

# PARADISE LOST

A

POEM

Written in

TEN BOOKS

by John Milton

---

## Contents

[BOOK I](#)

[BOOK II](#)

[BOOK III](#)

[BOOK IV](#)

[BOOK V](#)

[BOOK VI](#)

[BOOK VII](#)

BOOK VIII

BOOK IX

BOOK X

BOOK I.

O f Mans First Disobedience, and the  
Fruit  
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast  
Brought Death into the World, and all our  
woe,  
With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen  
Seed,  
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and  
Earth  
Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill  
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that  
flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all Temples th' upright heart and  
pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from  
the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings

outspread

Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert th' Eternal Providence,  
And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from  
thy view

Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what  
cause

Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy  
State,

Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his Will  
For one restraint, Lords of the World  
besides?

Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
The Mother of Mankind, what time his  
Pride

Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his  
Host

Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,  
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  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
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 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 Prison  
ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of  
Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost  
Pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they  
fell!  
There the companions of his fall,  
o'rewhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of  
tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in  
crime,

Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Beelzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with  
bold words

Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how  
chang'd

From him, who in the happy Realms of  
Light

Cloth'd with transcendent brightnes didst  
outshine

Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual  
league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,

And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,

Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd

In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest

From what highth fal'n, so much the  
stronger provd

He with his Thunder: and till then who  
knew

The force of those dire Arms? yet not for  
those

Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage

Can else inflict do I repent or change,

Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt  
mind

And high disdain, from sence of injur'd  
merit,

That with the mightiest rais'd me to  
contend,

And to the fierce contention brought along

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 terrour of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of  
Gods

And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In Arms not worse, in foresight much  
advanc't,

We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in  
pain,

Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep  
despate:

And him thus answer'd soon his bold  
Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned  
Powers,

That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to Warr  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual  
King;

And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or  
Fate,

Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty  
Host

In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences

Can Perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy  
state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I  
now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
Then such could hav orepow'rd such force  
as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength  
intire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of Warr, what e're his business be  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;  
What can it then avail though yet we feel  
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment?  
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend  
reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,  
To do ought good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil;  
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
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, oreblown hath laid  
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice

Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the  
Thunder,  
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous  
rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases  
now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless  
Deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and  
wilde,  
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid  
flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
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 despare.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate  
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts  
besides  
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of monstrous  
size,  
*Titanian*, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd  
on *Jove*,  
*Briarios* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:  
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam

The Pilot of some small night-founder'd  
Skiff,  
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind  
Moors by his side under the Lee, while  
Night  
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:  
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-  
fiend lay  
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever  
thence  
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 their pointing spires,  
& rowld  
In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his  
flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
And such appear'd in hue, as when the  
force  
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
Of thundring *Aetna*, whose combustile  
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,

Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoak: Such resting found  
the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next  
Mate,  
Both glorying to have scap't  
the *Stygian* flood  
As Gods, and by their own recover'd  
strength,  
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the  
Clime,  
Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat  
That we must change for Heav'n, this  
mournful gloom  
For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee  
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made  
supream  
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields  
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors,  
hail  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
The mind is its own place, and in it self  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of  
Heav'n.

What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less then hee  
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at  
least

We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not  
built

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure, and in my  
choyce

To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in

Heav'n.

But wherefore let we then our faithful  
friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more  
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet  
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in  
Hell?

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies  
bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have  
foyl'd,  
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest  
pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they  
lye  
Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of  
Fire,  
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour  
Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore; his  
ponderous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon,  
whose Orb  
Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist  
views  
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,  
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,  
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* Chivalrie,  
VVhile with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating Carkases  
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick  
bestrown  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the  
Flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriers, 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  
Th' advantage, and descending tread us  
down  
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abasht, and up  
they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they  
dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well  
awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not  
feel;  
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon  
obeyd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt's* evill day  
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy  
cloud  
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
That ore the Realm of  
impious *Pharoah* hung  
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land  
of *Nile*:  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding  
Fires;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Thir course, in even ballance down they  
light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous

Sons  
Came like a Deluge on the South, and  
spread  
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.  
Forthwith from every Squadron and each  
Band  
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where  
stood  
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes  
and forms  
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on  
Thrones;  
Though of their Names in heav'nly Records  
now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*  
Got them new Names, till wandering ore the  
Earth,  
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal  
of man,  
By falsities and lyes the greatest part  
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him, that made them, to transform  
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities:  
Then were they known to men by various  
Names,  
And various Idols through the Heathen  
World.  
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who  
first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery  
Couch,  
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare  
strand,  
While the promiscuous croud stood yet

aloof?

The chief were those who from the Pit of  
Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst  
fix

Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
Among the Nations round, and durst abide  
*Jehovah* thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,  
And with their darkness durst affront his  
light.

First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with  
blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
Though for the noyse of Drums and  
Timbrels loud

Their childrens cries unheard, that past  
through fire

To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream  
Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
His Temple right against the Temple of God  
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his  
Grove

The pleasant Vally

of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence

And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of  
Hell.

Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread  
of *Moabs* Sons,

From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild

Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*

And *Heronaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond

The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,

And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
*Peor* his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them  
woe.

Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the

bordring flood  
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general  
Names

Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,  
These Feminine. For Spirits when they  
please

Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of  
bones,

Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they  
choose

Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their aerie purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfill.

For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as  
low

Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the  
Spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came *Astoreth*, whom  
the *Phoenicians* call'd

*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent  
Horns;

To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
*Sidonian* Virgins paid their Vows and

Songs,  
In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood  
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain,  
built  
By that uxorious King, whose heart though  
large,  
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties 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 survey'd the dark Idolatries  
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive  
Ark  
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands  
lopt off  
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his  
Worshippers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward  
Man  
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple  
high  
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful  
Seat  
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile Banks  
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold:  
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Ahaz* his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
Gods Altar to disparage and displace

For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods  
Whom he had vanquisht. After these  
appear'd  
A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris, Isis, Orus* and their Train  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek  
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish  
forms  
Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape  
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold  
compos'd  
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King  
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one  
stroke  
Both her first born and all her bleating  
Gods.  
*Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more  
lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood  
Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then  
hee  
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd  
With lust and violence the house of God.  
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse  
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,  
And injury and outrage: And when Night  
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the  
Sons  
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
In *Gibeah*, when hospitable Does  
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.  
These were the prime in order and in might;

The rest were long to tell, though far  
renown'd,  
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held  
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and  
Earth  
Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first  
born  
With his enormous brood, and birthright  
seis'd  
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
His own and *Rhea*'s Son like measure  
found;  
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first  
in *Creet*  
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top  
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
Thir highest Heav'n; or on  
the *Delphian* Cliff,  
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds  
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old  
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,  
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
All these and more came flocking; but with  
looks  
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein  
appear'd  
Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found  
thir chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves  
not lost  
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that  
bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently  
rais'd  
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their  
fears.  
Then strait commands that at the warlike  
sound  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard

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:  
At which the universal Host upsent  
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and  
beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were  
seen  
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With Orient Colours waving: with them  
rose  
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging  
Helms  
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move  
In perfect *Phalanx* to the Dorian mood  
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd  
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old  
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and  
unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts,  
and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and  
pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force with fixed thought  
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that  
charm'd

Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and  
now  
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in  
guise  
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and  
Shield,  
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief  
Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,  
Thir visages and stature as of Gods,  
Thir number last he summs. And now his  
heart  
Distends with pride, and hardning in his  
strength  
Glories: For never since created man,  
Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with  
these  
Could merit more then that small infantry  
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant  
brood  
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were  
joyn'd  
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each  
side  
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son  
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 Towr; his form had yet not lost  
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess

Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new  
ris'n  
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the  
Moon  
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of  
change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon  
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and  
care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers  
rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors  
flung  
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain  
Pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though  
bare  
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now  
prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they  
bend  
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him  
round  
With all his Peers: attention held them  
mute.  
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of  
scorn,  
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at  
last

Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

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

so rife  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere  
long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Caelestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th'  
Abyesse  
Long under darkness cover. But these  
thoughts  
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is  
despaired,  
For who can think Submission? Warr then,  
Warr  
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-  
flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the  
thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with  
grasped arm's  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of  
war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of  
Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far whose griesly  
top  
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest  
entire  
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with  
speed  
A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when  
bands  
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd

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

By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow  
nook,

As in an Organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board  
breaths.

Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge  
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures  
grav'n,

The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,  
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence  
Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
*Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat  
Thir Kings,

when *Aegypt* with *Assyria* strove  
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the  
dores

Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof  
Pendant by suttile Magic many a row  
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
With Naphtha and *Asphaltus* yeilded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
And some the Architect: his hand was  
known

In Heav'n by many a Towred structure  
high,

Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
In ancient Greece; and in *Ausonian* land  
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell

From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by  
angry *Jove*  
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from  
Morn  
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun  
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
On *Lemnos* th' *Aegaeon* Ile: thus they  
relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did  
he scape  
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent  
With his industrious crew to build in hell.  
Mean while the winged Haralds by  
command  
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host  
proclaim  
A solemn Council forthwith to be held  
At *Pandaemonium*, the high Capital  
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
From every and Band squared Regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
With hundreds and with thousands trooping  
came  
Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates  
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious  
Hall  
(Though like a cover'd field, where  
Champions bold  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair  
Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry  
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in  
the air,  
Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As  
Bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus  
rides,

Poure forth thir populous youth about the  
Hive  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and  
flowers  
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,  
New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and  
confer  
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd  
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal  
giv'n,  
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd  
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons  
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow  
room  
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race  
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side  
Or Fountain fome belated Peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over head the  
Moon  
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth  
& dance  
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart  
rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at  
large,  
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.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE LOST

## BOOK II.

**H**igh on a Throne of Royal State,  
which far  
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
hand  
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl &  
Gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success  
untaught  
His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of  
Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial vertues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread then from no  
fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:  
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of  
Heav'n  
Did first create your Leader, next, free  
choice,  
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,  
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much  
more  
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne  
Yeilded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might  
draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here

Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Formost to stand against the Thunderers  
aime  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest  
share  
Of endless pain? where there is then no  
good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up  
there  
From Faction; for none sure will claim in  
hell  
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper then prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best  
way,  
Whether of open Warr 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 then be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse  
He reckd not, and these words thereafter  
spake.

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not  
now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing

wait

The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here  
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling  
place

Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns  
By our delay? no, let us rather choose  
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 benumme not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n  
Rear

Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
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 houre  
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then  
thus

We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to  
incense

His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier farr  
Then miserable to have eternal being:  
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
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 the  
eare,

And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O  
Peers,

As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n  
are fill'd  
With Armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our  
way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should  
rise  
With blackest Insurrection, to confound  
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie  
All incorruptible would on his Throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
To be no more; sad cure; for who would  
loose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through  
Eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
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 Arme again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,  
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and  
prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;

There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.  
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice 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'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 traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains & 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  
conformd

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 days may bring, what chance,  
what change

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

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in  
reasons garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful  
sloth,  
Not peace: and after him  
thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n  
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the  
strife:

The former vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns  
Lord supream

We overpower? Suppose he should relent  
And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could  
we

Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
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 appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things  
of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place so e're  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep  
world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-  
ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep  
thunders roar  
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles  
Hell?  
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and  
Gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to  
raise

Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew  
more?

Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I  
advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such  
murmur filld  
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds, which all  
night long  
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse  
cadence lull  
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by  
chance  
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay  
After the Tempest: Such applause was  
heard  
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 publick care;  
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,  
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood  
With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his  
look  
Drew audience and attention still as Night  
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he  
spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring  
of heav'n,  
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing stile be  
call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
A growing Empire; doubtless; while we  
dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath  
doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new  
League  
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine  
In strictest bondage, though thus far  
remov'd,  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: For he, be sure,  
In highth or depth, still first and last will  
Reign  
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no  
part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
Us here, as with his Golden those in  
Heav'n.  
What sit we then projecting Peace and  
Warr?

Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss  
Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none  
Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be  
giv'n  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though  
slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least  
May reap his conquest, and may least  
rejoyce  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or  
Siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another World, the happy seat  
Of som new Race call'd *Man*, about this  
time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an  
Oath,  
That shook Heav'ns whol circumference,  
confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what  
mould,  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir  
Power,  
And where thir weakness, how attempted  
best,  
By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be  
shut,  
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure

In his own strength, this place may lye  
expos'd

The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were  
driven,

The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall  
curse

Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*  
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creatour? But thir spite still  
serves

His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus  
renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long  
debate,  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd; which from the  
lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,

Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with  
neighbouring Arms  
And opportune excursion we may chance  
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde  
Zone  
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light  
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,  
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires  
Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall  
we send  
In search of this new world, whom shall we  
find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring  
feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can  
then  
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 suspence, awaiting who appeer'd  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; &  
each  
In others count'nance read his own dismay  
Astonisht: none among the choice and  
prime

Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could  
be found  
So hardie as to proffer or accept  
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
*Satan*, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus  
spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean  
Thrones,  
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 what ever world,  
Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.  
But I should ill become this Throne, O  
Peers,  
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught  
propos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger could deterre  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I  
assume  
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who Reigns, and so much to him  
due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty

powers,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at  
home,  
While here shall be our home, what best  
may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm  
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 feared;  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high reputation  
Which he through hazard huge must earn.  
But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his  
voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
Thir rising all at once was as the sound  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him  
they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they  
prais'd,  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should  
boast  
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory  
excites,  
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark

Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky  
clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps,  
o'respread  
Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element  
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or  
showre;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell  
sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating  
herds  
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree  
Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming  
peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife  
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* Councel thus dissolv'd; and  
forth

In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and  
seemd  
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp  
Supream,  
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  
somewhat rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged  
powers  
Disband, and wandring, each his several  
way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest  
find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great Chief  
return.  
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at th' Olympian Games  
or *Pythian* fields;  
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.  
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies  
rush  
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir  
spears  
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of  
Arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin  
burns.  
Others with vast *Typhoean* rage more fell  
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the  
Air  
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde  
uproar.  
As when *Alcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and  
tore

Through pain up by the  
roots *Thessalian* Pines,  
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw  
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall  
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate  
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or  
Chance.

Thir song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spirits immortal  
sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more  
sweet

(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the  
Sense,)

Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and  
Fate,

Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
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 yeild them easier habitation, bend

Four ways thir flying March, along the

Banks

Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge

Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;

Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,

Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with  
rage.

Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion rouses  
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being  
forgets,

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and  
pain.

Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual  
storms

Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm  
land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog  
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,  
Where Armies whole have sunk: the  
parching Air

Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of  
Fire.

Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter  
change

Of fierce extreams, extreams by change  
more fierce,

From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to  
reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop to  
loose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so neer the brink;  
But fate withstands, and to oppose th'  
attempt

*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terror guards  
The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on  
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous  
Bands

With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
No rest: through many a dark and drearie  
Vaile

They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,  
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and  
shades of death,

A Universe of death, which God by curse  
Created evil, for evil only good,  
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature  
breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious  
things,

Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear  
conceiv'd,

*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and  
Man,

*Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of highest  
design,

Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates  
of Hell

Explores his solitary flight; som times  
He scours the right hand coast, som times  
the left,

Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then  
soares

Up to the fiery concave touring high.  
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd

Hangs in the Clouds,  
by *Aequinoctial* Winds  
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles  
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants  
bring  
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood  
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So  
seem'd  
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid  
Roof,  
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds  
were Brass  
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and  
fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and  
rung  
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would  
creep,  
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her  
woomb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and  
howl'd  
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these  
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts  
*Calabria* from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore:  
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when  
call'd  
In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to  
dance  
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring

Moon  
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had  
none  
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow  
seem'd,  
For each seem'd either; black it stood as  
Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his  
head  
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat  
The Monster moving onward came as fast,  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he  
strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be  
admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son  
except,  
Created thing naught vally'd he nor shun'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 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 daies in woe and pain?  
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of  
Heav'n,  
Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here  
and scorn,  
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee  
more,  
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy  
punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this Dart  
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt  
before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in  
shape,  
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten  
fold  
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood  
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge  
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
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 seisd  
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  
remaind  
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear 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 enemy  
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,  
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
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, 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 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 suttile Fiend his  
lore

Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd  
smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for  
thy Sire,

And my fair Son here showst me, the dear  
pledge

Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and  
joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through  
dire change

Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know

I come no enemie, but to set free

From out this dark and dismal house of  
pain,

Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly  
Host

Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd

Fell with us from on high: from them I go

This uncouth errand sole, and one for all

My self expose, with lonely steps to tread

Th' unfounded deep, & through the void  
immense

To search with wandring quest a place  
foretold

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  
Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his  
mawe  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.  
The key of this infernal Pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful  
King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.  
But what ow I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me  
down  
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,  
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass'd

round

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels  
feed:

Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me  
soon

To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall  
Reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And towards the Gate rousing her bestial  
train,

Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,  
Which but her self not all

the *Stygian* powers

Could once have mov'd; then in the key-  
hole turns

Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease  
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie

With impetuous recoile and jarring sound  
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great  
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom  
shook

Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut  
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n  
stood,

That with extended wings a Bannerd Host  
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass  
through

With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose  
array;

So wide they stood, and like a Furnace  
mouth

Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy  
flame.

Before thir eyes in sudden view appear

The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
Illimitable Ocean without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth,  
and highth,  
And time and place are lost; where eldest  
Night  
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise  
Of endless warrs and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four  
Champions fierce  
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring  
Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift  
or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene*'s torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring Winds, and  
poise  
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most  
adhere,  
Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
And by decision more imbroiles the fray  
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter  
*Chance* governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,  
The Womb of nature and perhaps her  
Grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a  
while,  
Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his eare less  
peal'd  
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  
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he  
drops  
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill  
chance  
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,  
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtris*, 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 imbroidl,  
And Discord with a thousand various  
mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye  
Powers

And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
*Chaos* and *Ancient Night*, I come no Spie,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
Wandring this darksome desart, as my way  
Lies through your spacious Empire up to  
light,

Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
What readiest path leads where your  
gloomie bounds

Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place  
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal  
King

Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
I travel this profound, direct my course;  
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 Stander there of *Ancient Night*;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the  
revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old  
With faulting 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 Frontiers here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
That little which is left so to defend  
Encroacht on still through our intestine  
broiles

Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first  
Hell

Your dungeon stretching far and wide  
beneath;

Now lately Heaven and Earth, another  
World

Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden  
Chain

To that side Heav'n from whence your  
Legions fell:

If that way be your walk, you have not farr;  
So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;  
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,  
But glad that now his Sea should find a

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

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

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK III.

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 unapproach'd 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 waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't the *Stygian* Pool, though long  
detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness  
borne

With other notes then to th' *Orphean* Lyre  
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture  
down

The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
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  
Cleepe Spring, or shady 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 sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Maeonides*,  
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the  
Year

Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or  
Morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of  
men

Cut off, and for the book of knowledg fair  
Presented with a Universal blanc  
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and  
ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut  
out.

So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her  
powers

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from  
thence

Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from  
above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down  
his eye,

His own works and their works at once to  
view:

About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight  
receiv'd

Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld  
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love

In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side  
Night

In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing  
feet

On the bare outside of this World, that  
seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what  
rage  
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the  
chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperat revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings  
his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of  
light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By som false guile pervert; and shall  
pervert;  
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole Command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
All he could have; I made him just and  
right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood & them  
who faild;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who  
fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have givn  
sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,

Where onely what they needs must do,  
appeard,  
Not what they would? what praise could  
they receive?  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When Will and Reason (Reason also is  
choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,  
Made passive both, had servd necessitie,  
Not mee. They therefore as to right  
belongd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;  
As if Predestination over-rul'd  
Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves  
decreed  
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their  
fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain  
unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose;  
for so  
I formd them free, and free they must  
remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must  
change  
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 appeerd,  
Love without end, and without measure  
Grace,  
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which  
clos'd  
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find  
grace;  
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high  
extoll  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy  
Throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though  
joynd  
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art  
Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to  
naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self

Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast  
made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness  
both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without  
defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus  
reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
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 eare shall not be slow, mine eye not  
shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide  
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will  
hear,

Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
This my long sufferance and my day of  
grace  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never  
taste;  
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns  
Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posteritie must die,  
Die hee or Justice must; unless for him  
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;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:  
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his  
rage;  
Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his  
due  
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom  
grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
Death his deaths wound shall then receive,  
& stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and  
show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the  
sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and  
smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the  
Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeemd

Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no  
more

Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

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

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only  
peace  
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O  
thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st  
how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to  
save,  
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race  
lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst  
redeeme,  
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin  
seed,  
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room  
The Head of all mankind,  
though *Adams* Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.

His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy  
merit  
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, ransomd with his own dear  
life.  
So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
In those who, when they may, accept not  
grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.  
Because thou hast, though Thron'd in  
highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A World from utter loss, and hast been  
found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
Farr more then Great or High; because in  
thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory  
abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt  
Reigne  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and  
Man,  
Anointed universal King; all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I

reduce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that  
bide

In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all  
Windes

The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir  
sleep.

Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt  
judge

Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall  
sink

Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers  
full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean  
while

The World shall burn, and from her ashes  
spring

New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just  
shall dwell

And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair  
Truth.

Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but  
all

The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number,  
sweet

As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n  
rung

With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent  
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the  
ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and  
Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew,  
there grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst  
of Heavn  
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber  
stream;  
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect  
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with  
beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the  
bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they  
took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their  
side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Praeamble  
sweet  
Of charming symphonie they introduce  
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could  
joine  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thoe Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou  
sit'st

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

So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,  
Love no where to be found less then  
Divine!

Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy  
praise  
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry  
Sphear,  
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
Of this round World, whose first convex  
divides

The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
*Satan* alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundless  
Continent

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of  
Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie;  
Save on that side which from the wall of  
Heav'n

Though distant farr som small reflection  
gaines  
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest  
loud:

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 Waggon  
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

renownd:

The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would  
build:

Others came single; hee who to be deemd  
A God, leap'd fondly into *Aetna* 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, Eremites and Friers  
White, Black and Grey, with all thir  
trumperie.

Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to  
seek

In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;  
And they who to be sure of Paradise  
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,  
Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd;  
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the  
fixt,

And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance  
weighs

The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;  
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket  
seems

To wait them with his Keys, and now at  
foot

Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when  
loe

A violent cross wind from either Coast  
Blows them transverse ten thousand  
Leagues awry

Into the devious Air; then might ye see  
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers  
tost

And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques,  
Beads,

Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft  
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off

Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since calld  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he  
pass'd,  
And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste  
His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient  
Gemmes  
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of Guardians bright, when he  
from *Esau* fled  
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,  
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of  
Heav'n.  
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor  
stood  
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n  
sometimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea  
flow'd  
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
The Stairs were then let down, whether to  
dare  
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,

A passage down to th' Earth, a passage  
wide,  
Wider by farr then that of after-times  
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were  
large,  
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice  
regard  
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood  
To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
Borders on *Aegypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;  
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds  
were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean  
wave.  
*Satan* from hence now on the lower stair  
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 wayes with peril  
gone  
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing  
Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some forein land  
First-seen, or some 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 *Atlantick* Seas  
Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole  
He views in bredth, and without longer  
pause  
Down right into the Worlds first Region  
throws  
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
Through the pure marble Air his oblique  
way  
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other  
Worlds,  
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,  
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie  
Vales,  
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy  
there  
He stayd not to enquire: above them all  
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
Through the calm Firmament; but up or  
downe  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they  
move  
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-  
chearing Lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are  
turnd  
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Univers, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,

Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:  
So wondrously was set his Station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which  
perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never  
saw.  
The place he found beyond expression  
bright,  
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or  
Stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with  
fire;  
If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they  
binde  
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
Draind through a Limbec to his Native  
forme.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous  
touch  
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at  
Noon  
Culminate from th' *Aequator*, as they now

Shot upward still direct, whence no way  
round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the  
Aire,  
No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray  
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:  
His back was turnd, but not his brightness  
hid;  
Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with  
wings  
Lay waving round; on som great charge  
imploy'd  
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandring  
flight  
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
His journies end and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper  
shape,  
Which else might work him danger or  
delay:  
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;  
Under a Coronet his flowing haire  
In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he  
wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with  
Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
Admonisht by his eare, and strait was  
known

Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n  
Who in Gods presence, neerest to his  
Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down  
to th' Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus  
accostes;

*Uriel*, for thou of those seav'n Spirits  
that stand  
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously  
bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;  
And here art likeliest by supream decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
To visit oft this new Creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly  
Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
Hath brought me from the Quires of  
Cherubim  
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining Orbes hath  
Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining Orbes his choice to  
dwell;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces  
powrd;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss

Created this new happie Race of Men  
To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.

So spake the false dissembler  
unperceivd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and  
Earth:

And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion  
sleeps

At wisdoms Gate, and to 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.

Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee  
hither

From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone,  
To witnes with thine eyes what some  
perhaps

Contented with report heare onely in  
heav'n:

For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes  
deep.

I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
This worlds material mould, came to a  
heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar  
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 borrowd 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 loftie shades his  
Bowre.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine  
requires.

Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing  
low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none

neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth  
beneath,  
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd  
success,  
Throws his steep flight with many an Aerie  
wheele,  
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

PARADISE LOST

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  
warnd  
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
*Satan*, now first inflam'd with rage, came  
down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the  
birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous  
brest,  
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom  
stirr

The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
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'ns 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 threatning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?  
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 miserie; such joy Ambition findes.  
But say I could repent and could obtaine  
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon  
Would highth recal high thoughts, how  
soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore: ease would  
recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconcilment grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd  
so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
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  
betraid  
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
For heav'nly mindes from such distempers  
foule  
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward  
calme,  
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, grotesque and  
wilde,  
Access deni'd; and over head up grew  
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching  
Palm,  
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:  
Which to our general Sire gave prospect  
large  
Into his neather Empire neighbouring  
round.

And higher then that Wall a circling row  
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:  
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his  
beams

Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely  
seemd

That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire  
Meets his approach, and to the heart  
inspires

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they  
stole

Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who  
saile

Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mozambic*, off at Sea North-East windes  
blow

*Sabeen* Odours from the spicie shoare  
Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and  
many a League

Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean  
smiles.

So entertaind those odorous sweets the  
Fiend

Who came thir bane, though with them  
better pleas'd

Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the  
Spouse

Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
From *Media* post to *Aegypt*, there fast  
bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage  
Hill

*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow;

But further way found none, so thick  
entwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext  
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
One Gate there onely was, and that look'd  
East  
On th' other side: which when th' arch-  
fellow saw  
Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all  
bound  
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling  
Wolfe,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for  
prey,  
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks  
at eeve  
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the  
Fould:  
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial  
dores,  
Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;  
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods  
Fould:  
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings  
climbe.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle Tree and highest there that  
grew,  
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life  
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death  
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue  
thought  
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the  
pledge

Of immortalitie. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best  
things  
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he  
views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea  
more,  
A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise  
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East  
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretchd her Line  
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towrs  
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile  
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;  
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell,  
taste;  
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit  
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life  
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast  
by,  
Knowledge of Good bought dear by  
knowing ill.  
Southward through *Eden* went a River  
large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the  
shaggie hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had  
thrown  
That Mountain as his Garden mould high  
rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up  
drawn,  
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill  
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell

Down the steep glade, and met the neather  
Flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now  
appeers,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs divers, wandring many a famous  
Realme  
And Country whereof here needs no  
account,  
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 onely, and of delicious taste:  
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and  
Flocks  
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap  
Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,  
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the  
Rose:  
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves

Of coole recess, o're which the mantling  
Vine  
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently  
creeps  
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters  
fall  
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,  
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle  
crownd,  
Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir  
streams.  
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal  
aires,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove,  
attune  
The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*  
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in  
dance  
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire  
field  
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathring flours  
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*  
Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain  
To seek her through the world; nor that  
sweet Grove  
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd  
*Castalian* Spring might with this Paradise  
Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile  
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan*  
*Jove*,  
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son  
Young *Bacchus* from his  
Stepdame *Rhea*'s eye;  
Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard,  
Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd  
True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line  
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,  
A whole dayes journey high, but wide  
remote  
From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend

Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living Creatures new to sight and  
strange:

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,  
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  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders  
broad:

Shee as a vail down to the slender waste  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which  
impli'd

Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,  
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then  
conceald,

Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest  
shame

Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming  
pure,

And banisht from mans life his happiest

life,  
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.  
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:  
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair  
That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
*Adam* the goodliest man of men since borne  
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain  
side  
They sat them down, and after no more toil  
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made  
ease  
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they  
fell,  
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant  
boughes  
Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with  
flours:  
The savourie pulp they chew, and in the  
rinde  
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming  
stream;  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,  
Alone as they. About them frisking playd  
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of  
all chase  
In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;  
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces,  
Pards  
Gambold before them, th' unwieldy  
Elephant  
To make them mirth us'd all his might, &  
wreathd

His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing  
sat,  
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun  
Declin'd was hasting now with prone  
carreer  
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending  
Scale  
Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening  
rose:  
When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd  
sad.

O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief  
behold,  
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't  
Creatures of other mould, earth-born  
perhaps,  
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love, so lively  
shines  
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that formd them on thir shape  
hath pourd.  
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these  
delights  
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your taste is now of  
joy;  
Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd  
Long to continue, and this high seat your  
Heav'n  
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,

And mutual amitie so streight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not  
please

Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,  
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
And send forth all her Kings; there will be  
room,

Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loath to this  
revenge

On you who wrong me not for him who  
wrongd.

And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
By conquering this new World, compels me  
now

To do what else though damnd I should  
abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish  
deeds.

Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree  
Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now  
one,

Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd  
To mark what of thir state he more might  
learn

By word or action markt: about them round  
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd  
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his  
ground

Whence rushing he might surest seise them  
both  
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* first of men  
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance  
flow.

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 beare delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere  
Death is,  
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou  
knowst  
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that  
Tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signes of power and rule  
Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
Over all other Creatures that possesse  
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think  
hard  
One easie prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and  
choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights:  
But let us ever praise him, and extoll

His bountie, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these  
Flours,  
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were  
sweet.

To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for  
whom  
And from whom I was formd flesh of thy  
flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and  
right.

For wee to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd  
Under a shade on flours, much wondring  
where

And what I was, whence thither brought,  
and how.

Not distant far from thence a murmuring  
sound

Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither  
went

With unexperienc't thought, and laid me  
downe

On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another  
Skie.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd  
Bending to look on me, I started back,  
It started back, but pleasd I soon returnd,  
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering  
looks

Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt

Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain  
desire,  
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou  
seest,  
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy  
self,  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow  
staies  
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee  
Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy  
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare  
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be  
call'd  
Mother of human Race: what could I doe,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,  
Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,  
Then that smooth watry image; back I  
turn'd,  
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return  
fair *Eve*,  
Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him  
thou art,  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart  
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time  
see  
How beauty is excelld by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with  
eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unrepov'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 turn'd  
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus  
plaind.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus  
these two  
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 theirs it  
seems:  
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge  
call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge  
forbidd'n?  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir  
Lord  
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,  
Can it be death? and do they onely stand  
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?  
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 hil, 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 eevning Rayes: it was a Rock  
Of Alablaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat  
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;  
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  
Even

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 cours by Lot hath  
giv'n

Charge and strict watch that to this happie  
place

No evil thing approach or enter in;  
This day at highth of Noon came to my  
Spheare

A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly  
Man

Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way  
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;  
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,  
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his  
looks

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  
return'd:

*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 telst, by morrow dawning I shall  
know.

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge  
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point  
now raisd

Bore him slope downward to the Sun now  
fall'n

Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd  
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth  
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him  
there

Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold  
The Clouds that on his Western Throne  
attend:

Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight  
gray

Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;  
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,  
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir  
Nests

Were slunk, all but the wakeful

Nightingale;

She all night long her amorous descant  
sung;

Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the  
Firmament

With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led  
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the  
Moon

Rising in clouded Majestie, at length  
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,  
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort,  
th' hour

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep

Now falling with soft slumbrous weight  
inclines

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

Tomorrow ere fresh Morning streak the  
East

With first approach of light, we must be  
ris'n,

And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,  
Our walks at noon, with branches  
overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton  
growth:

Those Blossoms also, and those dropping  
Gumms,

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  
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and  
flour,  
Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming  
on  
Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird and this fair  
Moon,  
And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie  
train:  
But neither breath of Morn when she  
ascends  
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit,  
floure,  
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after  
showers,  
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by  
Moon,  
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is  
sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these, for  
whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all  
eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
Daughter of God and Man,  
accomplisht *Eve*,  
Those have thir course to finish, round the  
Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to  
Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Least total darkness should by Night  
regaine  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft

fires

Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of  
night,

Shine not in vain, nor think, though men  
were none,

That heav'n would want spectators, God  
want praise;

Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the  
Earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we  
sleep:

All these with ceasless 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 others note

Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding  
walk

With Heav'nly touch of instrumental  
sounds

In full harmonic number joind, thir songs

Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to  
Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they  
pass'd

On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place  
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he  
fram'd

All things to mans delightful use; the rooffe

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew

Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side

*Acanthus*, and each odorous bushie shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous  
flour,

*Iris* all hues, Roses, and Gessamin  
Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between,  
and wrought

Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,  
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then  
with stone

Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter  
none;

Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower  
More sacred and sequesterd, though but  
feignd,

*Pan* or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess  
With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-  
smelling Herbs

Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed,  
And heav'nly Quires the Hymenaeon 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 &  
Heav'n  
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent  
Globe  
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the  
Night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
Which we in our appointed work imployd

Have finisht happie in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance  
wants

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of  
sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into thir inmost  
bower  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
These troublesom disguises which wee  
wear,

Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I  
weene

*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the  
Rites

Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:  
Whatever Hypocrites austere talk  
Of puritie and place and innocence,  
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, undeard,  
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight  
Bal,  
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing  
slept,  
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof  
Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd.  
Sleep on,  
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no  
more.

