, unless Wesley was changing purposefully.
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas’d,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beelzebub perceiv’d, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem’d
A pillar of state; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer’s noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial pow’rs, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call’d
Princes of hell? For so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav’n hath doom’d
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm: for he, be sure,
In height or deep, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part.
What sit we then projecting peace or war? 295
War hath determin’d us, and foil’d with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf’d or sought; for what peace will be given
To us inslav’d, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment 300
Inflicted? And what peace can we return,
But to our pow’r hostility and hate,
Untam’d reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu’ror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice 305
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dang’rous expedition to invade
Heav’n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege.
What if we find some easier enterprise? [310]
There is a place, (if ancient fame in heaven
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 pow’r and excellence, but favor’d more 315
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounce’d among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav’n’s whole circumference, confirm’d.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best 320
By force or subtlety. Though heav’n be shut
And heav’n’s high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos’d,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be atchiev’d
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, when these his darling sons,
Hurl’d headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub
Plead’d his devilish counsel, first devise’d
By Satan, and in part propos’d: for whence
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root? The bold design
Pleas’d highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkle’d in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
    Well have ye judg’d, well ended long debate,
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 spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb’ring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of heav’n’s fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breath her balm. But first whom shall we send  
In search of this new world? Whom shall we find  
Sufficient? Who shall tempt with wand’ring feet  
The dark unbottom’d infinite abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or steer his aery flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
Of angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies.  
This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appear’d  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
Pond’ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In others count’nance read his own dismay  
Astonish’d: none among the choice and prime  
Of those heav’n-warring champions could be found  
So hardy as to profer or accept  
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais’d  
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmov’d thus spake.  
*O progeny of heav’n, empyreal thrones,  
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz’d us, though undismay’d: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong: this huge convex of fire
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr’d over us prohibit all egress.
These pass’d, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung’d in that abortive gulf.
*If thence he scape into whatever world,
Of unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovreignty, adorn’d
With splendor, arm’d with power, if ought propos’d
And judg’d of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour’d sits?* Go therefore mighty powers,
Terror of heav’n, though fallen; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respit, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad

390
395
400
405
410
415
420
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent lest from his resolution rais’d
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus’d) what erst they fear’d;
And so refus’d might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th’ adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
*Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.* Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven:
Nor fail’d they to express how much they prais’d,
That for the general safety he despis’d
His own: for neither do the spirits damn’d
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish’d o’er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
*As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o’er-spread
Heav’n’s cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o’er the darken’d landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damn’d
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav’nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy!*

The Stygian council thus dissolv’d; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem’d
Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
Than hell’s dread emperor with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclos’d
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deafning shout return’d them loud acclame.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais’d
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wand’ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex’d, where he may likeliest find
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,
Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
*Others more mild, in silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.)
Others apart sat on a hill retir’d,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix’d fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand’ring mazes lost.*
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
*Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th’ obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.*
Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their 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 rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th’ effect of fire.
Thither by harpy footed furies hal’d,
At certain revolutions all the damn’d
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix’d, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
Thus roving on forlorn, th’ adventrous bands
With shudd’ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View’d first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass’d, and many a region dolorous,
O’er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
An universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign’d, or fear conceiv’d.*

*Mean while the adversary of God and man,
Satan with thoughts inflam’d of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towring high.
At last appear hell bounds high to the roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantin 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,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm’d
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A crew of hell hounds never ceasing rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb’d their noise, into her womb,
Yet there still bark’d and howl’d. The other shape,
If shape it might be call’d that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call’d that shadow seem’d,
For each seem’d either; black it stood as night,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem’d his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode.*
Th’ undaunted fiend what this might be admir’d,
Admir’d, not fear’d; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn’d;
And with disdainful look thus first began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assur’d, without leave ask’d of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven. 585

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply’d.
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav’n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav’n’s sons 590
Conjur’d against the Hig’hest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn’d
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon’st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom’d, and breath’st defiance here and scorn, 595
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,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seise thee’, and pangs unfelt before. 600

*So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th’ other side
Incens’d with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify’d. Mean time each at the head
Level’d his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th’ other, as when two black clouds,
With heav’n’s artillery fraught, come rattling on; 610
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown’d the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match’d they stood;
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 snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gates, and kept the fatal key,
Ris’n, and with hideous outcry rush’d between.
O father, what intends thy hand, she cry’d,
Against thy only son? What fury’, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father’s head? And know’st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain’d his drudge, to execute
Whate’er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy you both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return’d.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form’d, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call’st
Me father, and that phantasm19 call’st my son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
T’ whom thus the portress of hell gate reply’d.

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? Once deem’d so fair
In heav’n, when at th’ assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin’d
In bold conspiracy against heav’n’s King,

19Orig., “phantasm”; a misprint.
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris’d thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count’nance bright,
Then shining heav’nly fair, a goddess arm’d
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis’d
All th’ host of heav’n; back they recoil’d afraid
At first, and call’d me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas’d, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam’st enamour’d, and such joy thou took’st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv’d
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in heav’n; wherein remain’d
(For what could else?) to our almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this pow’rful key
Into my hand was giv’n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. 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.
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 enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry’d out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh’d
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems,
Inflam’d with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay’d,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw’st, hourly conceiv’d
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv’d; so fate pronounc’d.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
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 subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn’d, now milder, and thus answer’d smooth.
Dear daughter, since thou claim’st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here shew’st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, 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 pretences arm’d
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 wand’ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heav’n, and therein plac’d
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov’d,
Lest heav’n surcharg’d with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: be this or ought
Than this more secret now design’d, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring you to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm’d
With odors; 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
Grinn’d horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill’d: no less rejoic’d
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav’n’s all pow’rful 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’ermatch’d by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
To sit in hateful office here confin’d,
Inhabitant of heav’n, and heav’nly-born.
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav’st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow’rds the gate rolling bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov’d; then in the key-hole turns
Th’ intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
*Of massy ir’on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens; on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th’ infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open’d, but to shut
Excell’d her pow’r; the gates wide open’d stood,
That with extended wings a banner’d host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank’d in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix’d
Confus’dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th’ Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark material to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell and look’d a while,
Pond’ring his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal’d
With noises ruinous than if this frame
Of heav’n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep,* and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not the rebuff,
Of some tumultuous cloud hurried him back

---

*Orig., “595”; a misprint. This line number was originally on line 796, but has been moved to the correct line in order to correspond to numbers given in the notes at the end of Book II.
As many miles aloft: that fury stay’d, 805
Quench’d in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land; nigh founder’d on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half fly’ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.
At length a universal hubbub wild 810
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus’d,
Born through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss 815
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
* Bord’ring on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron’d 820
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them Chance
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil’d,
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 825
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand’ring this darksom desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light.
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 830
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav’n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th’ Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;  
Directed no mean recompense it brings  
To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
All usurpation thence expell’d, reduce  
To her original darkness and your sway  
(Which is my present journey) and once more  
Erect the standard there of antient Night;  
Yours be th’ advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan: and him thus the anarch old,  
With faltering speech and visage incompos’d,  
Answer’d. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
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,  
Confusion worse confounded; and heav’n gates  
Pour’d out by millions her victorious bands  
Pursuing. I upon frontiers here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
That little which is left so to defend,  
Encroach’d on still through your intestin broils  
Weakening the scepter of old Night: first hell  
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately heav’n and earth, another world,  
Hung o’er my realm, link’d in a golden chain  
To that side heav’n from whence your legions fell:  
If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;  
Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.  

He ceas’d; and Satan stay’d not to reply,  
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renew’d
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Envirón’d wins his way; with labor he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of heaven,
Pav’d after him a broad and beaten way.

*But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th’ empyreal heav’n, extended wide,
With opal tow’rs and battlements adorn’d
Of living saphir, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.*
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs’d, and in a cursed hour he hies.

---

21Orig., “Accus’d”; a misprint.
NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

Ver. 42. “Recked not”—Cared not.
         “Thereafter”—Accordingly.
Ver. 50. “Opprobrious”—Reproachful.
Ver. 105. “In fact of arms”—In battle.
Ver. 187. “Satisfied with what is punished”—With the punishment already inflicted.
Ver. 280. Mount Atlas is always covered with clouds. Hence the fable of Atlas bearing the skies on his shoulders.
Ver. 283. In many countries it is generally calm about “noon,” especially in “summer.”
Ver. 322. “Arbitrator”—Governor.
Ver. 349. “Synod”—Assembly.
Ver. 359. “Corrosive”—Gnawing, eating into the substance.

---

22Orig., “188”; a misprint.
Ver. 364. “The palpable obscure”—Darkness that may be felt.
Ver. 368. “The happy isle”—The earth, floating in the ether, as islands do in the sea.
Ver. 373. “Suffrage”—Vote.
Ver. 387. “Unmoved”—With the dangers that affrighted others.
Ver. 392. “Convex”—The vault bending round us.
Ver. 393. “Immures us”—Walls us in.
Ver. 397. “Unessential”—Uncreated, void of being.
Ver. 399. “Abortive”—An abortus is properly a miscarriage. The word therefore is strongly figurative. Nor is it easy to give it a determinate meaning.
Ver. 463.24 “Paramount”—Sovereign.
Ver. 482. “Typhoean rage”—Like that of Typhoeus, one of the giants whom the heathens supposed to havewarred againevt heaven. Doubtless that tradition rose from the fall of the angels.
Ver. 499. “And found no end”—There is no end of reasoning concerning these things. Happy therefore are they, who simply keep to the bible.
Ver. 514. “Styx, Acheron,” etc.—These were, according to

23Orig., “463”; a misprint.

24Orig., “464”; a misprint.
the heathen poets, the four rivers of hell.


Ver. 523. “Burns frore”—*Frore* is an old word for frosty.

Ver. 524. “Harpy-footed”—With sharp claws, like the fabled *harpies*, whom the heathen poets described as having eagles’ talons. “Furies”—Devils assuming the most dreadful shapes.


Ver. 537. “Alp”—Mountain, high as the Alps.

Ver. 548. “Explores”—Tries, searches out.


Ver. 637. “Phantasm”—Appearance.

Ver. 651.25 “A goddess arm’d out of thy head I sprung”—As the heathen poets supposed Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, to have done out of the head of Jupiter. Probably from some imperfect tradition, concerning the Son of God.

Ver. 688. “These yelling monsters”—Was there ever so fine a description of pangs of conscience.


Ver. 716. “Sole”—Alone. “Unfounded”—Wherein there is [no] foundation,26 nothing to tread upon [Ver. 718].


Ver. 731. “Buxom”—Properly yielding; from a Saxon word which signifies to *bend*.

Ver. 767. “Erebus”—Hell.

Ver. 773. “Redounding”—Spreading every way in curling waves.

25Orig., “652”; a misprint.

26Orig., “is foundation”; a misprint.
Ver. 775. “Hoary”—That is, old. “Secrets”—Never seen before by any creature.


Ver. 777. “Without dimension”—So empty space must needs be.

Ver. 779. “Ancestors of Nature”—The antient poets describe Night or Darkness, and Chaos or Confusion, as the first of things, and exercising uncontrolled dominion from the beginning. In how masterly a manner does Milton paint this? Anarchy is just the reverse of regular government.

Ver. 784. “Pregnant”—Big with future effects.

Ver. 790. A “frith” is an arm of the sea.

Ver. 792. “Noises, ruinous”—Of things rushing to and fro.

Ver. 794. “Her axle”—The earth moves round every 24 hours, as a wheel on its axle-tree.


Ver. 806. A “syrts” is a quick-sand.

Ver. 808. “The crude consistence”—The undigested mass.

Ver. 833. “Confine with heaven”—Border upon it.


Ver. 853. “Pour’d out by millions”—So it might seem to him, while “Confusion” was “worse confounded.” But it was the Messiah alone who did all.

Ver. 857. “Your intestine broils”—In heaven, which gave occasion to the creation of hell and earth.

Ver. 890. “Opal tow’rs”—Towers of precious stones. An opal is a precious stone of various colours.

---

27Orig., “780”; a misprint.

28Orig., “692”; a misprint.
Ver. 893. "This pendant world"—Not the earth, but the whole universe. And even this, at so vast a distance, appeared as one of the smallest stars. He does not see the earth, till some time after.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc’d. 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 godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom 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 their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world’s outermost orb; where wand’ring he first finds a place, since called, the limbo of vanity; what person and things
fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, describ’d
ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow
about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there
Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape
of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the
new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him
the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount
Niphates.

*Hail holy Light, offspring of heav’n first-born,
Or of th’ eternal coeternal beam!
May I express thee unblam’d? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear’st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav’n thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit’st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench’d their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil’d. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow’d feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature’s work to me expung’d and ras’d,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.*

Now had th’ Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron’d above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv’d
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in that happy garden plac’d,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival’d love
In blissful solitude; he then survey’d
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav’n on this side night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem’d
Firm land imbosom’d, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? Whom no bounds
Prescrib’d, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap’d on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off heav’n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow’ards the new created world,
And man there plac’d, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny: whose fault?
*Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
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
And spi’rits, both them who stood and them who fail’d:
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv’n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear’d,
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 despoil’d,
Made passive both, had serv’d necessity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong’d,
So were created, nor can justly’ accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul’d
Their will, dispos’d by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknow,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov’d certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow’ of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form’d them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain’d
Their freedom, they themselves ordain’d their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav’d: man falls, deceiv’d
By th’ other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy’ and justice both,
Through heav’n and earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.*

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill’d
All heav’n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus’d:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express’d; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear’d
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 sovereign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav’n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th’ innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Incompass’d shall resound thee ever blest.

For should man finally be lost, should man,
Thy creature late so lov’d, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join’d
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.

Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? Shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish’d, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both

---

29Orig., “visible”; a misprint.
Be question’d and blasphem’d without defence.

To whom the great Creator 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,
All hast thou spoken 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 vouchsaf’d; once more I will renew
His lapsed pow’rs, forfeit and inthrall’d
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall’n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me,
For all shall hear me call, and oft be warn’d
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th’ incensed Deity, while offer’d grace
Invites; for I will soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray’r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavor’d 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,
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 harden’d, blind be blinded more,
And none but such from mercy I exclude*
But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Affecting god-head; and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav’nly pow’rs where shall we find such love?
Which of you will be mortal to redeem
Man’s mortal crime, and just th’ unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask’d, but all the heav’nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heav’n: on man’s behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear’d,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew’d.
*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
Comes unprevented, unimplor’d, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas’d; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow’r I shall not long
Lie vanquish’d: thou hast giv’n me to possess
Life in myself for ev’r; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil’d of his vaunted spoil;*
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive mauger hell, and show
The pow’rs 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 carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem’d
Shall enter heav’n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur’d
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath’d immortal love

---

*This line number was originally on line 236, but has been moved to the correct line in order to correspond to numbers given in the notes at the end of Book III.
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer’d, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seis’d
All heav’n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond’ring; but soon th’ Almighty thus reply’d.
O thou in heav’n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! Well thou know’st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
*Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam’s room
The head of all mankind, though Adam’s 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 guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judg’d and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom’d with his own dear life.*
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man’s nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron’d in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and man, Son both of God and man.
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heav’n, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended gloriously from heaven
Shalt in the sky appear. Then thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign’d 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,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,
For regal scepter then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.

No sooner had th’ Almighty ceas’d, but all
The multitude of angels, gave a shout
Loud as from numbers, without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav’n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosanna’s fill’d
Th’ eternal regions: lowly reverent
Tow’ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man’s offence
To heav’n remov’d, where first it grew, there grows,
And flower’s aloft shading the font of life.
With this that never fades the spirit’s elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath’d with beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil’d.
Then crown’d again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun’d, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven. 330

*Thee Father, first they sung omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thyself invisible
(Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst
Thron’d inaccessible) but when thou shad’st
The full blaze of thy beams; then through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazle heav’n, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similitude,
In whose conspicuous count’nance, without cloud
Made visible, th’ Almighty Father shines,
Whom else, no creature can behold; on thee
Impress’d th’ effulgence of his glory’ abides,
Transfus’d on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heav’n of heav’ns and all the pow’rs therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th’ aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father’s dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav’n’s everlasting frame, while o’er the necks
Thou drov’st of warring angels disarray’d.
Back from pursuit thy pow’rs with loud acclame
Thee only extoll’d, Son of thy Father’s might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man; him through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy’ and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly; but much more to pity inclin’d:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos’d not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity incline,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern’d,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer’d himself to die
For man’s offence. O unexampled love
Love no where to be found less than 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 Father’s praise disjoin.*
Thus they in heav’n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy 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 inclos'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
And long he wander'd till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travel'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world but much more envy seis'd,
At sight of all this world, he held so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night’s extended shade) from pole to pole:
And without longer pause into the world’s
First region throws his flight and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone,
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem’d other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem’d or happy isles,
Fortunate fields, and groves. Above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest heaven
Allur’d his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm sky, where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, tow’ards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn’d
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, the place he found beyond
Expression bright, compar’d with ought on earth,
Not all parts like, but all alike inform’d
With radiant light, as glowing ir’on with fire;
If metal, part seem’d gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite.
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, and th’ air,  
No where so clear, sharpen’d his visual ray  
To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the sun:  
*His back was turn’d, but not his brightness hid!  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ’d  
He seem’d, or fix’d in cogitation deep.*  
Glad was the spi’rit impure, as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wand’ring flight  
To Paradise the happy seat of man.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil’d celestial, and to ev’ry limb  
Suitable grace diffus’d, so well he feign’d:  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek play’d; wings he wore  
Of many a colour’d plume sprinkled with gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn’d,  
Admonish’d 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  
That run through all the heav’ns, or down to th’ earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O’er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

    Uriel, for thou of those sev’n spi’rits that stand
In sight of God’s high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav’n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft’ this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wond’rous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wond’rous he ordain’d,
Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim
Alone thus wand’ring. Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
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 pour’d;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.

    *So spake the false dissembler unperceiv’d;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav’n and earth:
And oft’ though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom’s gate, and to simplicity
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
The sharpest-sighted spi’rit of all in heav’n;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
In his uprightness answer thus return’d.

*Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only’ in heav’n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world’s material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul’d, stood vast infinitude confin’d;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their sev’ral quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire:
And this ethereal quintessence of heav’n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll’d orbicular, and turn’d to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th’ other hemisphere
Night would invade; but there the neighb’ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely’ interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heav’n,
With borrow’d light her countenance triform
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 lofty shades his bow’r,
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.*
   Thus said he turn’d; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior spi’rits is wont in heav’n,
Where honour due and rev’rence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow’ard the coast of earth beneath,
Throws his steep flight in many’ an aery wheel,
Nor stay’d, till on Niphates’ top he lights.
NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

Ver. 17. “A drop serene”—Either a *gutta serena*, or *suffusion*, is a species of blindness which is generally incurable.


Ver. 46. “The sanctities”—The holy angels.

Ver. 79. “Glozing”—Flattering.

Ver. 121. “Ambrosial”—Pleasing, delightful. The ancient poets term’d the food of the gods *ambrosia*.

Ver. 178. “My umpire”—To arbitrate between them and me.

Ver. 187. “Fealty” is the faith a subject owes to his prince.

Ver. 235. “Maugre hell”—In spite of hell.

Ver. 322. The best “jaspers” are of a sea-green colour.

“Amarants” are *purple* [Ver. 313–14].

Ver. 356. They “extolled thee,” turning “back.”


Ver. 398. “Sparkling orient gems”—Sparkling like the morning.

Ver. 405. “Scaled”—Went up.

Ver. 411. “From pole to pole”—From the north to the southernmost point.

Ver. 414. “Marble air”—Smooth and white as polish’d marble.
Ver. 422. "Aloof"—At a distance from.
Ver. 442. "His visual ray"—His light.
Ver. 447. A "tiara" is a kind of coronet.
Ver. 538. "Spirited with various forms, that roll’d orbicular"—Those forms are supposed to be that to the stars, which our spirit is to us. They "roll orbicular," that is, move circularly.
Ver. 542. "The rest"—Of the ether.
Ver. 546. "Hemisphere"—Half of the sphere, or globe.
Ver. 551. "Triform"—Of three forms: increasing, at full, and decreasing.

31Orig., “448”; a misprint.
32Orig., “548”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan’s first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their 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 their 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 escaped the deep, and passed 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 their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam’s bower, lest the evil 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 questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw
Th’ apocalypse heard cry in heav’n aloud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng’d on men.

_Woe to th’ inhabitants on earth!_ That now,
While time is, our first parents may be warn’d
The coming of their secret foe! For now
Satan, now first inflam’d with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th’ accuser of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself: horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him; nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly

By change of place: now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber’d, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds worse suff’rings must ensue.

_Sometimes tow’ards Eden, which now in his view_
_Lay pleasant, his griev’d look he fixes sad;_
_Sometimes tow’ards heav’n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow’r:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

*O thou that with surpassing glory crown’d
Look’st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish’d heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in heav’n against heav’n’s matchless King:
Ah wherefore! He deserv’d no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! Yet all his good prov’d ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I ’sdain’d subjection, and thought one step higher
Wou’d set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still receiv’d,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg’d; what burden then?
O had his pow’rful destiny ordain’d
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais’d
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other pow’r
As great might have aspir’d, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other pow’rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm’d.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow’r to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to’ accuse,
But heav’n’s free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accruss’d, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs’d be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat’ning 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?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spi’rits beneath, whom I seduc’d
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th’ Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and scepter high advanc’d,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign’d submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc’d so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil’d, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.

So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heav’n’s King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;

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, envy, and despair;
Which marr’d his borrow’d visage, and betray’d
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

For heav’nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth’d with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis’d falshood under saintly show.

Deep malice to conceal, couch’d with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis’d to deceive
Uriel once warn’d; whose eye pursu’d him down
The way he went, and on th’ Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur’d, more than could befal
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark’d, and mad demeanor, then alone,
As he suppos’d, all unobserv’d, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
*Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny’d; and over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd’rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our gen’ral sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb’ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruit at once, of golden hue,
On which the sun more glad impress’d his beams
Than on fair ev’ning cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show’rd the earth; so lovely seem’d
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes. And now to th’ ascent
Satan had journey’d on, pensive and slow;[*]
But further way found none, so thick intwin’d,
As one continu’d brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex’d
All path of man or beast that pass’d that way:
One gate there only was, and that look’d east
On th’ other side: which when the arch-felon saw
Due entrance he disdain’d, and in contempt,
High over leap’d all bound and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o’er the fence with ease into the fold
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain’d, but sat devising death
To them who liv’d; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us’d
For prospect, what well us’d had been the pledge
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 their meanest use.
* Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos’d
In narrow room nature’s whole wealth, yea more,
A heav’n on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in th’ east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch’d her line
From Auran eastward to the royal tow’rs
Of great Seleucia: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain’d;
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,
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 shaggy hill
Pass’d underneath ingulf’d; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais’d
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water’d the garden: thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand’ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
*But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow’rs, worthy’ of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour’d forth profuse, on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc’d shade
Imbrown’d the noontide bow’rs: thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;[*]
Groves whose rich trees wept od’rous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish’d with golden rind
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste: 225
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks,
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos’d,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow’ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store
Flow’rs of all hues, and without thorn the rose: 230
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o’er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm’ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers’d, or in a lake,
(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown’d
Her crystal mirror holds) unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while all the hours in dance
Led on th’ eternal spring. *Yet here the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad 245
In naked majesty, seem’d lords of all,
And worthy seem’d; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac’d)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem’d;
For contemplation he and valour form’d,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar’d
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks

225
230
235
240
245
250
255
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell’d, but in wanton ringlets wav’d
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply’d
Subjection, but requir’d with gentle sway.*
So pass’d they naked on, nor shunn’d the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass’d, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love’s embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard’ning labour than suffic’d
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask’d with flow’rs.
About them frisking play’d all beasts of th’ earth;
Sporting the lion ramp’d, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol’d before them; th’ unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us’d all his might, and wreath’d
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided33 train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass

33Orig., “breeded”; a misprint.
Couch’d, and now fill’d with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
Declin’d was hasting now with prone career
To th’ ocean isles, and in th’ ascending scale
Of heav’n the stars that usher ev’ning rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarcely thus at length fail’d speech recover’d sad.

*O hell! What do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc’d
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
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 form’d them on their shape hath pour’d.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver you to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur’d
Long to continue, and this high seat your heav’n
Ill fenc’d for heav’n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter’d; yet no purpos’d foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amity 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 Maker’s work; he gave it me,
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,

34Orig., “520”; a misprint.
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your num’rous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong’d.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg’d,
By conqu’ring this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn’d, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant’s plea, excus’d his devilish deeds.*
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv’d best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespy’d
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark’d: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy’d
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then rising changes oft’
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Grip’d in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn’d him all ear to hear new utt’rance flow.

*Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the pow’r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais’d us from the dust, and plac’d us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree*
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate’er death is,
Some dreadful thing, no doubt; for well thou know’st
God hath pronounc’d it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow’r and rule
Conferr’d upon us, and dominion giv’n
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow’rs,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

*To whom thus Eve reply’d. O thou for whom
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 we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft’ remember, when from sleep
I first awak’ed, and found myself repos’d
Under a shade on flow’rs, much wond’ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm’ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov’d
Pure as th’ expanse of heav’n; I thither went
With unexperienc’d thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem’d another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat’ry 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 answ’ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix’d
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 thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call’d
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy’d thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; 35 yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat’ry image: back I turn’d;
Thou following cry’dst aloud, Return fair Eve.

35Orig., “plantane”; a misprint.
Whom fly’st thou? Whom thou fly’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  
Henceforth an individual solace dear:  
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
Seiz’d mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell’d by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  

*So spake our gen’ral mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unreprov’d,  
And meek surrender, half embracing lean’d  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,  
Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,  
Smil’d with superior love, and press’d her lip  
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn’d  
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
Ey’d them askance, and to himself thus plain’d.*  

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two  
Imparadis’d in one another’s arms,  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their 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,)  
Still unfulfill’d with pain of longing pines.  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain’d  
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;  
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call’d,  
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience, and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden; chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand’ring spirit of heav’n, from him to draw
What further would be learn’d. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn’d,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Thro’ wood, thro’ waste, o’er hill, o’er dale, his roam.
Mean while the setting sun with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell’d his ev’ning rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil’d up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one ent’rance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th’ angelic guards, awaiting night.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the eve’n
Swift as a shooting star, and thus began.

36Orig., “560”; a misprint.
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv’n
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach, or enter in.
This day, at height of noon, came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem’d, to know
More of th’ Almighty’s works, and chiefly man,
God’s latest image: I describ’d his way
Bent all on speed, and mark’d his aery gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern’d his looks
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 banish’d crew,
I fear, hath ventur’d from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return’d.

Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid’ the sun’s bright circle, where thou sitt’st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac’d, but such as come
Well known from heav’n: and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o’erleap’d these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know’st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell’st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

He spake; and Uriel to the sun return’d,
*Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still ev’ning on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober liv’ry all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her am’rous descant sung;
Silence was pleas’d: now glow’d the firmament
With living saphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil’d her peerless light,
And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: fair consort, th’ hour
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 slumb’rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy’d, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav’n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their 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
Yon’ flow’ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

*To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn’d.
My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu’d I obey; so God ordains.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
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 flow’r,
Glist’ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show’rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev’ning mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these, the gems of heav’n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends,
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow’r,
Glist’ring with dew; nor fragrance after show’rs;
Nor grateful ev’ning mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt’ring star-light, without thee is sweet.*
But wherefore all night long shine these? For whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our gen’ral ancestor reply’d.
Daughter of God and man, accomplish’d Eve.
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow ev’ning, and from land to land,
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar’d, they set and rise;
*Then not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heav’n wou’d 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
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other’s note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft’ in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav’nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join’d, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav’n.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass’d
On to their blissful bow’r; it was a place
Chos’n by the sov’reign Planter, when he fram’d
All things to man’s delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each od’rous bushy shrub
Fenc’d up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow’r,
*Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear’d high their flourish’d heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broder’d the ground, more colour’d than with stone
Of costliest emblem:* other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none.

*Thus at their shady lodge arriv’d, both stood,
Both turn’d, and under open sky ador’d
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav’n,
Which they beheld, the moon’s resplendent globe,
And starry pole: thou also mad’st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ’d
Have finish’d, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,*
Ordain’d by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
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 extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas’d the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear.
*Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult’rous lust was driv’n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal,37 just and pure.
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil’d and chaste pronounce’d,
Present, or past, as saints or patriarchs us’d.
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear’d,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,

37Orig., "royal”; a misprint.
Mix’d dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv’d lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.*
These lull’d by nightingales embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow’ry roof
Show’d roses, which the morn repair’d. Sleep on
Blest pair; and O yet 38 happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur’d with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim
Forth issuing at the accustom’d hour stood arm’d
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in pow’r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spi’rits he call’d
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch’d no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun’s decline arriv’d
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap’d
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow’r direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they found

38 Orig., “ye”; likely a misprint.
39 Orig., “660”; a misprint.
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams.
*Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch’d lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover’d and surpriz’d. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumor’d war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus’d inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels half amaz’d
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov’d with fear, accost him soon.*

Which of those rebel spi’rits adjudg’d to hell
Com’st thou, escap’d thy prison? And transform’d,
Why satst thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan fill’d with scorn,
Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
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, answ’ring scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted spi’rit, thy shape the same,
Or brightness undiminish’d to be known,
As when thou stood’st in heav’n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolate, and these from harm.

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
*Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash’d the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely: saw, and pin’d
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ’d
His lustre visibly impair’d;* yet seem’d
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold, 40
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
*The fiend reply’d not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein’d, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain: awe from above had quell’d
His heart, not else dismay’d.* Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join’d,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call’d aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,

---

40Orig., “hold”; a misprint.
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanor 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,
How busied, in what form and posture couch’d.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib’d
To thy transgressions, and disturb’d the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have pow’r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ’d it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav’n th’ esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask’d
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom’d? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might’st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know’st only good,
But evil hast not try’d: and wilt object
His will who bounds us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask’d.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.

---

41 It is unclear where this recommended passage begins, because the opening asterisk is missing.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov’d,
Disdainfully half smiling thus reply’d.
O loss of one in heav’n to judge of wise, 775
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scap’d,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc’d from his bounds in hell prescrib’d;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurrst by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok’d.
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 than they 790
Less hardy to indure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg’d
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer’d frowning stern. 795
Not that I less indure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel; well thou know’st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear. 800
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behaves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry’d:
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
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 air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heav’n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practiced distances to cringe, not fight.
   To whom the warrior angel soon reply’d.
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac’d,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan’d!
Faithful to whom? To thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag’d,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to th’ acknowldg’d Pow’r Supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn’d, and cring’d, and servily ador’d
Heav’n’s awful Monarch? Wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow’d limits thou appear,
Back to th’ infernal pit I drag thee chain’d,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of hell too slightly barr’d.
   So threaten’d he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply’d.  
   Then when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heav’n’s King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
Us’d to the yoke, draw’st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heav’n star-pav’d.

*While thus he spake, th’ angelic squadron bright
Turn’d fiery red, sharp’ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded groove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them. On th’ other side Satan alarm’d
Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov’d:
His stature reach’d the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum’d; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem’d both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heav’n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wreck, disturb’d and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th’ Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in heav’n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign:
Wherein all things created first he weigh’d,
The pendulous round earth with balanc’d air,
In counterpoyse, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick’d the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.

*Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know’st mine,
Neither our own but giv’n; what folly then
To boast what arms can do? Since thine no more
Than heav’n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh’d, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look’d up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm’ring, and with him fled the shades of night.
NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

Verse 48. “Sdeign’d”—Disdain’d.
Verse 70. “Rues”—Repents.
Verse 118. “Perturbation”—Violent passion.
Verse 124. “The Assyrian mount”—Niphates borders on Assyria, in which Milton supposes Paradise to have been.
Verse 132. “A rural mound”—Such a fence as is used in the country. “Champain”—Even, level.
Verse 143. “His nether empire, neighbouring round”—Beginning at the foot of the mount of Paradise.
Verse 149. “Humid bow”—The rainbow.
Verse 156. “Native perfumes”—Not made by art.
Verse 212. “Crisped”—Curling, winding.
Ver. 215.  “Ran nectar”—Delicious, as the nectar which the poets feigned to be the drink of the gods.
Ver. 232.  “Mantling”—Covering over, as with a mantle.
Ver. 250.  “Severe”—Exact, strict.
Ver. 263.  “Imply’d” — Of which a veil was the token.
Ver. 269.  “The goodliest man of men since born”—That is, goodlier than any of them.
Ver. 286.  “His lithe proboscis”—His limber, pliant trunk.
Ver. 287.  “Insinuating”—Wrapping, winding himself up.
   “Wove with Gordian twine”—Alluding to the famous Gordian knot, placed in the temple of Apollo, by Gordius, king of Phrygia. None could untie this, but Alexander cut it asunder with his sword.
Ver. 288.  “Braided”—Plaited, folded. And those intricate folds were a token of guile.
Ver. 291.  “Ruminating”—Chewing the cud.
Ver. 293.  “In the ascending scale”—As in a pair of scales, when one descends, the other ascends.
Ver. 350.  “Sole part”—That part of them which alone is dearer than all the rest.
Ver. 417.  “A platan”—A plane-tree, a very broad leaved tree.
Ver. 491.  “I described”—That is, pointed out “his way” to Paradise.

