Paradise Lost

&

Paradise Regained

John Milton

Edited by Neil Azevedo
Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained

JOHN MILTON

William Ralph Press

Omaha
Contents

Introduction

PARADISE LOST
Book I
Book II
Book III
Book IV
Book V
Book VI
Book VII
Book VIII
Book IX
Book X
Book XI
Book XII

PARADISE REGAIN'D
Book I
Book II
Book III
Book IV
Also from William Ralph Press
I first read *Paradise Lost* as a young undergraduate with that feeling of panic that inhabits one when one gets one’s first small inkling about just how many books are really out there, and then compares that number with the number of books one has read in one’s life up to that point. I was certain that my particular number was modestly impressive. Then I did the rough math, and felt—a little desperately—that I better pick up the pace. What surprised me about the book, that I was sure was going to be difficult and dry, was that it was neither.

I present here *Paradise Lost* as rendered in the 1674 edition which expanded the original printing from ten to twelve books, retaining the 1668 second pressing’s prefatory arguments, which Milton added after the first pressing. I have retained Milton’s spelling from the original 1667 edition because there is no getting around that the original ten book version has a sense of liveliness that one wants without having to sacrifice the full vision he ultimately had for his masterpiece.

*Paradise Regained* is reproduced as closely as possible to its original 1671 edition, and requires no further editorial elucidation.

I sincerely hope you enjoy them as much as I have over the years.

—Neil Azevedo, 10/10/14
The Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; Rhime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem of good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac’t indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian, and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rhime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, triveal, and of no true musical delight; which consists onely in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rhime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem s perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem’d an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover’d to heroic Poem from the troublesomand modern bondage of Rimeing.
Book I

The Argument

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac’t: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ’d here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos’d as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call’d Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam’d, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophesie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councel. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernu Peers there sit in Councel.
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
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert th’ Eternal Providence,
And justifie the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off (30)
From their Creator, and transgress his Will
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankinde, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High, (40)
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night (50)
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness’d huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde, (60)
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam’d, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv’d only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum’d:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar’d (70)
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain’d
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov’d from God and light of Heav’n
As from the Center thrice to th’ utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o’rewhelm’d
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam’d (80)
Bëëlzebub. To whom th’ Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav’n call’d Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall’n! how chang’d
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth’d with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd (90)
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
From what highth fal’n, so much the stronger prov’d
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict do I repent or change,
Though chang’d in outward lustre; that fixt mind
And high disdain, from sence of injur’d merit,
That with the mightiest rais’d me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along (100)
Innumerable force of Spirits arm’d
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos’d
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav’n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might (110)
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
Who from the terreur of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc’t,
We may with more successful hope resolve (120)
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th’ excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav’n.

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

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th’ imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds (130)
Fearless, endanger’d Heav’ns perpetual King;
And put to proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav’n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heav’nly Essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, (140)
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow’d up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Then such could hav orepow’rd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of Warr, what e’re his business be (150)
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Where to with speedy words th’ Arch-fiend reply’d.

Fall’n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, (160)
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destind aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall’d
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit (170)
Back to the Gates of Heav’n: The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in storm, o’reblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav’n receiv’d us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing’d with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th’ occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde, (180)
The seat of desolation, 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, (190)
If not what resolution from despare.

Thus Satan talking to his neerest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz’d, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
*Titanian, or Earth-born,* that warr’d on *Jove,*
*Briarios or Typhon,* whom the Den
By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast (200)
*Leviathan,* which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th’ Ocean stream:
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam
The Pilot of some small night-founder’d Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delayes:
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain’d on the burning Lake, nor ever thence (210)
Had ris’n or heav’d his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag’d might see
How all his malice serv’d but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On Man by him seduc’t, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour’d. (220)
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, and rowld
In billows, leave i’th’ midst a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn’d
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
And such appear’d in hue, as when the force (230)
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter’d side
Of thundring Ætna, whose combustible
And fewel’d entrals thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim’d with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv’d
With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,
Both glorying to have scap’t the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover’d strength, (240)
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

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

So Satan spake, and him Bëelzebub
Thus answer’d. Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th’ Onmipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremas, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag’d, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, (280)
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz’d,
No wonder, fall’n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas’t when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shoar; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
At Ev’ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands, (290)
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasie steps
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur’d, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call’d (300)
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans’t
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th’ Etrurian shades
High overarch’t imbrowr; or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm’d
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
Busiris and his Memphian Chivalrie,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu’d
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases (310)
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call’d so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriers, the Flowr of Heav’n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can sieze
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos’n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find (320)
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav’n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter’d Arms and Ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav’n Gates discern
Th’ advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall’n. (330)
They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their Generals Voix they soon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of Amrams Son in Egypt's evil day
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud (340)
Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That o'er the Realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain; (350)
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones; (360)
Though of their Names in heav’nly Records now
Be no memorial blotted out and ras’d
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of Eve
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
By falsities and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th’ invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform (370)
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn’d
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
Rous’d from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof? (380)
The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador’d
Among the Nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron’d
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac’d
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan’d, (390)
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid King besmear’d with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim Idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry Plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart (400)
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call’d, the Type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th’ obscene dread of Moabs Sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of Southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seons Realm, beyond
The flowry Dale of Sibma clad with Vines, (410)
And Eleale to th’ Asphaltick Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic’d
Israel in Sittim on 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 bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the Brook that parts (420)
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general Names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncomplexed is their Essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joynt or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens’d, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aerie purposes, (430)
And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For those the Race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow’d down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call’d
Astarte, Queen of Heav’n, with crescent Horns;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon (440)
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her Temple on th’ offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
Beguil’d by fair Idolatresses, fell
To Idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur’d
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate
In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock (450)
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos’d with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected Sions daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survay’d the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn’d in earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim’d his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, (460)
Where he fell flat, and sham’d his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear’d in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon
And Accaron and Gaza’s frontier bounds.
Him follow’d Rimmon, whose delightful Seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile Banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold: (470)
A Leper once he lost and gain’d a King,
*Ahaz* his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
Gods Altar to disparage and displace
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear’d
A crew who under Names of old Renown,
*Osiris, Isis, Orus* and their Train
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus’d
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek (480)
Thir wandring Gods disguis’d in brutish forms
Rather then human. Nor did *Israel* scape
Th’ infection when their borrow’d Gold compos’d
The Calf in *Oreb:* and the Rebel King
Doubl’d that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan,*
Lik’ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
*Jehovah,* who in one Night when he pass’d
From *Egypt* marching, equal’d with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
*Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd (490)
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
Or Altar smoak’d; yet who more oft then hee
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
Turns Atheist, as did *Ely’s* Sons, who fill’d
With lust and violence the house of God.
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
And injury and outrage: And when Night (500)
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the 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 confess later then Heav’n and Earth
Thir boasted Parents; Titan Heav’ns first born (510)
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis’d
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea’s Son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign’d: these first in Creet
And Ida known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul’d the middle Air
Thir highest Heav’n; or on the Delphian Cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric Land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th’ Hesperian Fields, (520)
And ore the Celtic roam’d the utmost Isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear’d
Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss it self; which on his count’nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais’d
Their fainted courage, and dispel’d their fears. (530)
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim’d
_Azazel_ as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl’d
Th’ Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc’
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz’d,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds: (540)
At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of _Chaos_ and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear’d, and serried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect _Phalanx_ to the _Dorian_ mood (550)
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais’d
To highth of noblest temper Hero’s old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought (560)
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guise
Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impose: He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
Thir visages and stature as of Gods, (570)
Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: For never since created man,
Met such 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 (580)
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 (590) 
Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost 
All her Original brightness, nor appear’d 
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th’ excess 
Of Glory obscur’d: As when the Sun new ris’n 
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air 
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon 
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds 
On half the Nations, and with fear of change 
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark’n’d so, yet shon 
Above them all th’ Arch Angel: but his face (600) 
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care 
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes 
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride 
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast 
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather 
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn’d
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc’
Of Heav’n, and from Eternal Splendors flung (610)
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
Hath scath’d the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar’d
To speak; whereat their doubl’d Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spight of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last (620)
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

