

# Paradise Lost

Milton, John, 1608-1674

A

## POEM

Written in

## TEN BOOKS

by John Milton

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### BOOK I.

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

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 despare:  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;  
And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,

That with sad overthrow and 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 destined 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 combustible  
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,  
Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood  
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
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 foyld,  
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extreame, 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 imbawr; or scatterd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
Hath vex't the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew

*Busiris* and his *Memphian* Chivalrie,  
VWhile 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,  
Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can sieze  
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toyl of Battel to repose  
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern  
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 perceave the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amrams* Son in *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 dittyes all a Summers day,  
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock  
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led  
His eye 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 Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza*'s frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
Was fair *Damscus*, on the fertil 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 Dores  
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 upreard  
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherube tall:  
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld  
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't  
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while  
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:  
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 dazling 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 imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more then that small infantry  
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood  
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son  
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;  
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore  
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Thir dread Commander: he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a 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 beleeve, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend  
Self-rai'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' Abyse

Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird,  
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 arms  
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 Councel 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.**

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

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 appeers  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to our selves more woe.

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

Either to 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 Halleluiahs; 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 advantageous 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 red 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 feard;  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure 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'n's 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 perplext, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.  
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;  
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 Iles  
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 vallu'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 lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold  
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood  
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge  
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell

Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat  
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

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

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

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis'd  
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid  
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign  
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout  
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
I also; at which time this powerful Key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep

These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbred 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 dismaid,  
And in embraces forcible and foule  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw  
My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his Parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd; 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 suttler Fiend his lore  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And my fair Son here 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 enemy, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host  
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd  
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 rouling 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 Banner'd 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 flies:  
At length a universal hubbub wilde  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,  
Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes  
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd  
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Ades*, and the dreaded name  
Of *Demogorgon*; Rumor next and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
*Chaos* and *Ancient Night*, I come no Spie,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
Wandering this darksome desert, 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 Standerd there of *Ancient Night*;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old  
With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heav'ns King, though overthrown.  
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates  
Pourd out by millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
That little which is left so to defend  
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 justling Rocks:  
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunnd  
*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, undetermind 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, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,

Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
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  
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor 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 immutable foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree  
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd  
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 seisd  
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 destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.  
Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt 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.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,  
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 disjoin.

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 Waggons light:  
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other Creature in this place  
Living or liveless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
With vanity had filld the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life;  
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;  
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here,  
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;  
Those argent Fields more likely habitants,  
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold

Between th' Angelical and Human kinde:  
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
First from the ancient World those Giants came  
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:  
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:  
Others came single; hee who to be deem'd  
A God, leap'd fondly into *Aetna* flames,  
*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 upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd  
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 turn'd 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 somtimes  
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 desart wayes with peril gone  
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some forein land  
First-seen, or some renownd Metropolis  
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,  
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 turn'd  
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 inform'd  
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
If mettall, part seem'd 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,  
Drain'd 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 turn'd, 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 seem'd, 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 witness 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 warn'd  
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
*Satan*, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not 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 reconcilement grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr  
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:  
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this World.  
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;  
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least  
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;  
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and 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 practis'd falshood under saintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
*Uriel* once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce  
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.  
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  
*Sabeian* 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-fellon 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 darksom passage now appeers,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme  
And Country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,

How from that Sapphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
With mазie 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,  
Simplicities 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 embraces 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, Pardes  
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 hastening now with prone career  
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 offspring; 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  
Conferrd 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 turnd,  
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, nearest my heart  
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
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 unprov'd,  
And meek surrender, half imbracing leand  
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast  
Naked met his under the flowing Gold  
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*  
On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds  
That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd  
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plained.

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 Eeven  
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr  
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner  
From what point of his Compass to beware  
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

*Gabriel*, to thee thy 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 returnd:  
*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfet sight,  
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,  
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass  
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come  
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour



No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
But if within the circuit of these walks  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou 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 adorn'd.  
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 wherfore all night long shine these, for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
Daughter of God and Man, accomlisht *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 ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to 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 sovrان Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to mans delightful use; the roofe  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew

Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
*Acanthus*, and each odorous bushie shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,  
*Iris* all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin*  
Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,  
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone  
Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;  
Such was thir awe of man. In 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 suttile Spirits he calld  
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

*Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wingd speed  
Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,  
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,  
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 enemie in waite  
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said *Satan*, filld with scorn,  
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;  
Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,  
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 glimpses discern  
*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 coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.  
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Implor'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  
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?  
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd  
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
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 yolk, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
Turn'd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes  
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
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.