---

42Orig., “Umbrogrous”; a misprint.
43Orig., “Wimpled”, a misprint.
Ver. 589. “Divide the night”—Into watches, relieving one another.
Ver. 601. “Mosaic” pavement is chequered with small inlaid stones, of various colours.
Ver. 626. “Mysterious law”—Containing a deep meaning, which few understand.
Ver. 645. A “serenade”—A song sung at night by a lover, under the window of his mistress.
Ver. 651. “If ye know to know no more”—If ye are content with your present knowledge.
Ver. 652. A “cone” is a figure round at bottom, and lessening all the way till it ends in a point. Such is the shadow of the earth, which rises higher in the same degree as the sun falls. Consequently at nine o’clock, this would have risen half way “up” the “sublunary vault,” that is, the part of the heavens which lies between the earth and the moon [Ver. 653].
Ver. 654. This “ivory port” at the east-gate of Paradise is not mentioned till now.
Ver. 672. “Hither”—To me, wherever I am.
Ver. 674. “Direct”—Their course.
Ver. 681. “Of celestial temper”—Of the spear which was tempered in heaven.
Ver. 816. “And to cring at practised distances”—At the several distances to which you are accustomed.

44Orig., “644”; a misprint.
Ver. 833. “Arreed”—Direct, order.
Ver. 842. “Limitary”—Bounded in all thou dost.
Ver. 850.45 A “phalanx” is a square body of soldiers drawn up close together.
Ver. 851. “Ported spears”—Held slooping\(^46\) toward the enemy.
Ver. 852. “Ceres”—Corn.
Ver. 856. “Teneriff” is one of the highest mountains in the world.
Ver. 866.47 “His golden scales”—Libra or the Scales, is one of the twelve signs, thro’ which the sun moves yearly, between Astrea (or Virgo) and the Scorpion. This also alludes to the word spoken to Belshazzar, Thou art weighed in the ballance and found wanting.

\(^{45}\)Orig., “849”; a misprint.
\(^{46}\)I.e., a 16th century spelling of “sloping.”
\(^{47}\)Orig., “867”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Morning approaches; Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream. He likes it not, yet comforts her. They come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, sends Raphael to admonish man 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 choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve. Their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message; minds Adam of his state, and of his enemy; relates, at Adam’s 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 inticed them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph; who, in argument, dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosy steps in th’ eastern clime
Advancing, sow’d the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak’d, so custom’d, for his sleep
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
And temp’rate vapours bland, which th’ only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora’s fan,
Lightly dispers’d, and the shrill mattin song
Of birds on ev’ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken’d Eve
With tresses discompos’d, and glowing cheek,
*As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais’d, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour’d, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking, or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper’d thus. Awake,
My fairest, my espous’d, my latest found,
Heav’n’s last best gift, my ever new delight.
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.*
    Such whisp’ring wak’d her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
    O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return’d; for I this night
(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 past, or morrow’s next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought
Close at mine ear one call’d me forth to walk,
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
*Why sleep’st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-labour’d song; now reigns
Full orb’d the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heav’n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature’s desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze,*
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk:
And on, methought, alone I pass’d through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem’d,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond’ring look’d, beside it stood
One shap’d and wing’d like one of those from heav’n
By us oft’ seen; his dewy 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?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer’d good, why else set here?
This said, he paus’d not, but with vent’rous arm
He pluck’d, he tasted; me damp horror chill’d
At such bold words vouch’d with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy’d, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men.
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair’d, but honour’d more?
Here, happy creature, fair, angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may’st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin’d,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heav’n, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev’n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck’d; the pleasant sav’ry smell
So quicken’d appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch’d immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond’ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, 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 answer’d sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil, whence? In thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, 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 fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft’, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last ev’ning’s talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov’d, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten’d then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow’rs
That open now their choicest bosom’d smells,
Reserv’d from night, and kept for thee in store.

*So chear’d he his fair spouse, and she was chear’d,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip’d them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss’d, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear’d to have offended.*

So all was clear’d, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo’rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, (who scarce up ris’n,
With wheels yet hov’ring o’er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th’ earth his dewy ray,
Discov’ring in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden’s happy plains,)
Lowly they bow’d adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various stile; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture, wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc’d or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow’d from their lips, in prose or num’rous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

*These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond’rous fair; thyself how wond’rous then!
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow’r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav’n:
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end,
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown’st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb’st,
And when high noon hast gain’d, and when thou fall’st.
Moon, that now meet’st the orient sun, now fly’st,
And ye five other wand’ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call’d up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature’s womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world’s great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th’ uncolour’d sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
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 ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven’s gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather’d ought of evil or conceal’d,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.*

    So pray’d they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover’d soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning’s rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow’rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach’d too far
Their pamper’d boughs. Them thus employ’d beheld
With pity heav’n’s high King, and to him call’d
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign’d
To travel with Tobias, and secur’d
His marriage with the sev’ntimes-wedded maid.

    Raphael, said he, thou hear’st what stir on earth
Satan from hell scap’d through the darksome gulf
Hath rais’d in Paradise. Go half this day
Converse with Adam. Such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his pow’r left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall’n himself from heav’n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss.

    So spake th’ eternal Father, and fulfill’d
All justice: nor delay’d the winged saint
After his charge receiv’d; but from among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Veil’d with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew thro’ the midst of heav’n; th’ angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th’ empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav’n arriv’d, the gate self-open’d wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov’reign Architect had fram’d.

From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos’d, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard’n of God, with cedars crown’d
Above all hills. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steadly wing.

*At once on th’ eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing’d; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o’er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in heav’n; the third his feet
Shadow’d from either heel with feather’d mail,
Sky-tinctur’d grain. Like Maia’s son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav’nly fragrance fill’d
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 some message high they guess’d him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass’d, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh, 265
And flow’ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
Wanton’d as in her prime, and play’d at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss. 270

Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern’d, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow’r, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth’s inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar’d
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of necta’rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call’d. 280

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris’n on mid-noon: some great behest from heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy plenteous stores contain, bring forth.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth’s hallow’d mold,
Of God inspir’d, I from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
God hath dispens’d his bounties as in heaven.
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. 295

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, with no more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, than their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear’d with gold.
Nearer his presence Adam though not aw’d,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to’ a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of heav’n, for other place
None can than heav’n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign’d a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
Two only, who yet by sov’reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.
Whom thus th’ angelic virtue answer’d mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spi’rits of heaven
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O’ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that smil’d with flow’rets deck’d, and Eve
Stood to’ entertain her guest from heav’n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter’d her cheek. On whom the angel hail
Bestow’d, the holy salutation us’d
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.
Hail mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap’d this table. Rais’d of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn pil’d, though spring and autumn here
Danc’d sweetly hand in hand, when thus began
Our Author. Heav’nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur’d out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus’d
The earth to yield; unsavory food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.
To whom the angel. Though in heav’n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover’d with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with heaven. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; the mean while Eve
Minister’d naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour’d at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign’d, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur’d lover’s hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic’d,
Not burden’d nature, sudden mind arose 360
In Adam, not to let th’ occasion pass
Giv’n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in heaven, and his wary speech
Thus to th’ empyreal minister he fram’d.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf’d
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste.

To whom the winged hierarch reply’d.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav’d from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav’nly paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply’d.
O favourable spi’rit, propitious guest,
What meant that caution join’d, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert
Who form’d 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 happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv’n thee; be advis’d.

*God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy pow’r; ordain’d thy will
By nature free, not over-rul’d by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try’d whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must?

Myself and all th’ angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthron’d, our happy 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.*

And some 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 ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb’ring hills
Aereal music sent: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur’d me, and still assure: though what thou tell’st
Hath past in heav’n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy in sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish’d half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great round of heaven.

   Thus Adam made request; and Raphael
After short pause assenting, thus began.
   High matter thou injoin’st me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense th’ invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? How without remorse
The ruin of so many, glorious once
And perfect while they stood? How last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good
This is dispens’d; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,
As may express them best; though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heav’n, and things therein
Each to’ other like, more than on earth is thought?
   As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign’d where these heav’ns now roll, where earth now rests
Upon her center pois’d; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply’d
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As heav’n’s great year brings forth, th’ empyreal host
Of angels by imperial summons call’d,
Innumerable before th’ Almighty’s throne
Forthwith from all the ends of heav’n appear’d
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc’d,
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz’d
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom’d sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princeoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok’d shall stand.
This day my only Son, I on this hill
Anointed have, your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in heav’n, and shall confess him Lord.

So spake th’ Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem’d well pleas’d; all seem’d, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal’d
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring forth, the face of brightest heav’n had chang’d
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roseat dews dispos’d
All but th’ unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) th’ angelic throng,
Dispers’d in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear’d,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann’d with cool winds; save those who in their course
Melodious hymns about the sov’reign 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,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, resolv’d
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey’d the throne supreme
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak’ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep’st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? And remember’st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass’d the lips
Of heav’n’s Almighty Sire? More in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chiefs:
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.
So spake the false arch-angel, and infus’d
Bad influence into th’ unwary breast
Of his associate: he 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 disincumber’d heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey’d
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heaven;
His count’nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur’d them, and his lies
Drew after him the third part of heav’n’s host.
Mean while th’ eternal eye whose sight discerns
Saw among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And to his Son thus said.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, while such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north.
  To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,
(Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,)
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain.
  So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc’d on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass’d, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim and potentates and thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch’d into longitude; which having pass’d
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais’d on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
  Thrones, dominations, principoms, virtues, powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross’d
All pow’r, and us eclips’d under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best
With what may be devis’d of honors new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile.
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know you right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heav’n posses’d before
By none. Who can in reason then assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in pow’r and splendor less,
In freedom equal? Or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? Much less for this to be our Lord!

Thus far his bold discourse without controll
Had audience, when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador’d
The Deity, and divine commands obey’d,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos’d.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou condemn the just decree of God,
That to his only Son by right indued
With regal\textsuperscript{48} scepter, every soul in heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say’st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free.
Shalt thou give law to God? Shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form’d the pow’rs of heaven
Such as he pleas’d, and circumscrib’d their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state. But grant it were unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join’d in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? By whom
As by his word the mighty Father made
All things, ev’n thee; and all the spi’rits of heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown’d them with glory, and to their glory nam’d
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
Th’ incensed Father, and th’ incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg’d,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic’d
Th’ apostate, and more haughty thus reply’d.

That we were form’d say’st thou? Strange point and new!

\textsuperscript{48}Orig., “legal”; a misprint.
Doctrine which we would know whence learn’d: who saw
When this creation was? Remember’st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais’d
By our own quick’ning pow’r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, 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
Who is our equal. Go, and this report,
These tidings carry to th’ anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

*He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo’d to his words applause
Through the infinite host. Nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
Incompass’d round with foes, thus answer’d bold.*

O alienate from God, O spi’rit accurs’d,
Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall
Determin’d, and thy hapless crew involv’d
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God’s Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf’d; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise:
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devote, but lest the wrath
Impendent raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found
*Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov’d,
Unshaken, unseduc’d, unterrify’d
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single.* From amidst them forth he pass’d,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain’d
Superior, nor of violence fear’d ought;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn’d
On those proud tow’rs to swift destruction doom’d.

NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

Ver. 5.49 “Bland”—Friendly to nature.
Ver. 6.50 “Aurora”—The morning.
Ver. 7.51 “Mattin-song”—Morning-song.

49Orig., “6”; a misprint.
50Orig., “7”; a misprint.
51Orig., “8”; a misprint.

Ver. 52. “Interdicted”—Forbidden.

Ver. 118. “So” it be “unapproved.”


Ver. 176. “Wandering fires”—Planets. “Not without song”—The music of the spheres was much talked of among the antient philosophers [Ver. 177].


Ver. 213. “Pampered”—Overgrown with leaves.

Ver. 222. “Advise”—Make him sensible of.

Ver. 225. “Mutable”—Liable to change.

Ver. 233. “Celestial arders”—Angels burning with love.

Ver. 242. “No star” being “interposed.”

Ver. 247. “Between worlds and worlds”—It is hard to say, whether the planets are inhabited or not. We have no proof on either side.

Ver. 249. “To his proper shape returns”—He stood on his feet, and replaced his wings in their proper situation.


Ver. 257. “With feathered mail”—One feather coming a little short of the other, like the plates on a coat of mail.

Ver. 258. “Maia’s son”—Mercury, supposed by the heathens to be the messenger of Jupiter, and pictured with wings at his feet.

Ver. 269. “Pouring forth” what was the “more sweet,” because “wild above rule or art.”

Ver. 272. “As in the door he sat”—Like Abraham, Gen. xviii. 1.

---

52 Orig., “15”; a misprint.
53 Orig., 181”; a misprint.
54 Orig., “quarternio”; a misprint.
55 Orig., “plants”; a misprint.
Ver. 347. “Mellifluous”—Honey “dews and pearly grain.”
   Alluding to manna, which is termed angels food,
   Psalm cv. 40.
Ver. 357. “Unlibidinous”56—Without lust.
Ver. 374. “Such”—Good to perfection, perfectly good.
Ver. 404. “Inextricable”—From which none can extricate or
   free himself.
Ver. 441. “Remorse”—Grief, concern.
Ver. 443. “Perfect”—Without fault.
Ver. 481. See Psalm ii. 6, 7. Heb. i. 6.
Ver. 489. “Roseat”—Pleasant, fragrant as roses.
Ver. 500. “Alternate”—Sing by turns.
Ver. 554. “Lightning divine”—Flashling divine brightness.
Ver. 561. “The sun impearls”—They shine like pearls, as soon
   as the sun shines upon them.
Ver. 579. “Virtues”—An order of angels, so called.
Ver. 601. “Much less” can he introduce a law “for this”
   (whom in disdain he will not name) “to be our
   Lord.”

56Orig., “Unlibidnous”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

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 machines 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: he 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 unpursued
Through heav’n’s wide champain held his way; till morn,
Wak’d by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr’d the gates of light. *There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heav’n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here. And now went forth the morn
Such as in highest heav’n,* when all the plain
Cover’d with thick imbattel’d squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, first met his view:
War he perceiv’d, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix’d
Among those friendly pow’rs, who him receiv’d
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall’n, yet one
Return’d not lost: on to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

*Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain’d
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care
To stand approv’d in sight of God, though worlds
Judg’d thee perverse:* the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn’d thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse.
Go, Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle 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
Fearless assault, and to the brow of heaven
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.

So spake the sov’reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak’d. Nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high ’gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for heav’n, in mighty quadrate join’d
Of union irresistible, mov’d on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath’d
Heroic ardor to adventrous deeds
Under their god-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm;nor obvious hill,
Nor strait’ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon’d over Eden to receive
Their 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
Far in th’ horizon to the north appear’d
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch’d
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng’d, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray’d,
The banded pow’rs of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween’d
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov’d fond and vain
In the mid way: though strange to us it seem’d
At first, that angel should with angel war
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great sire
Hymning th’ eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle 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 sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos’d
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
’Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it join’d,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc’d
Came tow’ring, arm’d in adamant and gold; 105
Abdiel that sight indur’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 reality 110
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th’ Almighty’s aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try’d 115
Unsound and false; nor is ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met 120
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens’d, and thus securely him defy’d.

Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have reach’d
The height of thy aspiring unoppos’d, 125
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon’d at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th’ Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais’d incessant armies to defeat 130
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finish’d thee, and whelm’d
Thy legions under darkness. But thou seest
*All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem’d in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all. My sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.*

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answer’d. Ill for thee, but in wish’d hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return’st
From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok’d, since first that tongue
Inspir’d with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com’st
Before thy fellows: thy success shall show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer’d lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that liberty and heaven
To heav’nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spi’rits, train’d up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm’d, the minstrelsy of heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar’d this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply’d.
Apostate, still thou err’st, 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,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th’ unwise, or him who hath rebell’d
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall’d;
Yet lewdly dar’st our ministring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell thy kingdom; let me serve
In heav’n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey’d.
Yet chains in hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return’d, 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
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 recoil’d; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay’d. As if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had push’d 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 their mightiest; ours joy fill’d, and shout
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: 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
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join’d
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heav’n till now
Was never: arms on armour clashing bray’d
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag’d; *dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush’d
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder? When
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could weild
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th’ eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of heav’n, high over-rul’d
And limited their might; though in number such
As each divided legion might have seem’d
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion: led in fight yet leader seem’d
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war;* no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself rely’d,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem’d then
Conflicting fire: long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow’r had shewn, amid the ranks
Of fighting seraphim confus’d, at length
*Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell’d
Squadrons at once; with huge two handed sway
Brandish’d aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos’d the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference:* at his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas’d, and glad as hoping here to end
Intestin war in heav’n, the arch-foe subdu’d
Or captive dragg’d in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam’d first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam’d in heaven, how hast thou disturb’d
Heav’n’s blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? How hast thou instill’d
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
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 war.
Hence then, (and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring,) to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing’d from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
    So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe 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
Unvanquish’d, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call’st evil, but we stile
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav’n itself 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 fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address’d for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate? Or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike pow’r? For likest gods they seem’d,
Stood they or mov’d, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
*Now wav’d their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz’d opposit, 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
Great things by small, if nature’s concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both next to allmighty arm
Up-lifted imminent; one stroke they aim’d
That might determin, and not need repeat,
As not of pow’r at once. Nor odds appear’d
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was giv’n him temper’d 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 sheer; nor stay’d,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entring shared
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh’d him to and fro convolv’d; so sore
The grinding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass’d through him: but th’ ethereal substance clos’d,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of necta’rous humour issuing flow’d
Sanguin, such as celestial spi’rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain’d ere while so bright.*
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos’d
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir’d
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow’r.
*Yet soon he heal’d; for spi’rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
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 deserv’d
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc’d the deep array
Of Moloch furious king; who him defy’d,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten’d, nor from the Holy One of heaven
Refrain’d his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter’d arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm’d,
Vanquish’d Adramelech, and Asmodai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain’d, but meaner thoughts learn’d in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch’d and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
Cancel’d from heav’n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.

And now their mightiest quell’d, the battle swerv’d,
With many an inroad gor’d: deformed rout
Enter’d and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver’d armour strown; what stood, recoil’d
O’er-wearied, through the faint satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris’d.

Far otherwise th’ inviolable saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc’d entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm’d;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn’d,
Not to have disobey’d; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain’d
By wound, though from their place by violence mov’d.

Now night her course began, and over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos’d,
And silence on the odious din of war.
Under her cloudy covert both retir’d,
Victor and vanquish’d: on the foughten field
Michael and his angels prevalent
Incamping, plac’d in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th’ other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear’d,
Far in the dark dislodg’d; and void of rest,
His potentates to council call’d by night;
And in the midst thus undismay’d begun.

O now in danger try’d, now known in arms
Not to be overpow’r’d, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain’d one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven’s Lord had pow’rfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg’d
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm’d,
Some disadvantage we indur’d and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn’d;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc’d with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal’d.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th’ assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap’d from cruel fight,
Sore toil’d, his riven arms to havock hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answ’ring spake.
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 pain,
Against unpain’d, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; *for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell’d 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,
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience.* He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos’d Satan reply’d.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ’st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the surface bright
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious heav’n, adorn’d
With plant, fruit, flow’r ambrosial, gems and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch’d
With heaven’s ray, and temper’d they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hallow engines long and round
Thick ramm’d, at th’ other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thund’ring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o’erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm’d
The Thund’rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join’d
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair’d.

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Inlighten’d, and their languish’d hope reviv’d.
Th’ invention all admir’d, and each, how he
To be th’ inventor miss’d; so easy it seem’d
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible. Yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir’d
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war 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 soil, and saw beneath
Th’ originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with art reduc’d
To blackest grain, and into store convey’d:
Part hidden veins digg’d up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish’d, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespy’d.

Now when fair morn orient in heav’n appear’d,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung. In arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look’d round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg’d, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came fly’ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry’d.

Arm, warriors, arm 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 settled in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamantin\(^{57}\) coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne ev’n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb’d with fire.

\(^{57}\)Orig., “adamant in”; a misprint.
So warn’d he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward moved imbattel’d: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish engin’ry, impal’d
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear’d
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir’d
Which to our eyes discover’d, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels, for like to pillars most they seem’d,
(Brass, iron, stony mould,) had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap’d on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Held waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus’d.

Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply’d
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur’d with smoke, all heav’n appear’d,
From those deep-throated engins belch’d, whose roar
Imboweld with outrageous noise the air
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain’d thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host
Level’d, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on arch-angel roll’d;
The sooner for their arms; unarm’d they might
Have easily as spi’rits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow’d and forc’d rout.
Nor serv’d it to relax their serried files. 58
What should they do? If on they rush’d, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis’d,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank’d of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhor’d. Satan and all his host
Stood scoffing, heighten’d in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they presum’d
So easy’, 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
Against such hellish mischief fit to’ oppose.

*Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac’d) 580

---

58Orig., “flies”; a misprint.
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew.
From their foundations loosning to and fro
They pluck’d the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be sure, and terror 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
They saw them whelm’d, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress’d whole legions arm’d;
Their armour help’d their harm, crush’d in and bruis’d
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris’on, though spi’rits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb’ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter’d hills
Hurl’d to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;*
Infernal noise; war seem’d a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap’d
Upon confusion rose: and now all heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread;
Had not th’ Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin’d in his sanctuary of heav’n foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis’d:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng’d
Upon his enemies, whence to his Son
Th’ assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov’d,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his pow’rs went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm’d;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know’st,
Equal in their creation they were form’d.

Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain’d it, and thus far
Have suffer’d, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue’ and grace
Immense I have transfus’d, that all may know
In heav’n and hell thy pow’r above compare.
Go then thou mightiest, in thy Father’s might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav’n’s basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms;
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heav’n’s 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 rays direct Shone full; he all his Father full express’d Ineffably into his face receiv’d; And thus the filial godhead answ’ring spake. O Father, O Supreme of heav’nly thrones,
First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seek’st To glorify thy Son, I always thee, As is most just; this I my glory’ account, My exaltation, and my whole delight. Soon shall clear I all heav’n of these rebell’d, To their prepar’d ill mansion driven down, To chains of darkness. So said, he arose From the right hand of glory where he sat; And the third sacred morn began to shine,

*Dawning through heav’n: forth rush’d with whirlwind sound The chariot of paternal Deity, Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn, Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy’d By four cherubic shapes; four faces each Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels Of beril, and carreering fires between. Over their heads a crystal firmament, Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure Amber, and colours of the show’ry arch. He in celestial panoply all arm’d Of radiant urim, work divinely wrought, Ascended; at his right hand victory Sat eagle-wing’d; beside him hung his bow And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor’d,
And from about him fierce effusion roll’d
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints, 680
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron’d, 685
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris’d,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz’d
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven;*
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc’d 690
His army, circumfus’d on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
*Before him pow’r divine his way prepar’d.
At his command th’ uprooted hills retir’d 695
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; heav’n his wonted face renew’d,
And with fresh flow’rets hill and valley smil’d.*
This saw his hapless foes but stood obdur’d,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav’ly spi’rits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th’ obdurate to relent?
They harden’d more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight 700
Took envy; and aspiring to his heighth,
Stood reimbattel’d fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall

59Orig., “995”; a misprint.
In universal ruin lost\textsuperscript{60}, and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand
Ye angels arm’d, this day from battle rest.
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause.
And as ye have receiv’d, so have ye done
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs.
Number to this day’s work is not ordain’d
Nor multitude; stand only and behold
God’s indignation on these godless pour’d
By me; not you but me they have despis’d.

*So spake the Son, and into terror chang’d
His count’nance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll’d, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv’d, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix’d
Plagues; they astonish’d all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt.
O’er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode

\textsuperscript{60}Milton’s original has “last.” JW’s text may be a misprint, or perhaps a purposeful change.
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
That wish’d the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag’d four  
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’ accurs’d, that wither’d all their strength,  
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 volly; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.*  
The overthrown he rais’d, and as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng’d  
Drove them before him thunder-struck, to th’ bounds  
And crystal wall of heav’n, which opening wide,  
Roll’d inward, and a spacious gap disclos’d  
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg’d them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of heav’n; eternal wrath  
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.  
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar’d,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout

---

61 A misprint showed “735” twice, with the first occurrence on the previous page.
62 A misprint showed “740” twice, with the first occurrence on the previous page.
Incumber’d him with ruin: hell at last
Yawning receiv’d them whole, and on them clos’d;
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.*
Disburden’d heav’n rejoic’d, and soon repair’d
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll’d.
Sole victor from th’ expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn’d:
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 palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord. He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav’n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron’d
On high; who into glory him receiv’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 may’st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal’d
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befel, and war in heaven
Among th’ angelic pow’rs, and the deep fall
Of those too* high aspiring, who rebell’d
With Satan: him who envies now thy state
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav’d of happiness thou may’st partake
His punishment, eternal misery.
But listen not to his temptations, warn

---

*Orig., “to”; a misprint.
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to’ have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

Ver. 16. “War in procinct”—The Roman soldiers were said to stand in procinct, when they were just ready for the onset.
Ver. 56. “Militant”—Warring.
Ver. 64. “Obvious”—Lying in their way.
Ver. 73. “This terrene”—This earth.
Ver. 74. “In the horizon”—The part which bounds the view.
Ver. 78. “Rigid”—Stiff, firm. “Pourtraid”—Painted [Ver. 79].
Ver. 81. “They ween’d”—Thought. “Hosting”—Encounter [Ver. 88].
Ver. 96. “Idol of majesty divine”—Mimicking it.
Ver. 108. “And thus”—Reasons within himself.
Ver. 177. “Erst”—A while since. “Lewdly”—Profanely, impiously [Ver. 172].

64Orig., “18”; a misprint.
65Orig., “70”; a misprint.
Ver. 226. “The ridges”—The ranks are figuratively so called, alluding to a ploughed field.

Ver. 229. “The moment”—Is the weight which turns the scales, equally poised before.


Ver. 278. “Here however” we mean “to dwell free.”

Ver. 312. “Shared”—Pierced thro’. To “gride” is to cut [Ver. 315].


Ver. 315. “Discontinuous”—Dividing the parts from each other.

Ver. 334. “Liquid”—Pliable, flexible; not solid or hard.

Ver. 354. “Plate” is broad, solid armour; “Mail” is composed of small pieces like fish-scales.

Ver. 365. “Swerved”—Leaned to one side.


Ver. 400. “Fallible of future”—Liable to mistake as to future events.

Ver. 431. “Spume”—Froth.

Ver. 450. “Spume”—Froth.


Ver. 453. “In their nativity”—Their native bed.

Ver. 454. “Infernal flame”—Though they had not yet seen it, they had heard of hell.

Ver. 475. “Machination”—Contrivance; “Crude”—Unripe [Ver. 482].

Ver. 488. “To found”—To cast in moulds.

Ver. 489. “Missive” weapons are those that are shot or thrown.

“Missive reed”—Easy to take or kindle fire.

“Pernicious”—Quick, speedy [Ver. 490].

Ver. 491. “Under conscious night”—During the night, which was privy to their designs.

Ver. 497. “Panoply”—Compleat armour.

---

66Orig., “311”; a misprint.

67Orig., “336”; a misprint.

68Orig., “401”; a misprint.
“Sad”—Sour and sullen.

“Barbed”—Bearded, headed.


“Embowel’d”—Tore the bowels of it.

“To relax their serried files”—To open their close ranks.

“To displode”—To discharge. “Tire”—Row.

“Jaculation”—Darting, tossing.

“Advised”—Of set purpose.

“The assessor” of his throne”—Who sat by him on his throne.

“Beril” is a precious stone of a sea green colour.

“And careering fires between”—Striking forward, whirling, flashing: lightnings, darting out strait, then turning quick every way.

“Urim”—Light.

“Bickering flame”—Breaking out in sudden flashes, and kindling it to fury, Ezek. i. 4. it is a fire infolding itself: literally, fire catching itself.

“Circumfused”—Spread around.

“Obsurred”—Hardened.

“Ruing”—Rushing violently.

“Her mural breach”—The breach in her wall.

69Orig., “561”; a misprint.

70Orig., “assessors”; a misprint.

71Orig., “678”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declar’d his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into heaven.

Adam mean time with his consorted Eve
The story heard attentive, and was fill’d
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange; but soon repel’d
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of heav’n and earth conspicuous first began,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav’nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal’d,
Divine interpreter, by favor sent
Down from the empyrean to forwarn
Us timely’ of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th’ infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sov’reign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf’d
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,
*How first began this heav’n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn’d
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus’d
Embracing round this florid earth,* what cause
Mov’d the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv’d, if unforbid thou may’st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
*And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heaven,
Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep list’ning 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 answer’d mild.
This also thy request with caution ask’d
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such commission from above
I have receiv’d, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal’d, which th’ invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress’d in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven:

*But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp’rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly’, as nourishment to wind.*

Know then, that after Lucifer from heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return’d
Victorious with his saints, th’ Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.
At least our envious foe hath fail’d, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of deity supreme, us dispossess’d,
He trusted to have seis’d, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more.
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station, heaven yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites.
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,
My damage fondly deem’d, I can repair
That detriment, (if such it be to lose
Self-lost,) and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till under long obedience try’d.
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done:
My overshadowing Spi’rit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heav’n and earth.
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
So spake th’ Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word the filial godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,
When such was heard declar’d th’ Almighty’s will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th’ ungodly from his sight
And th’ habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain’d
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of spi’rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

*So sang the hierarchies: mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear’d,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown’d
Of majesty divine; sapience, and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour’d
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spi’rits, and chariots wing’d
From th’ armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg’d
Against a solemn day, harness’d at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv’d,
Attendant on their Lord: heav’n open’d wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow’rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav’nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view’d the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn’d by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav’n’s height, and with the center mix the pole.

*Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th’ omnific Word, your discord end:
Nor stay’d, but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow’d in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay’d the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar’d
In God’s eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center’d, and the other turn’d
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.*
Thus God the heav’n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform’d and void: darkness profound
Cover’d th’ abyss: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spi’rit of God outspread,
And vital virtue’ 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
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And earth self-balanc’d on her center hung.

*Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher’d in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn’d the while.* God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
*He nam’d. Thus was the first day ev’n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heav’n and earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill’d,*
And touch’d their golden harps, and hymning prais’d
God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus’d
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystallin ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov’d, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And heav’n he nam’d the firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
The earth was form’d, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv’d,
Appear’d not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow’d, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor soft’ning all her glebe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather’d now ye waters under heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.

*Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav’d the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep.
Capacious bed of waters:* thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll’d
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry.
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress’d
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand’ring, found their way,
And on the washy oose deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,

*All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.*

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,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn’d,
*Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green:
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow’rd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish’d thick the clustring vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Imbattl’d in her field, and th’ humble shrub,
And bush with frizled hair implicit: last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm’d,
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown’d,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem’d like to heav’n, a seat where gods might dwell,*
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
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 dewy mist
Went up and water’d all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th’ earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev’n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th’ Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th’ expanse of heaven to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven
To give light on the earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven
To’ illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good.
*Of the celestial bodies first the sun
A mighty sphere he fram’d, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mold: then form’d the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow’d with stars the heav’n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac’d
In the sun’s orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather’d beams, great palace now of light.
Hither as to their fountain other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.*
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
*First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th’ horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav’n’s high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc’d
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
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 shines, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,*
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear’d
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn’d
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown’d the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptil with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display’d on the’ open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless’d them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
And lakes and running streams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply’d on th’ earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
*Of fishes that with fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their wav’d coats dropt with gold,*
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy’, enormous in their gate
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch’d like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th’ egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos’d
Their callow young, but feather’d soon and fledge
They summ’d their pens, 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 their eyries build:
Part loosly wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang’d in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; (so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage,) borne on winds72; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann’d with unnumber’d plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac’d the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev’n, nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas’d warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:

72Orig., “wings”; a misprint.
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath’d
Their downy breast; *the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aereal sky: others on ground
Walk’d firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th’ other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour’d with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry’ eyes.* The waters thus
With fish replenish’d, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemniz’d the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose
With evening harps and matin, when God said,
Let th’ earth bring forth fowl73 living in her kind,
Cattel and creeping things, and beast of th’ earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey’d, and strait
Opening her fertil womb teem’d at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb’d and full grown: out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk’d:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
*The grassy clods now calv’d, now half appear’d
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bands,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane, the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw

---

73Orig., “foul”; likely a misprint. Milton’s original uses “fowl,” apparently referring to domestic birds like chickens, by contrast with the wild birds created on day five. Richard Bentley opted to change this word to “soul,” to reflect Gen. 1:24: “a living soul.”
In hilloc: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head:* scarce from his mold
Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav’d
His vastness: fleec’d the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground 400
*Insect or worm: those wav’d their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the livery deck’d of summer’s pride
With spots of gold and purple’, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimensions drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature: some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv’d
Their snaky folds, and added wings.* First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos’d,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear’d
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor’d: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know’st, and gav’st them names,
Needless to thee repeated. Nor unknown
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
*Now heav’n in all her glory shone, and roll’d
Her motions as the great First Mover’s hand
First wheel’d their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil’d;* air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk’d
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain’d.
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th’ Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

        Let us make now man in our image, man
        In our similitude, and let them rule
        Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
        Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
        And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
        This said, he form’d thee, Adam, thee, O man,
        Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath’d
        The breath of life, in his own image he
        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 mankind, and said,
        Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
        Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th’ air,
And every living thing that moves on th’ earth
Wherever thus created, (for no place
Is yet distinct by name,) thence, as thou know’st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th’ earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may’st not; in the day thou eat’st, thou dy’st.
Death is the penalty impos’d, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish’d he, and all that he had made
View’d, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev’n and morn accomplish’d the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return’d,
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 show’d
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow’d with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun’d
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember’st, for thou heardest)
The heav’ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list’ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye heav’ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return’d
Magnificent, his six days’ work, a world.
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through heaven,
That open’d wide her blazing portals, led
To God’s eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that Milky Way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder’d with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heav’n’s high-seated top, th’ imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix’d for ever firm and sure,
The filial pow’r arriv’d, and from his work
Now resting, bless’d and hallow’d the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work;
But not in silence only kept; the harp
Had work and rested not, of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.
Creation and the six days’ acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow’r; what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels. Thee that day
Thy thunders magnify’d; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
Of spi’rits apostate and their counsels vain
Thou hast repell’d, 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
Thou usest, and from thence creat’st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heaven
From heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea:
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin’d habitation; but thou know’st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus’d,
Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc’d,
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
Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyrean rung,
With hallelujahs: thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill’d, that ask’d
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform’d by thee might know; if else thou seek’st
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say.

NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

Ver. 29. “Interfused”—Insinuating into and betwixt all other bodies.
Ver. 94. “Self-lost”—Those who destroy themselves.
Ver. 126. “Sapience”—Wisdom.
Ver. 132. The thought is taken from Zech. vi. 1.
Ver. 148. “Omnific”—All creating.
Ver. 170. “Founded” and “conglobed”—Caused them to mingle and cleave together.
Ver. 181. “By the hemisphere, divided”—One half of the globe being inlightened, the other, not.
Ver. 192. It is not called the “firmament,” as being a solid body, but as being a partition firm and immovable.
Ver. 201. “Circumfluous”—Flowing round it.
Ver. 233. “With serpent error”—Creeping round about.
Ver. 234. “Oose”—Sea or river mud.
Ver. 248. “Then” the earth brought forth “herbs.”
Ver. 252. “Corny”—Stiff like horn.
Ver. 256. “Gemm’d”—Budded forth.
Ver. 279. “Altern”—By turns.
Ver. 300. Being “so far remote,” they appear much less than they are.
Ver. 304. “His longitude”—His course from east to west.
Ver. 332. “Sculls”—Holes so large as to appear like banks in the sea.
Ver. 337. “Attend”—Wait for.
Ver. 351. “Summ’d their pens”—Gathered²⁵ their feathers close which had attained their full strength.
Ver. 354. “Eyries” are eagles’ nests.
Ver. 356. “Wedge their way”—Fly in the form of a wedge, with the point foremost.
Ver. 357. “Intelligent of seasons”—Understanding that the winter season approaches.
Ver. 387. “His lair”—His bed or place of rest. “He owns”—Dwells, is wont to be.
Ver. 393. “Calved”—Brought forth.

²⁵Orig., “Gatheed”; a misprint.
Ver. 412.  “Minims of nature”—The least of nature’s works.
Ver. 436.  “Prone”—Hanging the head downward.
Ver. 546.  “Her nether ocean”—Which is the waters under the firmament.
Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer’d, and exhort ed to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: 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 Adam’s ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix’d to hear;
Then as new wak’d thus gratefully reply’d.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay’d
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf’d
This friendly condescension, to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world
Of heav’n and earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar’d
And all her number’d stars, that seem to roll
Space incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues and their swift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacious earth, this punctual spot
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater\textsuperscript{76} so manifold to this one use,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv’d by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails.

So spake our sire, and by his count’nance seem’d
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving 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 flowers,
To visit how they prosper, bud and bloom.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv’d,

\textsuperscript{76}Orig., “Creater”; a misprint.
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr’d
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digression, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas’d her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join’d?
And Raphael now to Adam’s doubt propos’d
Benevolent and facil thus reply’d.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wond’rous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether heav’n move or earth
Imports not, if thou reckon right. The rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scan’d by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they lift to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor heav’n such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though, in comparison of heav’n, so small,
Nor glist’ring, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there first receiv’d
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to the earth’s habitant.
And for the heav’n’s wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker’s high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch’d out so far:
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg’d in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain’d for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think’st not slow,
Who since the morning hour set out from heaven
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 show
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 ways from human sense,
Plac’d heav’n from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be center to the world, and other stars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
In six thou seest, and what if seventh to these,
If earth industrious of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun’s beams meet night, her other part
Still lumi’rous by his ray? What if that light
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Inlightning her by day, as she by night
This earth? Reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften’d soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
Stor’d in each orb perhaps with some that live.
*But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in heaven
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac’d, let him dispose: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve, heav’n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:*
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal’d
Not of earth only but of highest heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear’d of doubt, reply’d.
How fully hast thou satisfy’d me, pure
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 far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand’ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck’d, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn’d, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure or 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,
And renders us in things that most concern
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
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign’d.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
*For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruit of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.*

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
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attend thee, and each word, each motion form.
Nor less think we in heav'n of thee on earth
Than of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways 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 befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of hell;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was at his work.
Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
We found fast shut the dismal gates and strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return’d up to the coasts of light
Ere Sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas’d with thy words no less than thou with mine.
So spake the godlike pow’r, and thus our sire.

*For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow’ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry’d, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward heav’n my wond’ring eyes I turn’d,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till rais’d
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm’ring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv’d and mov’d and walk’d, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling: all things smil’d
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o’erflow’d.
Myself I then perus’d, and limb by limb
Survey’d, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I try’d, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey’d and readily could name
Whate’er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou inlighten’d earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call’d, and stray’d I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return’d,
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression sies’d
My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
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 liv’d: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain’d
First father, call’d by thee I come thy Guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar’d.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais’d,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos’d, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow’rs, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem’d. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th’ eye
Tempting, stirr’d in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat: whereat I wak’d, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow’d. Here had new begun
My wand’ring, had not he who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear’d,
Presence divine.* Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear’d me’, and whom thou sought’st I am,
Said mildly, 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 eat.
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart: fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat’st thereof, my sole command
Transgress’d, inevitably thou shall die,
From that day mortal. Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return’d, and gracious purpose thus renew’d.
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lord
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watry residence,
Not hither summon’d, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
*As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowring low
With blandishment, each bird stoop’d on his wing.
I nam’d them, as they pass’d, and understood
Their nature, with such knowlege God indued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still*
And to the heav’nly vision thus presum’d.
   O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man? For whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten’d, thus reply’d.
   What call’st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish’d, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know’st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.  
So spake the universal Lord, and seem’d  
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor’d,  
And humble deprecation thus reply’d.  
   Let not my words offend thee, heav’nly power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv’n and receiv’d. Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort; they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness.  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin’d;  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.  
   Thus I imbolden’d spake, and freedom us’d  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain’d  
This answer from the gracious voice divine.  
   Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas’d,  
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam’d, but of thyself,  
Expressing well the sp’rit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike.  
And be so minded still. I ere thou spak’st,  
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw’st
Intended thee, for trial only 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,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart’s desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav’nly overpower’d,
Which it had long stood under, strain’d to th’ height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call’d
By nature as in aid, and clos’d mine eyes.

*Mine eyes he clos’d, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping open’d my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh. Wide was the wound
But suddenly with flesh fill’d up and heal’d:
The rib he form’d and fashion’d with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem’d fair in all the world, seem’d now
Mean, or in her summ’d up, in her contain’d
And in her looks, which from that time infus’d
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before.*
She disappear’d, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, behold her, not far 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’ny Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninform’d  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.*  
I overjoy’d could not forbear aloud.  
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill’d  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
Before me: woman is her name, of man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to’ his wife adhere;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.  
*She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo’d, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir’d,  
The more desirable, or to say all,  
Nature herself, 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 majesty approv’d  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn: all heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper’d it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.[*]77

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us’d or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov’d, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty’s pow’rful glance.
Yet well I understand in the prime end
Of nature her th’ inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel.
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
*O’er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

77Baker suggests that a closing asterisk was omitted by mistake at this point.
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount’nanc’d, and like folly shews:
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac’d.*

To whom the angel with contracted brow.
Nature, hath done her part; do thou but thine,
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 thyself?
*Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than 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 yields all her shows:
Made so adorned for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may’st 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
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf’d
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg’d, if ought
Therein enjoy’d were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
*What high’er in her society thou find’st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart inlarges, hath his seat
In rea'son, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend.*
   *To whom thus half abash’d Adam reply’d.
Neither her outside form’d so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix’d with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign’d
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
(Harmony to behold in wedded pair*)
More grateful than harmonious sound to th’ ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil’d,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam’st me not, for love thou say’st
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 spi’rits, and how their love
Express they, by looks only’, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
   To whom the angel with a smile that glow’d
Celestial rosy red, love’s proper hue,
Answer’d. Let it suffice thee that thou know’st
Us happy’, and without love no happiness.
*Whatever pure thou in the body’ enjoy’st
(And pure thou wart created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if sp’rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure.*
But I can now no more; the parting sun
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy’, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac’d; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow’d with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav’nly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sov’reign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be’ honour’d ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the angel up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

The end of the eighth book.
NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

Ver. 23. “This punctual spot”—Which is but as a point.
Ver. 32. “Sedentary”—Sitting still, not moving.
Ver. 37. “Incorporeal speed”—Such speed as can scarce be conceived in any thing corporeal.
Ver. 95. “Numberless”—To describe which number fails.
Ver. 121. “Reciprocal”—Each giving light to the other.
Ver. 314. “Cowring”—Bending, bowing themselves.
Ver. 387. “Abstract”—Abstracted from the body.
Ver. 474.78 “With contracted brow”—That is frowning.

78Orig., “479”; a misprint.
“Do they mix irradiance”—As it were, dart into one another: by a “virtual”—Something equivalent to, “or,” by an “immediate touching” each other?

Ver. 540. “Hesperian sets”—Sets in the west.
Ver. 553. “Benediction”—Thanks.

79Orig., “528”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

The Argument.

Satan having compass’d 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 their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging 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 trial 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 wond’ring to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attain’d to human speech and such understanding; 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 persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz’d, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her: and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit:
the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their
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 used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam’d: I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And disobedience; on the part of heaven
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
And judgment given, that brought into this world
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight on earth, and now from end to end
Night’s hemisphere had veil’d the horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv’d
In meditated fraud and malice bent
On man’s 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. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life.
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv’d in rising mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; and with inspection deep
Consider’d every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtest beast of all the field.
Him after long debate, his sentence chose
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark.
Thus he resolv’d, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour’d.

O earth, how like to heav’n, if not preferr’d!
Terrestrial heaven, danced round by other heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentrating all their precious beams.
*With what delight could I have walk’d thee round,
If I could joy in outh, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown’d,
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
Torment within; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heav’n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in heaven
To dwell, unless by mast’ring heav’n’s Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:*
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts: and him destroy’d,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link’d in weal or woe.
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among
Th’ infernal pow’rs, in one day to have marr’d
What he Almighty stiled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th’ angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be aveng’d,
And to repair his numbers thus impair’d,
Determin’d to advance into our room
A creature form’d of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With heav’nly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
He’ effect. Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc’d, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
*O foul descent! That I who erst contended
With gods to sit the high’est, am now constrain’d
Into a beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir’d.
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires must down as low
As high he soar’d, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.*
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim’d,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of heaven, 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 dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll’d,
His head the midst, well stor’d with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless, unfear’d he slept: in at his mouth
The devil enter’d, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb’d not, waiting close th’ approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow’rs, that breath’d
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From th’ earth’s great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join’d their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two, gard’ning so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flower,
Our pleasant task injoin’d, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows.
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs remain, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermix’d
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day’s work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th’ hour of supper comes unearn’d.

To whom mild-answer Adam thus return’d.
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion’d, well thy thoughts employ’d
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign’d us, nor of me shalt pass
*Unprais’d: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos’d
Labour, as to debar 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 deny’d, and are of love the food,
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join’d.*
These paths and bow’rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
*For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.*
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befal thee sever’d from me; for thou know’st
What hath been warn’d us, what malicious foe
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join’d, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst indures.
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply’d.
Ofspring of heav’n and earth, and all earth’s lord.
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform’d I learn,
And from the parting angel over-heard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return’d at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear’st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc’d:
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam misthought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply’d.
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,
Though ineffectual found. Misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th’ assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others’ aid.
* I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach’d
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais’d unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue try’d?*
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew’d.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten’d by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not indued
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin’d.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos’d.
[*] To whom thus Adam fervently reply’d.
O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain’d them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surpris’d
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expresly hath forbid.*
Not then mistrust, but tender love injoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely, if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th’ other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both secure than thus warn’d thou seem’st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God tow’ards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, reply’d.
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn’d
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch’d only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar’d,
The willinger I go, 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 husband’s hand, her hand
Soft she withdrew, took her to the groves.
*Her, long with ardent look his eye pursu’d
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag’d
To be return’d by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon’s repose.
O much deceiv’d, much failing, hapless Eve!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found’st either sweet repast, or sound repose;*
For now, and since first break of dawn the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos’d prey.
In bow’r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight:
By fountain or by shady rivulet
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,
Veil’d in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spy’d, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glow’d, oft stooping to support
Each flow’r of slender stalk, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported† flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers’d

---

80 Orig., “510”; a misprint.
81 Orig., “unupsported”; a misprint.
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers.
Much pleasure took the serpent to behold
*This flow’ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heav’nly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action overaw’d
His malice, and with rapin sweet, bereav’d
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own ev’il, and for the time remain’d
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm’d,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge:
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
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
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 me! Hate, not love nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach’d by stronger hate.
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign’d,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy’ of mankind, inclos’d
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve

*Address’d his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower’d
Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish’d neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires.* With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but fear’d
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river’s mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl’d many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve;
And bolder now, uncall’d before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring; oft he bow’d
His turret crest, and sleek enamell’d neck,
Fawning, and lick’d the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn’d at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play: he glad
Of her attention gain’d, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air.
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

*Wonder not, sov’reign mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the heav’n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas’d that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear’d
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir’d.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty’ adore
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir’d: but here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee’? (And what is one?) Who shouldst be seen
A goddess among gods, ador’d and serv’d
By angels numberless, thy daily train.*

So gloz’d the tempter, and his proem tun’d.
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling. At length
Not unamaz’d she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of man pronounc’d
By tongue of brute, and human sense express’d?
The first at least of these I thought deny’d
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reas’ on, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtler beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice indued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam’st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight:
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus reply’d.
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor ought but food discern’d
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc’d
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix’d,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savory odor blew:
Unsuck’d of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had,
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam’s: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, to eat my fill
I spar’d not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward pow’rs, and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain’d.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn’d my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider’d all things visible in heaven,
Or earth or middle, all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty’s heav’nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell’d
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar’d
Sov’reign of creatures, universal dame.

    So talk’d the spirited sly snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz’d unwary thus reply’d.
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov’d:
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?

    To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad.
Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct I can bring thee thither soon.

    Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll’d
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wand’ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Misleads the amaz’d night wand’r from his way;
So glister’d the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

    Serpent, we might have spar’d our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
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 ourselves, our reason is our law.

   To whom the tempter guilefully reply’d.
Indeed? Hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar’d of all in earth or air?

   To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter all impassion’d thus began.

O sacred wise, and wisdom-giving plant;
Mother of science, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, even to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem’d however wise.

Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die:
How should ye? By the fruit? It gives you life
To knowledge; by the Threatner? Look on me,
Me who have touch’d and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain’d than fate
Meant me, by vent’ring higher than my lot.
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 virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc’d, whatever thing death be,
Deterr’d not from achieving what might lead
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 shunn’d?
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep you low and ignorant,
His worshippers. He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open’d and clear’d, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye should be as gods. Since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet
I of brute human, ye of human gods:
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wish’d,
Though threaten’d, which no worse than this can bring. 525
Goddess human: reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
Fix’d on the fruit she gaz’d, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive 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
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown, to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye: yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus’d.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir’d,
Whose taste, too long forbored, at first essay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both good and evil.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? He hath eat’n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? Or to us deny’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
The good befall’n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once body and mind!
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
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 guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem’d,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy’d so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was god-head from her thought.
Greedily she ingorg’d without restraint,
And knew not eating death. Satiate at length,
And highten’d as with wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasantly began.

O sov’reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise, henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile 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.
Best guide; not following thee I had remain’d
In ignorance. Thou open’st wisdom’s way,
And giv’st access, though secret she retire.

And I perhaps am secret; heav’n is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth. But to Adam in what sort
*Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? So to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? Then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm’d then I resolve,
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 done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus’d
Into the plant scienitial sap, deriv’d
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow’rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown.
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,
Misgave him; he the faltring 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,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil’d,
New gather’d, and ambrosial smell diffus’d.
To him she hasted. In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address’d.

Hast thou not wonder’d, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss’d, and thought it long, depriv’d
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry’d I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise
Or not restrain’d as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten’d: but thenceforth
Indued with human voice and human sense,
Reason to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail’d, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th’ effects to correspond, opener mine eyes,
Dim 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,
Tidious, unshar’d with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with count’nance blithe her story told:
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow’d.
On th’ other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz’d,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax’d.
From his slack hand the garland wreath’d for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length,
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God’s 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,
Defac’d, deflower’d, and now to death devote?
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbid? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil’d thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin’d, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join’d,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb’d
Submitting to what seem’d remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn’d.

Bold deed thou hast presum’d, adventrous Eve,
And peril great provok’d, who thus hast dar’d,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past who can recal, or done undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor fate; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profan’d first by the serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallow’d ere our taste:
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as man
Higher degree of life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.
Nor can think that God, Creator wise
Though threaten’t, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify’d so high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail.
*However I with thee have fix’d my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever’d, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."
*So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply’d.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? From whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv’d,
Rather than death or ought than death more dread
Shall separate us, link’d in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently, never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac’d would ensue
This my attempt I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee. Rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur’d
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequal’d: but I feel
Far otherwise th’ event, not death, but life
Augmented, open’d eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch’d my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embrac’d him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv’d,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails as again
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,
Sky lour’d, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original:* while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear’d, the more to sooth
Him with her lov’d society, that now
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to spurn the earth: but that false fruit
Far other operation first display’d,
Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
Till Adam thus ’gan Eve to dalliance move.
   Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
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 forbidd’n, it might be wish’d,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh’d, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn’d
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
   So said he, and forebore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz’d, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbown’d,
He led her nothing loath; flow’rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth’s freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love’s disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress’d them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour blan’d
About their spi’rits had play’d, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhal’d; and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Incumber’d, now had left them; up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open’d, and their minds
How darken’d; innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow’d them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame. So rose the Danite, strong
Herculean Sampson from the harlot-lap
Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sat, as strucken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash’d,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain’d.
O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man’s voice, true in our fall,
False in our promis’d rising; since our eyes
Open’d we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and ev’l, 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 purity,
Our wanted ornaments now soil’d and stain’d,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Ev’n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so’ oft beheld; those heav’nly shapes
Will daze now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
*Obscur’d, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening. Cover me ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more.*
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 may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel’d he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown’d,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar’d shade
High overarch’d, and echoing walks between.
Those leaves they gather’d, and together sow’d,
To gird their waste, vain covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found th’ American, so girt
With feather’d cincture, naked else and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenc’d, and as they thought, their shame in part
Cover’d, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain’d at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For understanding rul’d not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sov’reign reason claim’d
Superior sway: from thus distemper’d breast,
Adam, estrang’d in look and alter’d stile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew’d.

Would thou hadst hearken’d to my words, and stay’d
*With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wand’ring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess’d thee; we had then
Remain’d still happy, not as now, despoil’d
Of all our good, sham’d, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to’ approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.*

To whom soon mov’d with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have pass’d thy lips, Adam severe!
Imput’st thou that to my default, or will
Of wand’ring, as thou call’st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen’d thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here th’ attempt, thou couldst not have discern’d
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm?
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the head
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix’d in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress’d, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens’d Adam reply’d.
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express’d
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv’d and joy’d 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?
I warn’d thee, I admonish’d thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on secure,
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err’d in overmuch admiring
What seem’d in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befal
Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to’ herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear’d no end.

The end of the ninth book.
NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

Ver. 5. “Venial”—By leave obtain’d.
Ver. 23. Tho’ it is “not now.”
Ver. 112. 82 “Nocent”—Hurtful.
Ver. 116. “With act intelligential”—With intelligence or understanding.
Ver. 188. “Virgin-majesty”—Blooming, beautiful as a virgin.
Ver. 224. 83 “Access”—Increase.
Ver. 232. 84 “Domestic”—Having a careful regard to the good of his family.
Ver. 319. 86 “Voluble”—Rolling himself up and down.
Ver. 338. 87 “Gratulating”—Congratulating himself.
Ver. 347. 88 “Opportune”—Ready for all.
Ver. 355. 89 “Inmate”—Inhabitant.
Ver. 360. 90 “Carbuncle”—Fiery red, like a carbuncle.
Ver. 362. 91 “With tract oblique”—Drawing himself on sideways.
Ver. 368. 92 “Tortuous”—Twisted together.
Ver. 396. 93 “Proem”—Prelude, introduction.
Ver. 404. 94 “Articulate sound”—Sound form’d into distinct

82 Orig., “122”; a misprint.
83 Orig., “222”; a misprint.
84 Orig., “230”; a misprint.
85 Orig., “256”; a misprint.
86 Orig., “318”; a misprint.
87 Orig., “337”; a misprint.
88 Orig., “346”; a misprint.
89 Orig., “354”; a misprint.
90 Orig., “359”; a misprint.
91 Orig., “361”; a misprint.
92 Orig., “367”; a misprint.
93 Orig., “495”; a misprint.
94 Orig., “403”; a misprint.
words.

[Ver.] 405.95 “Demur”—Doubt of: I am not clear either way.
Ver. 407.96 “Subtlest”—Having most understanding.
Ver. 450. “Spirited”—Actuated by the evil spirit.
Ver. 479. “Sole daughter of his voice”—The only command which he uttered. As to “the rest,” all the other trees.
Ver. 491.97 Seeming to be “all impassioned”—Fill’d with passion, with indignation.
Ver. 582.98 “And knew not” that she was in effect “eating death.”

Ver. 583.99 “Boon”—Hearty, well pleased.
Ver. 628. “His heart” beat uneven.
Ver. 637. “Came prologue”—Came beforehand.
Ver. 703. “In calm mood”—In deep, settled sadness.
Ver. 708. “Under ban to touch”—Forbidden to touch it, under pain of God’s curse.
Ver. 727.100 “If death consort with thee”—Attend thee; if thou must die.
Ver. 755.101 “Oblige thee with a fact”—Induce thee to do it.
Ver. 780. “To iterate”—To repeat.
Ver. 856. “Umbrage”—Shade.
Ver. 881. “Featherd cincture”—Feathers girt round them.

95Orig., “404”; a misprint.
96Orig., “406”; a misprint.
97Orig., “489”; a misprint.
98Orig., “583”; a misprint.
99Orig., “584”; a misprint.
100Orig., “728”; a misprint.
101Orig., “775”; a misprint.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

The Argument.

Man’s transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their 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\textsuperscript{102} and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy 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 their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way 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; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform’d with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show 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 foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several altera-

\textsuperscript{102}Orig., “ascends”; a misprint.
tions in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall’n condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng’d on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Mean while the heinous and despiteful act Of Satan done in Paradise, was known In heav’n; for what can ’scape the eye of God All seeing? Who in all things wise and just, Hinder’d not Satan to attempt the mind Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm’d, Complete to have discover’d and repuls’d Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.

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 wond’ring how the subtle fiend had stol’n Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news From earth arriv’d; dim sadness did not spare, That time celestial visages, yet mix’d With pity, violated not their bliss. About the new arriv’d, in multitudes Th’ ethereal people ran, to hear and know How all befel: they tow’ards the throne supreme Accountable made haste to make appear With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv’d; when the most high
Eternal Father from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter’d thus his voice.

   Assembled angels, and ye pow’rs return’d
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay’d,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so late, yet fall’n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounce’d that day?
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn’d.
But whom send I to judge them? Whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr’d
All judgment, whether in heav’n, or earth, or hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man’s friend, his mediator, his design’d
Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
And destin’d man himself to judge man fall’n.

   So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow’ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz’d forth unclouded deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express’d, and thus divinely answer’d mild.

   Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in heav’n and earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov’d
May’st ever rest well pleas’d. I go to judge
These thy transgressors, yet shall, temper so
Justice with mercy’, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy’d, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg’d, 55
Those two; the third best absent is condemn’d,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory’: him thrones and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant 60
Accompanied to heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now wak’d, and usher in 65
The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild judge and intercessor both
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin’d; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among 70
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, 75
Where obvious duty’ ere while appear’d unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first
To’ offend, discount’nanc’d both, and discompos’d;
Love was not in their looks, either to God 80
Or to each other, but apparant guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy’, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faultring long, thus answer’d brief.
I heard thee in the gard’n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious judge without revile reply’d.
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear’d,
But still rejoic’d; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou should’st not eat?
   To whom thus Adam sore beset reply’d.
O heav’n! In evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse,
My other self, the partner of my life!
This woman, whom thou mad’st to be my help,
And gav’st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
   To whom the Sov’reign Presence thus reply’d.
Was she thy god, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee’ above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell’d
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn’d
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem’d,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself 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
Bold or loquacious, thus abash’d reply’d.
The serpent me beguil’d, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th’ accus’d
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs’d.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs’d
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed:
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify’d
When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,
Prince of the air; then raising from his grave
Spoil’d principalities and pow’rs, triumph’d
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air.
Next to the woman he his sentence turn’d.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband’s will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc’d.
Because thou’ hast hearken’d to the’ voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg’d thee, say’ing, Thou shalt not eat thereof:
Curs’d is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also’ and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th’ herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth:
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

[§] So judg’d he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th’ instant stroke of death denounc’d that day
Remov’d far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, 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
He clad their nakedness with skins of beasts.\(^{103}\)
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying cover’d from his Father’s sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return’d,
Into his blissful bosom reassum’d
In glory as of old; to him appeas’d
All, though all-knowing, what had pass’d with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while ere thus was sinn’d and judg’d on earth,
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass’d through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

\(^{103}\) Orig., “beast”; a misprint.
O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seats provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return’d, with fury driven.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion giv’n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force
Pow’rful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseparable must with me along;
For Death from Sin no pow’r can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy pow’r and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th’ infernal host.

Whom thus the meager shadow answer’d soon.

Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent 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
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

 Orig., “285”, a misprint.
So saying, with delight he snuff’d the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, tho’ many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp’d, come flying, lur’d
With scent of living carcasses design’d
For death the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature, and upturn’d
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out hell gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with pow’r (their pow’r was great)
Hovering’ upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crouded drove
From each side sholing. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, smote, and fixt:
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 wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch’d, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this new fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Over the vex’d abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant

105Orig., “135”; a misprint.
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable. And now in little space
The confines met of empyrean heaven
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descry'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright.
Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd;
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wonderous pontifice, unhop'd,
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.
O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view’st as not thy own;
Thou art their author, and prime architect;
For I no sooner in my heart divin’d,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join’d in connection sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prosper’d, but I felt
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable\(^{106}\) gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast atchiev’d our liberty, confin’d
Within hell gates till now, thou us impower’d
To fortify thus far, and overlay,
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue’ hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain’d
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng’d
Our foil in heav’n; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway
As battle hath adjudg’d, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th’ empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world.
Whom thus the prince of darkness answer’d glad.
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv’n to be the race

\(^{106}\)Orig., “unvoysagable”; a misprint.
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heav’n’s Almighty King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th’ infernal empire, that so near heav’n’s door
Triumphant with triumphant act have met
Mine with this glorious work. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate pow’rs, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on man, so lord of all declar’d,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send you, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now,
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos’d by my exploit.
So saying he dismiss’d them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane. Mean time Satan went down
The causey to hell gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclain’d,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail’d,
That scorn’d his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass’d,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge.
The rest were all retir’d, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call’d,
Of that bright star to Satan paragon’d.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emp’ror sent; so he
Leaving gave command. He through the midst
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass’d; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was plac’d in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear’d, or brighter, clad
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 their aspect, and whom they wish’d beheld,
Their mighty chief return’d: loud was th’ acclame:
Forth rush’d in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais’d from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach’d him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call you and declare you now, return’d
Successful beyond hope, to lead you forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
The dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to’ our native heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev’d. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer’d, with what pain
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
Toil’d out my uncouth passage, forc’d to ride
Th’ untractable abyss, plung’d in the womb
Of unoriginal Night; thence how I found
The new created world, which fame in heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein man
Plac’d in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc’d
From his Creator, and the more to’ increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, hath giv’n up man and his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have rul’d.
True is, me also he hath judg’d, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceiv’d: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me 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,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains ye gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder’d, but not long
Had leisure, wond’ring at himself now more;
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power
Now rul’d him, punish’d in the shape he sinn’d
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return’d with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform’d
Alike, to serpents all as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall; thick swarming all
Him follow’d issuing forth to th’ open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav’n-fallen, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief;
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents. Horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,
They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew’d, and the dire form
Catch’d by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th’ applause they meant,
Turn’d to exploding hiss, triumph to shame.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv’d, Sin and behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began.
   Second of Satan sprung, all conqu’ring Death,
What think’st thou of our empire now, though earn’d
With travel difficult, not better far
Than still at hell’s dark threshold to’ have sat watch,
Unnam’d, undreaded, and thyself half starv’d?
   Whom thus the sin-born monster answer’d soon.
To me, who with eternal famin pine,
Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet.
   To whom th’ incestuous mother thus reply’d.
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and foul.
No homely morsels; and whatever thing
The sithe of time mowes down, devour unspar’d;
Till I in man residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
   This said, they both betook them several ways,
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 utter’d thus his voice.
   See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly’ of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me, 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 gratify my scornful enemies,
And know not that at victorious one sling
Of thy Almighty arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave at last
Through Chaos hurl’d, shall stop the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heav’n and earth renew’d shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounc’d on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav’nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin’d restorer of mankind, by whom
New heav’n and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heaven descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty angels gave them several charge,
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 tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer’s heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they prescrib’d, to th’ other five
Their planetary motions; and the fix’d
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terror, through the dark aereal hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn ascanse
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun’s axle; they with labour push’d
Oblique the centric globe, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil’d on earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recomence his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th’ horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far.
These changes in the heav’ns, though slow, produc’d
Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm’d with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Caecias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn.
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer: thwart of these forth rush
Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things: but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th’ irrational,
Death introduc’d through fierce antipathy.
Beast now with beast ’gan war, and fowl with fowl,
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
Already’ in part, though hid in gloomiest shade
To sorrow abandon’d, but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

*O miserable of happy’! Is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs’d of blessed! Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness? Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv’d it, and would bear
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, Increase and multiply,
Now death to hear! For what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their center’. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr’d not to my be’ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv’d, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems. Yet to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus’d
Those terms whatever, when they were propos’d:
Thou did’st accept them; wilt thou’ enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reprov’d, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me; I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for this contempt of thee
That proud excuse? Yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.
God made thee’ of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly’ is at his will.
*Be’ it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix’d on this day? Why do I overlive,
Why am I mock’d with death, and lengthen’d out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother’s lap? There I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
Lest that pure breath of life, the spi’rit of man
Which God inspir’d, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod. Then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? ’Tis so,
That death is not one stroke, as I suppos’d,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and to last
To perpetuity. Ay me, that fear
Comes thund’ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both.
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curs’d: fair patrimony
That I must leave you, sons; O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!*
So disinherited how would ye bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man’s fault thus guiltless be condemn’d?
If guiltless. But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav’d,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Fore’d I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due.
So might the wrath. Fond wish! Couldst thou support
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st
And what thou fear'st alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable;
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
*Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome 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
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs’d his creation, death as oft accus’d
Of tardy execution, since denounc’d
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten 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 bowers,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer and resound far other song.*
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay’d:
But her with stern regard he thus repel’d.
   Out of my sight, thou serpent; that name best
Befits thee with him leagu’d, thyself as false
And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine may show
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heav’nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy’, had not thy pride
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain’d
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the dev’l himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting
Fool’d and beguil’d, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin’d wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue’. *O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth; this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminineless?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall’n,
And more that shall befal, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex. For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain’d
By a far worse, or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link’d and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary’, his hate or shame.*

He added not, and from her turn’d; but Eve
Not so repuls’d, with tears that ceas’d not flowing,
And tresses all disorder’d, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

*Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv’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,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither¹⁰⁷ shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join’d in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign’d us,
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befal’n,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinn’d, but thou
Against God only’, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heav’n, that all
The sentence from thy head remov’d may light

¹⁰⁷Orig., “Whether”; a misprint.
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, only me, just object of his ire.