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

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin’d hell: highly they rag’d
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped 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 grisly top (670)
Belch’d fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing’d with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten’d. As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm’d
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav’n, for ev’n in heav’n his looks and thoughts (680)
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav’ns pavement, trod’n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy’d
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack’d the Center, and with impious hands
Rifl’d the bowels of thir mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op’nd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig’d out ribs of Gold. Let none admire (690)
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond’ring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar’d, (700)
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc’d from the Lake, a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,
Severing each kinde, and scum’d the Bullion dross:
A third as soon had form’d within the ground
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill’d each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
A non out of the earth a Fabrick huge (710)
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav’n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
Equal’d in all thir glories, to inshrine
*Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat (720)
Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th’ ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
Op’ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o’re the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by suttle Magic many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude (730)
Admiring enter’d, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav’n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Scepter’d Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador’d
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land
Men call’d him *Mulciber*; and how he fell (740)
From Heav’n, they fabl’d, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o’re the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th’ *Ægean* Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail’d him now
To have built in Heav’n high Towrs; nor did he scape
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent (750)
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
A solemn Council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call’d
From every Band and squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came (760)
Attended: all access was throng’d, the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover’d field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm’d, and at the Soldans chair
Defi’d the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
Thick swarm’d, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive (770)
In clusters; they among fresh 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 strait’n’d; till the Signal giv’n.
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race (780)
Beyond the Indian Mount, or Faerie Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and dance
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc’d thir shapes immense, and were at large, (790)
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in thir own dimensions like themselves
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.
The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer’d, mention’d before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophesie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour’d and applauded. The Counsell thir ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op’nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

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 Showrs on her Kings Barbaric Pearl and Gold, Satan exalted sat, by merit rais’d To that bad eminence; and from despair Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain Warr with Heav’n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid. (10)