Now had night measur'd with her  
shaddowie Cone  
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood  
armd  
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,  
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus  
spake.

*Uzziel*, half these draw off, and coast the  
South  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the  
North,

Our circuit meets full West. As flame they  
part  
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the  
Spear.  
From these, two strong and suttel Spirits he  
calld  
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in  
charge.

*Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wingd speed  
Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht  
no nook,  
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures  
Lodge,  
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?)  
escap'd  
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither  
bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower  
direct  
In search of whom they sought: him there  
they found  
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*;  
Assaying by his Devilish art to reach  
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them  
forge  
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood  
arise  
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure,  
thence raise  
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires  
Blown up with high conceits ingendring  
pride.  
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear

Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure  
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine  
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the  
Aire:  
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
Back stept those two fair Angels half  
amaz'd  
So sudden to behold the grieslie King;  
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him  
soon.

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

Know ye not then said *Satan*, filld with  
scorn,  
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where ye durst not  
soare;  
Not to know mee argues your selves  
unknown,  
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn  
with scorn.  
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the  
same,  
Or undiminisht brightness, to be known  
As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and  
pure;  
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast  
good,

Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st  
now

Thy sin and place of doom obscure and  
foule.

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give  
account

To him who sent us, whose charge is to  
keep

This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave  
rebuke

Severe in youthful beautie, added grace

Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and  
pin'd

His loss; but chiefly to find here observd

His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,

Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,

Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,

Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,

Will save us trial what the least can doe

Single against thee wicked, and thence  
weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with  
rage;

But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie  
on,

Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie

He held it vain; awe from above had quelld

His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they  
nigh

The western point, where those half-  
rounding guards

Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind

Awaiting next command. To whom thir

Chief

*Gabriel* from the Front thus calld aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimps

discerne

*Ithuriel* and *Zephon* through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of  
Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two  
approachd  
And brief related whom they brought, wher  
found,  
How busied, in what form and posture  
cought.

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

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous  
brow.  
*Gabriel*, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of  
wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question askt  
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his  
pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose  
from Hell,  
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy  
self, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst  
hope to change  
Torment with ease, & soonest recompence

Dole with delight, which in this place I  
sought;  
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,  
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? let him surer barr  
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was  
askt.

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

But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel  
mov'd,  
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.  
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison scap't,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him  
hither

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

So wise he judges it to fly from pain

However, and to scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the  
wrauth,

Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy  
flight

Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back  
to Hell,

Which taught thee yet no better, that no  
pain

Can equal anger infinite provok't.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with  
thee

Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to  
them

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

Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,

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

To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd  
frowning stern.  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
From hard assaies and ill successes past  
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
Through wayes of danger by himself  
untri'd.

I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
This new created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay Legions dare  
against;  
Whose easier business were to serve thir  
Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his  
Throne,  
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel soon  
repli'd.  
To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,  
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,  
*Satan*, and couldst thou faithful add? O  
name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve

Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power  
supream?  
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst  
seem  
Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly  
ador'd  
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in  
hope  
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this  
houre  
Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to  
scorne  
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of  
chaines,  
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, sharpning in mooned  
hornes  
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, disturbd and torne  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet  
seen  
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,  
Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't  
Aire  
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, & 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.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK V.

**N**ow 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, & 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 sleepest 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;  
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 Fancie then by day:  
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
One shap'd & 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 Gods, 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 sometimes in the Air, as wee, 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,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held  
part

Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie  
smell

So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the  
Clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect  
wide

And various: wondring at my flight and  
change

To this high exaltation; suddenly  
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 chearful and serene  
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the  
World,

And let us to our fresh employments 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.

So all was cleard, and to the Field they  
haste.

But first from under shadie arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up  
risen

With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean  
brim,

Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East  
Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous  
Verse,

More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus  
began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of  
good,  
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous  
then!

Unspeakable, who sitst above these  
Heavens

To us invisible or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power  
Divine:

Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of  
light,

Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without  
end.

Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling  
Morn

With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy  
Spheare

While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and  
Soule,

Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his  
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou  
climb'st,

And when high Noon hast gaind, & when  
thou fallst.

Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now  
fli'st

With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that  
flies,

And yee five other wandring Fires that  
move

In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up  
Light.

Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless  
change

Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with  
Gold,

In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd

skie,  
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling  
showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye Winds, that from four  
Quarters blow,  
Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye  
Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his  
praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his  
praise;  
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk  
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 marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower 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 raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd

This night the human pair, how he designs

In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with  
friend

Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or  
shade

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 delaid the winged Saint

After his charge receivd, but from among

Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood

Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing  
light  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th'  
angelic Quires  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave  
way  
Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the  
Gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd 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  
Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal  
Skie  
Sailes between worlds & worlds, with  
steddie wing  
Now on the polar windes, then with quick  
Fann  
Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare  
Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he  
seems  
A *Phoenix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
Bright Temple, to *Aegyptian Theb's* he  
flies.  
At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to  
shade  
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad

Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're  
his brest  
With regal Ornament; the middle pair  
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie  
Gold  
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his  
feet  
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd  
maile  
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he  
stood,  
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly  
fragrance filld  
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the  
bands  
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
And to his message high in honour rise;  
For on som message high they gessd him  
bound.  
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is  
come  
Into the blissful field, through Groves of  
Myrrhe,  
And flouing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and  
Balme;  
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more  
sweet,  
Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.  
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* discern'd, as in the dore he sat  
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted  
Sun  
Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme  
Earths inmost womb, more warmth  
then *Adam* need;  
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst

Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie  
stream,

Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight  
behold

Eastward among those Trees, what glorious  
shape

Comes this way moving; seems another  
Morn

Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from  
Heav'n

To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
This day to be our Guest. But goe with  
speed,

And what thy stores contain, bring forth and  
poure

Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford  
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestowd, where Nature  
multiplies

Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning  
grows

More fruitful, which instructs us not to  
spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths  
hallowd mould,

Of God inspir'd, small store will serve,  
where store,

All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist  
consumes:

But I will haste and from each bough and  
break,

Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such  
choice

To entertain our Angel guest, as hee  
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth  
God hath dispenst his bounties as in  
Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in  
haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest  
change,  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds  
In *India* East or West, or middle shoare  
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in  
coate,  
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or  
shell  
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the  
Grape  
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and  
meathes  
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels  
prest  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to  
hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the  
ground  
With Rose and Odours from the shrub  
unfum'd.  
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to  
meet  
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 Eevening  
rise

I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge

They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour

smil'd

With flourets deck't and fragrant smells;

but *Eve*

Undeck't, save with her self more lovely fair

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

infirm

Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose  
fruitful Womb  
Shall fill the World more numerous with  
thy Sons  
Then with these various fruits the Trees of  
God  
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie  
terf  
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
And on her ample Square from side to side  
All *Autumn* pil'd,  
though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse  
they hold;  
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to  
taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from  
whom  
All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps  
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he  
gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
No ingrateful food: and food alike those  
pure  
Intelligential substances require  
As doth your Rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower facultie  
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  
Supps with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the  
Trees  
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs  
each Morn  
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the  
ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath  
here  
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 Alchemist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold  
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*  
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have

bin

Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats & drinks they  
had suffic'd,  
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose  
In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass  
Given him by this great Conference to  
know  
Of things above his World, and of thir being  
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he  
saw  
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant  
forms  
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.

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  
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir  
fruit  
Mans nourishment, by gradual scale  
sublim'd  
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
Fansie and understanding, whence the soule  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
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,  
What meant that caution joind, *If ye be*

*found*

*obedient?* can wee want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert  
Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us  
here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and  
Earth,

Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;  
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfet, not immutable;  
And good he made thee, but to persevere  
He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will  
By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
Our voluntarie service he requires,  
Not our necessitated, such with him  
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they  
serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By Destinie, and can no other choose?  
My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience  
holds;

On other surety none; freely we serve.  
Because wee freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
From what high state of bliss into what  
woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy  
words  
Attentive, and with more delighted eare  
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when  
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring

Hills

Aereal Music send: nor knew I not  
To be both will and deed created free;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love  
Our maker, and obey him whose command  
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me and still assure: though what  
thou tellst

Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me  
move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be  
strange,

Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;  
And we have yet large day, for scarce the  
Sun

Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce  
begins

His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*  
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime  
of men,

Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And perfet while they stood; how last  
unfould

The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the  
reach

Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best, though what if  
Earth

Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things  
therein

Each to other like, more then on earth is  
thought?

As yet this world was not,  
and *Chaos* wilde  
Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl,  
where Earth now rests  
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day  
(For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future) on such day  
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th'  
Empyrean Host  
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,  
Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n  
appeerd  
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright  
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high  
advanc'd,  
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and  
Reare  
Streame in the Aire, and for distinction  
serve  
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;  
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd  
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes  
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,  
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whoseop  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,  
Vertues, Powers,  
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall  
stand.  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
And by my Self have sworn to him shall  
bow

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him  
Lord:

Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
United as one individual Soule  
For ever happie: him who disobeyes  
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place  
Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his  
words

All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but  
were not all.

That day, as other solem dayes, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,  
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie  
Spheare

Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolve'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. Eevning approachd  
(For we have also our Eevning and our  
Morn,

We ours for change delectable, not need)  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they  
turn

Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar  
flows:

In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of  
Heav'n.

They eat, they drink, and with refection  
sweet

Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King,  
who showrd

With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.  
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds  
exhal'd  
From that high mount of God, whence light  
& shade  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n  
had changd  
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not  
there  
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
Then all this globous Earth in Plain  
outspred,  
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic  
throng  
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp  
extend  
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,  
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept  
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in  
thir course  
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne  
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
*Satan*, so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more Heav'n; he of the first,  
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
In favour and praeeminence, yet fraught  
With envie against the Son of God, that day  
Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not beare  
Through pride that sight, and thought  
himself impaird.  
Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie  
houre  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream

Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou Companion dear, what  
sleep can close  
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree  
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
Of Heav'ns Almightye. Thou to me thy  
thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to  
impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can  
now  
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest  
impos'd;  
New Laws from him who reigns, new  
minds may raise  
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue, more in this  
place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
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 spread  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure  
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious  
North;  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie  
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw

With speed what force is left, and all  
imploy  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our  
Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and  
cleer  
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at thir vain designs 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  
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host  
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,  
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which  
the Sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.  
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
And all the Sea, from one entire globose  
Stretcht into Longitude; which having  
pass'd  
At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and  
Towrs  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of  
Gold,  
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call

That Structure in the Dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, hee  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of thir King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes,  
Vertues, Powers,  
If these magnific Titles yet remain  
Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross't  
All Power, and us eclips'd 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 possest before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchie over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
In freedome equal? or can introduce

Law and Edict on us, who without law  
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without  
controule  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
*Abdiel*, then whom none with more zeale  
ador'd

The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

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

The just Decree of God, pronounc't and  
sworn,  
That to his only Son by right endu'd  
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let Reigne,  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou  
dispute

With him the points of libertie, who made  
Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of  
Heav'n

Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir  
being?