* She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain’d from fault
Acknowledg’d and deplor’d, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Tow’ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas’d, his aid.
As once disarm’d, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais’d her soon.[*]

Unwary’, and too desirous, as before,
So now, of what thou know’st not, who desir’st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel’st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear’st so ill. *If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
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 lighten
Each other’s burden, in our share of woe;
Since this day’s death denounc’d, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow pac’d evil,
A long day’s dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv’d.*

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply’d.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
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 breast are risen.

If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour’d
By Death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begott’en, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to be’ing yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceiv’d his glut, and with us two
Be forc’d to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love’s due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves:
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?
   She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain’d, as dy’d her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway’d,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab’ring had rais’d, and thus to Eve reply’d.
   *Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, 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
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc’d, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm’d his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall’d; much more I fear lest death
So snatch’d will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy 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 mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent’s head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv’d
Against us this deceit. To crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv’d as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall ’scape his punishment ordain’d, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention’d then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg’d
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompens’d with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc’d on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth’d us unworthy, pitying while he judg’d;
*How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity’ incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th’ inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail and snow?
Which now the sky with various face begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb’d, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night,* how we his gather’d beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Justling or push’d with winds rude in their shock
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv’n down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain’d
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than 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
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow’ unfeign’d, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure: in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem’d and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?
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
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg’d, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek.

NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

Ver. 37. “Colleague with justice”—Companion of it.
Ver. 63. “In western cadence low”—Fallen in the west.
Ver. 120. “Loquacious”—Talkative.
Ver. 178. “In counterview”—Over against each other.
Ver. 199. “Impervious”—Having no path through it.
Ver. 513. “Estotiland”—A part of America, near the Arctic Circle.
Ver. 515. “Sideral”—From the stars.
Ver. 520. “Boreas”—The Northward, “Caecias,” the N.W.
“Argestes,” the N.E. “Thrascias,” N.E. and by East [Ver. 521].
Ver. 523. “Notus”—The South West, “Afer” or Africus the S.
West: “Eurus,” the East Wind, “Zephyr,” the West

108Orig., “Arctic”; a misprint.
109Orig., “Caceias”; a misprint.
110Orig., “Argesteec”; a misprint.
“latural”—Sideways. “Sirocco,”\textsuperscript{111} the S.E. “Libeccio,” the South West [Ver. 525]. So the Italians call them.

Ver. 613.\textsuperscript{112} “Incorporate”—Join’d in one.

Ver. 649.\textsuperscript{113} “Tardey”—Slow.

Ver. 661. “She assay’d”—Tried the effect of.

Ver. 668. “Pretended”—Held or spread before, made a cover for.


Ver. 710. “Forlorn”—Forsaken.

Ver. 814. “Contumacy”—Obstinacy.

Ver. 855.\textsuperscript{114} “This diurnal star”—The sun, many suppose all the fixt stars are suns.

Ver. 857.\textsuperscript{115} “Sere”—Dry. “Collision”—Rubbling together [Ver. 858].

Ver. 859. “Attrite.”\textsuperscript{116}


\textsuperscript{111}Orig., “Sirocco”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{112}Orig., “612”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{113}Orig., “652”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{114}Orig., “885”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{115}Orig., “814”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{116}OED: “Worn or ground down by rubbing, scraping, etc.”
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

The Argument.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael’s coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael’s approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve’s lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

Thus they in lowl’est plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov’d
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath’d
Unutterable, which the spi’rit of prayer
Insip’rd and wing’d for heav’n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: to heav’n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss’d the way and in they pass’d
Dimensionless through heav’nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum’d
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father’s throne; them the glad Son

\[117\] Orig., “thty”; a misprint.
\[118\] Orig., “new”; a misprint.
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

   See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
   From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
   And pray’rs, which in this golden censer, mix’d
   With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
   Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed
   Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
   Which his own hand manuring all the trees
   Of Paradise could have produc’d, ere fall’n
   From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
   To supplication; hear his sighs though mute;
   Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
   Interpret for him, me his advocate
   And propitiation; all his works on me
   Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
   Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
   Accept me, and in me from these receive
   The smell of peace tow’ard mankind; let him live
   Before thee reconcile’d, at least his days
   Number’d, though sad, till death his doom, (which I
   To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
   To better life shall yield him, where with me
   All my redeem’d may dwell in joy and bliss,
   Made one with me as I with thee am one.
   To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
   All thy request for man, accepted Son,
   Obtain; but in that Paradise to dwell,
   The law I gave to nature him forbids:
   Those pure immortal elements that know
   No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
   Eject him tainted, gross to air as gross,
   And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper’d all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow’d, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv’d but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try’d in sharp tribulation, and refin’d
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Resigns him up with heav’n and earth renew’d.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Through heav’n’s wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm’d.
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch’d; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th’ angelic blast
Fill’d all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amaran tin shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where’er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
Th’ Almighty thus pronounce’d his sov’reign will.
O sons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it suffic’d him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
  Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow’d ground th’ unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
For I behold them soften’d and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman’s seed renew’d;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life.
He ceas’d; and th’ archangelic pow’r prepar’d
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim descend. Mean while
To resalute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak’d, and with fresh dews imbalm’d
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link’d;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew’d.

*Eve easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from heav’n descends;
But that from us ought should ascend to heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev’n to the seat of God.* For since I sought
By prayer th’ offended Deity to’ appease,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return’d
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call’d, mother of all mankind.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain’d
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought death on all, am grac’d
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to’ intitle me vouchsaf’st,
Far 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 rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray.
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall’n state, content.

   So spake, so wish’d much humbled Eve, but fate
Subscrib’d not; nature first gave signs, impress’d
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclips’d
After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop’d from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu’d a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th’ eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ’d, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov’d to Eve thus spake.

   O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which heav’n by these mute signs in nature shews,
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas’d
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu’d in th’ air, and o’er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? Why in the east
Darkness ere day’s mid course, and morning light
More orient in yon\textsuperscript{119} western cloud, that draws
O’er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav’nly fraught?

He err’d not, for by this the heav’nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm’d Adam’s eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion’d with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear’d,
In Dothan, cover’d with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king. The hierarch
In their bright stand there left his pow’rs to seise
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter’d, took his way,
Not unperceiv’d of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach’d, thus spake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ’d; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav’nly host, and by his gate
None of the meanest, some great potentate
Or of the thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,

\textsuperscript{119}Orig., “you”; a misprint.
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th’ arch-angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow’d.

His starry helm unbuckled shew’d him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glist’ring zodiac hung the sword,
Satan’s dire dread, and in his hand the spear.

Adam bow’d low; he kingly from his state
Inclin’d not, but his coming thus declared.

Adam, heav’n’s high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray’rs are heard, and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv’n thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May’st cover: well may then thy Lord appeas’d
Redeem thee quite from death’s rapacious clame;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover’d soon the place of her retire.

*O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
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 flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My earliest visitation and my last
At ev’n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names,
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th’ ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow’r, by me adorn’d
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 wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom’d to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
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
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter’d spi’rits return’d,
To Michael thus his humble words address’d.
Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam’d
Of them the high’est, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable’ appear 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 weary him with my assiduous cries:
But pray’r against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most aflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv’d
His blessed count’nance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf’d
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear’d, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk’d:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall’d
To life prolong’d and promis’d race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.*

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know’st heav’n his, and all the earth,

---

120Orig., “then”; a misprint.
Not this rock only’; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives.
All th’ earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin’d
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th’ earth to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou’ hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round.
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm’d
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inur’d
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse; so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar’d indure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench’d her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak’st;
As once thou slep’st, while she to life was form’d.
    To whom thus Adam gratefully reply’d.
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 turn
My obvious breast, arming\textsuperscript{121} to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God: it was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch’d out to th’ ampest reach of prospect lay.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam’s eyes the film remov’d,
Which that false fruit had bred; then purg’d the nerve,
And from the well of life three drops instill’d.
So deep the pow’r of these ingredients pierc’d,
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now enforc’d to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spi’rits became intranc’d;
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais’d, and his attention thus recall’d.
\begin{flushright}
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
The 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.
\end{flushright}
His eyes he open’d, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reap’d, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
I’ th’ midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
\begin{flushright}
\textsuperscript{121}Orig., “aiming”; likely a misprint.
\end{flushright}
Rustic, of grassy sward\textsuperscript{122}; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull’d, as came to hand. A shepherd next
More meek came with the firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat with incense strow’d,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform’d.
His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
Consum’d with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other’s not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly rag’d, and as they talk’d,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan’d out his soul with gushing blood effus’d.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay’d, and thus in haste to th’ angel cry’d.
O teacher, some great mischief hath befall’n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific’d;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T’ whom Michael thus, he also mov’d, reply’d.
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th’ unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother’s offering found
From heav’n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng’d, and the other’s faith approv’d
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire.
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 terror, foul and ugly to behold,

\textsuperscript{122}I.e., “sward.”
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!*  
To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes 410
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th’ entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
415
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
What misery th’ inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
420
Before his eyes appear’d, sad, noisom, dark,
A lazar-house it seem’d, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas’d, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
425
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestin\footnote{Orig., “In testin”; a misprint.} stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
430
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
435
Shook, but delay’d to strike, though oft invok’d
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey’d behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell’d
His best of man, and gave him up to tears*124 440
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain’d excess;
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew’d.
    *O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv’d!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given 445
To be thus wrested from us? Rather why
Obtruded on us thus? Who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer’d, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss’d in peace. Can thus
    Th’ image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas’d
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude 450
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker’s image sake exempt?*
    Their Maker’s image, answer’d Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify’d
To serve ungovern’d appetite, and took
His image whom they serv’d, a brutish vice.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God’s likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac’d,
While they pervert pure nature’s healthful rules
    To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God’s image did not reverence in themselves.
    I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come 470
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

124 [This is the end asterisk to this section, but JW does not show a beginning asterisk. Baker shows the silent beginning with line 409.]
*There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temp’rance taught,
In what thou eat’st and drink’st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not glutinous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may’st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease
Gather’d, not harshly pluck’d, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither’d, weak, and gray; thy senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

*Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply’d.

*Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv’st
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven:*
And now prepare thee for another sight.

He look’d, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattel grazing; others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime.
In other part stood one who at the forge
Lab’ring, two massy clods of ir’on and brass
Had melted; next the liquid ore he drain’d
Into fit molds prepar’d; from which he form’d
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav’n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neigh’bring hills, which was their seat
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem’d, and all their 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
Long had not walk’d, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to th’ harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men though grave, ey’d them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Fast\textsuperscript{125} caught, they lik’d, and each his liking chose:
And now of love they treat, till th’ evening star,
Love’s harbinger, appear’d; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok’d:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
And charming symphonies attach’d the heart
Of Adam, soon inclin’d t’ 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 days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here nature seems fulfill’d in all her ends.

\textsuperscript{125}Orig., “First”; likely a misprint but possibly changed by Wesley purposefully.
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw’st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg’d none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw’st, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman’s domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God.
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
And laugh, for which the world ere long must weep.

*To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
O pity’ and shame, that they who to live well
Enter’d so fair, should turn aside, to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!* 560
But still I see the tenour of man’s woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man’s effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th’ angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv’d.
But now prepare thee for another scene.
He look’d, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang’d
Both horse and foot, nor idly must’ring stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
An herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleeting lambs over the plain,
Their booty: others to a city strong
Lay siege, incamp’d; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter’d heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix’d,
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
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 seis’d with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch’d him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn’d full sad; O what are these,
Death’s ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, who had not heaven
Rescu’d, had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus Michael. These are the product
Of those ill mated marriages thou saw’st;
Where good with bad were match’d, who of themselves
Abhor to join: and by imprudence mix’d,
Produce prodigious births of body’ or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be’ admir’d,
And valour and heroic virtue call’d;
Thus fame shall be atchiev’d, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he the sev’nth from thee, whom thou beheldst
The only 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
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds
Did, as thou saw’st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look’d, and saw the face of things quite chang’d;
The brazen throat of war had ceas’d to roar;
All now was turn’d to jollity and game,
Marrying or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur’d them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar’d,
And testify’d against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach’d
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas’d
Contending, and remov’d his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measur’d by cubit, length and breadth, and height.
Smear’d round with pitch, and in the side a door
Contriv’d, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
Came sev’ns, and pairs, and enter’d in, as taught
Their order: last the sire, and his three sons
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
*Mean while the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heav’n; and now the thicken’d sky
Like a dark cieling stood; down rush’d the rain
Impetuous, and continu’d till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o’er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm’d, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll’d; sea cover’d sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign’d, sea-monsters whelp’d
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark’d.
*How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy ofspring, end so sad,
Depopulation? Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow’ a flood thee also drown’d,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear’d
By th’ angel, on thy feet thou stood’st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy’d at once;*
And scarce to th’ angel utter’dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! Better had I
Liv’d ignorant of future, so had\textsuperscript{126} borne
My part of evil only, each day’s lot
Enough\textsuperscript{127} to bear; not those that were dispens’d
The burd’n of many ages. Let none we seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befal
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past.
Man is not whom to warn: those few escap’d
Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wand’ring that watry desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas’d, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, but now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? Unfold, celestial guide,

\textsuperscript{126}Orig., “bad”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{127}Orig., “Enoug”; a misprint.
And whether here the race of man will end.
    To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw’st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing nations, and achiev’d thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer’d also, and inslav’d by war
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign’d
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore cool’d in zeal
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear
More than enough, that temp’rance may be try’d:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav’d;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, denouncing wrath
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ’d
The one just man alive: by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he with them of man and beast
Select for life shall in the ark be lodg’d,
And shelter’d round, but all the cataracts
Of heav’n set open on the earth shall pour
Rain 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 mov’d
Out of his place, push’d by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil’d, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang:*  
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look’d, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driv’n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay’d;
And the clear sun on his wide watry glass
Gaz’d hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot tow’rds the deep, who now had stopt
His sluces’ as the heav’n his windows shut.
The ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix’d.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear; 760
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow’ards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav’n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoic’d, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou who future things can’st represent
As present, heav’nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur’d that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy’d, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
*But say, what mean those colour’d streaks in heaven,
Distended as the brow of God appeas’d,
Or serve they as a flow’ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and show’r the earth?*
To whom th’ arch-angel. Dexterously thou aim’st
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour’d bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav’n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

Ver. 3. “Prevenient”—Preventing grace.
Ver. 10. “Dimensionless”—As being of a spiritual nature.
Ver. 60. “Peccant”—Sinning.
Ver. 114.128 “Leucothea”—The dawn of day.
Ver. 139. “Eve” or Havah signifies to live aery

tour—Whirling about in the air.
Ver. 200.129 “Pavilion’d”—Cover’d with tents. Gen. xxxii. 2.
Ver. 202.130 “In Dothan”—2 Kings vi. 13, etc.

128Orig., “123”; a misprint.
129Orig., “198”; a misprint.
130Orig., “200”; a misprint.
Ver. 225. The “zodiac” is, a broad circle on the celestial globe, which marks out the yearly course of the sun.

Ver. 302. “In memory”—For myself. A “monument”—For my posterity [Ver. 303].


Ver. 424. “Spasm”—The cramp.

Ver. 428. “Demoniac phrenzy”—Those turn’d lunatics by one evangelist, are frequently term’d demoniacs, or possesst of the devil by another.

Ver. 429. “Atrophy” and “marasmus” are a kind of consumption.


Ver. 525. “Hymen”—The heathen god of marriage.

Ver. 528. “Attached”—Seized, got possession of.


Ver. 609. “Ill mated”—Ill pair’d, misjoin’d.


Ver. 730. “With them of man and beast select for life”—With those men and beasts whom God had set apart, to preserve them.

Ver. 739. “Pushed by the horned flood”—A river oppos’d in its course by an island or mountain, divides, and seems to push as with horns.

131Orig., “391”; a misprint.
Ver. 741. “To the opening gulph”—The sea opening wider and wider.

Ver. 743. “Orcs”—A large kind of sea-fish. “Clang,” is properly the noise made by the flight of large flocks of birds.

Ver. 748. A ship is said to “hull,” when her sails are taken in, and she floats to and fro.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

The Argument.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; 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 their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here the arch-angel paus’d
Betwixt the world destroy’d and world restor’d,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Lab’ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam’d, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, 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)
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be stil’d
Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
Marching from Eden tow’ards the west, shall find
The plain wherein a black bituminous surge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A city, and tow’r, whose top may reach to heaven;
And get themselves a name, lest far dispers’d
In foreign land their memory be lost.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Comes down to see their city ere the tower
Obstruct heav’n tow’rs, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spi’rit to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock’d they storm’d; 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
Authority usurp’d, from God not given:
He gave us only 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
Reserving, human left from human free.

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr’st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twin’d, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur’d, or not obey’d,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthy pow’rs to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom: tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways:
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
(Can’st thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv’d who scap’d the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! Yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father’s house,
His kindred and false gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest; he strait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou can’t not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wand’ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call’d him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains, I see his tents  
Pitch’d about Sechem, and the neigh’bring plain 110  
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land.  
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 115  
The serpent’s head; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal’d. This patriarch blest,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown. 120  
The grand-child with twelve sons increas’d departs  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call’d  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at sev’n mouths  
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land 125  
He comes invited by a younger son  
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh: where he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation, and now grown 130  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
In hospitably’, and kills their infant males:  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call 135  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory’ and spoil back to their promis’d land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell’d by signs and judgments dire.
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn’d;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loth’d intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattel must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blanes must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; thunder mix’d with hail,
Hail mix’d with fire must rend th’ Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th’ earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam’d at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More harden’d after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss’d, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but lets them pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls;
God present in his angel, then shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill’ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill’ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their imbattel’d ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarm’d
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain’d in arms, where rashness leads not on.
God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble, he descending will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin’d seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall atchieve
Mankind’s deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah sung. Thus laws and rites
Establish’d, (such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will,) at length they come,
Conducted by his angel to the land
Promis’d to Abraham and his seed: the rest
Went long to tell, how many battels fought,
How many kings destroy’d, and kingdoms won,
Or how the sun shall in mid heav’n stand still
A day entire, and night’s due course adjourn.

Here Adam interpos’d. O sent from heaven,
Inlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal’d, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas’d,
Erewhile perplex’d with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign 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\textsuperscript{132} that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and\textsuperscript{133} goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, disciplin’d
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear

\textsuperscript{132}Orig., “bnt”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{133}Orig., “aud”; a misprint.
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov’d, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back
Through the world’s wilderness long wander’d man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac’d
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown’d
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal\textsuperscript{134} throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this King) shall rise
A son, the woman’s seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam’d,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand’ring, shall in a glorious temple’ inshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register’d
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults

\textsuperscript{134}Orig., “legal”; a misprint.
Heap’d to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city’, his temple, and his holy ark
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw’st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call’d.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish’d as the days of heaven.
Return’d from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos’d, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while
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: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple’ itself; at last they seize
The scepter, and regard not David’s sons,
Then lose it to a stranger that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Barr’d of his right; yet at his birth a star
Unseen before in heav’n, proclaims him come.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The pow’r of the Most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth’s wide bounds, his glory with the heav’ns.

He ceas’d, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg’d, as had like grief been dew’d in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath’d.
O prophet of glad tidings, finisher

\(^{135}\text{Orig., “groan”; a misprint.}\)
Of utmost hope! Now clear I understand
What oft my steddiest thoughts have search’d in vain;
Why our great expectation should be call’d 300
The seed of woman; Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of heav’n, yet from my loins
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 pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor’s heel?
   To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
   As of a du’el: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil 310
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heav’n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death’s wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos’d
On penalty of death, and suffering death, 315
So only can high justice rest appaid. 137
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem’d,

136Orig., “to”; a misprint
137JW changes the order of this line by moving it up two lines in relation to the order given in Milton. Milton’s order is:
   On penalty of death, and suffering death,
   The penalty to thy transgression due,
   And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
   So only can high justice rest appaid.
   The law of God exact he shall fulfil ...
Judg’d, and to death condemn’d, nail’d to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify’d
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer’d life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy’d,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow’d him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar’d, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy’d.
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham’s loins
Salvation shall be preach’d, but to the sons
Of Abraham’s faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the heav’n of heav’ns he, shall ascend

Orig., “brnise”; a misprint.
With victory, triumphing, and resume
His seat at God’s right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav’n; and thence shall come,
When this world’s dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory’ and pow’r to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th’ unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss.
So spake th’ arch-angel Michael, then paus’d
As at the world’s great period; and our sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply’d.
O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce!
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th’ unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?
Be sure they will, said th’ angel: but from heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
His Spi’rit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan’s assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens’d,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
Pour’d first on his apostles whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz’d, shall them with wondrous gifts indue  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from heav’n: at length  
Their ministry perform’d, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint.  
Then shall they seek to’ avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular pow’r, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promis’d alike and given  
To all believers; and from that pretence,  
Spiritual laws by carnal pow’r shall force  
On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
Left them enroll’d, or what the Spi’rit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spi’rit of grace itself, and bind  
His consort liberty? What, but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
Their own faith not another’s? For on earth  
Who against faith and conscience can be heard infallible! Yet many will presume:  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spi’rit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfy’d; truth shall retire
Bestuck with sland’rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis’d to thy aid
The woman’s seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from heav’n to be reveal’d
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg’d and refin’d,
New heav’ns, new earth, ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

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 fix’d? Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, 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 contain; 450
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,*

Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem’d weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply 139 meek; that suffering for truth’s sake
Is fortitude to highest victory;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th’ angel last reply’d.

*This having learn’d, thou hast attain’d the sum
Of wisdom; hope no high’er, though all the stars
Thou knew’st by name, and all th’ ethereal pow’rs,
All secrets of the deep, all nature’s works,
Or works of God in heav’n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy’dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call’d charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee happier far.*

Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation: for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,
By me incamp’d on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm’d
Portending good, and all her spi’rits compos’d
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,

139 Orig., “simple”; a misprint.
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the woman’s seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though sad,
With grief for evils past, yet much more cheer’d
With meditation on the happy\textsuperscript{140} end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bow’r where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak’d;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv’d.

Whence thou returnest, and whither went’st, I know;
For God is also’ in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow’ and heart’s distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav’n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish’d hence.

This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf’d,
By me the promis’d seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas’d, but answer’d not; for now\textsuperscript{141} too nigh
Th’ arch angel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix’d station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris’n from a river o’er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab’rer’s heel

\textsuperscript{140}Ori., “haypy”; a misprint.
\textsuperscript{141}Ori., “oow”; a misprint.
Homeward returning. High in front advanc’d
The brandish’d sword of God, before them blaz’d
And ’gan to parch that temp’rate clime; whereat
In either hand the hast’ning angel caught
Our ling’ring parents, and to th’ eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear’d.
They looking back, all th’ eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav’d over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng’d and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip’d them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and providence their guide.
NOTES ON PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

Ver. 35. “A gurge”—A bubbling spring. “Bitumen” is a kind of pitchy substance. This spring was black, like the mouth of hell.

Ver. 44. “A various spirit”—A spirit varying the sounds, by which they would express their thoughts.

Ver. 65. “Liberty” is the twin sister of “reason,” and cannot exist divided from her.

Ver. 131. “Sequent”—Following.

Ver. 144. “Intrusion”—Thrusting in.

Ver. 157. “The river-dragon”—Pharoah, so called in allusion to the crocodile, which abounds in Egypt. The allusion is taken from Ezek. 29:3.\textsuperscript{142}

Ver. 181. “Grey”—Cover’d with clouds and smoke.

Ver. 238. “Joshua” is the same name as\textsuperscript{143} “Jesus,” i.e. Saviour.

Ver. 253. “All prophecy”—That is, all prophets.

\textsuperscript{142}Orig., “Ezek. 29. 1.”; a misprint.

\textsuperscript{143}Orig., “which”; a mistake.
Ver. 261. “Clouded”—Covered with the cloud.
Ver. 266.144 “The popular sum”—The sins of the people.
Ver. 305. “His capital bruise”—The bruise upon his head.

144Orig., “366”; a misprint.
145Orig., “Proflent”; a misprint.
APPENDIX

Milton, *Paradise Lost*  
[full text, with John Wesley’s major deletions in red font]

BOOK I.

1 Of Man’s First Disobedience, and the Fruit  
2 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast  
3 Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,  
4 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
5 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
6 Sing Heav’nly Muse, that on the secret top  
7 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
8 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
9 In the Beginning how the Heav’ns and Earth  
10 Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill  
11 Delight thee more, and Siloa’s Brook that flow’d  
12 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
13 Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,  
14 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
15 Above th’ Aonian Mount, while it pursuits  
16 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
17 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
18 Before all Temples th’ upright heart and pure,  
19 Instruct me, for Thou know’st; Thou from the first  
20 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
21 Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss  
22 And mad’st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
23 Illumin, what is low raise and support;  
24 That to the highth of this great-Argument  
25 I may assert Eternal Providence,  
26 And justifie the wayes of God to men.  
27 Say first, for Heav’n hides nothing from thy view  
28 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
29 Mov’d our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
30 Fav’r’d of Heav’n so highly, to fall off  
31 From thir Creator, and transgress his Will  
32 For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
33 Who first seduc’d them to that foul revolt?  
34 Th’ infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
35 Stir’d up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv’d  
36 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
37 Had cast him out from Heav’n, with all his Host  
38 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
39 To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
40 He trusted to have equal’d the most High,
If he oppos’d; and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais’d impious War in Heav’n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl’d headlong flaming from th’ Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th’ Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv’d him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness’d huge affliction and dismay:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,
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
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
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’ uttermost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o’rewhelm’d
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
__Long after known in Palestine, and nam’d__
Beelzebub. To whom th’ Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav’n call’d Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; But O how fall’n! how chang’d
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth’d with transcendent 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
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
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
Innumerable force of Spirits arm’d
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos’d
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav’n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
Who from the terroure of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Empyreal 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
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th’ excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav’n.

So spake th’ Apostle Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare:
And him thus answer’d soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th’ imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
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 soul defeat
136 Hath lost us Heav’n, and all this mighty Host
137 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
138 As far as Gods and Heav’nly Essences
139 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
140 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
141 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
142 Here swallow’d up in endless misery.
143 But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
144 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
145 Then such could hav orepow’rd such force as ours)
146 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
147 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
148 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
149 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
150 By right of Warr, what e’re his business be
151 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
152 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
153 What can it then avail though yet we feel
154 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
155 To undergo eternal punishment?
156 Whereto with speedy words th’ Arch-fiend reply’d.

157 Fall’n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
158 Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
159 To do ought good never will be our task,
160 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
161 As being the contrary to his high will
162 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
163 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
164 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
165 And out of good still to find means of evil;
166 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
167 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
168 His inmost counsels from thir destined aim.
169 But see the angry Victor hath recall’d
170 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
171 Back to the Gates of Heav’n: the Sulphurous Hail
172 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
173 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
174 Of Heav’n receiv’d us falling, and the Thunder,
175 Wing’d with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
176 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
177 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
178 Let us not slip th’ occasion, whether scorn,
179 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
180 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
181 The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
182 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
183 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his neerest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz’d, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr’d on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the Den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that Sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th’ Ocean stream:
Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam
The Pilot of some small night-founder’d Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delayes:
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain’d on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
Had ris’n or heav’d his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag’d might see
How all his malice serv’d but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On Man by him seduc’t, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour’d.
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 stears his flight
Aloft, incumbant 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
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
232  Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter’d side
233  Of thundring Ætna, whose combustible
234  And fewel’d entrals thence conceiving Fire,
235  Sublim’d with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
236  And leave a singed bottom all involv’d
237  With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole
238  Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate.
239  Both glorying to have scap’t the Stygian flood
240  As Gods, and by thir own recover’d strength,
241  Not by the suffrance of supernal Power.

242  Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
243  Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
244  That we must change for Heav’n, this mournful gloom
245  For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
246  Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
247  What shall be right: farthest from him is best
248  Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
249  Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
250  Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
251  Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
252  Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
253  A mind not to be chang’d by Place or Time.
254  The mind is its own place, and in it self
255  Can make a Heav’n of Hell, a Hell of Heav’n.
256  What matter where, if I be still the same,
257  And what I should be, all but less then he
258  Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
259  We shall be free; th’ Almighty hath not built
260  Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
261  Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
262  To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
263  Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav’n.
264  But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
265  Th’ associates and copartners of our loss
266  Lye thus astonisht on th’ oblivious Pool,
267  And call them not to share with us thir part
268  In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
269  With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
270  Regaind in Heav’n, or what more lost in Hell?

271  So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
272  Thus answer’d. Leader of those Armies bright,
273  Which but th’ Omnipotent none could have foyld,
274  If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest pledge
275  Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
276  In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
277  Of battel when it rag’d, in all assaults
278  Thir surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
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,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views

At Ev’n’ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasie steps
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur’d, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call’d
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans’t
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th’ Etrurian shades
High overarch’t imbowr; or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm’d
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
Busiris and his Memphian Chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu’d
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore thir floating Carkases
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,
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
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav’n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter’d Arms and Ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav’n Gates discern
327 Th’ advantage, and descending tread us down
328 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
329 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
330 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall’n.

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
331 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
332 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
333 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
334 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
335 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
336 Yet to thir Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
337 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
338 Of Amrams Son in Egypt’s evill day
339 Wav’d round the Coast, up call’d a pitchy cloud
340 Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind,
341 That ore the Realm of impious Pharaoh hung
342 Like Night, and darken’d all the Land of Nile:
343 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
344 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
345 ‘Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
346 Till, as a signal giv’n, th’ uplifted Spear
347 Of thir great Sultan waving to direct
348 Thir course, in even ballance down they light
349 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
350 A multitude, like which the populous North
351 Pour’d never from her frozen loyns, to pass
352 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous Sons
353 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
354 Beneath Gibralter to the Lybian sands.
355 Fortwith from every Squadron and each Band
356 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
357 Thir great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
358 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
359 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
360 Though of thir Names in heav’nly Records now
361 Be no memorial blotted out and ras’d
362 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
363 Nor had they yet among the Sons of Eve
364 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
365 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
366 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
367 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
368 God thir Creator, and th’ invisible
369 Glory of him that made them, to transform
370 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn’d
371 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
372 And Devils to adore for Deities:
373 Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
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 crowd stood yet aloof?
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,
Among the Nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron’d
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac’d
Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan’d,
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
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
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call’d, the Type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th’ obscene dread of Moabs Sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild.
Of Southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seons Realm, beyond
The flowry Dale of Sibma clad with Vines,
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
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
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,
Not ti’d or manacl’d with joyn’t 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,
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
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
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
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
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos’d with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected Sions daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survay’d the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn’d in earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim’d his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham’d his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear’d in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon
And Accaron and Gaza ’s frontier bounds.
Him follow’d Rimmon, whose delightful Seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile Banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A Leper once he lost and gain’d a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
473  Gods Altar to disparage and displace
474  For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
475  His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
476  Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear’d
477  A crew who under Names of old Renown,
478  Osiris, Isis, Orus and thir Train
479  With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus’d
480  Fanatic Egypt and her Priests, to seek
481  Thir wandring Gods disguis’d in brutish forms
482  Rather then human. Nor did Israel scape
483  Th’ infection when thir borrow’d Gold compos’d
484  The Calf in Oreb: and the Rebel King
485  Doubl’d that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
486  Lik’ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
487  Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass’d
488  From Egypt marching, equal’d with one stroke
489  Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.