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

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

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heav’ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose (60)
Arm’d with Hell flames and fury all at once
O’re Heav’ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps (70)
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok’n Rear
Insulting, and pursu’d us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight (80)
We sunk thus low? Th’ ascent is easie then;
Th’ event is fear’d; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy’d: what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv’n out from bliss, condemn’d
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge (90)
Inexorably, and the torturing houre
Calls us to Penance? More destroy’d then thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag’d,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst (100)
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav’n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc’d
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods. On th’ other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav’n; he seemd (110)
For dignity compos’d and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d the ear,
And with perswasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg’d (120)
Main reason to persuade immediate Warr,
Did not disswade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav’n are fill’d
With Armed watch, that render all access (130)
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest Insurrection, to confound
Heav’ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th’ Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel (140)
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls’d, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th’ Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, (150)
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed, (160)
Reserv’d and destin’d to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu’d and strook
With Heav’ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem’d
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain’d on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl’d those grim fires (170)
Awak’d should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open’d, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl’d (180)
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
Warr therefore, open or conceal’d, alike
My voice 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 (190)
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav’n
Thus trampl’d, thus expell’d to suffer here
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust (200)
That so ordains: this was at first resolv’d,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent’rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit (210)
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov’d
Not mind us not offending, satisfi’d
With what is punish’t; whence these raging fires
Will slack’n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur’d not feel,
Or chang’d at length, and to the place conform’d
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow milde, this darkness light, (220)
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
Counsell’d ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disinthrone the King of Heav’n
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain (230)
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yeild
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav’n’s bound, unless Heav’n’s Lord suprem
We overpower? Suppose he should relent
And publish Grace to all, on promise made
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive (240)
Strict Laws impos’d, to celebrate his Throne
With warbl’d Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc’t Halleluiah’s; while he Lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In Heav’n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain’d (250)
Unacceptable, though in Heav’n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e’re (260)
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav’n s all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur’d,
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must’ring thir rage, and Heav’n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile (270)
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav’n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang’d
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl’d State
Of order, how in safety best we may (280)
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I advise.
    He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
Th’ Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous’d the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o’rewatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard (290)
As Mammon ended, and his Sentence pleas’d,
Advising peace: for such another Field
They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By pollicy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav’n.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv’d, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave (300)
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem’d
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav’n (310)
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call’d
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav’n hath doom’d
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav’n’s high jurisdiction, in new League
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine (320)
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov’d,
Under th’ inevitable curb, reserv’d
His captive multitude: For he, be sure
In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav’n.
What sit we then projecting peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin’d us, and foild with loss (330)
Irreparable; tears of peace yet none
Voutsaft or sought; for what peace will be giv’n
To us enslav’d, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam’d reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel? (340) 
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need 
With dangerous expedition to invade 
Heav’n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege, 
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find 
Some easier enterprize? There is a place 
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav’n 
Err not) another World, the happy seat 
Of som new Race call’d Man, about this time 
To be created like to us, though less 
In power and excellence, but favour’d more (350) 
Of him who rules above; so was his will 
Pronounce’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’n’s high Arbitrator sit secure 
In his own strength, this place may lye expos’d (360) 
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left 
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps 
Som advantagious act may be achiev’d 
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire 
To waste his whole Creation, or possess 
All as our own, and drive as we were driven, 
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass (370)
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
Hurl’d headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus Bëëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis’d
By Satan, and in part propos’d: for whence, (380)
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas’d highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkl’d in all thir eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
   Well have ye judg’d, well ended long debate, (390)
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv’d; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter Heav’n; or else in some milde Zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav’ns fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air, (400)
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world, whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom’d infinite Abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then (410)
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
   This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeer’d
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute, (420)
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count’nance read his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav’n-warring Champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais’d
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov’d thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav’n, Empyreal Thrones, (430)
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis’d us, though undismaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr’d over us prohibit all egress.
These past, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being (440)
Threatens him, plung’d in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into what ever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov’ranty, adorn’d
With splendor, arm’d with power, if aught propos’d
And judg’d of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deterre
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume (450)
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav’n, though fall’n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm (460)
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais’d
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus’d) what erst they feared; (470)
And so refus’d might in opinion stand
His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th’ adventure then his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav’n:
Nor fail’d they to express how much they prais’d, (480)
That for the general safety he despis’d
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn’d
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o’re with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o’respread
Heav’ns cheerful face, the lowring Element (490)
Scowls ore the dark’nd lantskip Snow, or showre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev’ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn’d
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife (500)
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction waite.
The **Stygian** Counsel thus dissolv’d; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
Midst came th’ mighty Paramount, and seemd
Alone th’ Antagonist of Heav’n, nor less
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream, (510)
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos’d
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
By Haralds voice explain’d: the hollow Abyss
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafning shout, return’d them loud acclaim. (520)
Thence more at ease thir minds and somwhat rais’d
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksom hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,
As at th’ Olympian Games or **Pythian** fields; (530)
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
Wag’d in the troubl’d Skie, and Armies rush
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir Spears
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav’n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air (540)
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
As when Alcides from Oelia Crown’d
With conquest, felt th’ envenom’d robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian Pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th’ Euboic Sea. Others more milde,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate (550)
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir Song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir’d,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, (560)
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu’d then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th’ obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands, (570)
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate,
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam’d of lamentation loud
Heard on the rufel stream; fierce Phlegeton (580)
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion roules
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems (590)
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
Burns frore, and cold performs th’ effect of Fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail’d,
At certain revolutions all the damn’d
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice (600)
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infiixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean Sound
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th’ attempt (610)
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The Ford, and of it self the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus’d march forlorn, th’ adventrous Bands
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View’d first thir lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They pass’d, and many a Region dolorous,
O’er many a Frozen, many a Ferie Alpe, (620)
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Then Fables yet have feign’d, or fear conceiv’d,
Gorgons and Hydra’s, and Chimera’s dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam’d of highest design, (630)
Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; som times
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
Up to the fiery Concave touring high.
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri’d
Hangs in the Clouds, by Æquinoctial Winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Iles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood (640)
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem’d
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenetrable, impal’d with circling fire,
Yet unconsum’d. Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem’d Woman to the waste, and fair, (650)
But ended foul in many a scaly fould
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm’d
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark’d
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb’d thir noyse, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark’d and howl’d
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd than these
Vex’d Scylla bathing in the Sea that parts (660)
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call’d
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur’d with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call’d that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
Or substance might be call’d that shadow seem’d,
For each seem’d either; black it stood as Night, (670)
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem’d his head
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th’ undaunted Fiend what this might be admir’d,
Admir’d, not fear’d; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valu’d he nor shun’d
And with disdainful look thus first began. (680)

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur’d, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav’n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply’d,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who first broke peace in Heav’n and Faith, till then (690)
Unbrok’n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav’ns Sons
Conjur’d against the highest, for which both Thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn’d
To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
And reck’n’st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav’n,
Hell-doomd, and breath’st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, (700)
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform: on th’ other side
Incenc’t with indignation Satan stood
Unterrifi’d, and like a Comet burn’d,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th’ Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair (710)
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level’d his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th’ other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav’ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov’ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
To join thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood; (720)
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev’d, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris’n, and with hideous outcry rush’d between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry’d,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
Against thy Fathers head? and know’st for whom; (730)  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain’d his drudge, to execute  
What e’re his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.  
   She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
Forbore, then these to her Satan return’d:  
   So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends; till first I know of thee, (740)  
What thing thou art, thus double-form’d, and why  
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call’st  
Me Father, and that Fantasm call’st my Son?  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable then him and thee.  
   T’ whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply’d;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair  
In Heav’n, when at th’ Assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin’d (750)  
In bold conspiracy against Heav’ns King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris’d thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op’ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count’nance bright,
Then shining Heav’nly fair, a Goddess arm’d
Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seis’d
All th’ Host of Heav’n; back they recoild affaid
At first, and call’d me Sin, and for a Sign (760)
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas’d, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam’st enamour’d, and such joy thou took’st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv’d
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
And fields were fought in Heav’n; wherein remaind
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout (770)
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
Driv’n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv’n, with charge to keep
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op’ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. (780)
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform’d: but he my inbred enemie
Forth issu’d, brandishing his fatal Dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry’d out Death;
Hell trembl’d at the hideous Name, and sigh’d
From all her Caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursu’d (though more, it seems, (790)
Inflam’d with lust then rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with 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 (800)
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc’d.
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun (810)
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper’d heav’nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish’d, and the suttle Fiend his lore
Soon learnt, 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 (820)
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemie, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav’nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm’d
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th’ unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold (830)
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Pourlieues of Heav’n, and therein plac’t
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov’d,
Least Heav’n surcharg’d with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design’d, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death (840)
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm’d
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill’d
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas’d, for both seem’d highly pleas’d, and Death
Grinnd horrible a gostly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill’d, and blest his mawe
Destin’d to that good hour: no less rejoyc’d
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The key of this infernal Pit by due, (850)
And by command of Heav’n’s all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o’rematcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin’d,
Inhabitant of Heav’n, and heav’nlie-born, (860)
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compasst round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav’st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. (870)

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate roul ing 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 sol lid Rock with ease
Unfast’ns: on a sudden op’n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound (880)
Th’ infer nal dores, and on thir hinges great
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She op’nd, but to shut
Excel’d her power; the Gates wide op’n stood,
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before thir eyes in sudden view appear (890)
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise
Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag (900)
Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
Light-arm’d or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber’d as the Sands
Of Barca or Cyrene’s torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
Hee rules a moment; Chaos Umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroiles the fray
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss, (910)
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
Confus’dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th’ Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look’d a while,
Pondering his Voyage: for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal’d (920)
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when Bellona storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase
Som Capital City; or less then if this frame
Of Heav’n were falling, and these Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides (930)
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttersing his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay’d,
Quencht in a Boggy Syrtis, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares, (940)
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stelth
Had from his wakeful custody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes: (950)
At length a universal hubbub wilde
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus’d
Borne through the hollow dark assaults his eare
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread (960)
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron’d
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T’ whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no Spie, (970)
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
Wandring this darksome Desart, as my way
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav’n; or if som other place
From your Dominion won, th’ Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course; (980)
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
All usurpation thence expell’d, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the Standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th’ advantage all, mine the revenge.