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



His wonder was to find unwak'd *Eve*  
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-rai's'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'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the 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 Fancies 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 Fancies 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 Eevenings talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not 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 uncolour'd 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 conceal'd,  
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 pamper'd 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 darksome Gulf  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
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-opend wide  
On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd  
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass  
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
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 guessd him bound.  
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here

Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.  
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* 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 Eevning rise  
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd  
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair  
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God  
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf  
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
And on her ample Square from side to side  
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The Earth to 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  
 Intelligent substances require  
 As doth your Rational; and both contain  
 Within them every lower facultie  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustaind and fed; of Elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
 Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.  
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.  
 The Sun that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimental recompence  
 In humid exhalations, and at Even  
 Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees  
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
 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 emblaz'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, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem:  
And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Listens delighted. 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 impaired.  
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 eclipt 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 pleas'd, 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 secundarie 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 spread  
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.**

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd  
Through Heav'ns wide Champaign 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 scornd 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; wherefore 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 answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre  
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
(Unanswer'd least thou boast) to let thee know;  
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n  
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Ministring Spirits, train'd up in Feast and Song;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
Servilitie with freedom to contend,  
As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.  
Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
Unjustly thou depriv'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 awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
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 Entrailles, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound

Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:  
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
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, recoyld  
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By 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 disobei'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious din of Warr:  
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughthen 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 powerfuller 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 contemn'd,  
Since now we find this our Emphyreal 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 unpaid, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But 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'n's 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 despair'd.  
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 seem'd  
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 turn'd  
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 orbed Shield,  
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,  
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,  
And onward move Embattelld; when behold  
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 seisd 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 impaired, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
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 Wheelles  
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,  
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;  
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out  
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct  
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest  
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 imbodyed 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, disdainig 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 excels;  
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 Wheelles  
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;  
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode  
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 timerous flock together throngd  
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
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 Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,  
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd  
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.**



Descend from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,  
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down  
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 remainses unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
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 avails 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 unfold  
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 Eevening 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 Almighty works  
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?

Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To 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 lax, 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 Almightye's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
And th' habitations of the just; to him  
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create, in stead  
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring  
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse  
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, harnest 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 Train  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
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 unform'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 errour wandring, found thir way,  
And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;  
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding Seed,  
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'd West was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keepes  
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 adornd  
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.

And God said, let the Waters generate  
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.  
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 Aierie 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 spred thir painted wings  
Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes  
Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit  
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 fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
Innumerable living Creatures, perfet 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 somtimes, with brazen Eyes  
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld  
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand  
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt  
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;  
There wanted yet the Master work, the end  
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone  
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect  
His Stature, and upright with Front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
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,  
Variatie 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 Emphyrean rung,  
With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this World and face of things began,  
And what before thy memorie was don  
From the beginning, that posteritie  
Informd by thee might know; if else thou seekst  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

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,  
VWhich onely thy solution can resolve.  
VWhen 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 then her self, attaines  
Her end without least motion, and receaves,  
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*  
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her eare  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*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 swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could adde  
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,

Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In *Eden*, distance inexpressible  
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,  
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs  
By his attractive vertue and thir own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different Motions move?  
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,  
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
Travelling East, and with her part averse  
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night  
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate  
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
Communicating Male and Femal Light,  
Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in Nature unpossest  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
Down to this habitable, which returnes  
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 subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most 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 sutly 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  
Submiss: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,  
Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:  
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 suttle happiness I see

Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice  
Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessest  
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 perfect, 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 warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
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 uninform'd  
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every gesture dignitie and love.  
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

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 formd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes  
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;  
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.**

No more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt  
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
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 wraught the change,  
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise  
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;  
In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Maeotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;  
Downward as farr Antarctic; 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 subtlest Beast of all the Field.  
Him after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,  
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native subtletie  
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not prefer'd  
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would build?  
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concentrating all thir precious beams  
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers  
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
With what delight could I have walkt thee round  
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crown'd,  
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I finde ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him 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 mazie foulds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
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  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own

Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each  
To other speedie aide might lend at need;  
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 austere 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 shady 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 fearest 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 prooff  
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 Enemy, 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 submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,  
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 arm'd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Are yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought,  
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adorn'd,  
Likest she seem'd, *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 unsustaind, them 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  
Infeebld 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 Steersman 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 gloz'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 exprest?  
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd  
To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day  
Created mute to all articulat sound;  
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.  
Thee, Serpent, 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 perceive  
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 turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Consider'd 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 addressd,  
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,  
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade  
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:  
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
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.  
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Sate at length,  
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,  
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
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 turnd,  
But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne  
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown  
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
Yet oft his heart, divine of 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 restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
Persuasively 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 prooff  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
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 incurr  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance bad  
Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
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 seis'd, and to a shadie bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'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 sowd,  
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 discern'd  
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
No ground of enmitie between us known,  
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
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.**

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act  
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how  
Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,  
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulst  
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 suttile 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,  
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant  
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
*Eden* and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods  
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 perfect 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 sovran 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 prevailles, 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, joy'n'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 spread, 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,  
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood  
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Thir penance, laden with 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  
VWith spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
VWith hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
VWith 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 ceasless hiss,  
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
However some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they 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 Hells 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' Almightye seeing,  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder 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 ascense  
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 *Serrationa*; 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 delayes  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
To mee and to my 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 defensless head; both Death and I  
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie  
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able

To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited how would ye bless  
Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from 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 Bowsrs,  
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 gaine  
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already linkt and Wedlock-bound  
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
To humane life, and houshold peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*  
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
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 regaine  
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
Tending to som relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, 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 wayes 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 something more sublime  
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;  
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
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.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK X.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
 Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above  
 Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd  
 The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port  
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair  
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,  
*Deucalion* and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore  
 The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine  
 Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers  
 Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious windes  
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd  
 Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad  
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare  
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee  
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate  
 And propitiation, all his works on mee  
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
 Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
 Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee  
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
 Those pure immortal Elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,



Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first  
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
Created him endowd, with Happiness  
And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,  
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;  
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes  
His final remedie, and after Life  
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,  
Wak't in the renovation of the just,  
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.  
But let us call to Synod all the Blest  
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide  
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw;  
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.

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

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,  
My motions in him, longer then they move,  
His heart I know, how variable and vain  
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
Forever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the Garden forth to Till  
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

*Michael*, this my behest have thou in charge,  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:  
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
To them and to thir Progenie from thence

Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint  
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears  
Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale  
To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,  
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;  
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
And on the East side of the Garden place,  
Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,  
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
Least Paradise a receptacle prove  
To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,  
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

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

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

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.  
Ill worthie I such title should belong

To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind  
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't  
The sourse of life; next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf't,  
Farr other name deserving. But the Field  
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,  
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where ere our days work lies, though now enjoind  
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?  
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate  
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest  
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,  
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,  
First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;  
Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.  
*Adam* observ'd, and with his Eye the chase  
Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.

O *Eve*, some further change awaits us nigh,  
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews  
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
Us haply too secure of our discharge  
From penaltie, because from death releast  
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,  
And thither must return and be no more.  
VWhy else this double object in our sight  
Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light  
More orient in yon VWestern Cloud that draws  
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with somthing heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,  
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.  
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
*Jacob* in *Mahanaim*, where he saw  
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;  
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd  
In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,  
Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize  
One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,

Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch  
In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise  
Possession of the Garden; hee alone,  
To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,  
Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,  
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

*Eve*, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determin, or impose  
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie  
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill  
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate  
None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie  
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.  
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man  
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes  
A militarie Vest of purple flowd  
Livelier then *Meliboean*, or the graine  
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old  
In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;  
His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side  
As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,  
Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.  
*Adam* bowd low, hee Kingly from his State  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

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

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

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!  
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave  
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,  
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last

At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,  
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke  
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower World, to this obscure  
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?

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

*Adam* by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and onely consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,  
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer against his absolute Decree  
No more availes then breath against the winde,  
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd  
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree  
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful Altars I would reare  
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,  
Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:  
In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd  
To life prolong'd and promis'd Race, I now

Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.  
*Adam*, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth  
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills  
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:  
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been  
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had hither come  
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.  
But this praeeminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:  
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine  
God is as here, and will be found alike  
Present, and of his presence many a signe  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face  
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.  
Which that thou mayst beleeeve, and be confirmd,  
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes  
To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
By moderation either state to beare,  
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)  
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.  
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
However chast'ning, to the evil turne  
My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
If so I may attain. So both ascend  
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill  
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken  
Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.  
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,  
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
His Eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls  
Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*