490  Bellal came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd
491  Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
492  Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
493  Or Altar smoak’d; yet who more oft then hee
494  In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
495  Turns Atheist, as did Ely’s Sons, who fill’d
496  With lust and violence the house of God.
497  In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
498  And in luxurious Cities, where the noisy.
499  Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
500  And injury and outrage: And when Night
501  Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
502  Of Belial, flown with insulance and wine.
503  Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night
504  In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
505  Expos’d a Matron to avoid worse rape.
506  These were the prime in order and in might;
507  The rest were long to tell, though far renown’d,
508  Th’ Ionian Gods, of Javans Issue held
509  Gods, yet confest later then Heav’n and Earth
510  Thir boasted Parents; Titan Heav’ns first born
511  With his enormous brood, and birthright seis’d
512  By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
513  His own and Rhea’s Son like measure found;
514  So Jove usurping reign’d: these first in Creet
515  And Ida known, thence on the Snowy top
516  Of cold Olympus rul’d the middle Air
517  Thir highest Heav’n; or on the Delphian Cliff,
518  Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
519  Of Doric Land; or who with Saturn old
520  Fled over Adria to th’ Hesperian Fields,
And o'er 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
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 fanting courage, and dispel’d thir fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upread
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim’d
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
Th’ Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc’t
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz’d,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:
Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear’d, and serried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood
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,
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
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 Warriers old with order’d Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impose: He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc’t eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
Thir visages and stature as of Gods,
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 imbodied force, as nam’d with these
Could merit more then that small infantry
Warr’d on by Cranes though all the Giant brood
Of Phlegra with th’ Heroic Race were joyn’d
That fought at Theb’s and Ilium, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or Romance of Uthers Son
Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;
And all who since, Baptiz’d or Infidel
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ’d
Thir dread commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a Towe; his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear’d
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th’ excess
Of Glory obscur’d: As when the Sun new ris’n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark’n’d so, yet shon
Above them all th’ Arch Angel: but his face
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn’d
For ever now to have thir lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc’t
Of Heav’n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
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
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.
619 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spight of scorn,
620 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
621 Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.

622 O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
623 Matchless, but with th’ Almighty, and that strife
624 Was not inglorious, though th’ event was dire,
625 As this place testifies, and this dire change
626 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
627 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
628 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear’d,
629 How such united force of Gods, how such
630 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
631 For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,
632 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
633 Hath emptied Heav’n, shall fail to re-ascent
634 Self-rais’d, and repossess thir native seat?
635 For mee be witness all the Host of Heav’n,
636 If counsels different, or danger shun’d
637 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
638 Monarch in Heav’n, till then as one secure
639 Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
640 Consent or custome, and his Regal State
641 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal’d,
642 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
643 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
644 So as not either to provoke, or dread
645 New warr, provok’t; our better part remains
646 To work in close design, by fraud or guile
647 What force effected not: that he no less
648 At length from us may find, who overcomes
649 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
650 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
651 There went a fame in Heav’n that he ere long
652 Intended to create, and therein plant
653 A generation, whom his choice regard
654 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
655 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
656 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
657 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
658 Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th’ Abyss
659 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
660 Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaired,
661 For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr
662 Open or understood must be resolv’d.

663 He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
664 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
665 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
666 Far round illumin’d hell: highly they rag’d
667 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms
668 Clash’d on thir sounding Shields the din of war,
669 Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav’n.
670 There stood a Hill not far whose grisly top
671 Belch’d fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
672 Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
673 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
674 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing’d with speed
675 A numerous Brigad hasten’d. As when Bands
676 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax arm’d
677 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
678 Or cast a Rampart. Mammon led them on,
679 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
680 From heav’n, for ev’n in heav’n his looks and thoughts
681 Were always downward bent, admiring more
682 The riches of Heav’ns pavement, trod’n Gold,
683 Then aught divine or holy else enjoy’d
684 In vision beatific: by him first
685 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
686 Ransack’d the Center, and with impious hands
687 Rifl’d the bowels of thir mother Earth
688 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
689 Op’d into the Hill a spacious wound
690 And dig’d out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
691 That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
692 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
693 Who boast in mortal things, and wond’ring tell
694 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian Kings
695 Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
696 And Strength and Art are easily out-done
697 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
698 What in an age they with incessant toyle
699 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
700 Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar’d,
701 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
702 Sluc’d from the Lake, a second multitude
703 With wond’rous Art found out the massie Ore,
704 Severing each kind, and scum’d the Bullion dross:
705 A third as soon had form’d within the ground
706 A various mould, and from the boyling cells
707 By strange conveyance fill’d each hollow nook,
708 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
709 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
710 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
711 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
712 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
713 Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav’n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal’d in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat
Thir Kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th’ ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately hight, and strait the dores
Op’ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o’re the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by 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
Admiring enter’d, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav’n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Scepter’d Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his 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
From Heav’n, they fabl’d, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o’re the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On Lemnos th’ Ægæan 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
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 Councel forthwith to be held
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 hundred’s and with thousand’s trooping came
Attended: all access was throng’d, the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover’d field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm’d, and at the Soldans chair
Defi’d the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or carree with Lance)
Thick swarm’d, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush’t with the hiss of rustling wings. As Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth thir populous youth about the Hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Flic 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
Swar’m’d and were straitn’d; till the Signal giv’n.
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem’d
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race
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
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,
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in thir own dimensions like themselves
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat’s,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

1 High on a Throne of Royal State, which far
2 Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
3 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
4 Showrs on her Kings Barbaric Pearl and Gold,
5 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais’d
6 To that bad eminence; and from despair
7 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
8 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
9 Vain Warr with Heav’n, and by success untaught
10 His proud imaginations thus displaid.

11 Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav’n,
12 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
13 Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall’n,
14 I give not Heav’n for lost. From this descent
15 Celestial vertues rising, will appear
16 More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
17 And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
18 Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav’n
19 Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
20 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
21 Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
22 Thus farr at least recover’d, hath much more
23 Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne
24 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
25 In Heav’n, which follows dignity, might draw
26 Envy from each inferior; but who here
27 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
28 Formost to stand against the Thunderers aim
29 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
30 Of endless pain? where there is then no good
31 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
32 From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
33 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
34 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
35 Will covet more. With this advantage then
36 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
37 More then can be in Heav’n, we now return
38 To claim our just inheritance of old,
39 Surer to prosper then prosperity
40 Could have assur’d us; and by what best way,
41 Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
42 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

43 He ceas’d, and next him Moloc, Scepter’d King
44 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
45 That fought in Heav’n; now fiercer by despair:
46 His trust was with th’ Eternal to be deem’d
47 Equal in strength, and rather then be less
48 Car’d not to be at all; with that care lost
49 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
50 He reck’d not, and these words thereafter spake.

51 My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
52 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
53 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now
54 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
55 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to ascend, sit lingering 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
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps
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
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
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
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,
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
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc’d
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods. On th’ other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav’n; he seemd
For dignity compos’d and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d 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
Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
Did not disswade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what Revenge? the Towns of Heav’n are fill’d
With Armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest Insurrection, to confound
Heav’n’s purest Light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th’ Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls’d, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th’ Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,
Reserv’d and destin’d to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu’d and strook
With Heav’ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem’d
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain’d on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl’d those grim fires
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
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
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,
Unrespted, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
Warr therefore, open or conceal’d, alike
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav’ns highth
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 trampl’d, thus expell’d to suffer here
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,
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.
Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reasons garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yeild
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord suprema
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
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits
Our envied Sovran; and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In Heav'n this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain’d
Unacceptable, though in Heav’n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will 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
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’n’s all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur’d,
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must’ring thir rage, and Heav’n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav’n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang’d
Into thir 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
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
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous’d the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his Sentence pleas’d,
Advising peace: for such another Field
They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By pollicy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav’n.
Which when Beelzebub perceiv’d, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
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
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
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call’d
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav’n hath doom’d
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav’n’s high jurisdiction, in new League
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov’d,
Under th’ inevitable curb, reserv’d
His captive multitude: For he, be sure
In height or depth, still first and last will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav’n.
What sit we then projecting peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin’d us, and foild with loss
Irreparable; tears of peace yet none
Voutsa’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,
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?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav’n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place
(if ancient and prophetic fame in Heav’n
Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of 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
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc’d among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav’n’s whol circumference, confirm’d.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endu’d, and what thir Power,
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
By force or suttlety: Though Heav’n be shut,
And Heav’n’s high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lye expos’d
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
To thir defence who hold it: here perhaps
Som advantagious act may be achiev’d
To waste his whole Creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
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,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus Beelzebub
Plead’d his devilish Counsel, first devis’d
By Satan, and in part propos’d: for whence,
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Plead’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,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv’d, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter Heav’n; or else in some milde Zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav’n’s fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
Shall breathe her balme. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world, whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom’d infinite Abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeer’d
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count’nance read his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav’n-warring Champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais’d
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov’d thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav’n, Empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis’d us, though undismaid: long is the way
And hard that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr’d over us prohibit all egress.
These past, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
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,
And this Imperial Sov’rancy, 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 deter
Mee from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honourd sits? Go thence 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 tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais’d
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus’d) what erst they feard;
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;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav’n:
Nor fail’d they to express how much they prais’d,
That for the general safety he despis’d
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn’d
Loose all her virtue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or clos ambition varnish’d o’re with zeal.
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 cheerful face, the lowring Element
Scowls o’er the dark’nd lantskip Snow, or showre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev’ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn’d
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction waite.

The Stygian 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,
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos’d
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
By Haralds voice explain’d: the hollow Abyss
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafning shout, return’d them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease thir minds and somwhat rais’d
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksom hours, till this 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;
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
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 Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
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
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
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir Song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir’d,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledg absolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu’d then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th’ obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
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
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
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion roules
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
585 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
586 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
587 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
588 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
589 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
590 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
591 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
592 A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog
593 Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
594 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
595 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
596 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
597 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
598 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
599 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
600 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
601 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
602 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
603 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
604 They ferry over this Lethean Sound
605 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
606 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
607 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
608 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
609 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
610 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
611 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
612 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
613 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
614 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
615 In confus'd march forlorn, th’ adventrous Bands
616 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
617 View’d first thir lamentable lot, and found
618 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
619 They pass’d, and many a Region dolorous,
620 O’re many a Frozen, many a fierie Alpe,
621 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
622 A Universe of death, which God by curse
623 Created evil, for evil only good,
624 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
625 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
626 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
627 Than Fables yet have feign’d, or fear conceiv’d,
628 Gorgons and Hydra’s, and Chimera’s dire.
629 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
630 Satan with thoughts inflam’d of highest design,
631 Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
632 Explores his solitary flight; som times
633 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
634 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
635 Up to the fiery Concave touring high.
636 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri’d
637 Hangs in the Clouds, by Æquinoctial Winds
638 Close sailing from Bengal, or the Illes
639 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring
640 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the Trading Flood
641 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
642 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem’d
643 Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
644 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
645 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,
646 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
647 Impenetrable, imp’l’d with circling fire,
648 Yet unconsum’d. Before the Gates there sat
649 On either side a formidable shape;
650 The one seem’d Woman to the waste, and fair,
651 But ended foul in many a scaly fould
652 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm’d
653 With mortal sting: about her middle round
654 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark’d
655 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
656 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
657 If aught disturb’d thir noyse, into her woomb,
658 And kennel there, yet there still bark’d and howl’d,
659 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd than these
660 Vex’d Scylla bathing in the Sea that parts
661 Calabria from the hoarce Trinacrian shore:
662 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call’d
663 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
664 Lur’d with the smell of infant blood, to dance
665 With Lapland Witches, while the labouring Moon
666 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
667 If shape it might be call’d that shape had none
668 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
669 Or substance might be call’d that shadow seem’d,
670 For each seem’d either; black it stood as Night,
671 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
672 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem’d his head
673 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
674 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
675 The Monster moving onward came as fast
676 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
677 Th’ undaunted Fiend what this might be admir’d,
678 Admir’d, not fear’d; God and his Son except,
679 Created thing naught valu’d he nor shun’d;
680 And with disdainful look thus first began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav’n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply’d,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who first broke peace in Heav’n and Faith, till then
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?
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,
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold
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
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level’d his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th’ other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav’ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov’ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev’d, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris’n, and with hideous outcry rush’d between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry’d,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know’st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain’d his drudge, to execute
What e’re his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her Satan return’d:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form’d, and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call’st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call’st my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T’ whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply’d;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair
In Heav’n, when at th’ Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin’d
In bold conspiracy against Heav’ns King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris’d thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op’ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count’nance bright,
Then shining heav’nly fair, a Goddess arm’d
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis’d
All th’ Host of Heav’n; back they recoild affraid
At first, and call’d me Sin, and for a Sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas’d, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam’st enamour’d, and such joy thou took’st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv’d
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
And fields were fought in Heav’n; wherein remaund
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
Driv’n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv’n, with charge to keep
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op’ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform’d: but he my inbred enemie
Forth issu’d, brandishing his fatal Dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry’d out Death;
Hell trembl’d at the hideous Name, and sigh’d
From all her Caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursu’d (though more, it seems,
Inflam’d with lust then rage) and swifter far,
Mee overtook his mother all dismaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv’d
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My Bowels, thir repast; then bursting forth
A fresh with conscious terours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc’d.
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper’d heav’nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish’d, and the suttle Fiend his lore
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answer’d 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
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemie, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav’ly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm’d
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th’ unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Pourlieues of Heav’n, and therein plac’t
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov’d,
Least Heav’n surcharg’d with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design’d, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm’d
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill’d
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas’d, for both seemd highly pleas’d, and Death
Grind 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.
And by command of Heav’ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o’rmatcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin’d,
Inhabitant of Heav’n, and heav’ly-born,
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav’st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
869 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
870 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

871 Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
872 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
873 And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
874 Forwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
875 Which but her self not all the Stygian powers
876 Could once have mov’d; then in the key-hole turns
877 Th’ intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
878 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
879 Unfast’ns: on a sudden op’n flie
880 With impetuoso recoile and jarring sound
881 Th’ infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate
882 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
883 Of Erebus. She op’nd, but to shut
884 Excel’d her power; the Gates wide op’n stood,
885 That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
886 Under spread Ensins marching might pass through
887 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
888 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
889 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
890 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear
891 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
892 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
893 Without dimension, where length, breadth, & highth,
894 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
895 And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold
896 Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise
897 Of endless Warrs, and by confusion stand.
898 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
899 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
900 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag
901 Of each his Faction, in thir several Clanns,
902 Light-arm’d or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
903 Swarm populous, unnumber’d as the Sands
904 Of Barca or Cyrene’s torrid soil,
905 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
906 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
907 Hee rules a moment; Chaos Umpire sits,
908 And by decision more imbroiles the fray
909 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
910 Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,
911 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
912 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
913 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
914 Confus’dly, and which thus must ever fight,
915 Unless th’ Almighty Maker them ordain
916 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
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when Bellona storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase
Som Capital City; or less then if this frame
Of Heav’n were falling, and these Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay’d,
Quencht in a Boggie Syrtis, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
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 Arimaspian, who by stelth
Had from his wakeful custody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes:
At length a universal hubbub wilde
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus’d
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron’d
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T’ whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no Spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
Wandering this darksome Desart, as my way,
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav’n; or if som other place
From your Dominion won, th’ Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course;
Directed no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
All usurpation thence expell’d, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the 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,
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,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav’n Gates
Pour’d 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,
Encroach’t on still through our intestine broiles
Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung ore my Realm, link’d in a golden Chain
To that side Heav’n from whence your Legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
So much the neerer danger; go and speed;
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas’d; and Satan staid not to reply,
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
1012 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
1013 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
1014 Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
1015 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
1016 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
1017 And more endanger'd, then when Argo pass'd
1018 Through Bosporus betwixt the justling Rocks:
1019 Or when Ulysses on the Larbord shunnd
1020 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard.
1021 So he with difficulty and labour hard
1022 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
1023 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
1024 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
1025 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
1026 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
1027 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
1028 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
1029 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
1030 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
1031 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
1032 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
1033 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
1034 But now at last the sacred influence
1035 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
1036 Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
1037 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
1038 Her fardest verge, and Chaos to retire
1039 As from her outmost works a brok'd foe
1040 With tumult less and with less hostile din,
1041 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
1042 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
1043 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
1044 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
1045 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
1046 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
1047 Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
1048 In circuit, undetermine d square or round,
1049 With Opal Towsrs and Battlements adorn'd
1050 Of living Saphire, once his native Seat:
1051 And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
1052 This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
1053 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon,
1054 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
1055 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

BOOK III.

1 Hail holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th’ Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam’d? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear’st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising world of water dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap’t the Stygian Pool, though long detain’d
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes then to th’ Orphean Lyre
I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav’nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit’st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred Song; but chief
Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks beneath
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,
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
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
Surrounds me, from the chearful wayses of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung’d and ras’d,
And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out.
51 So much the rather thou Celestial light
52 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
53 Irramate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
54 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
55 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

56 Now had the Almighty Father from above,
57 From the pure Empyrean where he sits
58 High Thron’d above all hight, bent down his eye,
59 His own works and thir works at once to view:
60 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
61 Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv’d
62 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
63 The radiant image of his Glory sat,
64 His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
65 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two
66 Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac’t,
67 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
68 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
69 In blissful solitude; he then survey’d
70 Hell and the Gulf between, and Satan there
71 Coasting the wall of Heav’n on this side Night
72 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
73 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
74 On the bare outside of this World, that seem’d
75 Firm land imbosom’d without Firmament,
76 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
77 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
78 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
79 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

80 Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage
81 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
82 Prescrib’d, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
83 Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
84 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
85 On desperate reveng, that shall redound
86 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
87 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
88 Not farr off Heav’n, in the Precincts of light,
89 Directly towards the new created World,
90 And Man there plac’t, with purpose to assay
91 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
92 By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert
93 For man will hark’n to his glozing lyes,
94 And easily transgress the sole Command,
95 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
96 Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
97 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
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,
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 despoid,
Made passive both, had servd necessitie,
Not mee. They therefore as to right belonged,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate,
As if predestination over-rul’d
Thir will, dispos’d by absolute Decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on thir fault,
Which had no less prov’d certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,
Or aught by me immutable 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
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
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
Through Heav’n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill’d
All Heav’n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus’d:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
Substantially express’d, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appeard,
Love without end, and without measure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos’d
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav’n and Earth shall high extoil
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
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.
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
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questiond and blaspheme’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,
All hast thou spok’n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav’d who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall’d
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall’n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv’rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th’ incensed Deitie, while offerd grace
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft’n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
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,
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,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns
Against the high Supremacie of Heav’n,
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posteritie must dye,
Dye hee or Justice must; unless for him
Som other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav’nly powers, where shall we find such love,
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime, and just th’ unjust to save,
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?
He ask’d, but all the Heav’nly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav’n: on mans behalf
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have bin lost, adjudg’d to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewd.
Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor’d, unsought,
Happie for man, so coming; he her aide
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
240 Freely put off, and for him lastly dye
241 Well pleas’d, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
242 Under his gloomie power I shall not long
243 Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess
244 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
245 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
246 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
247 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
248 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
249 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
250 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
251 My vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
252 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, and stoop
253 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm’d.
254 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
255 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
256 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
257 Pleas’d, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
258 While by thee rais’d I ruin all my Foes,
259 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
260 Then with the multitude of my redeemd
261 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
262 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
263 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur’d,
264 And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more
265 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

266 His words here ended, but his meek aspect
267 Silent yet spake, and breath’d immortal love
268 To mortal men, above which only shon
269 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
270 Glad to be offer’d, he attends the will
271 Of his great Father. Admiration seis’d
272 All Heav’n, what this might mean, and whither tend
273 Wondring; but soon th’ Almighty thus reply’d:

274 O thou in Heav’n and Earth the only peace
275 Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
276 My sole complacence! well thou know’st how dear,
277 To me are all my works, nor Man the least
278 Though last created, that for him I spare
279 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
280 By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
281 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
282 Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;
283 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
284 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
285 By wondrous birth: Be thou in Adams room
286 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
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg’d and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His Brethren, ransom’d with his own dear life.
So Heav’nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
So easily destroy’d, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Mans Nature, less’n or degrade thine owne.
Because thou hast, though Thron’d in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A World from utter loss, and hast been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
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
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:
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
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
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,
336 And after all thir tribulations long
337 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
338 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
339 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
340 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
341 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
342 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
343 Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

344 No sooner had th’ Almighty ceas’t, but all
345 The multitude of Angels with a shout
346 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
347 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav’n rung
348 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna’s filld
349 Th’ eternal Regions: lowly reverent
350 Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground
351 With solemn adoration down they cast
352 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
353 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
354 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
355 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
356 To Heav’n remov’d where first it grew, there grows,
357 And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
358 And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav’n
359 Rowls o’re Elisian Flours her Amber stream;
360 With these that never fade the Spirits elect
361 Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath’d with beams,
362 Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
363 Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
364 Impurpl’d with Celestial Roses smil’d.
365 Then Crown’d again thir gold’n Harps they took,
366 Harps ever tun’d, that glittering by thir side
367 Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
368 Of charming symphonie they introduce
369 Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
370 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
371 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav’n.

372 Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
373 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
374 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
375 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
376 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit’st
377 Thron’d inaccessible, but when thou shad’st
378 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
379 Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
380 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,
381 Yet dazle Heav’n, that brightest Seraphim
382 Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes,
383 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
384 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
385 In whose conspicuous count’ nance, without cloud
386 Made visible, th’ Almighty Father shines,
387 Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
388 Impress’t the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
389 Transfus’d on thee his ample Spirit rests.
390 Hee Heav’n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
391 By thee created, and by thee threw down
392 Th’ aspiring Dominations: thou that day
393 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
394 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
395 Heav’n’s everlasting Frame, while o’re the necks
396 Thou drov’st of warring Angels disarray’d.
397 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
398 Thee only extoll’d, Son of thy Fathers might,
399 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
400 Not so on Man; him through thir malice fall’n,
401 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
402 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
403 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
404 Perceive thee purpos’d not to doom frail Man
405 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin’d,
406 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
407 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern’d,
408 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
409 Second to thee, offerd himself to die
410 For mans offence. O unexampl’d love,
411 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
412 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
413 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
414 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
415 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

416 Thus they in Heav’n, above the starry Sphear,
417 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
418 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
419 Of this round World, whose first convex divides
420 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos’d
421 From Chaos and th’ inroad of Darkness old,
422 Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
423 It seem’d, now seems a boundless Continent
424 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
425 Starless expos’d, and ever-threatening storms
426 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;
427 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav’n
428 Though distant farr som small reflection gaines
429 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:
430 Here walk’d the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren Plaines
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk’d up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th’ other life;
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th’ unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolv’d on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;
Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th’ Angelical and Human kinde:
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown’d:
The builders next of Babel on the Plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain designe
New Babels, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deemd
A God, leap’d fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato’s Elysium, leap’d into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo’s and Idiots, Eremits and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray’d so farr to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav’n;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
480 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis’d;
481 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
482 And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs
483 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov’d;
484 And now Saint Peter at Heav’ns Wicket seems
485 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
486 Of Heav’ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
487 A violent cross wind from either Coast
488 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
489 Into the devious Air; then might ye see
490 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost
491 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
492 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
493 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft
494 Fly o’re the backside of the World farr off
495 Into a Limbo large and broad, since calld
496 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
497 Long after, now unpeopl’d, and untrod;
498 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass’d,
499 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
500 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste
501 His travell’d steps; farr distant he descries
502 Ascending by degrees magnificent
503 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
504 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeard
505 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
506 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
507 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
508 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
509 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
510 The Stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
511 Angels ascending and descending, bands
512 Of Guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
513 To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
514 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
515 And waking cri’d, This is the Gate of Heav’n
516 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
517 There alwayes, but drawn up to Heav’n somtimes
518 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow’d
519 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
520 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv’d,
521 Wafted by Angels, or flew o’re the Lake
522 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
523 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
524 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
525 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.
526 Direct against which op’n’d from beneath,
527 Just o’ 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,
Over the Promis’d Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass’d frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordans flood
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Ægypt and the Arabian shoare;
So wide the op’ning seemd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair
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 desert wades with peril gone
All night; at last by break of cheerful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forein land
First-seen, or some renown’d Metropolis
With glistening Spires and Pinnacles adornd,
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder seis’d, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis’d
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
Of Libra to the fleecie Starr that bears Andromeda farr off Atlantic Seas
Beyond th’ Horizon; then from Pole to Pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
Like those Hesperian Gardens fam’d of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
He stayd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur’d his eye: Thither his course he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
577    Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
578    That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
579    Dispenses Light from far; they as they move
580    Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute
581    Days, months, & years, towards his all-cheering Lamp
582    Turn swift thir various motions, or are turnd
583    By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
584    The Univers, and to each inward part
585    With gentle penetration, though unseen,
586    Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:
587    So wondrously was set his Station bright.
588    There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
589    Astronomer in the Sun’s lucent Orbe
590    Through his glaz’d Optic Tube yet never saw.
591    The place he found beyond expression bright,
592    Compar’d with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
593    Not all parts like, but all alike informd
594    With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
595    If metal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
596    If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
597    Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
598    In Aarons Brest-plate, and a stone besides
599    Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
600    That stone, or like to that which here below
601    Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
602    In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
603    Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
604    In various shapes old Proteus from the Sea,
605    Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
606    What wonder then if fields and regions here
607    Breathe forth Elixir pure, and Rivers run
608    Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
609    Th’ Arch-chimic Sun so far from us remote
610    Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
611    Here in the dark so many precious things
612    Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
613    Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
614    Undazl’d, farr and wide his eye commands,
615    For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
616    But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
617    Culminate from th’ Æquator, as they now
618    Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
619    Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
620    No where so cleer, sharp’nd his visual ray
621    To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
622    Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
623    The same whom John saw also in the Sun:
624    His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
625    Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
626 Circl’d his Head, nor less his Locks behind
627 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
628 Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy’d
629 He seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
630 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
631 To find who might direct his wandring flight
632 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
633 His journies end and our beginning woe.
634 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
635 Which else might work him danger or delay:
636 And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
637 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
638 Youth smil’d Celestial, and to every Limb
639 Suitable grace diffus’d, so well he feignd,
640 Under a Coronet his flowing haire
641 In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
642 Of many a colourd plume sprinkl’d with Gold,
643 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
644 Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
645 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
646 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
647 Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known
648 Th’ Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seav’n
649 Who in Gods presence, neerest to his Throne
650 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
651 That run through all the Heav’ns, or down to th’ Earth
652 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
653 O’re Sea and Land: him Satan thus accostes;
654 Uriel, for thou of those seav’n Spirits that stand
655 In sight of God’s high Throne, gloriously bright,
656 The first art wont his great authentic will
657 Interpreter through highest Heav’n to bring,
658 Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;
659 And here art likeliest by suprem decree
660 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
661 To visit oft this new Creation round;
662 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
663 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
664 His chief delight and favour, him for whom
665 All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,
666 Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
667 Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
668 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
669 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
670 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;
671 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
672 Or open admiration him behold
673 On whom the great Creator hath bestowd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happie Race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.

So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;
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:
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
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav’n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
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
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
Stood rul’d, stood vast infinitude confin’d;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav’n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walles this Universe.
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th’ other Hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav’n;
With borrow’d light her countenance triform
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 lofty shades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turnd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th’ Ecliptic, sped with hop’d success,
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

BOOK IV.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw
Th’ Apocalyps, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng’d on men,
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first-Parents had bin warn’d
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,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubl’d thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards Heav’n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
Look’st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
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.
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
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
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
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
As great might have aspir’d, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshak’n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm’d.
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heav’n free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs’d be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening 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?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc’d
With other promises and other vaunts
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th’ Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane;
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc’d
The lower still I fall, onely Supream
In misery; such joy Ambition findes.
But say I could repent and could obtaine
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
Would higth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign’d submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc’d so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil’d, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav’ns King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm’d his face
Thrice chang’d with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marrd his borrow’d visage, and betrayd
Him counterset, 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,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practisd falshood under saintly-shew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch’t with revenge:
Yet not anough had practisd to deceive
Uriel once warnd; whose eye pursu’d him down
The way he went, and on th’ Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur’d, more then could befall
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos’d, all unobserv’d, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes,
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
With thicket overgrown, gottesque and wilde,
Access deni’d; and over head up grew
Insuperableighth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung:
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
And higher then that Wall a circling row
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Apperd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impress’d his beams
Then n fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd
That antskip: And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saiile
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
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.
So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas’d
Then Asmodeus with the fishie fume,
That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouse
Of Tobits Son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Ægypt, there fast bound.

Now to th’ ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwìn’d,
As one continu’d brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexèd
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,
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 Wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve
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 boltèd fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o’re the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby 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
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
To all delight of human sense expos’d
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav’n on Earth, for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of Eden planted; Eden stretchèd her Line
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;
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
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 engulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais’d
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksom passage now appeers,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandering many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc’t shade
Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
Hung amiable, Hesperian Fables true,
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,
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
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite thir streams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th’ Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie Dis
Was gatherd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th’ inspir’d
Castalian Spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian Ile
Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her Florid Son
Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea’s eye;
Nor where Abassin Kings thir issue Guard,
Mount Amara, though this by som suppos’d
True Paradise under the Ethiop Line
By Nilus head, enclosd with shining Rock,
A whole days journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian Garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe but in true filial freedom plac’t;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar’d
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav’d
As the Vine curles 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,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal’d,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
314 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
315 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl’d all mankind
316 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
317 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
318 Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
319 So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
320 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
321 So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
322 That ever since in loves imbraces met,
323 Adam the goodliest man of men since borne
324 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

325 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
326 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
327 They sat them down, and after no more toil
328 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic’d
329 To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease
330 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite
331 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
332 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
333 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
334 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
335 The favourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
336 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
337 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
338 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
339 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
340 Alone as they. About them frisking playd
341 All Beasts of th’ Earth, since wilde, and of all chase
342 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
343 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
344 Dandl’d the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,
345 Gambold before them, th’ unwieldy Elephant
346 To make them mirth us’d all his might, and wreathd
347 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
348 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
349 His breaed train, and of his fatal guile
350 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
351 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
352 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
353 Declin’d was hasting now with prone carreer
354 To th’ Ocean Iles, and in th’ ascending Scale
355 Of Heav’n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
356 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
357 Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.

358 O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
359 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc’t
360 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
361 Not Spirits, yet to heav’nly Spirits bright
362 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
363 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
364 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
365 The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pour’d.
366 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
367 Your change approaches, when all these delights
368 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe;
369 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
370 Happie, but for so happie ill secur’d
371 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav’n
372 Ill fenc’t for Heav’n to keep out such a foe
373 As now is enterd; yet no purpos’d foe
374 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
375 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
376 And mutual amitie so strait, so close,
377 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
378 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
379 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
380 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
381 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
382 To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
383 And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
384 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
385 Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
386 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
387 On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.
388 And should I at your harmless innocence
389 Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
390 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg’d,
391 By conquering this new World, compels me now
392 To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.

393 So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
394 The Tyrants plea, excus’d his devilish deeds.
395 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
396 Down he alights among the sportful Herd
397 Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
398 Now other, as thir shape servd best his end
399 Neerer to view his prey, and unespi’d
400 To mark what of thir state he more might learn
401 By word or action markt: about them round
402 A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
403 Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi’d
404 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
405 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
406 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
407 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
408 Grip’t in each paw: When Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all care to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep
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,
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
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:
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
And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Praeeminent 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
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
Pure as th’ expanse of Heav’n; I thither went
With unexperienc’t thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry gleam appeard
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas’d I soon returnd,
Plea’s’d it returnd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathic and love; there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin’d with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy
Inseparblie thine, to him shalt beare
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call’d
Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espi’d thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
Less winning soft, less amiable milde,
Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,
Thou following cry’dst 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, neererest my heart
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seisd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelld by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov’d,
And meek surrender, half imbracing leand
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
Smil’d with superior Love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That shed May Flowers; and press’d her Matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey’d them askance, and to himself thus plain’d.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two

Imparadis’t in one anothers arms

The happier Eden, shall enjoy thir fill

Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

Among our other torments not the least,

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 thirs it seems:

One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call’d,

Forbidd’n them to taste: Knowledge forbidd’n?

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord

Envie them that? can it be sin to know,

Can it be death? and do they onely stand

By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,

The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?