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

He ceas’d; and Satan staid not to reply, (1010)
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacritie and force renew’d
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
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. (1020)
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov’d on, with difficulty and labour hee;
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav’n,
Pav’d after him a broad and beat’n way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur’d a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu’d reaching th’ utmost Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse (1030)
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav’n
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her fardest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a brok’n foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din, (1040)
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
Farr off th’ Empyreal Heav’n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin’d square or round,
With Opal Tows and Battlements adorn’d
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat; (1050)
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.
God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc’d. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call’d The Lymbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ’d ascending by staires, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of the Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealou. desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac’t here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.
Hail holy light, offspring of Heav’n first-born,
Or of th’ Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam’d? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear’st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest (10)
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap’t the Stygian Pool, though long detain’d
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes then to th’ Orphean Lyre
I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav’ny Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend, (20)
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit’st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks beneath (30)
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor somtimes forget
Those other two equal’d with me in Fate,
So were I equal’d with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year (40)
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev’n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung’d and ras’d,
And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out. (50)
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure 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 desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not farr off Heav’n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac’t, with purpose to assay (90)
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will heark’n to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th’ Ethereal Powers (100)
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who faild;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoid,
Made passive both, had servd necessitie, (110) Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd, So were created, nor can justly accuse Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate; As if Predestination over-rul’d Thir will, dispos’d by absolute Decree Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew, Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault, Which had no less prov’d certain unforeknown. So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, (120) Or aught by me immutablie foreseen, They trespass, Authors to themselves in all Both what they judge and what they choose; for so I formd them free, and free they must remain, Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain’d Thir freedom, they themselves ordain’d thir fall. The first sort by thir own suggestion fell, Self-tempted, self-deprav’d: Man falls deceiv’d (130) By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace, The other none: in Mercy and Justice both, Through Heav’n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel, But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill’d All Heav’n, and in the blessed Spirits elect Sense of new joy ineffable diffus’d:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
Substantially express’d, and in his face (140)
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

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

To whom the great Creatour thus reply’d.

O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, (170)
All hast thou spok’n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav’d who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaf’t; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall’d
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail (180)
His fall’n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv’rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th’ incensed Deitie, while offerd grace
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft’n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. (190)
To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us’d they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be hard’nd, blind be blinded more, (200)
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns
Against the high Supremacie of Heav’n,
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posteritie must dye,
Die hee or Justice must; unless for him (210)
Som other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav’nly Powers, where shall we find such love,
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime, and just th’ unjust to save,
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?

He ask’d, but all the Heav’nly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav’n: on mans behalf
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw (220)
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have bin lost, adjug’d to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all (230)
Comes unprevented, unimplor’d, unsought,
Happie for man, so coming; 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 (240)
Well pleas’d, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomie power I shall not long
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue (250)
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm’d.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas’d, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais’d I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemd (260)
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur’d,
And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

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

O thou in Heav’n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know’st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost. (280)
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in Adams room
The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor’d,
As many as are restor’d, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit (290)
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg’d and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His Brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
So Heav’nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate (300)
So easily destroy’d, and still destroyes
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Mans Nature, less’n or degrade thine owne.
Because thou hast, though Thron’d in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A World from utter loss, and hast been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being Good, (310)
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King, all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce: (320)
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended gloriously from Heav’n
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past Ages to the general Doom
Shall hast’n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
Then all thy Saints assembl’d, thou shalt judge (330)
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav’n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell  
And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal Scepter then no more shall need, (340)  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.  
         No sooner had th’ Almighty ceas’t, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav’n rung  
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna’s fill’d  
Th’ eternal Regions: lowly reverent  
Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground (350)  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
To Heav’n remov’d where first it grew, there grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn
Rowls o’re *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect (360)
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath’d with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl’d with Celestial Roses smil’d.
Then Crown’d again thir gold’n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun’d, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine (370)
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav’n.

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

Thus they in Heav’n, above the starry Sphear,
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos’d (420)
From Chaos and th’ inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
It seem’d, now seems a boundless Continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos’d, and ever-threatnuing storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav’n
Though distant farr som small reflection gainses
Of glistening air less vext with tempest loud:
Here walk’d the Fiend at large in spacious field. (430)
As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the 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 (440)
Walk’d up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th’ other life; (450)
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th’ unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;
Those argent Fields more likely habitants, (460)
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th’ Angelical and Human kinde:
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
The builders next of Babel on the Plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain designe
New Babels, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came single; hee who to be deemd
A God, leap’d fondly into Ætna flames (470)
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato’s Elysium, leap’d into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo’s and Idiots, Eremits and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray’d so farr to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav’n;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis’d; (480)
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fift,
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’n ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
A violent cross wind from either Coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
Into the devious Air; then might ye see
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost (490)
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft
Fly o’re the backside of the World farr off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since calld
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopl’d, and untrod;
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass’d,  
And long he wander’d, till at last a gleame  
Of dawning light turn’d thither-ward in haste (500)  
His travell’d steps; farr distant hee desries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
The Stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw (510)  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of Guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,  
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
And waking cri’d, This is the Gate of Heav’n  
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav’n somtimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow’d  
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv’d, (520)  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o’re the Lake  
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.
Direct against which opn’d from beneath,
Just o’re the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th’ Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by farr then that of after-times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, (530)
Over the Promis’d Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass’d frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordans flood
To Bëersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Ægypt and the Arabian shoare
So wide the op’ning seemd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair (540)
That scal’d by steps of Gold to Heav’n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
All night; at last by break of cheerful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forein land
Firstseen, or some renownd Metropolis
With glistening Spires and Pinnacles adornd, (550)
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder seis’d, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis’d  
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling Canopie  
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
Of Libra to the fleecie Starr that bears  
Andromeda farr off Atlantick Seas  
Beyond th’ Horizon; then from Pole to Pole (560)  
He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,  
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
Like those Hesperian Gardens fam’d of old,  
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there (570)  
He stayd not to enquire: above them all  
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur’d his eye: Thither his course he bends  
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move  
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute (580)
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering Lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Univers, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:
So wondrously was set his Station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun’s lucent Orbe
Through his glaz’d Optic Tube yet never saw. (590)
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar’d with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike informd
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
In Aarons Brest-plate, and a stone besides
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below (600)
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the Sea,
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
Th’ Arch-chimic Sun so far from us remote
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt (610)
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl’d, far 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’ Æquator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
No where so cleer, sharp’nd his visual ray (620)
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the Sun:
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny Raies, a golden tiar
Circl’d his Head, nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy’d
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope (630)
To find who might direct his wanding flight
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
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  
Suitable grace diffus’d, so well he feign’d;  
Under a Coronet his flowing haire (640)  
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl’d with Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known  
Th’ Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seav’n  
Who in Gods presence, neerest to his Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes (650)  
That run through all the Heav’ns, or down to th’ Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O’re Sea and Land: him Satan thus accostes.  