And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,  
To *Paquin* of *Sinaean* Kings, and thence  
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*  
Down to the golden *Chersones*, or where  
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since  
In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*  
In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,  
*Turchestan*-born; nor could his eye not ken  
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port  
*Ercoco* and the less Maritime Kings  
*Mombaza*, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,  
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme  
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South;  
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount  
The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez*, and *Sus*,  
*Marocco* and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;  
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway  
The VWorld: in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*,  
And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat  
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd  
*Guiana*, whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons  
Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights  
*Michael* from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd  
VWhich that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
Had bred; then purg'd with *Euphrasie* and *Rue*  
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;  
And from the VVell of Life three drops instill'd.  
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,  
Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,  
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intransit:  
But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

*Adam*, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,  
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,  
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves  
New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;  
Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon  
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,  
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next  
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.  
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;  
The others not, for his was not sincere;  
Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone

That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.  
Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart  
Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?

T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.  
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come  
Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
For envie that his Brothers Offering found  
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact  
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead  
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance then within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more  
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know  
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,  
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes  
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,  
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,  
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,  
Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair  
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invoc't  
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,  
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears  
A space, till firmer thoughts restraind excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd?  
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why



Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus  
Th' Image of God in man created once  
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debas't  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
Retaining still Divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then  
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.  
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,  
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,  
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't  
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules  
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they  
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

I yeild it just, said *Adam*, and submit.  
But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?

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

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

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

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon  
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds  
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound

Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd  
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
In other part stood one who at the Forge  
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,  
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot  
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream  
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind  
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd  
First his own Toolles; then, what might else be wrought  
Fulfil or grav'n in mettle. After these,  
But on the hether side a different sort  
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,  
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise  
Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid, nor those things lost which might preserve  
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain  
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold  
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay  
In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung  
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:  
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net  
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;  
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star  
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat  
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;  
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.  
Such happy interview and fair event  
Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,  
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,  
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.

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

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best  
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.  
Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere  
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;  
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd  
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,

Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;  
Bred onely and completed to the taste  
Of lustful apperence, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and trouble the Tongue, and roule the Eye.  
To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,  
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which  
The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.  
O pittie and shame, that they who to live well  
Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
But still I see the tenor of Mans woe  
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.  
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred  
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,  
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,  
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;  
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,  
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd  
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;  
One way a Band select from forage drives  
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine  
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,  
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,  
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,  
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;  
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;  
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies  
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field  
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong  
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,  
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend  
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the scepter'd Haralds call  
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,  
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
In factious opposition, till at last  
Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,  
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
And Judgement from above: him old and young  
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
Unseen amid the throng: so violence

Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law  
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.  
*Adam* was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these,  
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
His Brother; for of whom such massacher  
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?  
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?

To whom thus *Michael*; These are the product  
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st;  
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves  
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,  
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;  
To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,  
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The onely righteous in a World perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With Foes for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious Truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds  
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,  
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;  
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,  
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,  
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire  
Allur'd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.  
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft  
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd  
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls  
In prison under Judgements imminent:  
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;  
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,

Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,  
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore  
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!  
Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small  
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught  
Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons  
With thir four Wives, and God made fast the dore.  
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie  
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie  
Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain  
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum  
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp  
Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces  
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.  
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold  
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation; thee another Floud,  
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard  
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns  
His Childern, all in view destroyd at once;  
And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I  
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot  
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispenst  
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
And hee the future evil shall no less  
In apprehension then in substance feel  
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,  
Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't  
Famin and anguish will at last consume  
Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope  
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,  
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd  
With length of happy days the race of man;  
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.  
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,  
And whether here the Race of man will end.

To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst  
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true vertu void;  
Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste  
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby  
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace.  
The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr  
Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose  
And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd  
In sharp contest of Battel found no aide  
Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale  
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear  
More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd:  
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
One Man except, the onely Son of light  
In a dark Age, against example good,  
Against allurement, custom, and a World  
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes  
Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come  
On thir impenitence; and shall returne  
Of them derided, but of God observd  
The one just Man alive; by his command  
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
To save himself and houshold from amidst  
A World devote to universal rack.  
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast  
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts  
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep  
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd  
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,  
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;  
And the cleer Sun on his wide watric Glass

Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.  
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.  
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;  
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.  
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,  
And after him, the surer messenger,  
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie  
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
The second time returning, in his Bill  
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:  
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke  
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
Conspicuous with three lifted colours gay,  
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.  
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad  
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou that future things canst represent  
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive  
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live  
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.  
Farr less I now lament for one whole World  
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce  
For one Man found so perfet and so just,  
That God voutsafes to raise another World  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,  
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,  
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde  
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,  
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

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

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine  
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:  
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,  
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast  
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;  
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)  
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;  
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde  
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
And get themselves a name, least far disperst  
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks  
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower  
Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets  
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase  
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the Builders; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.