O fair foundation laid whereon to build

Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds

With more desire to know, and to reject

Envious commands, invented with designe

To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt

Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,

They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?

But first with narrow search I must walk round

This Garden, and no corner leave unspi’d;

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet

Some wandring Spirit of Heav’n, by Fountain side,

Or in thick shade retir’d, from him to draw

What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,

Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,

Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn’d,

But with sly circumspection, and began

Through wood, through waste, o’re hill, o’re dale his roam.

Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav’n

With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun

Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern Gate of Paradise

Leveld his evenning Rayes: it was a Rock

Of Alabaster, pil’d up to the Clouds,

Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent

Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung

Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.

Betwixt these rockie Pillars Gabriel sat

Chief of th’ Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares,
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

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 hight of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from Eden North,
Where he first lighted, soon discernd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou 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
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall’n
Beneath th’ Azores; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl’d
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th’ East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
Now came still Evning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were sunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas’d: now glow’d the Firmament
With living Saphirs: Hesperus that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o’er the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort, th’ hour
Of night, and all things now retir’d to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploud, 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;
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
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,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfet beauty adornd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu’d I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and thir change, all please alike.
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
644 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
645 Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
646 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
647 Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night
648 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
649 And these the Gemms of Heav’n, her starrie train:
650 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
651 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
652 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
653 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
654 Nor grateful Eevning mild, nor silent Night
655 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
656 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
657 But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
658 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

659 To whom our general Ancestor repli’d.
660 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve,
661 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
662 By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
663 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
664 Ministring light prepar’d, they set and rise;
665 Least total darkness should by Night regaine
666 Her old possession, and extinguish life
667 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
668 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
669 Of various influence foment and warme,
670 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
671 Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
672 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
673 Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
674 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
675 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
676 That heav’n would want spectators, God want praise;
677 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
678 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
679 All these with ceasless praise his works behold
680 Both day and night: how often from the steep
681 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
682 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
683 Sole, or responsive each to others note
684 Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
685 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
686 With Heav’nly touch of instrumental sounds
687 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
688 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

689 Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass’d
690 On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place
Chos’n by the sovran 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
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,
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
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,
And heav’nly Quires the Hymenaean sung,
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn’d,
More lovely then Pandora, whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the 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
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,
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
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis’d from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bowre
Handed they went; and eas’d the putting off
These troublesom disguises which wee wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor Eve the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus’d:
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source
Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv’n from men
Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,
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
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.
These lulld by Nightingales imbracing slept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair’d. Sleep on
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur’d with her shaddowie Cone
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th’ accustomd hour stood armd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
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
785 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
786 From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called
787 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

788 Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed
789 Search through this Garden, leave unsearched no nook,
790 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures lodge,
791 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
792 This Evening from the Sun's decline arrived
793 Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
794 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
795 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
796 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

797 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
798 Dazzling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
799 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
800 Squat like a Toad, close at the ear of Eve;
801 Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
802 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
803 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
804 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
805 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
806 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
807 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
808 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
809 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
810 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his Spear
811 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
812 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
813 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
814 Discovered and surpriz'd. As when a spark
815 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
816 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
817 Against a rumord War, the Smutty graine
818 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air:
819 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
820 Back stept those two faire Angels half amaz'd
821 So sudden to behold the grisly King;
822 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

823 Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
824 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
825 Why satst thou like an enemie in wait
826 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

827 Know ye not then said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
828 Know ye not mee? ye knew me once no mate
829 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar;
830 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,
831 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
832 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
833 Your message, like to end as much in vain?
834 To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.

835 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
836 Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
837 As when thou stoodst in Heav’n upright and pure;
838 That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
839 Departed from thee, and thou resembl’st now
840 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.
841 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account
842 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
843 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

844 So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
845 Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
846 Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
847 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
848 Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin’d
849 His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
850 His lustre visibly impar’d; yet seemd
851 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
852 Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
853 Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
854 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
855 Will save us trial what the least can doe
856 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

857 The Fiend repli’d not, overcome with rage;
858 But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
859 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
860 He held it vain; awe from above had quelld
861 His heart, not else dismai’d. Now drew they nigh
862 The western Point, where those half-rounding guards
863 Just met, and closing stood in squadron joind
864 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
865 Gabriel from the Front thus calld aloud.

866 O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
867 Hasting this way, and now by glimps discerne
868 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
869 And with them comes a third of Regal port,
870 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
871 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
872 Not likely to part hence without contest;
873 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib’d
To thy transgressions, and disturb’d the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Implò’d it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav’n th’ esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom’d? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recumpence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not tri’d: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
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,
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
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight
Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok’t.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
920 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,  
921 The first in flight from pain, had’st thou alledg’d  
922 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
923 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.  

924 To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.  
925 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
926 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
927 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
928 Thy blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
929 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
930 But still thy words at random, as before,  
931 Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
932 From hard assaies and ill successes past  
933 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
934 Through wayes of danger by himself untri’d,  
935 I therefore, I alone first undertook  
936 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
937 This new created World, whereof in Hell  
938 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
939 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
940 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;  
941 Though for possession put to try once more  
942 What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
943 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord  
944 High up in Heav’n, with songs to hymne his Throne,  
945 And practis’d distances to cringe, not fight.  

946 To whom the warriour Angel, soon repli’d.  
947 To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
948 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,  
949 Argues no Leader but a lyar trac’t,  
950 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
951 O sacred name of faithfulness profan’d!  
952 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
953 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
954 Was this your discipline and faith ingag’d,  
955 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
956 Allegeance to th’ acknowldg’d Power supream?  
957 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
958 Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
959 Once fawn’d, and cring’d, and servilly ador’d  
960 Heav’ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
961 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
962 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
963 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre  
964 Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
965 Back to th’ infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
966 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

So threatn’d hee, but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli’d.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us’d to the yoak, draw’st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav’n Star-pav’d.

While thus he spake, th’ Angelic Squadron bright
Turnd fierie red, sharpening in mooned horns
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th’ other side Satan allarm’d
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov’d:
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum’d; nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
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, disturb’d and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th’ Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav’n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion signe,
Wherein all things created first he weighd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc’t Aire
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv’n; what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
Then Heav’n permits, nor mine, though doubl’d now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
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.

BOOK V.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearle,  
When Adam wak't, so customd, for his sleep  
Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,  
And temperat vapors bland, which th’ only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora ‘s fan,  
Lightly dispers’d, and the shrill Matin Song  
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve  
With Tresses discompos’d, and glowing Cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-rais’d, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour’d, and beheld  
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
My fairest, my espous’d, my latest found,  
Heav’ns last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
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.

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,  
Such night till this I never pass’d, have dream’d,  
If dream’d, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass’t, or morrows next designe,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksom night; methought  
Close at mine ear one call’d me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
Why sleepst thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard, Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
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 wondering lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme
He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
For God's, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,
But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell
So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstrech't immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak’d
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her Night
Related, and thus Adam answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fansie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senses represent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Som such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov’d, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart’nd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
That open now thir choicest bosom’d smells
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
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.
136 So all was clear, and to the Field they haste.
137 But first from under shade arboreal roof,
138 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
139 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
140 With wheels yet hovering o’er the Ocean brim,
141 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
142 Discovering in wide landscape all the East
143 Of Paradise and Eden’s happy Plains,
144 Lowly they bow’d adoring, and began
145 Their Orisons, each Morning duly paid
146 In various style, for neither various style
147 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
148 This Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
149 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
150 Flow’d from their lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,
151 More tuneful then needed Lute or Harp
152 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

153 These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
154 Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
155 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
156 Unspeakable, who sitt above these Heavens
157 To us invisible or dimly seen
158 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
159 Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
160 Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light,
161 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
162 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
163 Circle his Throne rejoicing, ye in Heav’n,
164 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extoll
165 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
166 Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night.

167 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
168 Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
169 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere
170 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.
171 Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
172 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
173 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbst,
174 And when high Noon hast gain’d, and when thou fallst.
175 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit’s
176 With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies,
177 And ye five other wandering Fires that move
178 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
179 His praise, who out of Darkness call’d up Light.
180 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
181 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
182 Perpetual Circles, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceasless change
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
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,
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
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray’d they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
On to thir mornings rural work they haste
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm; she spous’d about him twines
Her mariageable 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
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign’d
To travel with Tobias, and secur’d
His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.
Raphael, said hee, thou hear’st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap’t through the darksom Gulf
Hath rais’d in Paradise, and how disturb’d
This night the human pair, how he designes
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what Bowre or shade
Thou find’st him from the heat of Noon retir’d,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happie state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
He swerve not too secure; tell him withall
His danger, and from whom, what enemie
Late falln himself from Heav’n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th’ Eternal Father, and fulfilld
All Justice: nor delaied the winged Saint
After his charge receiv’d; but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav’n; th’ angelic Qires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th’ Empyreal road; till at the Gate
Of Heav’n arriv’d, the gate self-opend wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov’ran Architect had fram’d.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Starr interpos’d, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard’n of God, with Cedars crownd
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 appeiring kenns
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
Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
A Phoenix, gaz’d by all, as that sole Bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun’s
Bright Temple, to Ægyptian Theb’s he flies.
At once on th’ Eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o’re his brest
With regal Ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loines and thighs with downie Gold
And colours dipt in Heav’n; the third his feet
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
Skie-tinctur’d grain. Like Maia’s son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that Heav’nly fragrance filld
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on som message high they guessd him bound.
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wilde above Rule or Art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
Adam discernd, as in the dore he sat
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his servid 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
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
Ris’n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav’n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav’nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertill growth, and by disburs’ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earths hallowd mould,
Of God inspir’d, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste and from each bough and break,
Each Plant and juciest Gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispenc’d his bounties as in Heav’n.

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
Taste, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest 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
Alcinois 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
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum’d.

Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani’d then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence Adam though not awd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of Heav’n, for other place
None can then Heav’n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deign’d a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov’ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav’n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Evening rise
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like Pomona’s Arbour smil’d
With flourets deck’t and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair
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
Bestow’d, 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
Have heap’d this Table. Rais’d of grassie terf
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample Square from side to side
All Autumn pil’d, though Spring and Autumn here
Danc’d hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
Our Authour. Heav’nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfet good unmeasur’d out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus’d
The Earth to yield; unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg’d
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.
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 alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
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
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown’d: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour’d at that sight, but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign’d, nor jealousie
Was understood, the injur’d Lovers Hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic’d,
Not burd’nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th’ occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav’n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th’ Empyreal Minister he fram’d.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf’t
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav’ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch repli’d.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav’d from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu’d with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin’d, more spiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac’t or neerer tending
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim’d
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fansie and understanding, whence the Soule
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance, time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
Improv’d by tract of time, and wingd ascend
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
Here or in Heav’nly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli’d,
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
513 What meant that caution joind, if ye be found
514 Obedient? can we want obedience then
515 To him, or possibly his love desert
516 Who formd us from the dust, and plac’d us here
517 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
518 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

519 To whom the Angel. Son of Heav’n and Earth,
520 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
521 That thou continu’st such, owe to thy self,
522 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
523 This was that caution giv’n thee; be advis’d.
524 God made thee perfet, not immutable;
525 And good he made thee, but to persevere
526 He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will
527 By nature free, not over-rul’d by Fate
528 Inextricable, or strict necessity;
529 Our voluntarie service he requires,
530 Not our necessitated, such with him
531 Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
532 Can hearts, not free, be tri’d whether they serve
533 Willing or no, who will but what they must
534 By Destinie, and can no other choose?
535 My self and all th’ Angelic Host that stand
536 In sight of God enthron’d, our happie state
537 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
538 On other surety none; freely we serve,
539 Because wee freely love, as in our will
540 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
541 And som are fall’n, to disobedience fall’n,
542 And so from Heav’n to deepest Hell; O fall
543 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

544 To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
545 Attentive, and with more delighted eare,
546 Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
547 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
548 Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
549 To be both will and deed created free;
550 Yet that we never shall forget to love
551 Our maker, and obey him whose command
552 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
553 Assur’d me, and still assure: though what thou tellst
554 Hath past in Heav’n, som doubt within me move,
555 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
556 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
557 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
558 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
559 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
560  His other half in the great Zone of Heav’n.
561  Thus Adam made request, and Raphael
562  After short pause assenting, thus began.
563  High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
564  Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
565  To human sense th’ invisible exploits
566  Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
567  The ruin of so many glorious once
568  And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
569  The secrets of another world, perhaps
570  Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
571  This is dispenc’t, and what surmounts the reach
572  Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
573  By lik’ning spiritual to corporal forms,
574  As may express them best, though what if Earth
575  Be but the shaddow of Heav’n, and things therein
576  Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?
577  As yet this world was not, and Chaos wilde
578  Reignd where these Heav’ns now rowl, where Earth now
579  rests
580  Upon her Center pois’d, when on a day
581  (For time, though in Eternitie, appli’d
582  To motion, measures all things durable
583  By present, past, and future) on such day
584  As Heav’ns great Year brings forth, th’ Empyreal Host
585  Of Angels by Imperial summons call’d,
586  Innumerable before th’ Almighties Throne
587  Forthwith from all the ends of Heav’n appeard
588  Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
589  Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc’d,
590  Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
591  Streme in the Aire, and for distinction serve
592  Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
593  Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz’d
594  Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
595  Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
596  Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
597  Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
598  By whom in bliss imbosom’d sat the Son,
599  Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top
600  Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
601  Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
602  Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
603  Hear my Decree, which unrevk’ shall stand.
604  This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav’n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule
For ever happie: him who disobeyes
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th’ Omnipot ent, 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
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv’d, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem,
And in thir motions harmonie Divine
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Listens delighted. Eevening now approach’d
(For wee have also our Eevening and our Morn,
Wee ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
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.
On flours repos’d, and with fresh flourets crownd,
They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immotalitie and joy, secure
Of surfet where full measure onely bounds
Excess, before th’ all bounteous King, who showrd
With copios hand, rejoicing 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 gratefull Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos’d
All but the unsleepping 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
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
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak’d
Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav’n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honour by his great Father, and proclaim’d
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, & thought himself impair’d.
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
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak’ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
Of Heav’ns Almightie. 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;
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
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me thir Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus’d
Bad influence into th’ unwarie brest
Of his Associate; hee together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav’n,
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey’d
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav’n;
His count’nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock, allur’d them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav’ns Host:
Mean while th’ Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spred
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to 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 imploy
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
Light’ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
 Laugh’st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv’n me to quell thir pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav’n.

So spake the Son, but Satan with his Powers
Far was advancement on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of Night,
Or stars of Morning, dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass’d, the mighty Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple Degrees, regions to which
All thy Dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose
Stretched into longitude; which having pass’d
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais’d on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towers
From Diamond Quarries hewn, and rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call
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 declair’d in sight of Heav’n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call’d;
For thither he assembl’d all his Train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of thir King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross’t
All Power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to consult how we may best
With what may be devis’d of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur’d,
To one and to his image now proclaim’d?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
Natives and Sons of Heav’n possesst before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
792 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
793 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
794 Who can in reason then or right assume
795 Monarchie over such as live by right
796 His equals, if in power and splendor less,
797 In freedome equal? or can introduce
798 Law and Edict on us, who without law
799 Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
800 And look for adoration to th' abuse
801 Of those Imperial Titles which assert
802 Our being ordain’d to govern, not to serve?

803 Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
804 Had audience, when among the Seraphim
805 Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador’d
806 The Deitie, and divine commands obeid,
807 Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
808 The current of his fury thus oppos’d.

809 O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
810 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav’n
811 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
812 In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
813 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne
814 The just Decree of God, pronoune’t and sworn,
815 That to his only Son by right endu’d
816 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav’n
817 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
818 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
819 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
820 And equal over equals to let Reigne,
821 One over all with unsucceeded power.
822 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
823 With him the points of libertie, who made
824 Thee what thou art, and formd the Pow’rs of Heav’n
825 Such as he pleas’d, and circumscrib’d thir being?
826 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
827 And of our good, and of our dignitie
828 How provident he is, how farr from thought
829 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
830 Our happie state under one Head more neer
831 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
832 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
833 Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,
834 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
835 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
836 As by his Word the mighty Father made
837 All things, ev’n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav’n
838 By him created in thir bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, and to thir Glory nam’d
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur’d,
But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc’t becomes,
His Laws our Laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hast’n to appease
Th’ incensed Father, and th’ incensed Son,
While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
None seconded, as out of season judg’d,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic’d
Th’ Apostat, and more haughty thus repli’d.
That we were formd then saist thou? and the work
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
When this creation was? rememberst thou
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais’d
By our own quick’ning power, when fatal course
Had circl’d his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav’n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th’ Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th’ anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo’d to his words applause
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass’d round with foes, thus answerd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forsak’n of all good; I see thy fall
Determine, and thy hapless crew involv’d
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl’d how to quit the yoke
Of Gods Messiah; those indulgent Laws
Will not be now voutsaf’t, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
886 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
887 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
888 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
889 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
890 These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
891 Impendent, raging into sudden flame
892 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
893 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
894 Then who created thee lamenting learne,
895 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

896 So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,
897 Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
898 Among innumerable false, unmov’d,
899 Unshak’n, unseduc’d, unterrifi’d
900 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
901 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
902 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
903 Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,
904 Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
905 Superior, nor of violence fear’d aught;
906 And with retorted scorn his back he turn’d
907 On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom’d.

BOOK VI.

1 All night the dreadless Angel unpursu’d
2 Through Heav’ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
3 Wak’t by the circling Hours, with rosie hand
4 Unbarr’d the gates of Light. There is a Cave
5 Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
6 Where light and darkness in perpetual round
7 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav’n
8 Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
9 Light issues forth, and at the other dore
10 Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre
11 To veile the Heav’n, though darkness there might well
12 Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
13 Such as in highest Heav’n, arrayd in Gold
14 Empyreal, from before her vanisht Night,
15 Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
16 Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
17 Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
18 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
19 Warr he perceav’d, warr in pro vincet, and found
20 Already known what he for news had thought
21 To have reported: gladly then he mixt
22 Among those friendly Powers who him receav’d
23 With joy and acclamations loud, that one
24 That of so many Myriads fall’n, yet one
25 Return’d not lost: On to the sacred hill
26 They led him high applauded, and present
27 Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
28 From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

29 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
30 The better fight, who single hast maintaing
31 Against revolted multitudes the Cause
32 Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
33 And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
34 Universal reproach, far worse to beare
35 Then violence: for this was all thy care
36 To stand approv’d in sight of God, though Worlds
37 Judg’d thee perverse: the easier conquest now
38 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
39 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
40 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue
41 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
42 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
43 Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
44 Go Michael of Celestial Armies Prince,
45 And thou in Military prowess next
46 Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
47 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
48 By Thousands and by Millions rang’d for fight;
49 Equal in number to that Godless crew
50 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms
51 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav’n
52 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
53 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
54 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
55 His fiery Chaos to receave thir fall.

56 So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
57 To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
58 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
59 Of wrauth awak’t: nor with less dread the loud
60 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
61 At which command the Powers Militant,
62 That stood for Heav’n, in mighty Quadrate joyn’d
63 Of Union irresistible, mov’d on
64 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
65 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath’d
66 Heroic Ardor to advent’rous deeds
67 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
68 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
69 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
70 Nor streit’ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
71 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
72 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
73 Thir nimble tread, as when the total kind
74 Of Birds in orderly array on wing
75 Came summon’d over Eden to receive
76 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
77 Of Heav’n they march’d, and many a Province wide
78 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
79 Far in th’ Horizon to the North appeer’d
80 From skirt to skirt a ferie Region, stretcht
81 In battailous aspect, and neerer view
82 Bristl’d with upright beams innumerable
83 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng’d, and Shields
84 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
85 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
86 With furious expedition; for they weend
87 That self same day by fight, or by surprize
88 To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
89 To set the envier of his State, the proud
90 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov’d fond and vain
91 In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
92 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
93 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
94 So oft in Festivals of joy and love
95 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
96 Hymning th’ Eternal Father: but the shout
97 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
98 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
99 High in the midst exalted as a God
100 Th’ Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate
101 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos’d
102 With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
103 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
104 ‘Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
105 A dreadful intervall, and Front to Front
106 Presented stood in terrible array
107 Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
108 On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn’d,
109 Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc’t,
110 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;
111 Abdiel that sight endur’d not, where he stood
112 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
113 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
114 O Heav’n! that such resemblance of the Highest
115 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
116 Remain not; wherfore shou’d not strength and might
117 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
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The height of thy aspiring unoppos’d,
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon’d at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th’ Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais’d incessant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow
Unaided could have finish’d 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
Seem’d in thy World erroneous to dissent
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answer’d. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok’t, since first that tongue
Inspir’d with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me som Plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav’n
To heav’nly Soules had bin all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spirits, train’d 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.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli’d.
Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav’st it with the name
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th’ unwise, or him who hath rebelld
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
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,
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
On the proud Crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push’t a Mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis’d
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil’d thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,
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
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 Wheeles
211  Of brazen Chariots rag’d; dire was the noise
212  Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
213  Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
214  And flying vaulted either Host with fire.
215  So under fierie Cope together rush’d
216  Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
217  And inextinguishable rage; all Heav’n
218  Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
219  Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
220  Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought
221  On either side, the least of whom could weild
222  These Elements, and arm him with the force
223  Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
224  Armie against Armie numberless to raise
225  Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
226  Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
227  Had not th’ Eternal King Omnipotent
228  From his strong hold of Heav’n high over-rul’d
229  And limited thir might; though numberd such
230  As each divided Legion might have seemd
231  A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
232  A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seemd
233  Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
234  When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
235  Of Battel, open when, and when to close
236  The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
237  None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
238  That argu’d fear; each on himself reli’d,
239  As onely in his arm the moment lay
240  Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
241  Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred
242  That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground
243  A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
244  Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then
245  Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale
246  The Battel hung; till Satan, who that day
247  Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
248  No equal, raunging through the dire attack
249  Of fighting Seraphim confus’d, at length
250  Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell’d
251  Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
252  Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
253  Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
254  He hasted, and oppos’d the rockie Orb
255  Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
256  A vast circumference: At his approach
257  The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
258  Surceas’d, and glad as hoping here to end
259  Intestine War in Heav’n, the arch foe subdu’d
Or Captive drag’d in Chains, with hostile frown
And visage all enflam’d first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam’d in Heav’n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb’d
Heav’ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought
Miserie, uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill’d
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov’d false. But think not here
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav’n casts thee out
From all her Confines. Heav’n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy 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.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of aire threats to aw whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, 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,
Or turn this Heav’n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam’d Almighty to thy aid,
I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakeable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov’d, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav’n.
Now wav’d thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz’d opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir’d
Where erst was thickest fight, th’ Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim’d
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of Michael from the Armorie of God
Was giv’n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar’d
All his right side; then Satan first knew pain,
And writh’d him to and fro convolv’d; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass’d through him, but th’ Ethereal substance clos’d
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow’d
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour staind ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong who interpos’d
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir’d
From off the files of warr; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl’d by such rebuke, so farr beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal’d; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
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 deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc furious King who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
Threatn'ld, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
Refrein'ld his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down clov'n to the waste, with shattered Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquish'd Adramelec, and Asmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
Disdain'ld, but meanker thoughts learnt in thir flight,
Mangl'd with gasty wounds through Plate and Maile,
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The Atheist crew, but with redoubt'd blow
Ariel and Arioc, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorcht and blasted overthrow.
I might relate of thousands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
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:
Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir Mightiest quelld, 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 overturnd
And ferie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
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
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, impenitribaly arm'd:
Such high advantages thir innocence
402 Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
403 Not to have disobei’d; in fight they stood
404 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain’d
405 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov’d.

406 Now Night her course began, and over Heav’n
407 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos’d,
408 And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
409 Under her Cloudie covert both retir’d,
410 Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field
411 Michael and his Angels prevalent
412 Encamping, plac’d in Guard thir Watches round,
413 Cherubic waving fires: on th’ other part
414 Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
415 Far in the dark dislodg’d, and void of rest,
416 His Potentates to Council call’d by night;
417 And in the midst thus undismai’d began.

418 O now in danger tri’d, now known in Armes
419 Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
420 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
421 Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
422 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
423 Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight
424 (And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
425 What Heavens Lord had powerfulllest to send
426 Against us from about his Throne, and judg’d
427 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
428 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
429 Of future we may deem him, though till now
430 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm’d,
431 Some disadvantage we endur’d and paine,
432 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
433 Since now we find this our Empyreal form
434 Incapable of mortal injurie
435 Imperishable, and though peirc’d with wound,
436 Soon closing and by native vigour heal’d.
437 Of evil then so small as easie think
438 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
439 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
440 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
441 Or equal what between us made the odds,
442 In Nature none: if other hidden cause
443 Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
444 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
445 Due search and consultation will disclose.

446 He sat; and in th’ assembly next upstood
447 Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
448 As one he stood escap’t from cruel fight,
449 Sore toild, his riv’n Armes to havoc hewn,
450 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
451 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
452 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
453 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
454 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
455 Against unpain’d, impassive; from which evil
456 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
457 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain
458 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
459 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
460 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
461 But live content, which is the calmest life:
462 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
463 Of evils, and excessive, overtures
464 All patience. He who therefore can invent
465 With what more forcible we may offend
466 Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
467 Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
468 No less then for deliverance what we owe.
469 Whereunto with look compos’d Satan repli’d:
470 Not uninvented that, which thou aright
471 Believst so main to our success, I bring;
472 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
473 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
474 This continent of spacious Heav’n, adornd
475 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
476 Whose Eye so superficially surveyes:
477 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
478 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
479 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
480 With Heav’ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth
481 So beauteous, op’ning to the ambient light.
482 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
483 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
484 Which into hallow Engins long and round
485 Thick-rammed, at th’ other bore with touch of fire
486 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
487 From far with thundring noise among our foes
488 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
489 To pieces, and overwhelm whatever stands
490 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm’d
491 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
492 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
493 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
494 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joint
495 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.
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
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir’d
With dev’lish machination might devise
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath
Th’ originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl’d, and with subtle Art,
Concocted and adjusted they reduc’d
To blackest grain, and into store convey’d:
Part hidd’n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entraills 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.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish’d, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespi’d.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav’n appeerd
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,
Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe,
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,
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
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizling showr,
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
And onward move Embattelld; when behold
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 shaddowing Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
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
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
Heav’n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; yee who appointed stand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce,
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir’d.
Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,
A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem’d
Or hollow’d bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell’d)
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
With hideous orifice gap’t on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus’d,
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli’d
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur’d with smoak, all Heav’n appeerd,
From those deep throated Engins belcht, whose roar
Embowedl with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
Thir devilish glut, chained Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host
591  Level’d, with such impetuous furie smote,
592  That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
593  Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
594  By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl’d;
595  The sooner for thir Arms, unarm’d they might
596  Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
597  By quick contraction or remove; but now
598  Foule dissipation follow’d and forc’t rout;
599  Nor serv’d it to relax thir serried files.
600  What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
601  Repeated, and indecent overthrow
602  Doubl’d, would render them yet more despis’d;
603  And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
604  Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
605  In posture to displode thir second tire
606  Of Thunder: back defeated to return
607  They worse abhorr’d. Satan beheld thir plight,
608  And to his Mates thus in derision call’d.

609  O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
610  Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
611  To entertain them fair with open Front
612  And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
613  Of composition, strait they chang’d thir minds,
614  Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
615  As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
616  Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
617  For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose
618  If our proposals once again were heard
619  We should compel them to a quick result.

620  To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood,
621  Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
622  Of hard contents, and full of force urg’d home,
623  Such as we might perceive amus’d them all,
624  And stumbl’d many, who receives them right,
625  Had need from head to foot well understand;
626  Not understood, this gift they have besides,
627  They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

628  So they among themselves in pleasant veine
629  Stood scoffing, highthn’d in thir thoughts beyond
630  All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
631  To match with thir inventions they presum’d
632  So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
633  And all his Host derided, while they stood
634  A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
635  Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
636  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
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row
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,
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 strugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like Armes
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground, they fought in dismal shade;
Infernial noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gon to wrack, with ruin overspred,
Had not th' Almightie Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.
Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm’d;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in thir Creation they were form’d,
Save what sin hath impair’d, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
Warr wearied hath perform’d what Warr can do,
And to disorder’d rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm’d, which makes
Wild work in Heav’n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain’d it, and thus farr
Have suffer’d, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
In Heav’n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles
That shake Heav’ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almightie Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heav’ns bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest
Ineffably into his face receiv’d,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav’ny Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seekst
To glorifie thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas’d, declarst thy will
Fulfill’d, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov’st:  
But whom thou hat’st, I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Armd with thy might, rid heav’n of these rebell’d,  
To thir prepar’d ill Mansion driven down  
That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th’ impure  
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
Unfained Halleluiahs to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
So said, he o’re his Scepter bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,  
And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
Dawning through Heav’n: forth rush’d with whirlwind sound  
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie,  
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,  
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd  
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all  
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels  
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;  
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,  
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.  
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
Sate Eagle-wing’d, beside him hung his Bow  
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor’d,  
And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:  
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  
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 imbodied all in one.  
Before him Power Divine his way prepar’d;
Appendix - Page 113

At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh Flourts Hill and Valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
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 reimmattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevale
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, stand onely and behold
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee, not you but mee they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supream
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath 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
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheeles
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv’d; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix’d
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop’d;
O’re Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode
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,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul’d, and every eye
Glar’d lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th’ accurst, that witherd all thir strength,
And of thir 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:
The overthrown he rais’d, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu’d
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystal wall of Heav’n, which op’ning wide,
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 themselvs they threw
Down from the verge of Heav’n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th’ unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav’n ruining from Heav’n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos’d,
876 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
877 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
878 Disbur’d Heav’n rejoic’d, and soon repair’d
879 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
880 Sole Victor from th’ expulsion of his Foes
881 Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
882 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
883 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
884 With Jubilie advanc’d; and as they went,
885 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
886 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
887 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv’n,
888 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
889 Triumphant through mid Heav’n, into the Courts
890 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron’d
891 On high: who into Glorie him receav’d,
892 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

893 Thus measuring things in Heav’n by things on Earth
894 At thy request, and that thou maist beware
895 By what is past, to thee I have reveal’d
896 What might have else to human Race bin hid;
897 The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav’n
898 Among th’ Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
899 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell’d
900 With Satan, hee who envies now thy state,
901 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
902 Thee also from obedience, that with him
903 Bereav’d of happiness thou maist partake
904 His punishment, Eternal misery;
905 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
906 As a despite don against the most High,
907 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
908 But list’n not to his Temptations, warne
909 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
910 By terrible Example the reward
911 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
912 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

BOOK VII.

1 Descend from Heav’n Urania, by that name
2 If rightly thou art call’d, whose Voice divine
3 Following, above th’ Olympian Hill I soare,
4 Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
5 The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
6 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
7 Of old Olympus dwell’st, but Heav’nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeard, or Fountain flow’d,
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
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 Empyreal Aire,
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Least from this flying Steed unrein’d, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th’ Aleian Field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
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 hoarse or mute, though fall’n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall’n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visist my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
In Rhodope, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav’nlie, shee an empty dreame.

Say Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn’d
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates, least the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his Race,
Charg’d not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obeyd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please thir appetite,
Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve
The storie heard attentive, and was fill’d
With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav’n,
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv’n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With Blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal’d
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav’n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay’d still eyes the current streame,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav’nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal’d
Divine interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
For which to the infinitly 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
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 availe us known,
How first began this Heav’n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd
Innumerable, and this which yelds or fills
All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus’d
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
Mov’d the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternitie so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv’d, if unforbid thou maist unfould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav’n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.

This also thy request with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almightie works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav’d, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal’d; which th’ invisible King,
Onely Omniscient, hath supprest in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left besides to search and know.
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav’n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returnd
Victorious with his Saints, th’ Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail’d, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deitie supream, us dispossest,
He trusted to have seis’d, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
Thir station, Heav’n yet populous retaines
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:
But least his heart exalt him in the harme
Already done, to have dispeopl’d Heav’n
My damage fondly deem’d, I can repaire
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a Race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais’d
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri’d,
And Earth be chang’d to Heav’n, & Heav’n to Earth,
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav’n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav’n and Earth,
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib’d my self retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
Necessitie and Chance
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th’ Almigh tie, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
Then time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receave.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav’n
When such was heard declar’d the Almightie’s will;
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th’ ungodly from his sight
And th’ habitations of the just; to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain’d
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
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 Majestic Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his Chariot numberless were pour’d
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing’d,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
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 liv’d,
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav’n op’nd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.

On heav’ly ground they stood, and from the shore
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’n’s hight, and with the Center mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubl’d waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th’ Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into Chaos, and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his Traine
Follow’d in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar’d
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center’d, and the other turn’d
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav’n created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform’d and void: Darkness profound
Cover’d th’ Abyss: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
And vital vertue infus’d, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg’d
The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob’d
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self ballanc’t on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear’d in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn’d the while. God saw the Light was good;
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere
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 Qures, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav’n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow Universal Orb they fill’d,
And touch’t thir Golden Harps, and hymning prais’d
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus’d
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
The Waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos ferr remov’d, least fierce extreames
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav’n he nam’d the Firmament: So Eev’n
And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.