Uriel, for thou of those seav’n Spirits that stand  
In sight of God’s high Throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav’n to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;  
And here art likeliest by suprem decree  
Like honor to obtain, and as his Eye (660)  
To visit oft this new Creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell; (670)
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pourd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happie Race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his wayes. (680)

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the onely evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held (690)
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav’n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus 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 (700)
Contented with report heare onely in heav’n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar (710)
Stood rul’d, stood vast infinitude confin’d;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav’n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course, (720)  
The rest in circuit walles this Universe.  
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
His day, which else as th’ other Hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon  
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav’n,  
With borrowd light her countenance triform (730)  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
   Thus said, he turnd, and Satan bowing low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
Down from th’ Ecliptic, sped with hop’d success, (740)  
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.  

_The End of the Third Book._
Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despire; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scitation is describ'd, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormoranton the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satans first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work thir fall, overhears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his Temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of thir state by some othe means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap’d the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ’d; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, least the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question’d he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder’d by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.
O for that warning voice, which he who saw
Th’ Apocalyps, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng’d on men,
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap’d
Haply so scap’d his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam’d with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th’ Accuser of man-kind, (10)
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubl’d thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell (20)
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre: (30)
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

    O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
    Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
    Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
    Hide thir diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
    But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
    O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
    That bring to my remembrance from what state
    I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
    Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down (40)
    Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
    Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
    From me, whom he created what I was
    In that bright eminence, and with his good
    Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
    What could be less then to afford him praise,
    The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
    How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
    And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
    I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher (50)
    Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
    The debt immense of endless gratitude,
    So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
    Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
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 ordain'd
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. (70)
Nay curs’d be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav’n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left? (80)
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc’d
With other promises and other vaunts
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th’ Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane;
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc’d (90)
The lower still I fall, onely Supream
In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.
But say I could repent and could obtaine
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
Would higth recall 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, (100)
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil’d, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farewel Hope, and with Hope farewel Fear,
Farewel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least (110)
Divided Empire with Heav’ns King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm’d his face
Thrice chang’d with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marrd his borrow’d visage, and betray
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
For heav’ny mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth’d with outward calme, (120)
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practisd falshood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch’t with revenge:
Yet not enouh had practisd to deceive
Uriel once warn’d; whose eye pursu’d him down
The way he went, and on th’ Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur’d, more then could befall
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos’d, all unobserv’d, unseen. (130)
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
Access deni’d; and over head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend (140)
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
And higher then that Wall a circling row
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impress’d his beams (150)
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past (160)
Mozambic, off at Sea North-East windes blow
Sabean Odours from the spicie shoare
Of Arabie the blest, with such delay
Well pleas’d they slack thir course, and many a League
Chear’d with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
So entertaiind those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas’d
Then Asmodeus with the fishie fume,
That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouse
Of Tobits Son, and with a vengeance sent (170)
From Media post to Ægypt, there fast bound.

Now to th’ ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin’d,
As one continu’d brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:
One Gate there onely was, and that look’d East
On th’ other side: which when th’ arch-fellow saw
Due entrance he disdain’d, and in contempt, (180)
At one slight bound high overleap’d all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen th’ir Flocks at eevè
In hurdl’d Cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o’r the fence with ease into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
Cross-barr’d and bolted fast, fear no assault, (190)
In at the window climbses, or o’re the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death
To them who liv’d; nor on the vertue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us’d
For prospect, what well us’d had bin the pledge (200)
Of immortalitie. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos’d
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of Eden planted; Eden stretchd her Line (210)
From Auran Eastward to the Royal Towrs
Of Great Seleucia, built by Grecian Kings,
Or where the Sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soile
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;
Out of the fertil ground he caus’d to grow
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life (220)
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang’d his course, but through the shaggie hill
Pass’d underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais’d
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
Water’d the Garden; thence united fell (230)
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksom passage now appeers,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed (240)
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc’t shade
Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true, (250)
If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos’d,
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole recess, o’re which the mantling Vine
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall (260)
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th’ Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis* (270)
Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th’ inspir’d
*Castalian* Spring might with this Paradise
Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* *Ile*
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian Jove*,
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea’s* eye;
Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard, (280)
Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos’d
True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head, enclos’d with shining Rock,
A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all, (290)
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac’t;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar’d (300)
Absolute rule; and *Hyacinthin* Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav’d  
As the Vine curles her tendrils, which impli’d  
Subjection, but requir’d with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receivd,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, (310)  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal’d,  
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl’d all mankind  
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,  
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.  
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: (320)  
So hand in hand they passd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
Adam the goodliest man of men since borne  
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
They sat them down, and after no more toil  
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic’d  
To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease  
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite (330)  
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking playd (340)
All Beasts of th’ Earth, since wilde, and of all chase
In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
Dandl’d the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards
Gambold before them, th’ unwieldy Elephant
To make them mirth us’d all his might, and wreathd
His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass (350)
Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
Declin’d was hasting now with prone carreer
To th’ Ocean Iles, and in th’ ascending Scale
Of Heav’n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.