Yet by experience taught we know how  
good,  
And of our good, and of our dignitie  
How provident he is, how farr from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt

Our happie state under one Head more neer  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
Thy self though great & glorious dost thou  
count,  
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
As by his Word the mighty Father made  
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of  
Heav'n  
By him created in thir bright degrees,  
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory  
nam'd  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,  
Vertues, Powers  
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign  
obscur'd,  
But more illustrious made, since he the  
Head  
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,  
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease then this impious  
rage,  
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,  
While Pardon may be found in time  
besought.

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale  
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.  
That we were formd then saist thou? & the  
work  
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd  
From Father to his Son? strange point and  
new!  
Doctrin which we would know whence  
learnt: who saw  
When this creation was? rememberst thou  
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee  
being?

We know no time when we were not as  
now;  
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'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  
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words  
applause  
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  
Determin'd, 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;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
These wicked Tents devoted, least the  
wrauth  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel

His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt  
know.

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

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.  
PARADISE LOST  
BOOK VI.

**A**ll night the dreadless Angel  
unpursu'd  
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his  
way, till Morn,  
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie  
hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave  
Within the Mount of God, fast by his  
Throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes  
through Heav'n

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

Servant of God, well done, well hast  
thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintaind  
Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in  
Armes;  
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born  
Universal reproach, far worse to beare  
Then violence: for this was all thy care

To stand approv'd in sight of God, though  
Worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest  
now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Then scorn'd thou didst depart, and to  
subdue  
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,  
And thou in Military prowess next  
*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battel these my Sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for  
fight;  
Equal in number to that Godless crew  
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and  
bliss,  
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide  
His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds  
began  
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the  
signe  
Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the  
loud  
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:  
At which command the Powers Militant,  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate  
joyn'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd  
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause

Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,  
Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream  
divides

Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground  
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind  
Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
Came summond over *Eden* to receive  
Thir names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a  
Province wide

Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd  
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht  
In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and  
Shields

Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
The banded Powers of *Satan* hasting on  
With furious expedition; for they weend  
That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
To win the Mount of God, and on his  
Throne

To set the envier of his State, the proud  
Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and  
vain

In the mid way: though strange to us it  
seemd

At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to  
meet

So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God  
Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate  
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd

With Flaming Cherubim, and golden  
Shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for  
now  
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was  
left,  
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,  
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughtie strides  
advanc't,  
Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;  
*Abdiel* that sight endur'd not, where he  
stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest  
deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the  
Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie  
Remain not; wherfore should not strength &  
might  
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest  
prove  
Where boldest; though to sight  
unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's  
aide,  
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd  
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and  
foule,  
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to  
have reacht  
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power  
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how  
vain  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;  
Who out of smallest things could without  
end  
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
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 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 answerd. 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, traird up in Feast and  
Song;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of  
Heav'n,  
Servilitie with freedom to contend,  
As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall  
prove.

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 blessed, and his Divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect:  
mean while  
From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from  
flight,  
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest  
fell

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 Heav'n

It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung  
*Hosanna* to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous  
joyn'd

The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till  
now

Was never, Arms on Armour clashing  
bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles  
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
Sunder fierie Cope together rush'd  
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all  
Earth

Had to her Center shook. What wonder?  
when

Millions of fierce encountring Angels  
fought

On either side, the least of whom could  
weild  
These Elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all thir Regions: how much more of  
Power  
Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;  
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-  
rul'd  
And limited thir might; though numberd  
such  
As each divided Legion might have seemd  
A numerous Host, in strength each armed  
hand  
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd  
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of  
flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,  
As onely in his arm the moment lay  
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame  
Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread  
That Warr and various; sometimes on firm  
ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale  
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day  
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in  
Armes  
No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote,  
and fell'd  
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed  
sway

Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
A vast circumference: At his approach  
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe  
subdu'd  
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile  
frown  
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 airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds

Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of  
these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with  
threats  
To chase me hence? erre not that so shall  
end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee  
style  
The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,  
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 *Almightie* to thy aid,  
I flie not, but have sought thee farr and  
nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for  
fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the  
tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such highth  
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 staid 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  
deservd  
Memorial, where the might  
of *Gabriel* fought,  
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep  
array  
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,  
And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him  
bound  
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of  
Heav'n  
Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd  
Armes  
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each  
wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond  
Armd,  
Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then

Gods

Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in  
thir flight,  
Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate  
and Maile.

Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy  
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow  
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence  
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and thir names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort  
In might though wondrous and in Acts of  
Warr,

Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
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:

Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel  
swerv'd,

With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap  
Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood,  
recoyl'd

Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear  
surpris'd,

Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of  
paine

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.

Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:  
Such high advantages thir innocence  
Gave them above thir foes, not to have  
sinnd,  
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
By wound, though from thir place by  
violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over  
Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious din of Warr:  
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughen field  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches  
round,  
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappeerd,  
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;  
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in  
Armes  
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,  
Found worthy not of Libertie alone,  
Too mean pretense, but what we more  
affect,  
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful  
fight,  
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)  
What Heavens Lord had powerfulest to  
send  
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 endur'd and paine,  
Till now not known, but known as soon  
contemnd,

Since now we find this our Empyreal forme  
Incapable of mortal injurie  
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with  
wound,

Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.

Of evil then so small as easie think

The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In Nature none: if other hidden cause  
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding  
sound,

Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
*Nisroc*, of Principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,  
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,  
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.  
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
Against unequal armes to fight in paine,  
Against unpaind, impassive; from which  
evil

Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes  
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 live content, which is the calmest life:

But pain is perfect miserie, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturnes  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme  
Our selves with like defence, to mee  
deserves  
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look  
compos'd *Satan* repli'd.  
Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Beleivst so main to our success, I bring;  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms  
& Gold,  
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes  
These things, as not to mind from whence  
they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and  
crude,  
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht  
With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they shoot  
forth  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hallow Engins long and round  
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch  
of fire  
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
From far with thundring noise among our  
foes  
Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have  
disarm'd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while

revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind  
Think nothing hard, much less to be  
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' inventer 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 suttile  
Art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:  
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this  
Earth  
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
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  
*Zephiel*, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus  
cri'd.

Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe  
at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long  
pursuit  
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a  
Cloud  
He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure: let each  
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd  
Shield,  
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour  
down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,  
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.

Vangard, to Right and Left the Front  
unfould;

That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open brest  
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  
Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and  
Hail  
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host  
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might  
stand,  
Though standing else as Rocks, but down  
they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel  
rowl'd;  
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they  
might  
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.  
What should they do? if on they rusht,  
repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubl'd, would render them yet more  
despis'd,  
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
In posture to displode thir second tire  
Of Thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir  
plight,  
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these  
Victors proud?  
Ere while they fierce were coming, and  
when wee,  
To entertain them fair with open Front  
And Brest, (what could we more?)  
propounded terms  
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir

minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance, yet for a dance they  
seemd  
Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose  
If our proposals once again were heard  
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom  
mood.

Leader, the terms we sent were terms of  
weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd  
home,  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbl'd many, who receives them  
right,  
Had need from head to foot well  
understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They shew us when our foes walk not  
upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant  
veine  
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts  
beyond  
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might  
To match with thir inventions they  
presum'd  
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
And all his Host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
Rage prompted them at length, & found  
them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels  
plac'd)  
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
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 whelmd, and all thir  
confidence  
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,  
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads  
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air  
Came shadowing, and opprest whole  
Legions arm'd,  
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and  
brus'd  
Into thir substance pent, which wrought  
them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could  
wind  
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest  
light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest in imitation to like Armes  
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills  
uptore;  
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That under ground they fought in dismal  
shade;  
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt  
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n

Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,  
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his  
Son

Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,  
Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,  
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of  
Heav'n,

Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to  
tame

These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met  
arm'd;

For to themselves I left them, and thou  
knowst,

Equal in their Creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath  
wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must  
last

Endless, and no solution will be found:  
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr  
can do,

And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,  
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd,  
which makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the  
maine.

Two dayes are therefore past, the third is  
thine;

For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr  
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine  
Of ending this great Warr, since none but  
Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may  
know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above  
compare,  
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.  
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers  
might,  
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid  
Wheeles  
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my  
Warr,  
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant  
Thigh;  
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them  
out  
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter  
Deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to  
despise  
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

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

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly  
Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes  
seekst  
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,

My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy  
will

Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put  
on

Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these  
rebell'd,

To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
To chains of Darkness, and th' undying  
Worm,

That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
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 Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:  
Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon  
reduc'd  
His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
Under thir Head imbodied all in one.  
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;  
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
Each to his place, they heard his voice and  
went  
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face  
renewd,  
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley  
smil'd.  
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood  
obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness

dwell?

But to convince the proud what Signs  
availe,

Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?

They hard'nd more by what might most  
reclame,

Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall  
In universal ruin last, and now  
To final Battel drew, disdainng 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  
assign'd;

That they may have thir wish, to trie with  
mee

In Battel which the stronger proves, they

all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength  
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 spread 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 wish'd the Mountains now might be  
again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd  
Foure,  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living  
Wheels,  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye

Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious  
fire  
Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir  
strength,  
And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but  
check'd  
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard  
Of Goats or timorous flock together throngd  
Drove them before him Thunder-struck,  
pursu'd  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which  
op'ning wide,  
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,

Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon  
repaired  
Her mural breach, returning whence it  
rowld.  
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes  
*Messiah* his triumphal Chariot turnd:  
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,  
With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching Palme, each order  
bright,  
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious  
King,  
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion  
giv'n,  
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the  
Courts  
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd  
On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by  
things on Earth  
At thy request, and that thou maist beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
What might have else to human Race bin  
hid;  
The discord which befel, and Warr in  
Heav'n  
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep  
fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld  
With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake  
His punishment, Eternal miserie;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite don against the most High,

Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.  
But list'n not to his Temptations, warne  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard  
By terrible Example the reward  
Of disobedience; firm they might have  
stood,  
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

**D**escend from Heav'n *Urania*, by that  
name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice  
divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie  
borne,  
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain  
flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
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 forlorne.  
Half yet remaines unsung, but narrower  
bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice,  
unchang'd  
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil  
dayes,  
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil  
tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compast  
rouud,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when  
Morn  
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance  
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race  
Of that wilde Rout that tore  
the *Thracian* Bard  
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had  
Eares  
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse  
defend  
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee  
implores:  
For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty  
dreame.