The Earth was form’d, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv’d,
Appeard not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow’d, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour soft’ning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said
Be gather’d now ye Waters under Heav’n
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
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
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress’d
On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstanded them Rock or Hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errorr wandring, found thir way,
And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
Easie, e’re God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within those banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call’d Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th’ Earth
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed,
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, unadornd,
Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour’d
Op’ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish’t thick the clustring Vine, forth crept
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
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
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain’d
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e’re it was in the Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good.
So Eev’n and Morn recorded the Third Day.
Again th’ Almighty spake: Let there be Lights
High in th’ expanse of Heaven to divide
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav’n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.
And God made two great Lights, great for thir use
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,
And set them in the Firmament of Heav’n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
A mightie Spheare he fram’d, unlightsom first,
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form’d the Moon
Globose, and every magnitude of Starrs,
And sowed with Starrs the Heav’n thick as a field:
Of Light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac’d
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
Her gather’d beams, great Palace now of Light.
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
Repairing, in thir gold’n Urns draw Light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
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,
But opposite in leved 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 keepes
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,
Revolvd 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 adornoed
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
Glad Eevning and glad Morn crownd the fourth day.
And God said, let the Waters generate
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
And let Fowlie flie above the Earth, with wings
Displayd on the op’n Firmament of Heav’n.
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
And saw that it was good, and bless’d them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowlie be multiply’d on the Earth.
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
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 pasturage, and through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav’d coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Scale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretche like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos’d
Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
They summ’d thir Pens, 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 loosely wing the Region, part more wise
In common, rang’d in figure wedge thir way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea’s
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Easing thir flight; so stears the prudent Crane
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
435 Till Ev’n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
436 Ceas’d warbling, but all night tun’d her soft layes:
437 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath’d
438 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
439 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
440 Her state with Oarie feet; yet oft they quit
441 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
442 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
443 Walk’d firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
444 The silent hours, and th’ other whose gay Trainè
445 Adorns him, colour’d with the Florid hue
446 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
447 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
448 Ev’ning and Morn solemniz’d the Fift day.

449 The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
450 With Eevening Harps and Martin, when God said,
451 Let th’ Earth bring forth Foul living in her kinde,
452 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
453 Each in thir kinde. The Earth obey’d, and strait
454 Op’ning her fertil Woomb teem’d at a Birth
455 Innumerous living Creatures, perfet formes,
456 Limb’d and full grown: out of the ground up rose
457 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
458 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
459 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk’d:
460 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
461 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
462 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
463 The grassie Clods now Calv’d, now half appeer’d
464 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
465 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
466 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
467 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
468 Rising, the crumbl’d Earth above them threw
469 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
470 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
471 Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav’d
472 His vastness: Fleec’t the Flocks and bleating rose,
473 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
474 The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
475 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
476 Insect or Worme; those wav’d thir limber fans
477 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
478 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
479 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
480 These as a line thir long dimension drew,
481 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
482 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv’d
Thir Snakie foul’d, and added wings. First crept
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclos’d,
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join’d in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer’d
The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey stor’d: the rest are numberless,
And thou thir Natures know’st, & gav’st them Names,
Needlest to thee repeated; nor unknown
The Serpent suttl’st Beast of all the field,
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav’n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovly smil’d; Aire, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain’d;
There wanted yet the Master work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu’d
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanmious to correspond with Heav’n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formd thee, Adam, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath’d
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam’st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for Race; then bless’d Mankinde, and said,
531 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,
532 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
533 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
534 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
535 Wherever thus created, for no place
536 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know’st
537 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
538 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
539 Delectable both to behold and taste;
540 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
541 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th’ Earth yields,
542 Varietie without end; but of the Tree
543 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
544 Thou mai’st not; in the day thou eat’st, thou di’st;
545 Death is the penaltie impos’d, beware,
546 And govern well thy appetite, least sin
547 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
548 Here finish’d hee, and all that he had made
549 View’d, and behold all was entirely good;
550 So Ev’n and Morn accomplish’d the Sixt day:
551 Yet not till the Creator from his work
552 Desisting, though unwearied, up returnnd
553 Up to the Heav’n of Heav’ns his high abode,
554 Thence to behold this new created World
555 Th’ addition of his Empire, how it shew’d
556 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
557 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
558 Followd with acclamation and the sound
559 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun’d
560 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
561 Resounded, (thou remember’st, for thou heardst)
562 The Heav’ns and all the Constellations rung,
563 The Planets in thir station list’ning stood,
564 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
565 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
566 Open, ye Heav’ns, your living dores; let in
567 The great Creator from his work returnnd
568 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
569 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
570 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men
571 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
572 Thither will send his winged Messengers
573 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
574 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav’n,
575 That open’d wide her blazing Portals, led
576 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
577 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
578 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
579 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seventh
Eev’n ing arose in Eden, for the Sun
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav’n’s high-seated top, th’ Impereal Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv’d, and sate him down
With his great Father (for he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain’d.
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless’d and hallowd the Seav’nth day
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper’d soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee; greater now in thy return
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi’d; but to create
Is greater then created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat’st more good.
Witness this new-made World, another Heav’n
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
On the cleer Hyaline, the Glassie Sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr’s
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 circumsfus’d,
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc’t,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill’d, that ask’d
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Informd by thee might know; if else thou seekst
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

BOOK VIII.

The Angel ended, and in Adams Eare
So Charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
Then as new wak’t thus gratefully repli’d.
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf’t
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
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
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
Thir distance argues and thir swift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all thir vast survey
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
Her end without least motion, and receaves,
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her eare
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; hee, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?

With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.

And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seasons, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
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 lift to try
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
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric scribl’d o’re,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav’n such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves
The benefit: consider first, that Great
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heav’n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
His beams, unactive else, thir 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
The Makers high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg’d in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain’d for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could adde
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav’n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv’d
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav’ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov’d;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his wayes from human sense,
Plac’d Heav’n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and thir own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev’nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move?
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
Mov’d contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos’d,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her soft’nd Soile, for some to eate
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie
Communicating Male and Femal Light,
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
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav’n
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
Or Shee from West her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev’n,
And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac’t, let him dispose: joy thou
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 concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal’d
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav’n.

To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli’d.

How fully hast thou satisfi’d mee, pure

Intelligence of Heav’n, Angel serene,

And freed from intricacies, taught to live,

The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts

To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which

God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,

And not molest us, unless we our selves

Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.

But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave

Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;

Till warn’d, or by experience taught, she learne,

That not to know at large of things remote

From use, obscure and suttle, but to know

That which before us lies in daily life,

Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,

Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,

And renders us in things that most concerne

Unpractis’d, unprepar’d, and still to seek.

Therefore from this high pitch let us descend

A lower flight, and speak of things at hand

Useful, whence haply mention may arise

Of somthing not unseasonable to ask

By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign’d.

Thee I have heard relating what was don

Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate

My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;

And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest

How suttly to 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,

And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare

Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the houre

Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,

Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine

Imbu’d, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus Raphael answer’d heav’nly meek.

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,

Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee

Abundantly his gifts hath also pour’d

Inward and outward both, his image faire:

Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace

Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes,

Nor less think wee in Heav’n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
For God we see hath honour’d thee, and set
On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;
For I that Day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar’d in full Legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu’d forth a spie,
Or enemie, while God was in his work,
Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
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
Ere Sabbath Eev’n: 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
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Indu’d me. As new wak’t from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri’d, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav’n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz’d a while the ample Skie, till rais’d
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk’d, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil’d,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow’d.
My self I then perus’d, and Limb by Limb
Survey’d, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tri’d, and forthwith spake,
My Tongue obey’d and readily could name
What e’r I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
And thou enlight’nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.
While thus I call’d, and stray’d I knew not whither,
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
This happie Light, when answer none return’d,
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seis’d
My droused sense, untroubl’d, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
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 liv’d: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain’d
First Father, call’d by thee I come thy Guide
to the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar’d.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais’d,
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos’d, with goodliest Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree
Load’n with fairest Fruit that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr’d in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak’d, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer’d
Presence Divine. Rejoycing but with aw
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear’d me, and Whom thou soughtst I am,
Said mildly, 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:
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat’st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt loose, expell’d from hence into a World
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc’d
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect
Return’d and gracious purpose thus renew’d.
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After thir kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.

As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowring low
With blandishment, each Bird stoop’d on his wing.
I nam’d them, as they pass’d, and understood
Thir Nature, with such knowledge God endu’d
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still;
And to the Heav’nly vision thus presum’d.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more bright’nd, thus repli’d.
What call’st thou solitude, is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Aire
Replenisht, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee, know’st thou not
Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem’d
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor’d,
And humble depreciation thus repli’d.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav’nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?

Among unequals what societie
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv’n and receiv’d; but in disparitie
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin’d;
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.
Whereto th’ Almighty answer’d, not displeas’d.
A nice and suttle happiness I see
Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice
Of thy Associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to me 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
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas’d, I lowly answer’d. To attaine
The hight and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
415 Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee
416 Is no deficience found; not so is Man,
417 But in degree, the cause of his desire
418 By conversation with his like to help,
419 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
420 Shouldst propagat, already infinite;
421 And through all numbers absolute, though One;
422 But Man by number is to manifest
423 His single imperfection, and beget
424 Like of his like, his Image multipli’d,
425 In unitie defective, which requires
426 Collateral love, and dearest amitie.
427 Thou in thy secresie although alone,
428 Best with thy self accompanied, seek’st not
429 Social communication, yet so pleas’d,
430 Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
431 Of Union or Communion, deifi’d;
432 I by conversing cannot these erect
433 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
434 Thus I embold’nd spake, and freedom us’d
435 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain’d
436 This answer from the gratious voice Divine.

437 Thus farr to try thee, Adam, I was pleas’d,
438 And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
439 Which thou hast rightly nam’d, but of thy self,
440 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
441 My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
442 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
443 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
444 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak’st,
445 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
446 And no such companie as then thou saw’st
447 Intended thee for trial onely brought,
448 To see how thou could’st judge of fit and meet:
449 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur’d
450 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
451 Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire.

452 Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
453 My earthly by his Heav’nly overpowerd,
454 Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
455 In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
456 As with an object that excels the sense,
457 Dazl’d and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
458 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call’d
459 By Nature as in aide, and clos’d mine eyes.
460 Mine eyes he clos’d, but op’n left the Cell
461 Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping op’nd my left side, and took
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill’d up and heal’d:
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different Sex, so lovy faire,
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inspir’d
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
Shee disappeard, and left me dark, I wak’d
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: On she came,
Led by her Heav’nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav’n in her Eye,
In every gesture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill’d
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo’d, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir’d,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn’d;
I follow’d her, she what was Honour knew,
509  And with obsequious Majestie approv’d
510  My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
511  I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav’n,
512  And happie Constellations on that houre
513  Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
514  Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
515  Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires
516  Whisper’d it to the Woods, and from thir wings
517  Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
518  Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
519  Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Starr
520  On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.
521  Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
522  My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
523  Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
524  In all things else delight indeed, but such
525  As us’d or not, works in the mind no change,
526  Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
527  I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flours,
528  Walks, and the melodic of Birds; but here
529  Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
530  Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
531  Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
532  Superiour and unmov’d, here onely weake
533  Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
534  Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
535  Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
536  Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
537  More then enough; at least on her bestow’d
538  Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
539  Elaborate, of inward less exact.
540  For well I understand in the prime end
541  Of Nature her th’ inferiour, in the mind
542  And inward Faculties, which most excell,
543  In outward also her resembling less
544  His Image who made both, and less expressing
545  The character of that Dominion giv’n
546  O’re other Creatures; yet when I approach
547  Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
548  And in her self compleat, so well to know
549  Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
550  Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;
551  All higher knowledge in her presence falls
552  Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her
553  Loses discount’nance, and like folly shewes;
554  Authority and Reason on her waite,
555  As one intended first, not after made
556  Occasionally; and to consummate all,
557  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.

Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav’st.
For what admir’st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;
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:
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
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf’t
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,
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 feat
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav’nly Love thou maist ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash’t Adam repli’d.
Neither her out-side 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,
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;
605 Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
606 More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.
607 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
608 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil’d,
609 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
610 Variously representing; yet still free
611 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
612 To love thou blam’st me not, for love thou saist
613 Leads up to Heav’n, is both the way and guide;
614 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
615 Love not the heav’nly Spirits, and how thir Love
616 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
617 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

618 To whom the Angel with a smile that glow’d
619 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
620 Answer’d. Let it suffice thee that thou know’st
621 Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
622 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy’st
623 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
624 In eminence, and obstacle find none
625 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:
626 Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
627 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
628 Desiring; nor restrain’d conveyance need
629 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
630 But I can now no more; the parting Sun
631 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
632 Hesperean sets, my Signal to depart.
633 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all
634 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
635 His great command; take heed least Passion sway
636 Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will
637 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
638 The weal or woe in thee is plac’t; beware.
639 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
640 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
641 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
642 Perfet within, no outward aid require;
643 And all temptation to transgress repel.

644 So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
645 Follow’d with benediction. Since to part,
646 Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
647 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
648 Gentle to me and affable hath been
649 Thy condescension, and shall be honour’d ever
650 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind
651 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
652 So parted they, the Angel up to Heav’n
653 From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

BOOK IX.

1 No more of talk where God or Angel Guest
2 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us’d
3 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
4 Rural repast, permitting him the while
5 Venial discourse unblam’d: I now must change
6 Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
7 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
8 And disobedience: On the part of Heav’n
9 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
10 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv’n,
11 That brought into this World a world of woe,
12 Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
13 Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
14 Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
15 Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu’d
16 Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage
17 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous’d,
18 Or Neptun ‘s ire or Juno ‘s, that so long
19 Perplex’d the Greek and Cytherea ‘s Son;
20 If answerable style I can obtaine
21 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
22 Her nightly visitation unimplor’d,
23 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
24 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
25 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
26 Pleas’d me long choosing, and beginning late;
27 Not sedulous by Nature to indite
28 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
29 Heroic deem’d, chief maistrie to dissect
30 With long and tedious havoc fabl’d Knights
31 In Battels feign’d; the better fortitude
32 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
33 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
34 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon’d Shields,
35 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
36 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights
37 At Joust and Tormeament; then marshal’d Feast
38 Serv’d up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
39 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
40 Not that which justly gives Heroic name
41 To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
42 Nor skilId nor studious, higher Argument
43 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
44 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv’d
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return’d.
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return’d
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri’d
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv’n,
The space of seven continu’d Nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl’d, four times cross’d the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
On the eighth return’d, and on the Coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv’d in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;
Downward as farr Antarctic; and in length
West from Orontes to the Ocean barr’d
At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam’d
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider’d every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent suttlest 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
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native suttletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ’d
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow’r
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv’d, but first from inward griefe
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
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav’n, danc’t round by other Heav’ns
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentrating 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
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ’d up in Man.
With what delight could I have walkt thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, 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
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 Supræme;
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,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In wo then; that destruction wide may range:
To mee shall be the glorie sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr’d
What he Almighty 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
From servitude inglorious welnigh half
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng’d,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair’d,
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
More Angels to Create, if they at least,
Are his Created, or to spite us more,
Determin’d to advance into our room
A Creature form’d of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
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 pronounce’d, and, O indigntie!
Subjected to his service Angel wings,
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
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie fouls
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aspir’d;
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim’d,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav’n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais’d
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
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 suttle wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
189 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir’d
190 With act intelligential; but his sleep
191 Disturb’d not, waiting close th’ approach of Morn.

192 Now when as sacred Light began to dawne
193 In Eden on the humid Flours, that breath’d
194 Thir morning incense, when all things that breath,
195 From th’ Earths great Altar send up silent praise
196 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
197 With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair
198 And joint thir vocal Worship to the Quire
199 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
200 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:
201 Then commune how that day they best may ply
202 Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
203 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
204 And Eve first to her Husband thus began.

205 Adam, well may we labour still to dress
206 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,
207 Our pleasant task enjoyn’d, but till more hands
208 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
209 Luxurious by restraint, what we by day
210 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
211 One night or two with wanton growth derides
212 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
213 Or bear what to my minde first thoughts present,
214 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
215 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
216 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
217 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
218 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
219 With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
220 For while so near each other thus all day
221 Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near
222 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
223 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
224 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
225 Early, and th’ hour of Supper comes unearn’d.

226 To whom mild answer Adam thus return’d.
227 Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond
228 Compare above all living Creatures deare,
229 Well hast thou motion’d, well thy thoughts imployd
230 How we might best fulfill the work which here
231 God hath assign’d us, nor of me shalt pass
232 Unprais’d: for nothing lovelier can be found
233 In Woman, then to studie houshold good,
234 And good works in her Husband to promote.
235 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos’d
236 Labour as to debarr us when we need
237 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
238 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
239 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
240 To brute deni’d, and are of Love the food,
241 Love not the lowest end of human life.
242 For not to irksom toile, but to delight
243 He made us, and delight to Reason joyn’d.
244 These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joyn’t hands
245 Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide
246 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
247 Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
248 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.
249 For solitude somtimes is best societie,
250 And short retirement urge sweet returne.
251 But other doubt possesses me, least harm
252 Befall thee sever’d from me; for thou knowst
253 What hath bin warn’d us, what malicious Foe
254 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
255 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
256 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
257 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
258 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
259 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
260 To other speedie aide might lend at need;
261 Whether his first design be to withdraw
262 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
263 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
264 Enjoy’d by us excites his envie more;
265 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
266 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
267 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
268 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
269 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

270 To whom the Virgin Majestie of Eve,
271 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
272 With sweet austeer composure thus reply’d,
273 Ofspring of Heav’n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
274 That such an Enemie we have, who seeks
275 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
276 And from the parting Angel over-heard
277 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
278 Just then return’d at shut of Evening Flours.
279 But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt
280 To God or thee, because we have a foe
281 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
282 His violence thou feartest not, being such,
283 As wee, not capable of death or paine,
284 Can either not receave, or can repell.
285 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
286 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
287 Can by his fraud be shak’n or seduc’t;
288 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest
289 Adam, missthought of her to thee so dear?

290 To whom with healing words Adam replyd.
291 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
292 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
293 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
294 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
295 Th’ attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
296 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
297 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos’d
298 Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof’
299 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
300 And anger wouldst resent the offer’d wrong,
301 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
302 If such affront I labour to avert
303 From thee alone, which on us both at once
304 The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
305 Or daring, first on mee th’ assault shall light.
306 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
307 Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
308 Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.
309 I from the influence of thy looks receave
310 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
311 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
312 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
313 Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
314 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais’d unite.
315 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
316 When I am present, and thy trial choose
317 With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri’d.

318 So spake domestick Adam in his care
319 And Matrimonial Love; but Eve, who thought
320 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,
321 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

322 If this be our condition, thus to dwell
323 In narrow circuit strait’nd by a Foe,
324 Suttle or violent, we not endu’d
325 Single with like defence, wherever met,
326 How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
327 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
328 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feared
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
Alone, without exterior help sustaund?
Let us not then suspect our happie State
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin’d,
Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,
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 imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happie State secure,
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harme.
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Least by some faire appeering good surpris’d
She dictate false, and missinforme the Will
To do what God expressly 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
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warm’d.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and most likely if from mee
Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
First thy obedience; th’ other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou thinke, trial unsought may finde
Us both secure then thus warnd thou seemst,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
376 So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve
377 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli’d.

378 With thy permission then, and thus forewarn’d
379 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
380 Touch’d onely, that our trial, when least sought,
381 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar’d,
382 The willinger I goe, nor much expect
383 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
384 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
385 Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
386 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
387 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia’s Traine,
388 Betook her to the Groves, but Delia’s self
389 In gate surpass’d and Goddess-like deport,
390 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,
391 But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
392 Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
393 To Pales, or Pomona thus adornd,
394 Likeliest she seem’d, Pomona when she fled
395 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,
396 Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
397 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu’d
398 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
399 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
400 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag’d
401 To be return’d by Noon amid the Bowre,
402 And all things in best order to invite
403 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
404 O much deceav’d, much failing, hapless Eve,
405 Of thy presum’d return! event perverse!
406 Thou never from that houre in Paradise
407 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;
408 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
409 Waited with hellish rancour imminent
410 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
411 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
412 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
413 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
414 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
415 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
416 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
417 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
418 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
419 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
420 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet
421 He sought them both, but wish’d his hap might find
422 Eve separate, he wish’d, but not with hope
423 Of what so seldom chanc’d, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
Half spi’d, so thick the Roses bushing round
About her glowd, oft stooping to support
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,
Hung drooping unsustain’d, them she upstaies
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers’d
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov’n Arborets and Flours
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign’d
Or of reviv’d Adonis, or renown’d
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his faire Egyptian Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir’d, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus carlie, thus alone; her Heav’nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of gesture or lest action overawd
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav’d
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm’d,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav’n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain’d: then soon
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
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
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas’d, and paine
Infeebl’d me, to what I was in Heav’n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign’d,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos’d
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve
Address’d his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour’d
Foul’d above fould a surging Maze, his Head
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang’d
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the hight of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feard
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us’d
To such disport before her through the Field,
521 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
522 Then at Circean call the Herd disguis’d.
523 Hee boulder now, uncall’d before her stood;
524 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
525 His turrett Crest, and sleek enamel’d Neck,
526 Fawning, and lick’d the ground whereon she trod.
527 His gentle dumb expression turnd at length
528 The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
529 Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
530 Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
531 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

532 Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
533 Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
534 Thy looks, the Heav’n of mildness, with disdain,
535 Displeas’d that I approach thee thus, and gaze
536 Infatiate, I thus single, nor have feard
537 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir’d.
538 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
539 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
540 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore
541 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
542 Where universally admir’d; but here
543 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
544 Beholders rude, and shallow to discerne
545 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
546 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
547 A Goddess among Gods, ador’d and serv’d
548 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

549 So gloz’d the Tempter, and his Proem tun’d;
550 Into the Heart of Eve his words made way,
551 Though at the voice much marveling; at length
552 Not unamaz’d she thus in answer spake.
553 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc’t
554 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
555 The first at lest of these I thought deni’d
556 To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
557 Created mute to all articulat sound;
558 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
559 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.
560 Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field
561 I knew, but not with human voice endu’d;
562 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
563 How cam’st thou speakable of mute, and how
564 To me so friendly grown above the rest
565 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
566 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:
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 roaming the field, I chanc’d
A goodly Tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savorie odour blow’n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas’d my sense
Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
To satisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv’d
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful perswaders, quick’nd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg’d me so keene.
About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
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
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
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain’d.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Considerd all things visible in Heav’n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav’nly Ray
United I beheld; no Fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compel’d
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
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.
615 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
616 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov’d:
617 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
618 For many are the Trees of God that grow
619 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
620 To us, in such aboundance lies our choice,
621 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
622 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
623 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
624 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

625 To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
626 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
627 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
628 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
629 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
630 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

631 Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld
632 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
633 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
634 Bright’ns his Crest, as when a wandering Fire,
635 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
636 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
637 Kindl’d through agitation to a Flame,
638 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends
639 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
640 Misleads th’ amaz’d Night-wanderer from his way
641 To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,
642 There swallow’d up and lost, from succour farr.
643 So glister’d the dire Snake, and into fraud
644 Led Eve our credulous Mother, to the Tree
645 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
646 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

647 Serpent, we might have spar’d our coming hither,
648 Fruitless to mee, though Fruit be here to excess,
649 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
650 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
651 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
652 God so commanded, and left that Command
653 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
654 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

655 To whom the Tempter guilefully repli’d.
656 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
657 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
658 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,
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov’d,
Fluctuats disturb’d, yet comely and in act
Rais’d, as of som great matter to begin.
As when of old som Orator renound
In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence
Flourish’d, since mute, to som great cause addrest,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So standing, moving, or to hight upgrown
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
Within me cleere, not onely to discerne
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
Mee who have touch’d and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
 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,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
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
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Op’nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
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.
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,
Warm’d by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos’d
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th’ offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In heav’ny brest? these, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz’d, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn’d
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;
Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak’d
An eager appetite, rais’d by the smell
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus’d.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits.
Though kept from Man, 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,
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
753 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
754 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
755 By thee communicated, and our want:
756 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
757 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
758 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
759 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
760 Such prohibitions binde not, But if Death
761 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
762 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
763 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
764 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat’n and lives,
765 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
766 Irrational till then. For us alone
767 Was death invented? or to us deni’d
768 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv’d?
769 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
770 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
771 The good befall’n him, Author unsuspect,
772 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
773 What fear I then, rather what know to feare
774 Under this ignorance of good and Evil,
775 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
776 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
777 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
778 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
779 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

780 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
781 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck’d, she eat:
782 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
783 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
784 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
785 The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve
786 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
787 Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
788 In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
789 Or fansied so, through expectation high
790 Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.
791 Greedily she ingorg’d without restraint,
792 And knew not eating Death: Satiate at length,
793 And hight’nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
794 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

795 O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
796 In Paradise, of operation blest
797 To Sapience, hitherto obscur’d, infam’d,
798 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
799 Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer’d free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op’nst Wisdoms way,
And giv’st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret; Heav’n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I 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
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, somtime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm’d then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus’d
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv’d
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis’d to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay’d;
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Misgave him; hee the falttring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
848 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
849 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
850 Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand
851 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil’d,
852 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus’d.
853 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
854 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
855 Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.

856 Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?
857 Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv’d
858 Thy presence, agonie of love till now
859 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
860 Mean I to trie, what rash untri’d I sought,
861 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
862 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:
863 This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
864 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
865 Op’ning the way, but of Divine effect
866 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
867 And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,
868 Or not restraind as wee, or not obeying,
869 Hath eat’n of the fruit, and is become,
870 Not dead, as we are threatn’d, but thenceforth
871 Endu’d with human voice and human sense,
872 Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
873 Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I
874 Have also tasted, and have also found
875 Th’ effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,
876 Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
877 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
878 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
879 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
880 Tedious, unshar’d with thee, and odious soon.
881 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
882 May joyn we, equal Joy, as equal Love;
883 Least thou not tasting, different degree
884 Disjoyn we, and I then too late renounce
885 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

886 Thus Eve with Countnance blithe her storie told;
887 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
888 On th’ other side, Adam, soon as he heard
889 The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz’d,
890 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill
891 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax’d;
892 From his slack hand the Garland wreath’d for Eve
893 Down drop’d, and all the faded Roses shed:
894 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell’d
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac’t, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidn’! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil’d thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn’d,
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
Submitting to what seemd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turnd.

Bold deed thou hast presum’d, adventrous 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.
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
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
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,
941 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
942 For us created, needs with us must faile,
943 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
944 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
945 Not well conceav’d of God, who though his Power
946 Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
947 Us to abolish, least the Adversary
948 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
949 Most Favors, who can please him long; Mee first
950 He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?
951 Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,
952 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
953 Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
954 Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
955 So forcible within my heart I feel
956 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
957 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
958 Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
959 One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

960 So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli’d.
961 O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
962 Illustrious evidence, example high!
963 Ingaging me to emulate, but short
964 Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,
965 Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,
966 And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,
967 One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
968 This day affords, declaring thee resolvd,
969 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
970 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,
971 To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
972 If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
973 Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,
974 Direct, or by occasion hath presented
975 This happie trial of thy Love, which else
976 So eminently never had bin known
977 Were it I thought Death menac’t would ensue
978 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
979 The worst, and not perswade thee rather die
980 Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact
981 Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur’d
982 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
983 So faithful Love unequald; but I feel
984 Farr otherwise th’ event, not Death, but Life
985 Augmented, op’nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
986 Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before
987 Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
988 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac’d him, and for joy
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 recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupl’d not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceav’d,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.

Earth trembl’d from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr’d and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear’d, the more to soothe
Him with her lov’d societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
Divinitie, within them breeding wings
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:
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 me apply,
And Palate call judicious; I the praise
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey’d.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain’d
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish’d,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh’t, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beautie since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn’d
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
1035 Of amorous intent, well understood
1036 Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
1037 Her hand he seis’d, and to a shadie bank,
1038 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow’d
1039 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
1040 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
1041 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
1042 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
1043 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
1044 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
1045 Oppress’d them, wearied with thir amorous play.
1046 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
1047 That with exhilerating vapour bland
1048 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
1049 Made erre, was now exhal’d, and grosser sleep
1050 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
1051 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
1052 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
1053 Soon found thir Eyes how op’nd, and thir minds
1054 How dark’nd; innocence, that as a veile
1055 Had shadow’d them from knowing ill, was gon,
1056 Just confidence, and native righteousness
1057 And honour from about them, naked left
1058 To guiltie shame hee cover’d, but his Robe
1059 Uncover’d more, so rose the Danite strong
1060 Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap
1061 Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak’d
1062 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
1063 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
1064 Confounded long they sate, as struck’n mute,
1065 Till Adam, though not less then Eve abash’t.
1066 At length gave utterance to these words constrain’d.
1067 O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give eare
1068 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
1069 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
1070 False in our promis’d Rising; since our Eyes
1071 Op’nd we find indeed, and find we know
1072 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
1073 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
1074 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
1075 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
1076 Our wonted Ornaments now soild and stain’d,
1077 And in our Faces evident the signes
1078 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
1079 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
1080 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
1081 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
1082 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav’nly shapes
1083 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
1084 Insufferably bright. O might I here
1085 In solitude live savage, in some glade
1086 Obscur’d, where highest Woods impenetrable
1087 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad
1088 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
1089 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
1090 Hide me, where I may never see them more.
1091 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
1092 What best may from the present serve to hide
1093 The Parts of each for other, that seem most
1094 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
1095 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,
1096 And girded on our loyns, may cover round
1097 Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
1098 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean,

1099 So counsel’d hee, and both together went
1100 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
1101 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown’d,
1102 But such as at this day to Indians known
1103 In Malabar or Decan spreds her Armes
1104 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
1105 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
1106 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
1107 High overarch’t, and echoing Walks between;
1108 There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate
1109 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
1110 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves
1111 They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,
1112 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
1113 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
1114 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
1115 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
1116 Columbus found th’ American so girt
1117 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
1118 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
1119 Thus fenc’t, and as they thought, thir shame in part
1120 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,
1121 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
1122 Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
1123 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
1124 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord and shook sore
1125 Thir inward State of Mind, calm Region once
1126 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
1127 For Understanding rul’d not, and the Will
1128 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
1129 To sensual Appetite, who from beneathe
1130 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd
1131 Superior sway: from thus distempered breast,
1132 Adam, estranged in look and altered stile,
1133 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed.

1134 Would thou hadst hearkned to my words, and staid
1135 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
1136 Desire of wandering this unhappy Morn,
1137 I know not whence possessed thee; we had then
1138 Remaind still happy, not as now, despised
1139 Of all our good, sham’d, naked, miserable.
1140 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
1141 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
1142 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

1143 To whom soon mov’d with touch of blame thus Eve.
1144 What words have pass’d thy Lips, Adam severe,
1145 Imput’st thou that to my default, or will
1146 Of wandering, as thou call’dst it, which who knows
1147 But might as ill have happen’d thou being by,
1148 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
1149 Or here th’ attempt, thou couldst not have discern’d
1150 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;
1151 No ground of enmity between us known,
1152 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
1153 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
1154 As good have grown there still a lifeless Rib.
1155 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
1156 Command me absolutely not to go,
1157 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
1158 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
1159 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
1160 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,
1161 Neither had I transgress’d, nor thou with mee.

1162 To whom then first incenst Adam repli’d,
1163 Is this the Love, is this the recompence
1164 Of mine to thee, ingratitudeful Eve, express’d
1165 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
1166 Who might have liv’d and joy’d immortal bliss,
1167 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
1168 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
1169 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
1170 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
1171 I warn’d thee, I admonish’d thee, foretold
1172 The danger, and the lurking Enemie
1173 That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,
1174 And force upon free will hath here no place.
1175 But confidence then bore thee on, secure
1176 Either to meet no danger, or to finde
1177 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
1178 I also err’d in overmuch admiring
1179 What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought
1180 No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
1181 That error now, which is become my crime,
1182 And thou th’ accuser. Thus it shall befall
1183 Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
1184 Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
1185 And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
1186 Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

1187 Thus they in mutual accusation spent
1188 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
1189 And of thir vain contest appeer’d no end.

BOOK X.

1 Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
2 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
3 Hee in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,
4 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
5 Was known in Heav’n; for what can scape the Eye
6 Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart
7 Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
8 Hinder’d not Satan to attempt the minde
9 Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm’d,
10 Complete to have discover’d and repulst
11 Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
12 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember’d
13 The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,
14 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
15 Incurr’d, what could they less, the penaltie,
16 And manifold in sin, deserv’d to fall.
17 Up into Heav’n from Paradise in haste
18 Th’ Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
19 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
20 Much wondering how the suttle Fiend had stoln
21 Entrance unseen. Soon as th’ unwelcome news
22 From Earth arriv’d at Heaven Gate, displeas’d
23 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
24 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
25 With pitie, violated not thir bliss.
26 About the new-arriv’d, in multitudes
27 Th’ ethereal People ran, to hear and know
28 How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
29 Accountable made haste to make appear
30 With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,
31 And easily approv’d; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
Amidst in Thunder utter’d thus his voice.