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

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus’d his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unespi’d
To mark what of thir state he more might learn (400)
By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a 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
Gript in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow. (410)

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitly good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais’d us from the dust and plac’t us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep (420)
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest
God hath pronounc’t it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv’n (430)
Over all other Creatures that possess
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flours,
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

   To whom thus Eve repli’d. O thou for whom (440)
And from whom I was 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
Preëminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak’t, and found my self repos’d (450)
Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu’d from a Cave and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov’d
Pure as th’ expanse of Heav’n; I thither went
With unexperienc’t thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite, (460)
A Shape within the watry gleam appeard
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas’d I soon returnd,
Pleas’d it returnd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathie and love; there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin’d with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
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 amiable milde,
Then that smooth watry image; back I turn’d,
Thou following cryd’st aloud, Return faire Eve,
Whom fli’st thou? whom thou fli’st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seisd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelld by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov’d,
And meek surrender, half imbracing leand
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
Smil’d with superior Love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregn the Clouds (500)
That shed May Flowers; and press’d her Matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey’d them askance, and to himself thus plain’d.
    Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadis’t in one another’s arms
The happier Eden, shall enjoy thir fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least, (510)
Still unfulfill’d with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain’d
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call’d,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd’n?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely stand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith? (520)
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with designe
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This Garden, and no corner leave unspi’d;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet (530)
Some wandring Spirit of Heav’n, by Fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir’d, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

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

Gabriel, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv’n
Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at hight of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem’d, to know
More of th’ Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image: I describ’d his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from Eden North,
Where he first lighted, soon discernd his looks (570)
Alien from Heav’n, with passions foul obscur’d:
Mine eye pursu’d him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur’d from the Deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac’t, but such as come (580)
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tellst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd hee, and Uriel to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd (590)
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird, (600)
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: Hesperus that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th’ hour (610)
Of night, and all things now retir’d to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav’n on all his waies; (620)
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris’n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms, (630)
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adornd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu’d I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and thir change, all please alike. (640)
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening milde, then silent Night
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And these the Gemms of Heav’n, her starrie train:
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends (650)
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Eevning mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
    To whom our general Ancestor repli’d.
Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve, (660)
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar’d, they set and rise;
Least total darkness should by Night regaine
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down (670)
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav’n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceasless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep (680)
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav’nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass’d
On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place (690)
Chos’n by the sovran Planter, when he fram’d
All things to mans delightful use; the 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, (700)
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Brodered the ground, more colour’d then with stone
Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
Such was thir awe of Man. In shadier Bower
More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
*Pan* or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess
With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed, (710)
And heav’ly Quires the Hymnæan 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 Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood, (720)
Both turn'd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth and Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants (730)
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesom disguises which wee wear, (740)
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor Eve the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defamimg as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source (750)
Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv’n from men
Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, (760)
Whose bed is undefil’d and chast pronounc’t,
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us’d.
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
Or Serenade, which the starv’d Lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. (770)
These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair’d. Sleep on
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur’d with her shaddowie Cone
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th’ accustomd hour stood armd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade, (780)
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
From these, two strong and suttle Spirits he call’d
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wingd speed
Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, (790)
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
This Eevning from the Sun’s decline arriv’d
Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap’d
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
Daz’ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Eve; (800)
Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th’ animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear (810)
Touch’d lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discoverd and surpriz’d. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine
With sudden blaze diffus’d, inflames the Aire:
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz’d (820)
So sudden to behold the grieslie King;
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg’d to Hell
Com’st thou, escap’d thy prison, and transform’d,
Why satst thou like an enemie in waite
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
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*, fill’d with scorn
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
Not to know mee argues your selves unknown, (830)
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
As when thou stoodst in Heav’n upright and pure;
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl’st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule. (840)
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin’d
His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
His lustre visibly impair’d; yet seemd (850)
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend repli’d not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell’d (860)
His heart, not else dismai’d. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron joind
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call’d aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discerne
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate (870)
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

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

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib’d
To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress (880)
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploi’d it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.

Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav’n th’ esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom’d? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt, (890)
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not tri’d: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say; (900)
But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov’d,
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli’d.
O loss of one in Heav’n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom follie overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scap’t,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc’t from his bounds in Hell prescrib’d;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain (910)
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight
Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief, (920)
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

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

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

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines, (970)
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us’d to the yoak, draw’st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav’n Star-pav’d.

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

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

The End of the Fourth Book.
Book V

The Argument

Morning approacht, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ’d, his coming discern’d by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; thir discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and ther incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th’ Eastern Clime
Advancing, sow’d the earth with Orient Pearle,
When Adam wak’t, so customd, for his sleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th’ only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora’s fan,
Lightly dispers’d, and the shrill Matin Song
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak’nd Eve
With Tresses discompos’d, and glowing Cheek, (10)
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais’d, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour’d, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper’d thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous’d, my latest found,
Heav’ns last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field (20)
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak’d her, but with startl’d eye
On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and Morn return’d, for I this Night, (30)
Such night till this I never pass’d, have dream’d,
If dream’d, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day pass’t, or morrows next designe,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night; methought
Close at mine ear one call’d me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleepst thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake (40)
Tunes sweetest his love-labor’d song; now reignes
Full Orb’d the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav’n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass’d through ways (50)
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem’d,
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
And as I wondering lookt, beside it stood
One shap’d and wing’d like one of those from Heav’n
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill’d
Ambrosia on that Tree he also gaz’d;
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg’d,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis’d? (60)
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?
This said he paus’d not, but with ventrous Arme
He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil’d
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy’d, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidd’n here, it seems, as onely fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: (70)
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The Author not impair’d, but honourd more?
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,
But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes
Ascend to Heav’n, by merit thine, and see (80)
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell
So quick’nd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly (90)
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak’d
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her Night
Related, and thus Adam answerd sad.

  Best Image of my self and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule (100)
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fansie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senses represent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes (110)
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Som such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov’d, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream, (120)
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart’nd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerfull and serene
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
That open now thir choicest bosom’d smells
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.
  So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
But silently a gentle tear let fall (130)
From either eye, and wip’d them with her haire;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in thir Chrystal sluce, hee ere they fell
Kiss’d as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.
  So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
But first from under shadie arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov’ring o’re the Ocean brim, (140)
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
Of Paradise and Edens happie Plains,
Lowly they bow’d adoring, and began
Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc’’t or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, (150)
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
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, (160)
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing, yee in Heav’n,
On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. (170)
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb’st,  
And when high Noon hast gain’d, and when thou fallst.  
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli’st  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call’d up Light.  
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth (180)  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,  
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers, (190)  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;  
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk (200)
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray’d they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm. (210)
On to thir mornings rural work they haste
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm; she spous’d about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dowr th’ adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
With pittie Heav’ns high King, and to him call’d (220)
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign’d
To travel with Tobias, and secur’d
His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