Say Goddess, what ensu'd  
when *Raphael*,  
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 infinitely Good we owe

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receave with solemne purpose to observe  
Immutably his sovran will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast  
voutsaf't  
Gently for our instruction to impart  
Things above Earthly thought, which yet  
concernd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps availe us known,  
How first began this Heav'n which we  
behold  
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yeelds 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  
Obtaine: though to recount Almightye works  
What words or tongue of Seraph can  
suffice,

Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may  
serve

To glorifie the Maker, and inferr  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond  
abstain

To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible  
King,

Onely Omniscient, hath suppress in Night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
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 dispossess,  
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 Heavn, & 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

To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almightye, and to what he  
spake  
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
Then time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n  
When such was heard declar'd the  
Almighty's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good  
will  
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
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 Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love  
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.  
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots  
wing'd,  
From the Armoury of God, where stand of  
old  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains  
lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harness at hand,  
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,  
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide

Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound  
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.  
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from  
the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious  
windes  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the  
Pole.

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

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode  
Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his  
Traine  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his  
hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things:  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,  
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy  
bounds,  
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 Quires, when Orient Light  
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and  
shout  
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning  
prais'd  
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
Both when first Eevning was, and when  
first Morn.

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament  
Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,  
The Waters underneath from those above  
Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World  
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in  
wide  
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce  
extreames  
Contiguous might distemper the whole  
frame:  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So  
Eev'n  
And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb  
as yet  
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth  
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with  
warme  
Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,  
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,  
Sate 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 withstood them Rock or  
Hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With Serpent error wandring, found thir  
way,  
And on the washie Oose deep Channels  
wore;  
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
All but within those banks, where Rivers  
now  
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid  
traine.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great  
receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th'  
Earth  
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding  
Seed,  
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;  
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till  
then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender Grass, whose  
verdure clad  
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,  
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden  
flour'd  
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce  
blown,  
Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine,  
forth crept  
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie  
Reed  
Embattell'd in her field: add the humble  
Shrub,

And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and  
spred  
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or  
gemm'd  
Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills  
were crownd,  
With tufts the vallies & each fountain side,  
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth  
now  
Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods  
might dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not  
rain'd  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
Went up and waterd all the ground, and  
each  
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the  
Earth  
God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
On the green stemm; God saw that it was  
good:  
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.  
Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be  
Lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide  
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 everie magnitude of Starrs,  
And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a  
field:  
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and  
plac'd  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of  
Light.  
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his  
horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Thir small peculiar, though from human  
sight  
So farr remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his East the glorious Lamp was  
seen,  
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode:  
the gray  
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the  
Moon,  
But opposite in level West was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her  
Light  
From him, for other light she needed none

In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night, then in the East her turn she  
shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her  
Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand Starres, that then  
appeer'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and  
Rose,  
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the  
fourth day.

And God said, let the Waters generate  
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with  
wings  
Display'd 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 Fowle be multiply'd on the  
Earth.  
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek  
& 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 pasture, & through  
Groves

Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick  
glance  
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with  
Gold,  
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the  
Seale,  
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of  
bulk  
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir  
Gate  
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or  
swimmes,  
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a  
Sea.  
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and  
shoares  
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the  
Egg that soon  
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
Thir callow young, but featherd soon and  
fledge  
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air  
sublime  
With clang despis'd the ground, under a  
cloud  
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork  
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:  
Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise  
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir  
way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's  
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing  
Easing thir flight; so steers 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 spread thir painted  
wings

Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft  
layes:

Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched  
neck

Between her white wings mantling proudly,  
Rowes

Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit  
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons,  
towre

The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose  
clarion sounds

The silent hours, and th' other whose gay  
Traine

Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters  
thus

With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with  
Fowle,

Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God  
said,

Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her  
kinde,

Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the  
Earth,

Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and  
strait

Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,  
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground

up-rose

As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he  
wonns

In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they  
walk'd:

The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes  
green:

Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds

upsprung:

The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half  
appeer'd

The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from  
Bonds,

And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the  
Ounce,

The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them  
threw

In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under  
ground

Bore up his branching head: scarce from his  
mould

*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and  
bleating rose,

As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and  
Land

The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the  
ground,

Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber  
fans

For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride  
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and  
green:

These as a line thir long dimension drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not

all  
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde  
Wondrous in length and corpulence  
involv'd  
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First  
crept  
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
Of future, in small room large heart  
enclos'd,  
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd  
The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband  
Drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st  
them Names,  
Needlest to thee repeaed; nor unknown  
The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent sometimes, 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  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,

But grateful to acknowledge whence his  
good  
Descends, thither with heart and voice and  
eyes  
Directed in Devotion, to adore  
And worship God Supream, who made him  
chief  
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (For where is not hee  
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image,  
Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the  
ground.  
This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils  
breath'd  
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee  
Created thee, in the Image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and  
said,  
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
And every living thing that moves on the  
Earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou  
know'st  
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th'  
Earth yeelds,  
Varietie without end; but of the Tree

Which tasted works knowledge of Good  
and Evil,  
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou  
di'st;  
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant  
Death.  
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt  
day:  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high  
abode,  
Thence to behold this new created World  
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
In prospect from his Throne, how good,  
how faire,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Followd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that  
tun'd  
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire  
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou  
heardst)  
The Heav'ns and all the Constellations  
rung,  
The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,  
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in  
The great Creator from his work returnd  
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will  
deigne  
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged Messengers  
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung

The glorious Train ascending: He through  
Heav'n,  
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led  
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is  
Gold  
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee  
appeer,  
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way  
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest  
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the  
Seaventh  
Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun  
Was set, and twilight from the East came  
on,  
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal  
Throne  
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down  
With his great Father (for he also went  
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,  
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 circumfus'd,  
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie  
men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus  
advanc't,  
Created in his Image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
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.

To whom thus *Adam* 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  
VVith wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glorie attributed to the high  
Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,  
VVhich onely thy solution can resolve.  
VVhen I behold this goodly Frame, this  
VWorld  
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 farr less compass

move,  
Serv'd by more noble than 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 Days, 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 list to try  
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model  
Heav'n  
And calculate the Starrs, how they will  
weild  
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild,  
contrive  
To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:  
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest  
That Bodies bright and greater should not  
serve  
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such  
journies run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone 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 vigor find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.  
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it  
speak  
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 swiftnes 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  
transpicious 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 unpossess  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr

Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether  
not,  
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
Or Shee from West her silent course  
advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air  
along,  
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and  
feare;  
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy faire *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too  
high  
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:  
Think onely what concernes thee and thy  
being;  
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures  
there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd  
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt,  
repli'd.  
How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure  
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing  
thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious  
cares,  
And not molest us, unless we our selves  
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and

notions vaine.

But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave  
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she  
learne,

That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and suttile, 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 something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour  
deign'd.

Thee I have heard relating what was don  
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not  
heard;

And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
How suttly to detain thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
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 comliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion  
formes.

Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on  
Earth

Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
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 lowd lament, and furious  
rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou  
with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus  
our Sire.

For Man to tell how human Life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest  
sleep  
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid  
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames  
the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I  
turn'd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, 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, as 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're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire  
Light,  
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and  
gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and  
Plaines,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures,  
tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?

Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power praeeminent;  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
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 livd: One came, methought, of shape  
Divine,  
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*,  
rise,  
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy  
Guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
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

Submit: he rear'd me, & Whom thou  
soughtst I am,

Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee or beneath.

This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:  
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes  
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no  
dearth:

But of the Tree whose operation brings  
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set  
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole  
command

Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;  
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 cowering  
low  
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on  
his wing.  
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and  
understood  
Thir Nature, with such knowledg God  
endu'd  
My sudden apprehension: but in these  
I found not what me thought I wanted still;  
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all  
these,  
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde  
higher,  
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
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 deprecation 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 rejoyce  
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with  
Fowle  
So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of  
all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not  
displeas'd.

A nice and suttile 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 possesse  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all Eternitie, for none I know  
Second to mee or like, equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold  
converse  
Save with the Creatures which I made, and  
those  
To me inferiour, infinite descents  
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
All human thoughts come short, Supream of  
things;

Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee  
Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagat, already infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though  
One;

But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,  
In unitie defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.  
Thou in thy secresie although alone,  
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou  
wilt  
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;

I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence  
find.

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which  
gain'd

This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was  
pleas'd,

And finde thee knowing not of Beasts  
alone,

Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy  
self,

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst  
dislike,

And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such companie as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,  
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and  
meet:

What next I bring shall please thee, be  
assur'd,

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,  
Which it had long stood under, streind to  
the highth

In that celestial Colloquie sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought  
repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.

Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
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  
warne,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was  
the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his  
hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World,  
seemd now  
Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time  
infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could  
bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,  
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
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,  
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd  
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
And happie Constellations on that houre  
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle  
Aires  
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir  
wings  
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie  
Shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning  
Starr  
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
Thus I have told thee all my State, and  
brought  
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such

As us'd or not, works in the mind no  
change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits,  
& Flours,  
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
Against the charm of Beauties powerful  
glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More then enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
In outward also her resembling less  
His Image who made both, and less  
expressing  
The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly  
shewes;  
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.  
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.

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 yeild all her shows;  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen  
least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not  
be  
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findst  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his  
seat  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale

By which to heav'nly Love thou maist  
ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was  
found.

To whom thus half  
abash't *Adam* repli'd.  
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes  
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with  
Love  
And sweet compliance, which declare  
unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;  
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful then harmonious sound to the  
eare.  
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore  
foild,  
Who meet with various objects, from the  
sense  
Variously representing; yet still free  
Approve the best, and follow what I  
approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou  
saist  
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and  
guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir  
Love  
Express they, by looks onely, or do they  
mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that  
glow'd

Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,  
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou  
know'st

Us happie, and without Love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
In eminence, and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive  
barrs:

Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with  
Soul.

But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant  
Isles

*Hesperian* sets, my Signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of  
all

Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command; take heed least Passion  
sway

Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free  
Will

Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.

I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
Perfet within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd  
ever

With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his  
Bowre.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.  
PARADISE LOST  
BOOK VIII.

N o more of talk where God or Angel  
Guest  
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must  
change  
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and  
breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt  
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement  
giv'n,  
That brought into this World a world of  
woe,  
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth  
Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage  
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,  
Or *Neptun*'s ire or *Juno*'s, that so long  
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea*'s Son;  
If answerable style I can obtaine  
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
Since first this subject for Heroic Song

Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning  
late;  
Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect  
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights  
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;  
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous  
Knights  
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd  
Feast  
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and  
Seneshals;  
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
Not that which justly gives Heroic name  
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these  
Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument  
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the  
Starr  
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter  
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  
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; Sea he had searcht and  
Land  
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Maeotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;  
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length  
West from *Orantes* 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  
preferrd  
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, & 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  
Supreame;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I finde ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him  
destroyd,  
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 *Almightie* 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 pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Thir earthlie Charge: Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may  
finde  
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mазie  
foulds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the highest, am now  
constraind  
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last  
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-rowl'd, His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:

Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den, Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense, In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd With act intelligential; but his sleep Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.

Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,

From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise

To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair

And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake

The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:

Then commune how that day they best may ply

Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew

The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.

And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

*Adam*, well may we labour still to dress  
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and  
Flour.

Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more  
hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth  
derides

Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now  
advise

Or hear what to my mind first thoughts  
present,

Let us divide our labours, thou where  
choice

Leads thee, or where most needs, whether  
to wind

The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct

The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I

In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt

With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:

For while so near each other thus all day

Our task we choose, what wonder if no near

Looks intervene and smiles, or object new

Casual discourse draw on, which intermits

Our dayes work brought to little, though  
begun

Early, and th' hour of Supper comes  
unearn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus  
return'd.

Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond

Compare above all living Creatures deare,

Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts  
imployd

How we might best fulfill the work which  
here

God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass

Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found

In woman, then to studie houshold good,

And good workes in her Husband to  
promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk  
between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from  
Reason flow,  
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our  
joynt  
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as  
wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere  
long  
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.  
For solitude somtimes is best societie,  
And short retirement urges sweet returne.  
But other doubt possesses me, least harm  
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou  
knowst  
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious  
Foe  
Envying our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and  
shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to  
find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where  
each  
To other speedie aide might lend at need;  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss

Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, stil shades thee and  
protects.

The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst  
endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,  
As one who loves, and some unkindness  
meets,  
With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd.

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all  
Earths Lord,  
That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,  
And from the parting Angel over-heard  
As in a shadie nook I stood behind,  
Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness  
therefore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fearst not, being such,  
As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
Can either not receive, or can repell.  
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain  
inferrs

Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in  
thy Brest,

*Adam*, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing  
words *Adam* reply'd.

Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,  
For such thou art, from sin and blame  
entire:

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.

For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least  
asperses

The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof  
Against temptation: thou thy self with  
scorne

And anger wouldst resent the offer'd  
wrong,

Though ineffectual found: misdeem not  
then,

If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,  
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall  
light.

Nor thou his malice and false guile  
contemn;

Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.

I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need  
were

Of outward strength; while shame, thou  
looking on,

Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within  
thee feel

When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care  
And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who  
thought

Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
Single with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?

But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or  
feard

By us? who rather double honour gaine  
From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace  
within,

Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th'  
event.

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid  
Alone, without exterior help sustaind?

Let us not then suspect our happie State  
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single or combin'd.  
Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,  
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.  
O Woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordaind them, his creating hand  
Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
Or ought that might his happie State secure,  
Secure from outward force; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
Against his will he can receive no harme.  
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Least by some faire appeering good  
surpris'd

She dictate false, and misinforme the Will  
To do what God expresly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou  
me.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,  
And fall into deception unaware,

Not keeping strictest watch, as she was  
warnd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
Were better, and most likelie if from mee  
Thou sever not; Trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie,  
approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can  
know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde  
Us both securer then thus warnd thou  
seemst,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee  
more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do  
thine.

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

With thy permission then, and thus  
forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning  
words  
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least  
sought,  
May finde us both perhaps farr less  
prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his  
repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her  
hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph  
light  
*Oread* or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self  
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,

Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver  
armd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Are yet  
rude,  
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels  
brought,  
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adorn'd,  
Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled  
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,  
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.  
Her long with ardent look his *Eye* pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne,  
Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd  
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
O much deceav'd, much failing,  
hapless *Eve*,  
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that houre in Paradise  
Foundst either sweet repast, or found  
repose;  
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and  
Shades  
Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawne the  
Fiend,  
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was  
come,  
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might  
finde  
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them  
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any  
tuft  
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet

He sought them both, but wish'd his hap  
might find  
*Eve* separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his  
wish,  
Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,  
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she  
stood,  
Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round  
About her glowd, oft stooping to support  
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head  
though gay  
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with  
Gold,  
Hung drooping unsustained, then she  
upstaies  
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the  
while,  
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
From her best prop so farr, and storn so  
nigh.  
Neererhe drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:  
Spot more delicious then those Gardens  
feign'd  
Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd  
*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 earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
Of gesture or lest action overawd  
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 he led me, with  
what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor  
hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying, other joy

To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
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  
Fould 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 highth 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,

From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.  
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon  
she trod.

His gentle dumb expression turnd at length  
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad  
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less  
arm

Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with  
disdain,

Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and  
gaze

Insatiate, I thus single; nor have feard  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
Thee all living things gaze on, all things  
thine

By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
Where universally admir'd; but here  
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,

Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who  
shouldst be seen

A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd  
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem  
tun'd;

Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marveling; at  
length

Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
What may this mean? Language of Man  
pronounc't

By Tongue of Brute, and human sense  
express't

The first at lest of these I thought deni'd  
To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-  
Day

Created mute to all articulat sound;  
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
Much reason, and in thir actions oft  
appeers.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and  
how

To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus  
reply'd.

Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,  
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all

What thou commandst, and right thou  
shouldst be obeyd:

I was at first as other Beasts that graze  
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and  
low,

As was my food, nor aught but food  
discern'd

Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughes a savorie odour  
blow'n,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
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 plentie hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and  
Speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape  
retaind.  
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious  
mind  
Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,  
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and  
good;  
But all that fair and good in thy Divine

Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly  
Ray  
United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
Equivalent or second, which compel'd  
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to  
come  
And gaze, and worship thee of right  
declar'd  
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and *Eve*  
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence  
how far?

For many are the Trees of God that grow  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and  
glad.

Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou  
accept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly  
rowld

In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring  
Fire

Compact of unctuous vapor, which the  
Night

Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit

attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from  
his way  
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or  
Poole,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour  
farr.  
So glister'd the dire Snake and into fraud  
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she  
spake.

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

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the  
Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not  
eate  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when  
now more bold  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and  
Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act

Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.  
As when of old som Orator renound  
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence  
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause  
addrest,  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience ere the  
tongue,  
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of  
Right.  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving  
Plant,  
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.  
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not  
Die:  
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you  
Life  
To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on  
mee,  
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both  
live,  
And life more perfet have 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 pretty Trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the  
pain  
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death  
be,  
Deterred 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 obeid:  
Your feare it self of Death removes the  
feare.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so  
cleere,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then  
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
So ye shalt die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this  
can bring  
And what are Gods that Man may not  
become  
As they, participating God-like food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds,  
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing: If they all things, who  
enclos'd  
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein  
lies  
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to  
know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this  
Tree  
Impart against his will if all be his?

Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
In heav'nly breasts? 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;  
Meanwhile 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, & 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;  
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the  
good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and  
lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and  
discernes,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us deni'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast  
which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit  
Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and  
Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she  
eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her  
seat  
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of  
woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fansied so, through expectation high

Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her  
thought.

Greedyly she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Sate at  
length,

And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and  
boon,

Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all  
Trees

In Paradise, of operation blest

To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,

And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end

Created; but henceforth my early care,

Not without Song, each Morning, and due  
praise

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, 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 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 something ill,  
Misgave him; hee the faulting measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she  
took  
That Morn when first they parted; by the  
Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her  
met,  
Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,

Which with bland words at will she thus  
address.

Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my  
stay?

Thee I have misst, and thought it long,  
depriv'd

Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,  
The paine of absence from thy sight. But  
strange

Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:

This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who  
taste;

And hath bin tasted such; the Serpent wise,  
Or not restraind as wee, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but  
thenceforth

Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine  
Eyes,

Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious  
soon.

Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
Least thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her  
storie told;

But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard  
The fatal Trespass don by *Eve*, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and Blank, while horror  
chill

Ran through his veins, and all his joynts  
relax'd;  
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd  
for *Eve*  
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at  
length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom  
excell'd

Whatever can to fight or thought be found,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death  
devote?

Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed  
fraud

Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly  
joyn'd,

To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?  
Should God create another *Eve*, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of  
Flesh,

Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy  
State

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

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

Bold deed thou hast presum'd,  
adventrous *Eve*,  
And peril great provok't, who thus hast  
dar'd  
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
Not God omnipotent, for Fate, yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallowd: ere one  
tastes;  
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as  
Man  
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attaine  
Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatning, will in earnest so  
destroy  
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,  
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,  
For us created, needs with us must faile,  
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his  
Power  
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath  
Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom  
God  
Most Favors, who can please him long?

Mee first  
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he  
next?  
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my  
self.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
*Adam*, from whose deare side I boast me  
sprung,  
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good  
proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more  
dread  
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one  
Crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose vertue, for of good still good  
proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had bin known.  
Were it I thought Death menac't would  
ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd

Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel  
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new  
Joyes,

Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this,  
and harsh.

On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,  
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for  
joy

Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance bad  
Such recompence best merits) from the  
bough

She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
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 scorn the Earth: but that false  
Fruit

Farr other operation first displaid,  
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*  
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him

As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

*Eve*, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
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  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
Her hand he seisd, and to a shadie bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd  
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the  
Couch,

Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
There they thir fill of Love and Loves  
disport

Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous  
play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
That with exhilerating vapour bland  
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost

powers  
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser  
sleep  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious  
dreams  
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir  
minds  
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was  
gon,  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong  
*Herculean Samson* from the Harlot-lap  
Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and  
bare  
Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
Confounded long they sate, as struck'n  
mute,  
Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abasht,  
At length gave utterance to these words  
constraind.

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give care  
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,  
False in our promis'd Rising; since our  
Eyes  
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both Good and Evil, Good lost and Evil  
got,  
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour  
void,  
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,  
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and  
staind,  
And in our Faces evident the signes

Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly  
shapes

Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glad  
Obscur'd, where highest Woods  
impenetrable

To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage  
broad,

And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The Parts of each from other, that seem  
most

To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves  
together sowl,

And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new commer,  
Shame,

There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd hee, and both together  
went

Into the thickest Wood, there soon they  
chose

The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit  
renown'd,

But such as at this day to *Indians* known  
In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes  
Braunching so broad and long, that in the  
ground

The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters  
grow

About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
High overarch't, and echoing Walks

between;  
There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning  
heate  
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing  
Herds  
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade:  
Those Leaves  
They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,  
And with what skill they had, together  
sowd,  
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late  
*Columbus* found th' *American* to girt  
With featherd Cincture, naked else and  
wilde  
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie  
Shores.  
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame  
in part  
Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,  
They sate them down to weep, nor onely  
Teares  
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse  
within  
Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook  
sore  
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region  
once  
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:  
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd  
Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,  
*Adam*, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,  
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words,  
& stai'd  
With me, as I besought thee, when that

strange

Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
I know not whence possessd thee; we had  
then

Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild  
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to  
approve

The Faith they owe; when earnestly they  
seek

Such proof, conclude, they then begin to  
faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of  
blame thus *Eve*.

What words have past thy

Lips, *Adam* severe,

Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who  
knows

But might as ill have happ'nd thou being  
by,

Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou bin there,  
Or bere th' attempt, thou couldst not have  
discernd

Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
No ground of enmitie between us known,  
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to  
harne.

Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a liveless  
Rib.

Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
Command me absolutely not to go,

Going into such danger as thou saidst?

Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with  
mee.

To whom then first  
incenst *Adam* repli'd.

Is this the Love, is the recompence  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal  
 bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I  
 more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking Enemie  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,  
 And force upon free Will hath here no  
 place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
 Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
 What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
 That error now, which is become my  
 crime,  
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
 Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not  
 brook,  
 And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
 Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.  
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-  
 condemning  
 And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK IX.

**M**eanwhile the hainous and

despightfull act

Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how  
Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,  
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape  
the Eye

Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will  
arm'd,

Complete to have discover'd and repulst  
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still  
remember'd

The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast  
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had  
stoln

Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome  
news

From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate,  
displeas'd

All were who heard, dim sadness did not  
spare

That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
With pitie, violated not thir bliss.