O execrable Son so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself affirming  
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:  
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
By his donation; but Man over men  
He made not Lord; such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free.  
But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends  
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food  
Will he convey up thither to sustain  
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire  
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st  
That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,  
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie  
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells  
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,  
Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,  
*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To-worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes  
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,

His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
His benediction so, that in his Seed  
All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,  
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile  
*Ur of Chaldaea*, passing now the Ford  
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains, I see his Tents  
Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine  
Of *Moreb* there by promise he receaves  
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South  
(Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)  
From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,  
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream  
*Jordan*, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.  
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth  
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed  
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,  
Whom *Faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs  
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd  
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile*;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes  
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
He comes invited by a yonger Son  
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that Realme  
Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
*Moses* and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime  
His people from enthrallment, they return  
With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.  
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
To know thir God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire;  
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,  
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,  
Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,

And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie  
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould;  
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,  
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
This River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea  
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass  
As on drie land between two christal walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command  
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,  
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect  
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance  
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd  
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
Return them back to *Egypt*, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untraine in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thir delay  
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:  
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine  
To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve  
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech  
That *Moses* might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high Office now

Moses in figure beares, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times  
Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men  
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes  
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud  
Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,  
Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest  
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,  
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,  
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,  
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third  
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him  
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

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

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
And therefore was Law given them to evince  
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,  
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde  
Justification towards God, and peace  
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God  
Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;  
But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,  
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversarie Serpent, and bring back  
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man  
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt thir public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies:  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom  
The second, both for pietie renownd  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock  
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise  
A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust  
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
But first a long succession must ensue,  
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
Such follow him, as shall be registerd  
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,  
Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.  
There in captivitie he lets them dwell  
The space of seventie years, then brings them back,  
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn  
To *David*, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.  
Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings  
Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
They first re-edifie, and for a while  
In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings  
Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise

The Scepter, and regard not  *Davids* Sons,  
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true  
Anointed King *Messiah* might be born  
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr  
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,  
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;  
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
Of squadron Angels hear his Carol sung.  
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign  
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy  
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,  
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

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

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,  
As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son  
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
*Satan*, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works  
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,  
The penaltie to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.  
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment  
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits  
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd

A shameful and accurst, naid to the Cross  
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;  
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives, Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life  
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace  
By Faith not void of works: this God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,  
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer  
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
And his Salvation, them who shall beleewe  
Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.  
All Nations they shall teach; for from that day  
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines  
Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons  
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world;  
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.  
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the aire  
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines  
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;  
Then enter into glory, and resume  
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,  
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and receave them into bliss,  
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.

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

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!

That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Then that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
To God more glory, more good will to Men  
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.  
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deale  
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n  
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith  
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arme  
With spiritual Armour, able to resist  
*Satans* assaults, and quench his fierie darts  
What Man can do against them, not affraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompenc't,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit  
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the Nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each Nation to receave  
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length  
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,  
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To thir own vile advantages shall turne  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left onely in those written Records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places and titles, and with these to joine  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promisd alike and giv'n  
To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,  
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde  
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde  
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild  
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,



Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth  
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
Infallible? yet many will presume:  
Whence heavie persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,  
Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes  
Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,  
Under her own waight groaning, till the day  
Appeer of respiration to the just,  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,  
The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
*Satan* with his perverted World, then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,  
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,  
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,  
And love with feare the onely God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake  
Is fortitude to highest victorie,  
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:  
This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the summe  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs  
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,  
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,  
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul

Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of Speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,  
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect  
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;  
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd  
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission: thou at season fit  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.  
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,  
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happie end.

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

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know;  
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
VVearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
VWho for my wilful crime art banisht hence.  
This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,  
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,  
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
VVell pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array  
The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat  
In either hand the hastning Angel caught  
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
Let them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd.

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:  
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;  
The World was all before them, where to choose  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:  
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

THE END.