Raphael, said hee, thou hear’st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap’t through the darksom Gulf
Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturb’d
This night the human pair, how he designes
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what Bowre or shade (230)
Thou find’st him from the heat of Noon retir’d,
To respit his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happie state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withall
His danger, and from whom, what enemie
Late falln himself from Heav’n, is plotting now (240)
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th’ Eternal Father, and fulfilld
All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint
After his charge receivd; but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light (250)
Flew through the midst of Heav’n; th’ angelic Quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th’ Empyreal road; till at the Gate
Of Heav’n arriv’d, the gate self-opend wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov’ran Architect had fram’d.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Starr interpos’d, however small he sees,
Not unconform’d to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard’n of God, with Cedars crownd (260)
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of Galileo, less assur’d, observes
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appeering kennis
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with steddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare (270)
Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
A Phœnix, gaz’d by all, as that sole Bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun’s
Bright Temple, to Ægyptian Theb’s he flies.
At once on th’ Eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o’re his brest
With regal Ornament; the middle pair (280)
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loines and thighs with downie Gold
And colours dipt in Heav’n; the third his feet
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
Skie-tinctur’d grain. Like Maia’s son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that Heav’ly fragrance fill’d
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on som message high they guessd him bound. (290)
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wilde above Rule or Art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
Adam discernd, as in the dore he sat
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun (300)
Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
Earth’s inmost womb, more warmth then Adam need;
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar’d
For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus Adam call’d.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn (310)
Ris’n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav’n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav’nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd’ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. (320)

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earths hallowd mould,
Of God inspir’d, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste and from each bough and break,
Each Plant and juiciest Gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav’n. (330)

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv’d as not to mix
Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change,
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields
In India East or West, or middle shoare
In Pontus or the Punic Coast, or where (340)
Alcinous reign’d, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or smooth rin’d, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum’d.
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet (350)
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani’d then with his own compleat
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence Adam though not awd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior Nature, bowing low, (360)

Thus said. Native of Heav’n, for other place
None can then Heav’n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deignd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov’ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline. (370)

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.

Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav’n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like Pomona’s Arbour smil’d
With flourets deck’t and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair (380)
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign’d
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav’n; no vaile
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel Haile
Bestowd, the holy salutation us’d
Long after to blest Marie, second Eve.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God (390)
Have heap’d this Table. Rais’d of grassie terf
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample Square from side to side
All Autumn pil’d, though Spring and Autumn here
Danc’d hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
Our Authour. Heav’ny stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfet good unmeasur’d out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus’d (400)
The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie (410)
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaing and fed; of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg’d
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd. (420)
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav’n the Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover’d with pearly grain: yet God hath here (430)
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist (440)
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown’d: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour’d at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign’d, nor jealousie
Was understood, the injur’d Lovers Hell. (450)

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic’d
Not burd’nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th’ occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav’n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th’ Empyreal Minister he fram’d. (460)

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf’t
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav’n’s high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch repli’d.

O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, (470)
If not deprav’d from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu’d with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin’d, more spiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac’t or neerer tending
Each in thir several active Sphears assign’d,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves (480)
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim’d
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fansie and understanding, whence the soule
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. (490)
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
Improv’d by tract of time, and wingd ascend
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
Here or in Heav’nly Paradises dwell; (500)
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli’d.

O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference, whereon (510)
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join’d, if ye be found

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

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav’n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God; (520)
That thou continu’st such, owe to thy self,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv’n thee; be advis’d.
God made thee perfet, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordain’d thy will
By nature free, not over-rul’d by Fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntarie service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him (530)
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri’d whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By Destinie, and can no other choose?
My self and all th’ Angelic Host that stand
In sight of God enthron’d, our happie state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve.
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall: (540)
And som are fall’n, to disobedience fall’n,
And so from Heav’n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
   To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eare
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love (550)
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur’d me and still assure: though what thou tellst
Hath past in Heav’n, som doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav’n. (560)
Thus Adam made request, and Raphael
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
To human sense th’ invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfet while they stood; how last unfoul’d
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good (570)
This is dispenc’ t, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik’ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best, though what if Earth
Be but the shaddow of Heav’n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this World was not, and Chaos wilde
Reignd where these Heav’ns now rowl, where Earth now rests
Upon her Center pois’d, when on a day
(For Time, though in Eternitie, appli’d (580)
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav’ns great Year brings forth, th’ Empyreal Host
Of Angels by Imperial summons call’d,
Innumerable before th’ Almightyes Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav’n appeerd
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc’d,
Standards and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
Stræme in the Aire, and for distinction serve (590)
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz’d
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom’d sat the Son,
A midst as from a flaming Mount, whoseop
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, (600)
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok’t shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav’n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule (610)
For ever happie: him who disobeyes
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
Ordaind without redemption, without end.
So spake th’ Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemd well pleas’d, all seem’d, but were not all.
That day, as other solem dayes, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare (620)
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv’d, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem,
And in thir motions harmonie Divine
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Listens delighted. Eevning now approachd
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn (630)
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil’d
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav’n.
On flours repos’d, and with fresh flourets crownd,
They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure onely bounds
Excess, before th’ all bounteous King, who showrd (640)
With copious hand, rejoicing in thir joy.
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal’d
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav’n had chang’d
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 (650)
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course
Melodious Hymns about the sovrans Throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak’d
Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav’n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power, (660)
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honourd by his great Father, and proclaim’d
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair’d.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv’d
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworship’t, unobey’d the Throne supream (670)
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak’ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
Of Heav’ns Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos’d;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise (680)
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue; more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me thir Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King (690)
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus’d
Bad influence into th’ unwarie brest
Of his Associate; hee together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav’n, (700)
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey’d
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav’n;
His count’nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock, allur’d them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav’ns Host: (710)
Mean while th’ Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spred
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.
   Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, (720)
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne
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 (730)
In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
Light’ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh’st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv’n me to quell thir pride, and in event (740)
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav’n.