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befell: they towards the Throne  
Supream

Accountable made haste to make appear

With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,  
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  
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free Will, to her own inclining left  
In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence  
pass

On his transgression, Death denounc't that  
day,  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall  
find

Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but  
thee

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

Easie it may be seen that I intend  
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,

And destin'd Man himself to judge Man  
fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding  
bright  
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the  
Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd  
milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy  
will  
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd  
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou  
knowst,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must  
light,  
When time shall be, for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine  
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor Train,  
where none  
Are to behold the Judgement, but the  
judg'd,  
Those two; the third best absent is  
condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he  
rose  
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and  
Powers,  
Princedomes, 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 Eevning coole when he from wrauth  
more coole

Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
To sentence Man: the voice of God they  
heard

Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd,  
they heard

And from his presence hid themselves  
among

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  
unsaught:

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains?

Come forth.

He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth,  
though first

To offend, discount'nanc't both, and  
discompos'd;

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* faultring 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  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst  
not eat?

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

To whom the sovrán Presence thus  
repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy  
guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the  
Place

Wherein God set thee above her made of  
thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd  
Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well  
seem'd,  
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part  
And person, had'st thou known thy self  
aright.

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

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

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard,  
without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transferre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,  
As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further  
knew)  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then  
best:

And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art  
accurst  
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put

Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise  
his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from  
Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his  
Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascension bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realme 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;  
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee  
forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th'  
Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate  
Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy  
Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and  
Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't  
that day  
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they  
stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so  
now  
As Father of his Familie he clad  
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or  
slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;  
And thought not much to cloath his  
Enemies:  
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins  
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much  
more  
Opprobrious, with his Robe of  
righteousness,  
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,  
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd  
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
All, though all-knowing, what had past with  
Man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.  
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on  
Earth,  
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and  
Death,  
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 Avenger, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me  
large

Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,  
Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along:  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and  
mine

Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this Maine from Hell to that new  
World

Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument  
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd  
soon.

Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of Death from all things there  
that live:

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the  
smell  
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League  
remote,  
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying,  
lur'd  
With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloodie  
fight.  
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,  
Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.  
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the  
waste  
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark  
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was  
great)  
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth  
of Hell.  
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive  
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd  
way  
Beyond *Petsora* Eastward, to the rich  
*Cathaian* Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm  
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,  
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the  
Gate,  
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd  
beach  
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense  
wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge

Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage  
broad,  
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be  
compar'd,  
*Xerxes*, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,  
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*  
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd,  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th'  
indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by  
wondrous Art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
Of *Satan*, to the selfsame place where hee  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare  
Of this round World: with Pinns of  
Adamant  
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they  
made  
And durable; and now in little space  
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral  
wayes  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now thir way to Earth they had  
descri'd,  
To Paradise first tending, when behold  
*Satan* in likeness of an Angel bright  
Betwixt the *Centaure* and  
the *Scorpion* stearing  
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:  
Disguis'd he came, but those his Children  
dear  
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in  
disguise.

Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk  
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that  
sought

Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd  
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
By Night, and listning where the hapless  
Paire

Sate in thir sad discourse, and various  
plaint,

Thence gatherd his own doom, which  
understood

Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now  
return'd,

And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot  
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring  
dear.

Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy  
encreas'd.

Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not  
thine own,

Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:

For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,

My Heart, which by a secret harmonie

Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion  
sweet,

That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which  
thy looks

Now also evidence, but straight I felt

Though distant from thee Worlds between,

yet felt  
That I must after thee with this thy Son;  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd  
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us  
impow'rd  
To fortifie thus farr, and overlay  
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.  
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath  
won  
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom  
gain'd  
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully  
aveng'd  
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt  
Monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still Victor  
sway,  
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new  
World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by th' Empyreal  
bounds,  
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his  
Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness  
answerd glad.  
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and  
Grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the  
Race  
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns  
dore

Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one  
Realm

Hell and this World, one Realm, one  
Continent

Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode  
with ease

To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them  
rejoyce,

You two this way, among those numerous  
Orbs

All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the  
Earth

Dominion exercise and in the Aire,  
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly  
kill.

My Substitutes I send ye, and Create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now  
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my  
exploit.

If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of  
Hell

No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with  
speed

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 Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreat  
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late  
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful  
Watch  
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer from the  
search  
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 returnd: loud was th'  
acclaime:  
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting  
Peers,  
Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like  
joy  
Congratulant approach'd him, who with  
hand  
Silence, and with these words attention  
won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,  
Vertues, Powers,  
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 the unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
Th' untractable Abygge, plung'd in the  
womb  
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,  
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous

uproare  
Protesting Fate supream; thence how I  
found  
The new created World, which fame in  
Heav'n  
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
From his Creator, and the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n  
up  
Both his beloved Man and all his World,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour or allarme,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose  
shape  
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my  
head:  
A World who would not purchase with a  
bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th'  
account  
Of my performance: What remaines, 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  
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming  
now  
With complicated monsters, head and taile,  
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbaena* dire,  
*Cerastes* hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,  
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the  
Soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle  
*Ophiusa*) but still greatest hee the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the  
Sun  
Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime,  
Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he  
seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain; they all  
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open  
Field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime with expectation when to see  
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;  
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,  
They felt themselvs now changing; down

thir arms,  
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they  
as fast,  
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,  
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they  
meant,  
Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths.  
There stood  
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir  
change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that  
VWhich grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*  
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect  
strange  
Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
Now ris'n, to work them furdur woe or  
shame;  
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger  
fierce,  
Though to delude them sent, could not  
abstain,  
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees  
Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks  
That curld *Megaera*: greedily they pluck'd  
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which  
grew  
Neer that bituminous Lake  
where *Sodom* flam'd;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended  
taste  
VVith spattering noise rejected: oft they  
assayd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
VVith hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws

VVith foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
Into the same illusion, not as Man  
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus  
were they plagu'd  
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless  
hiss,  
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd  
days,  
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
However some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they  
call'd

*Ophion* with *Eurynome*, the wide-  
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule  
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n  
And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictaeon Jove* was born.  
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,  
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted  
yet

On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering  
Death,  
What thinkst thou of our Empire now,  
though earnd  
With travail difficult, not better farr  
Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate  
watch,  
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half  
starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster  
answerd soon.

To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
There best, where most with ravin I may  
meet;

Which here, though plenteous, all too little  
seems

To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound  
Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus  
repli'd.

Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits,  
& Flours

Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and  
Fowle,

No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour  
unspar'd,

Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all  
infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several  
wayes,

Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints  
among,

To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell  
advance

To waste and havoc yonder VVorld, 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'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,

That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,

At random yeilded up to their misrule;

And know not that I call'd and drew them

thither  
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and  
filth  
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath  
shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd,  
nigh burst  
With suckt and glutted offal, at one fling  
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at  
last  
Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of  
Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.  
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be  
made pure  
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:  
Till then the Curse pronounc't on both  
precedes.

Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience  
loud  
Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy  
ways,  
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;  
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages  
rise,  
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was  
thir song,  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
His mightie Angels gave them several  
charge,  
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 showre,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or  
falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds  
they set  
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to  
rowle  
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
Some say he bid his Angels turne 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, sidereal blast,  
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North  
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar  
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with  
ice  
And snow and haile and stormie gust and  
flaw,  
*Boreas* and *Caecias* and *Argestes* loud  
And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas  
upturn;  
With adverse blast up-turns them from the  
South  
*Notus* and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds  
From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce  
Forth rush the *Levant* and  
the *Ponent* VVindes  
*Eurus* and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,  
*Sirocco*, and *Libecchio*. Thus began  
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord  
first  
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:  
Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle  
with Fowle,  
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  
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 eate 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 reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it  
not:

Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy  
election,

But Natural necessity begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of  
his own

To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.

Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:

O welcom hour whenever! why delays

His hand to execute what his Decree

Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,

Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd  
out

To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet

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 offspring 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 perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful  
revolution

On my defenseless 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 mee what can  
proceed,  
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will  
deprav'd,  
Not to do onely, but to will the same  
With me? how can they acquitted stand  
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes  
Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain  
And reasonings, though through Mazes,  
lead me still  
But to my own conviction: first and last  
On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and  
spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
So might the wrauth, Fond wish! couldst  
thou support  
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,  
Then all the world much heavier, though  
divided  
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou  
desir'st,  
And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all  
hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future,  
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.  
O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of  
which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud  
Through the still Night, now now, as ere  
man fell,  
Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with  
black Air  
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful  
gloom,  
Which to his evil Conscience represented  
All things with double terror: On the ground  
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and  
oft  
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
The day of his offence. Why comes not  
Death,  
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her  
word,  
Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?  
But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or  
cries.  
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and  
Bowrs,  
VVith other echo farr I taught your Shades  
To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
VVhom 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  
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 shew  
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With Men as Angels without Feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then  
befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through Femal  
snares,

And straight conjunction with this Sex: for  
either

He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her  
gaind

By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-  
bound

To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:

Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
To humane life, and houshold peace  
confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd,  
but *Eve*  
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not  
flowing,  
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, *Adam*, witness  
Heav'n  
What love sincere, and reverence in my  
heart  
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour  
perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both  
joyning,  
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie  
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
On me already lost, mee then thy self  
More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou  
Against God onely, I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgement will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that  
all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may  
light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie  
plight,

Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd,  
in *Adam* wrought  
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 reconciliation 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 bearest so ill. If Prayers  
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder  
heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but  
strive  
In offices of Love, how we may light'n  
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 regain  
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my  
heart,  
Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
Tending to som relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe,  
devour'd  
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'nous Maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces  
sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be miserie  
And torment less then none of what we  
dread,  
Then both our selves and Seed at once to  
free  
From what we fear for both, let us make

short,  
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply  
With our own hands his Office on our  
selves;  
Why stand we longer shivering under  
feares,  
That shew no end but Death, and have the  
power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire  
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her  
thoughts  
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with  
pale.  
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing  
sway'd,  
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 saught,  
refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and  
implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
To be forestall'd; much more I fear least  
Death  
So snatcht will not exempt us from the  
paine  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacie will provoke the highest

To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
Som safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall  
bruise  
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand  
Foe  
*Satan*, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be  
lost  
By death brought on our selves, or childless  
days  
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and  
wee  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope, and savours  
onely  
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what  
mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and  
judg'd  
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to  
thee  
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with  
joy,  
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse  
aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must  
earne  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin  
worse;

My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands  
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he  
judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his  
ear  
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and  
Snow,  
Which now the Skie with various Face  
begins  
To shew us in this Mountain, while the  
Winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the  
graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us  
seek  
Som better shroud, som better warmth to  
cherish  
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr  
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd  
beams  
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir  
shock  
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart  
flame driv'n down  
Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,  
And sends a comfortable heat from farr,  
Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to  
use,  
And what may else be remedie or cure  
To evils which our own misdeeds have  
wrought,  
Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd

By him with many comforts, till we end  
In dust, our final rest and native home.  
What better can we do, then to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
Before him reverent, and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with  
tears  
VVatering 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,  
VVhen angry most he seem'd and most  
severe,  
VVhat else but favor, grace, and mercie  
shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*  
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
VVatering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.