Assembl’d Angels, and ye Powers return’d
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,
Nor troubl’d at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross’d the Gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc’t
And flatter’d out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurred to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
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’d that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void,
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 bounty scorn’d.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transfer’d
All Judgement whether in Heav’n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it might be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with Justice, sending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design’d
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And destin’d Man himself to judge Man fall’n.

So spake the Father, and unfouling bright
Toward the right hand his Glory, on the Son
Blaz’d forth unclouded Deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express’d, and thus divinely answer’d mild.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav’n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in mee thy Son belov’d
Mayst ever rest well pleas’d. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowest,
Whoever judg’d, the worst on mee must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
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
Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg’d,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn’d,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
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
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 Eveving coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin’d, they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
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 entertaind with solitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear’d unsought:
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;
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 faulttring long, thus answer’d brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli’d.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear’d,
But still rejoyc’t, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
123 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

124 To whom thus Adam sore beset repli’d.
125 O Heav’n! in evil strait this day I stand
126 Before my Judge, either to undergoe
127 My self the total Crime, or to accuse
128 My other self, the partner of my life;
129 Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
130 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
131 By my complaint; but strict necessitie
132 Subdues me; and calamitous constraint
133 Least on my head both sin and punishment,
134 However insupportable, be all
135 Devolv’d; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
136 Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
137 This Woman whom thou mad’st to be my help,
138 And gav’st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
139 So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
140 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
141 And what she did, whatever in it self,
142 Her doing seem’d to justifie the deed;
143 Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

144 To whom the sovran Presence thus repli’d.
145 Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
146 Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
147 Superior, or but equal, that to her
148 Thou did’st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
149 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
150 And for thee, whose perfection farr excell’d
151 Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn’d
152 Shee was indeed, and lovely to attract
153 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
154 Were such as under Government well seem’d,
155 Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
156 And person, had’st thou known thy self aright.

157 So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
158 Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

159 To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm’d,
160 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
161 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli’d.

162 The Serpent me beguil’d and I did eate.
163 Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
164 To Judgement he proceeded on th’ accus’d
165 Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
166 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)
Nor alter’d his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply’d,
Though in mysterious terms, judg’d as then best:
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
Above all 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;
Her Seed shall bruse thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi’d
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav’n,
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open shew, and with ascention bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire,
The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn’d.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc’d.
Because thou hast heark’nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg’d thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,
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,
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
Remov’d far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, 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
As Father of his Famillie 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 he thir outward onely with the Skins
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 return’d,
Into his blissful bosom reassum’d
In glory as of old, to him appeas’d
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sin’d and judg’d on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass’d through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return’d, with fury driv’n
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 draws me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kinde
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along:
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
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
259 Of merit high to all th’ infernal Host,
260 Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
261 Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
262 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
263 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

264 Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.
265 Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
266 Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
267 The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
268 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
269 The savour of Death from all things there that live:
270 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
271 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid;

272 So saying, with delight he snuff’d the smell
273 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
274 Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
275 Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
276 Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur’d
277 With sent of living Carcasses design’d
278 For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
279 So sented the grim Feature, and upturn’d
280 His Nostril-wide into the murkie Air,
281 Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr.

282 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
283 Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
284 Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)
285 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
286 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
287 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
288 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
289 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
290 Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive
291 Mountains of Ice, that stop th’ imagin’d way
292 Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich
293 Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
294 Death with his Mace petrifie, cold and dry,
295 As with a Trident smote, and fix’t as firm
296 As Delos floating once; the rest his look
297 Bound with Gorgonian tigor not to move,
298 And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the Gate,
299 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather’d beach
300 They fasten’d, and the Mole immense wraught on
301 Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
302 Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
303 Immovable of this now senseless world
304 Forfeit to Death, from hence a passage broad,
305 Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
306  So, if great things to small may be compar’d,
307  Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke,
308  From Susa his Momnonian Palace high
309  Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont
310  Bridging his way Europe with Asia joyn’d,
311  And scourg’d with many a stroak th’ indignant waves.
312  Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
313  Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
314  Over the vext Abyss, following the track
315  Of Satan, to the self same place where hee
316  First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
317  From out of Chaos to the out side bare
318  Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
319  And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
320  And durable; and now in little space
321  The confines met of Empyrean Heav’n
322  And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
323  With long reach interpos’d; three sev’ral wayes
324  In sight, to each of these three places led.
325  And now thir way to Earth they had descri’d,
326  To Paradise first tending, when behold
327  Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
328  Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion stearing
329  His Zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:
330  Disguis’d he came, but those his Children dear
331  Thir Parent soon discern’d, though in disguise.
332  Hee after Eve seduc’t, unminded slunk
333  Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
334  To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
335  By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
336  Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
337  Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
338  The Son of God to judge them terrifi’d
339  Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
340  The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth
341  Might suddenly inflict; that past, return’d
t342  By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire
343  Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
344  Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
345  Not instant, but of future time. With joy
346  And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return’d,
347  And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot
348  Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop’t
349  Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
350  Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight
351  Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas’d.
352  Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
353  Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.
354 O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
355 Thy Trophies, which thou view’st as not thine own,
356 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:
357 For I no sooner in my Heart divin’d,
358 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
359 Still moves with thine, join’d in connexion sweet,
360 That thou on Earth hadst prosper’d, which thy looks
361 Now also evidence, but straight I felt
362 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
363 That I must after thee with this thy Son;
364 Such fatal consequence unites us three:
365 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
366 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
367 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
368 Thou hast atchiev’d our libertie, confin’d
369 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow’rd
370 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay
371 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.
372 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
373 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain’d
374 With odds what Warr hath lost, and sully aveng’d
375 Our foile in Heav’n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
376 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
377 As Battel hath adjudg’d, from this new World
378 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
379 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
380 Of all things parted by th’ Empyreal bounds,
381 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
382 Or trie thee now more dang’rous to his Throne.

383 Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
384 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
385 High proof ye now have giv’n to be the Race
386 Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,
387 Antagonist of Heav’ns Almightie King)
388 Amply have merited of me, of all
389 Th’ infernal Empire, that so neer Heav’n’s dore
390 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
391 Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm
392 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
393 Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
394 Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
395 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
396 With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
397 You two this way, among these numerous Orbs
398 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
399 There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
400 Dominion exercise and in the Aire,
401 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 joynct vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos’d by my exploit.
If your joynct power prevails, th’ affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss’d them, they with speed
Thir course through thickest Constellations held
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
Then sufferd. Th’ other way Satan went down
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
That scorn’d his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass’d,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World: the rest were all
Farr to the inland retir’d, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, Citie and proud seate
Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld,
Of that bright Starr to Satan paragond.
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
Departing gave command, and they observ’d.
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 retreate
To Tauris or Casbeen. So these the late
Heav’n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduc’t in careful Watch
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew Plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible
Ascended his high Throne, which under state
Of richest texture spred, at th’ upper end
Was plac’t in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And shape Starr bright appeer’d, or brighter, clad
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 return’d: loud was th’ acclaime:
Forth rush’d in haste the great consulting Peers,
Rais’d from thir Dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach’d him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
For in possession such, not onely of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess.
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev’d. Long were to tell
What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine
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
Th’ untractable Abyss, 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 supreame; thence how I found
The new created World, which fame in Heav’n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac’t in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc’d
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath griv’n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul’d.
True is, mee also he hath judg’d, or rather
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav’d: that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankinde; 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,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th’ account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Thir universal shout and high applause
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul’d him, punisht in the shape he sin’d,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform’d
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbaena dire,
Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drea,
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm’d once the Soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle
Ophiusa ) but still greatest hee the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem’d
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow’d issuing forth to th’ open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
Heav’n-fall’n, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,
They felt themselves 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,
546 Turn’d to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
547 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
548 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
549 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
550 Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that
551 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
552 Us’d by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
553 Thir earnest eyes they fix’d, imagining
554 For one forbidden Tree a multitude
555 Now ris’n, to work them furder woe or shame;
556 Yet parch’t with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
557 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
558 But on thy rould in heaps, and up the Trees
559 Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks
560 That curl’d Megara: greedily they pluck’d
d561 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
562 Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam’d;
563 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
564 Deceav’d; they fondly thinking to allay
565 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
566 Chew’d bitter Ashes, which th’ offended taste
567 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
568 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
569 With hatefullest disrelish writh’d thir jaws
570 With soot and cinders fill’d; so oft they fell
571 Into the same illusion, not as Man
572 Whom they triumph’d once lapst. Thus were they plagu’d
573 And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
574 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum’d,
575 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
576 This annual humbling certain number’d days,
577 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc’t.
578 However some tradition they dispers’d
579 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
580 And Fabl’d how the Serpent, whom they calld
581 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
582 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
583 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv’n
584 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
585 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
586 Too soon arriv’d, Sin there in power before,
587 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
588 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
589 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
590 On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began.
591 Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
592 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd
593 With travail difficult, not better farr
Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate watch,
Unnam’d, undreaded, and thy self half starv’d?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
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
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,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th’ Almighty seeing,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.
See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute
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’ny, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random 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
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
Through Chaos hurl’d, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
Then Heav’n and Earth renewd shall be made pure
To sanctifie that shall receive no staine:
Till then the Curse pronounc’t on both precedes.

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,
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,
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solstitial summers heat, To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib’d, to th’ other five
Thir planetarie motions and aspects
In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to shouwre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push’d
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th’ Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Seav’n
Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil’d on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in thir sight
Had rounded still th’ Horizon, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
From cold Estotiland, and South as farr
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn’d
His course intended; else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
These changes in the Heav’ns, though slow, produc’d
Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds
From Serraliona: thrift of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes
Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and Libecchio, Thus began
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th’ irrational,
Death introduc’d through fierce antipathie:
Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle,
And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe
Glar’d on him passing: these were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,
And in a troubl’d Sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburd’n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
The miserie, I deserv’d it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encrease and multiply,
Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne, and render back
All I receav’d, unable to performe
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refusd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos’d:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
Prove disobedient, and reprovd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length’nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir’d, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in some other dismal place who knows
But I shall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn’d; what dies but what had life
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt since humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom’d. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as Argument
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
For angers sake, finite to infinite
In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
Satisfi’d never; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
By which all Causes else according still
To the reception of thir matter act,
Not to th’ extent of thir own Spheare. But say
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos’d,
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuatie; Ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defensless head; both Death and I
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part single, in mee all
Posteritie stands curst. Fair Patrimonie
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
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 me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav’d,
Not to do onely, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
Fore’t I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still
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;
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear
Then all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir’st
And what thou fearest, alike destroyes all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable

Beyond all past example and future,
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
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
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs’d his Creation, Death as oft accus’d
Of tardie execution, since denounc’t
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To erd 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,
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:
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
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; least that too heav’nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain’d
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
880 Fool’d and beguil’d, by him thou, I by thee,
881 To trust thee from my side, imagin’d wise,
882 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
883 And understood not all was but a shew
884 Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
885 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
886 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
887 Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
888 To my just number found. O why did God,
889 Creator wise, that peopl’d highest Heav’n
890 With Spirits Masculine, create at last
891 This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
892 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
893 With Men as Angels without Feminine,
894 Or find some other way to generate
895 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall’n,
896 And more that shall befall, innumerable
897 Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
898 And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
899 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
900 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
901 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
902 Because she perversness, but shall see her gaind
903 By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
904 By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
905 Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
906 To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
907 Which infinite calamitie shall cause
908 To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.

909 He added not, and from her turn’d, but Eve
910 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas’d not flowing,
911 And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
912 Fell humble, and imbracing them, besought
913 His peace, and thus proceed in her plaint.

914 Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav’n
915 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
916 I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
917 Unhappilie deceav’d; thy suppliant
918 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
919 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
920 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
921 My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
922 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
923 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
924 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
925 As joyn’d in injuries, one enmitie
926 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 alreadie lost, mee then thy self
More miserable; both have sin’d, but thou
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,
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain’d from fault
Acknowleg’d and deplor’d, in Adam wraught
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas’d, his aide;
As one disarm’d, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais’d her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir’st
The punishment all on thy self; alas,
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
And my displeasure bearst so ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv’n,
To me committed and by me expos’d.

But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam’d enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of Love, how we may light’n
Each others burden in our share of woe;
Since this days Death denounc’t, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow pac’t evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv’d.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli’d.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restor’d by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris’n,
Tending to 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
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this cursed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
So Death shall be deceav’d his glut, and with us two
Be forc’d to satisfie his Rav’rous 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,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be meserie
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,
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,
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,
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;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov’d.
1020 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
1021 Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
1022 The penaltie pronounc‘t, doubt not but God  
1023 Hath wiselier arm’d his vengeful ire then so  
1024 To be forestall’d; much more I fear least Death  
1025 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
1026 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
1027 Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
1028 To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
1029 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
1030 I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
1031 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
1032 The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
1033 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
1034 Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv’d  
1035 Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
1036 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
1037 By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
1038 Resolv’d, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
1039 Shall scape his punishment ordain’d, and wee  
1040 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
1041 No more be mention’d then of violence  
1042 Against our selves, and willful barrenness,  
1043 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
1044 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
1045 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
1046 Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
1047 And gracious temper he both heard and judg’d  
1048 Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
1049 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
1050 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee  
1051 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
1052 And bringing forth, soon recompenc’t with joy,  
1053 Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
1054 Glanc’d on the ground, with labour I must earne  
1055 My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
1056 My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
1057 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
1058 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands  
1059 Cloath’d us unworthie, pitying while he judg’d;  
1060 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
1061 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
1062 And teach us further by what means to shun  
1063 Th’ inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
1064 Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
1065 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
1066 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
1067 Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
1068 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
1069  Our Limbs benumm’d, ere this diurnal Starr
1070  Leave cold the Night, how we his gather’d beams
1071  Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
1072  Or by collision of two bodies grinde
1073  The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
1074  Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
1075  Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv’n down
1076  Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
1077  And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
1078  Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
1079  And what may else be remedie or cure
1080  To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
1081  Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
1082  Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
1083  To pass commodiously this life, sustain’d
1084  By him with many comforts, till we end
1085  In dust, our final rest and native home.
1086  What better can we do, then to the place
1087  Repairing where he judg’d us, prostrate fall
1088  Before him reverent, and there confess
1089  Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
1090  Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air
1091  Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
1092  Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek.
1093  Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
1094  From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
1095  When angry most he seem’d and most severe,
1096  So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
1097  Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
1098  Repairing where he judg’d them prostrate fell
1099  Before him reverent, and both confess’d
1100  Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg’d, with tears
1101  Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
1102  Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
1103  Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI.

1  Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
2  Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
3  Prevenient Grace descending had remov’d
4  The stonie from thir hearts, & made new flesh
5  Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath’d
6  Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
7  Inspir’d, and wing’d for Heav’n with speedier flight
8  Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
Seem’d thir Petition, then when th’ ancient Pair
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
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
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing favour 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 care
To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee
Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
And propitiation, all his works on mee
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.
Accept me, and in mee from these receave
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
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal Elements that know
No gross, no unharmoneous 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
Distempered 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;
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedie, and after Life
Tri’d in sharp tribulation, and refin’d
By Faith and faithfull works, to second Life,
Wak’t in the renovation of the just,
Resignes him up with Heav’n and Earth renewd.
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heav’n’s wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw;
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirm’d.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watch’d, hee blew
His Trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general Doom. Th’ Angelic blast
Fild all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowrs
Of Amarantin Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream
Th’ Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had it suffic’d him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
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
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
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
102 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
103 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
104 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
105 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
106 From hallowd ground th’ unholy, and denounce
107 To them and to thir Progenie from thence
108 Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint
109 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg’d,
110 For I behold them sof’n’d and with tears
111 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
112 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
113 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
114 To Adam what shall come in future dayes,
115 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
116 My Cov’nant in the womans seed renewd;
117 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
118 And on the East side of the Garden place,
119 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
120 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
121 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
122 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
123 Least Paradise a receptacle prove
124 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
125 With whose stol’n Fruit Man once more to delude.

126 He ceas’d; and th’ Archangelic Power prepar’d
127 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
128 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
129 Had, like a double Janus, all thir shape
130 Spangl’d with eyes more numerous then those
131 Of Argus, and more wakeful then to drouze,
132 Charm’d with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
133 Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
134 To resalute the World with sacred Light
135 Leucothea wak’d, and with fresh dews imbalmd
136 The Earth, when Adam and first Matron Eve
137 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found
138 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
139 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
140 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewd.

141 Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
142 The good which we enjoy, from Heav’n descends;
143 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav’n
144 So prevalent as to concerne the mind
145 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
146 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
147 Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
148 Ev’n to the Seat of God. For since I saught
149 By Prayer th’ offended Deitie to appease,
150 Kneel’d and before him humbl’d all my heart,
151 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
152 Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
153 That I was heard with favour; peace returnd
154 Home to my Brest, and to my memorie
155 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
156 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
157 Assures me that the bitterness of death
158 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,
159 Eve rightly call’d, Mother of all Mankind,
160 Mother of all things living, since by thee
161 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

162 To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.
163 Ill worthie I such title should belong
164 To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind
165 A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
166 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
167 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
168 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac’t
169 The sourse of life; next favourable thou,
170 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf”st,
171 Farr other name deserving. But the Field
172 To labour calls us now with sweat impos’d,
173 Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
174 All unconcern’d with our unrest, begins
175 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,
176 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
177 Wherere our days work lies, though now enjoind
178 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
179 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
180 Here let us live, though in fall’n state, content.

181 So spake, so wish’d much-humbl’d Eve, but Fate
182 Subscrib’d nor; Nature first gave Signs, imprest
183 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips’d
184 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
185 The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his aerie tour,
186 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
187 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
188 First hunter then, pursu’d a gentle brace,
189 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
190 Direct to th’ Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.
191 Adam observ’d, and with his Eye the chase
192 Pursuing, not unmov’d to Eve thus spake.

193 O Eve, some furder change awaits us nigh,
194 Which Heav’n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more.
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu’d in th’ Air and ore the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the East
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
O’re the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with 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,
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm’d Adams eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field Pavilion’d with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeard
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
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.

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
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
Invests him coming? yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th’ Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes
A militarie Vest of purple flowd
Livelier then Meliboean, or the graine
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Hero's old
In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the wooff;
His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
As in a glistening 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.

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no Preface needs:
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many dayes
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
MAYST cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the Garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for Adam at the newes
Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respit of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorned
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?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
287  Lament not Eve, but patiently resign
288  What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
289  Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
290  Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
291  Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
292  Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

293  Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
294  Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
295  To Michael thus his humble words addressd.

296  Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam’d
297  Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
298  Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
299  Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
300  And in performing end us; what besides
301  Of sorrow and dejection and despair
302  Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
303  Departure from this happy place, our sweet
304  Recess, and onely consolation left
305  Familiar to our eyes, all places else
306  Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
307  Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
308  Incessant I could hope to change the will
309  Of him who all things can, I would not cease
310  To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
311  But prayer against his absolute Decree
312  No more availes then breath against the winde,

313  Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
314  Therefore to his great bidding I submit,
315  This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
316  As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
317  His blessed count’nance; here I could frequent,
318  With worship, place by place where he voutsaf’d
319  Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
320  On this Mount he appeard, under this Tree
321  Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
322  I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk’d:
323  So many grateful Altars I would reare
324  Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
325  Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
326  Or monument to Ages, and thereon
327  Offer sweet smelling Gumms and Fruits and Flours:
328  In yonder nether World where shall I seek
329  His bright appearances, or foot step-trace?
330  For though I fled him angrie, yet recall’d
331  To life prolongd and promisd Race, I now
332  Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
333  Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.
Adam, thou know’st Heav’n his, and all the Earth.
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
All th’ Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
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
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
But this praeminence 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
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 believe, and be confirmd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
to shew thee what shall come in future dayes
to thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur’d
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar’d endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This Hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak’st,
As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully repli’d.
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead’st me, and to the hand of Heav’n submit,
However chast’ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breast, arming to overcom
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
Stretcht out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the Wilderness,
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
His Eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,
To Paquin of Sinaean Kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan -born; nor could his eye not ken
Th’ Empire of Negus to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritim Kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the Realme
Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;
Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount
The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil’d
Guiana, whose great Citie Geryons Sons
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adams eyes the Filme remov’d
Which that false Fruit that promis’d clearer sight
Had bred; then purg’d with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the Well of Life three drops instill’d.
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc’d,
Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now enforc’t to close his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst:
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais’d, and his attention thus recall’d.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th’ effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch’d
Th’ excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir’d,
Nor sinn’d thy sin, yet from that derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he op’nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves
New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
Ith’ midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull’d, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew’d,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform’d.
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav’n
Consum’d with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
The others not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat hee inlie rag’d, and as they talk’d,
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus’d.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismai’d, and thus in haste to th’ Angel cri’d.
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall’n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific’d;
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
T’ whom Michael thus, hee also mov’d, repli’d.
These two are Brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loyns; th’ unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav’n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng’d, and th’ others Faith approv’d
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.
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 terour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th’ entrance then within.
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
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 diseas’d, all maladies
Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
Daemoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie
And Moon-struck madness, pining Atrophie,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,
Dropesies, and Asthma’s, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok’t
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey’d behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell’d
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restraind excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew’d.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv’d!
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv’n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer’d, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismist in peace. Can thus
Th’ Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas’t
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?
Thir Makers Image, answerd Michael then
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi’d
To serve ungovern’d appetite, and took
His Image whom they serv’d, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac’t
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

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
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not glutinous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou must out live
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To witherd weak and gray; thy Senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy Spirits down, and last consume
The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, 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.

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu’d transverse the resonant fugue.
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
 Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
 To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
 From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
 Into fit moulds prepar’d; from which he formd
 First his own Tooles; then, what might else be wrought
 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,
 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
 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
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
 Fast caught, they lik’d, and each his liking chose;
 And now of love they treat till th’ Eevning Star
 Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok’t;
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
 And charming Symphonies attach’d the heart
 Of Adam, soon enclin’d to admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus express’d.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
 Much better seems this Vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
 Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judg not what is best
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end
 Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
 Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
 Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
 Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
 Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
612 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg’d none.
613 Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
614 For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
615 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
616 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
617 Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
618 Bred onely and completed to the taste
619 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
620 To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
621 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives
622 Religious titl’d them the Sons of God,
623 Shall yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame
624 Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
625 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
626 (Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
627 The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.
628 To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
629 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
630 Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
631 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
632 But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
633 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.
634 From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,
635 Said th’ Angel, who should better hold his place
636 By wisdome, and superiour gifts receav’d.
637 But now prepare thee for another Scene.
638 He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred
639 Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
640 Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
641 Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatening Warr,
642 Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;
643 Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
644 Single or in Array of Battel rang’d
645 Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;
646 One way a Band select from forage drives
647 A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
648 From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
649 Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
650 Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
651 But callin aide, which makes a bloody Fray;
652 With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
653 Where Cattle pastur’d late, now scatterd lies
654 With Carcasses and Arms th’ ensanguind Field
655 Deserted: Others to a Citie strong
656 Lay Seige, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
657 Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter’d Haralds call
To Council in the Citi 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
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
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceed, 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,
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
His Brother; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav’n
Rescu’d, had in his Righteousness bin lost?
To whom thus Michael. These are the product
Of those ill mated Marriages thou saw’st:
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir’d,
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call’d;
To overcome in 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,
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
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
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment?
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look’d, 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,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of thir doings great dislike declar’d,
And testifi’d against thir wayes; hee oft
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preach’d
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In Prison under Judgements imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas’d
Contending, and remov’d his Tents farr off;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
Measur’d by Cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
Contriv’d, and of provisions laid in large
For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!
Of every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
Came seavens, and pairs, and enter’d in, as taught
Thir order: last the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav’n; the Hills to their supplie
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thick’nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeing stood; down rush’d the Rain
Impetuous, and continu’d till the Earth
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o’re the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm’d, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover’d Sea,
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign’d, Sea-monsters whelp’d
And stabl’d; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark’t.
754 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
755 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
756 Depopulation; thee another flood,
757 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,
758 And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently reared
759 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
760 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
761 His children, all in view destroyd at once;
762 And scarce to th' Angel utterd thus thy plaint.

763 O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
764 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
765 My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
766 Anough to beare; those now, that were dispesnt
767 The burd'n of many ages, on me light
768 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
769 Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
770 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
771 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
772 Him or his children, evil he may be sure,
773 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
774 And hee the future evil shall no less
775 In apprehension then in substance feel
776 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
777 Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't
778 Famin and anguish will at last consume
779 Wandring that watrie desert: I had hope
780 When violence was ceas't, and warre on earth,
781 All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
782 With length of happy dayes the race of man;
783 But I was far deceit'd; for now I see
784 Peace to corrupt no less then warre to waste.
785 How comes it thus? unfould, celestial guide,
786 And whether here the race of man will end.
787 To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou sawst
788 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
789 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
790 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
791 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
792 Subduing nations, and achievd thereby
793 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
794 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
795 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
796 Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in peace.
797 The conquerd also, and enslav'd by warre
798 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
799 And fear of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
800 In sharp contest of battle found no aide
801 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 enough, that temperance may be tri’d:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav’d,
Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
One Man except, the onely Son of light
In a dark Age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a World
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence; and shall returne
Of them derided, but of God observd
The one just Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and houshold from amidst
A World devote to universal rack.
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg’d,
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav’n set open on the Earth shall powre
Raine day and night, all 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
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,
With all his verdue spoil’d, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op’ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drvn 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,
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His Sluces, as the Heav’n his windows shut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leaf he brings, pacific signe:
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav’n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
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 who future things canst represent
As present, Heav’nyly 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
For one Man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas’d,
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud.
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

To whom th’ Archangel. Dextrously thou aim’st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav’d,
Griev’d at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill’d with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov’d,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
897 His triple-colour’d Bow, whereon to look
898 And call to mind his Cov’nant: Day and Night,
899 Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
900 Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
901 Both Heav’n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

BOOK XII.

1 As one who in his journey bates at Noone,
2 Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel paus’d
3 Betwixt the world destroy’d and world restor’d,
4 If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
5 Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.

6 Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
7 And Man as from a second stock proceed.
8 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
9 Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
10 Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
11 Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
12 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
13 This second sours of Men, while yet but few;
14 And while the dread of judgement past remains
15 Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
16 With some regard to what is just and right
17 Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
18 Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
19 Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
20 Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
21 With large Wine-offerings pour’d, and sacred Feast,
22 Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam’d, and dwell
23 Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
24 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
25 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
26 With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
27 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv’d
28 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
29 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,
30 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
31 With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
32 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
33 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl’d
34 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav’n,
35 Or from Heav’n claming second Sovrantie;
36 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
37 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
38 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
39 With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the West, shall finde
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
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,
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
Obstruct Heav’n Towrs, and in derision sets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav’n
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
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
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
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this Usurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr’st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men
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:
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
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
Thir inward lost: Witness th’ irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearyed 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;
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok’d,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship: O that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv’d, who scap’d the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
His benediction so, that in his Seed
All Nations shall be blest; 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 Chaldaea, passing now the Ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call’d him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plaine
Of 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)
From Hermon East to the great Western Sea,
Mount Hermon, yonder Sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal’d. This Patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
From Canaan, to a Land hereafter call’d
Egypt, divided by the River Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a younger Son
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that Realme
Of Pharao: there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
In hospitably, and kills thir infant Males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron ) sent from God to claime
His people from enthrallment, they return
With glory and spoile back to thir promis’d Land.
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
To know thir God, or message to regard,
Must be compelld by Signes and Judgements dire;
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
With loath’d intrusion, and fill all the land;
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
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
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
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
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,
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:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Host
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On thir imbatelld ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shoar advance
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
Least entring on the Canaanite allarmd
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
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
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God To mortal care is dreadful; they beseech That Moses might report to them his will, And terror cease; he grants what they besought Instructed that to God is no access Without Mediator, whose high Office now 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 Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes Among them to set up his Tabernacle, The holy One with mortal Men to dwell: By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram’d Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony, The Records of his Cov’nant, over these A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing The Heav’ly 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 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, And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon, Till Israel overcome; so call the third From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos’d. O sent from Heav’n, Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I finde Mine eyes true op’ning, and my heart much eas’d, Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest, Favour unmerited by me, who sought Forbidd’n knowledge by forbidd’n means. This yet I apprehend not, why to those Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv’n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfet, and but giv’n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov’nant, disciplin’d
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov’d, being but the Minister
Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in thir earthly Canaan plac’t
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt thir public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
The second, both for pietie 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
Of David (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.

But first a long succession must ensue,

And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam’d,

The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents

Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.

Such follow him, as shall be registerd

Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,

Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults

Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense

God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,

Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark

With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey

To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw’st

Left in confusion, Babylon thence call’d.

There in captivitie he lets them dwell

The space of seventie years, then brings them back,

Remembring mercie, and his Cov’nant sworn

To David, stablisht as the dayes of Heav’n.

Returnd from Babylon by leave of Kings

Thir Lords, whom God dispos’d, the house of God

They first re-edifie, and for a while

In mean estate live moderate, till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;

But first among the Priests dissension springs,

Men who attend the Altar, and should most

Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings

Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise

The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,

Then loose it to a stranger, that the true

Anointed King Messiah might be born

Barr’d of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr

Unseen before in Heav’n proclaims him com,

And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire

His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;

His place of birth a solemn Angel tells

To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;

They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire

Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire

The Power of the most High; he shall ascend

The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign

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

He ceas’d, discerning Adam with such joy

Surecharg’d, as had like grief bin dew’d in tears,

Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher

Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call’d
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav’n, yet from my Loynes
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God most High; So God with man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemie; nor so is overcome
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,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos’d
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
The penaltie to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem’d,
Seis’d on by force, judg’d, and to death condemnd
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi’d,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
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,
425 His death for Man, as many as offer'd Life
426 Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
427 By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act
428 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
429 In sin for ever lost from life; this act
430 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength
431 Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
432 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
433 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
434 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
435 A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
436 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
437 Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
438 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
439 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
440 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
441 And his Salvation, them who shall beleive
442 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the signe
443 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life
444 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
445 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
446 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day
447 Not onely to the Sons of Abrahams Loines
448 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
449 Of Abrahams Faith wherever through the world;
450 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.
451 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
452 With victory, triumphing through the aire
453 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
454 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
455 Through all his Realme, and there confounded leave;
456 Then enter into glory, and resume
457 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
458 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
459 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
460 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
461 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
462 His faithful, and receave them into bliss,
463 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
464 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
465 Then this of Eden, and far happier daies.

466 So spake th’ Archangel Michael, then paus’d,
467 As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire
468 Replete with joy and wonder thus repli’d.

469 O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
470 That all this good of evil shall produce,
471 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
472 Then that which by creation first brought forth
473 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand.
474 Whether I should repent me now of sin
475 By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce
476 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
477 To God more glory, more good will to Men
478 From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.
479 But say, if our deliverer up to Heav’n
480 Must reascend, what will betide the few
481 His faithful, left among th’ unfaithful herd,
482 The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
483 His people, who defend? will they not deale
484 Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?
485 Be sure they will, said th’ Angel; but from Heav’n
486 Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
487 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
488 His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
489 Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,
490 To guide them in all truth, and also arme
491 With spiritual Armour, able to resist
492 Satans assaults, and quench his fierie darts,
493 What man can do against them, not affraid,
494 Though to the death, against such cruelties
495 With inward consolations recompenc’t,
496 And oft supported so as shall amaze
497 Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit
498 Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
499 To evangelize the Nations, then on all
500 Baptiz’d, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
501 To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
502 As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
503 Great numbers of each Nation to receave
504 With joy the tidings brought from Heav’n: at length
505 Thir Ministry perform’d, and race well run,
506 Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
507 They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
508 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
509 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav’n
510 To thir own vile advantages shall turne
511 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
512 With superstitions and traditions taint,
513 Left onely in those written Records pure,
514 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
515 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
516 Places and titles, and with these to joine
517 Secular power, though feigning still to act
518 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
519 The Spirit of God, promisd alike and giv’n
To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,
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
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavi 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
Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own waight groaning till the day
Appeare of respiration to the just,
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 reveald
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg’d and refin’d,
New Heav’ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply’d.
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur’d this transient World, the Race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this Vessel can containe;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the onely God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Mercifull over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie,
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
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 attaind the summe
Of wisdome; 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,
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
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier farr.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm’d
Portending good, and all her spirits compos’d
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer’d
With meditation on the happie end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;
Descended, Adam to the Bowre where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak’t;
And thus with words not sad she receav’d.

Whence thou returnst, and whither wentst, I know;
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,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav’n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
Such favour I unworthie am voutsait,
By mee the Promis’d Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas’d, but answer’d not; for now too nigh
Th’ Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev’ning Mist
Ris’n from a River o’re the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc’t,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz’d
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat.
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingering Parents, and to th’ Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappear’d.
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;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took thir solitarie way.