So spake the Son, but Satan with his Powers
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 (750)
All thy Dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass’d
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais’d on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towers
From Diamond Quarries hew’n, and Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call (760)
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, 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 (770)
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
If these magnific Titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross’t
All Power, and us eclips 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 ofhonours new (780)
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur’d,
To one and to his image now proclaim’d?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
Natives and Sons of Heav’n possest before (790)
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th’ abuse (800)
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain’d to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador’d
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 (810)  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.  
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne  
The just Decree of God, pronunc’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, (820)  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of libertie, who made  
Thee what thou art, and formd the Pow’rs of Heav’n  
Such as he pleas’d, and circumscrib’d thir being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good, and of our dignitie  
How provident he is, how farr from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happie state under one Head more neer (830)  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,  
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev’n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav’n
By him created in thir bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, and to thir Glory nam’d
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers, (840)
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur’d,
But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc’t becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
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, (850)
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic’d
Th’ Apostat, and more haughty thus repli’d.
That we were formd then saist thou? and the work
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
When this creation was? rememberst thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais’d (860)
By our own quick’ning power, when fatal course
Had circl’d his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav’n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th’ Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th’ anointed King; (870)
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarce murmur echo’d to his words applause
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass’d round with foes, thus answerd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forsak’n of all good; I see thy fall
Determind, and thy hapless crew involv’d
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred (880)
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl’d how to quit the yoke
Of Gods Messiah; those indulgent Laws
Will not now be voutsaf’t, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth (890)
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
   So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov’d,
Unshak’n, unseduc’d, unterrifi’d
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale; (900)
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass’d,
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.*
Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ’d: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; But, they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm’d both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv’d the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; when opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar’d for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu’d
Through Heav’n’s wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak’t by the circling Hours, with rosie hand
Unbarr’d the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav’n
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
Light issues forth, and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre (10)
To veile the Heav’n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav’n, arrayd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vanisht Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
Warr he perceav’d, warr in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought (20)
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receav’d
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many Myriads fall’n, yet one
Return’d 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 maintain’d (30)
Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv’d in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue (40)
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe Michael of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms (50)
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav’n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receave thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak’t: nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow: (60)
At which command the Powers Militant,
That stood for Heav’n, in mighty Quadrates joyn’d
Of Union irresistible, mov’d on
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath’d
Heroic Ardor to advent’rous deeds
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill
Nor streit’ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides (70)
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
Thir nimble tread, as when the total kind
Of Birds in orderly array on wing
Came summon’d over Eden to receive
Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav’n they march’d, and many a Province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Farr in th’ Horizon to the North appeer’d
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht (80)
In battailous aspect, and neerer view
Bristl’d with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng’d, and Shields
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they weend
That self same day by fight, or by surprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To set the envier of his State, the proud
Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov’d fond and vain (90)
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
Hymning th’ Eternal Father: but the shout
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th’ Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate (100)
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos’d
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
‘Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn’d,
Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc’t,
Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold; (110)
Abdiel that sight endur’d not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav’n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
Remain not; wherfore should not strength and might
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th’ Almightie’s aide,
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri’d (120)
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens’t, and thus securely him defi’d. (130)

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The hight of thy aspiring unoppos’d,
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon’d at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th’ Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais’d incessant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow (140)
Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem’d in thy World erroneous to dissent
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.
  Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre (150)
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
From flight, seditious Angel, to receave
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok’t, since first that tongue
Inspir’d with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win (160)
From me som Plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav’n
To heav’nly Soules had bin all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spirits, traind up in Feast and Song;
Such hast thou arm’d, the Minstrelsie of Heav’n,
Servilitie with freedom to contend,
As both thir deeds compar’d this day shall prove. (170)
      To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli’d.
Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav’st it with the name
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th’ unwise, or him who hath rebelld
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, (180)
Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall’d;
Yet leudly dar’st our ministering 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 return’d, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell (190)
On the proud Crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push’t a Mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis’d
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil’d thir mightiest, ours joy fill’d, and shout, (200)
Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
Of Battel: whereat Michael bid sound
Th’ Arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn’d
The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav’n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray’d
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheeles (210)
Of brazen Chariots rag’d; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.
So under fierie Cope together rush’d
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 encountering Angels fought (220)
On either side, the least of whom could weild
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
Armie against Armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
Had not th’ Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav’n high over-rul’d
And limited thir might; though numberd such
As each divided Legion might have seemd (230)
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu’d fear; each on himself reli’d,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame (240)
Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred
That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then
Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale
The Battel hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus’d, at length
Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell’d (250)
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos’d the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vast circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
Surceas’d, and glad as hoping here to end
Intestine War in Heav’n, the arch foe subdu’d
Or Captive drag’d in Chains, with hostile frown (260)
And visage all enflam’d first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam’d in Heav’n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb’d
Heav’ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought
Miserie, uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill’d
Thy malice into thousands, once upright (270)
And faithful, now prov’d false. But think not here
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav’n casts thee out
From all her Confines. Heav’n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
Or som more sudden vengeance wing’d from God
Precipitate thee with augmented paine. (280)

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
The strife which thou call’st evil, but wee style
The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win, (290)
Or turn this Heav’n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam’d Almightie to thy aid,
I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth (300)
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov’d, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav’n.
Now wav’d thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz’d opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir’d
Where erst was thickest fight, th’ Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth (310)
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim’d
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword (320)
Of Michael from the Armorie of God
Was giv’n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar’d
All his right side; then Satan first knew pain,
And writh’ d him to and fro convolv’d; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass’d through him, but th’ Ethereal substance clos’d (330)
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow’d
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour staind ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos’d
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir’d
From off the files of warr; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame (340)
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl’d by such rebuke, so farr beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal’d; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines;
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare, (350)
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce Ensignes pierc’d the deep array
Of Moloc furious King, who him defi’d
And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
Threatn’d, nor from the Holie One of Heav’n
Refrein’d his tongue blasphemous; but anon (360)
Down clov’n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquish’d Adramelec, and Asmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
Disdain’d, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
Mangl’d with gastiwy wounds through Plate and Maile.
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl’d blow (370)
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav’n
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
Cancel’d from Heav’n and sacred memorie,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. (380)
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir mightiest quelled, the battel swerv’d,
With many an inrode gor’d; deformed rout
Enter’d, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiverd armour strow’n, and on a heap
Chariot and Charioter lay overturnd (390)
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recyld
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, impenetrably arm’d: (400)
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobei’d; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain’d
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov’d.

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

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

He sat; and in th’ assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap’t from cruel fight,
Sore toild, his riv’n Armes to havoc hewn,
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake. (450)
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
Against unpaind, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes
Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, (460)
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, 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 (470)
Believst so main to our success, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav’n, adornd
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms and Gold,
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
With Heav’ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth (480)
So beauteous, op’ning to the ambient light.
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
Shall yield 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 disarmd (490)
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind
Think nothing hard, much less to be despaird.
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn’d, and thir languisht hope reviv’d.
Th’ invention all admir’d, and each, how hee
To be th’ inventor miss’d, so easie it seemd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought (500)
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir’d
With dev’lish machination might devise
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath (510)
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with suttle Art,
Concocted and adjusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. (520)
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespri'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, (530)
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him soon they met
Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri’d.

Arme, Warriors, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
He comes, and settl’d in his face I see (540)
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizling showr,
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
And onward move Embattelld; when behold (550)
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal’d
On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unsouuld;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open brest (560)
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
Heav’n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; yee who appointed stand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir’d. (570)
Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,
A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem’d
Or hollow’d bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell’d)
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
With hideous orifice gap’t on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense, (580)
Collected stood within our thoughts amus’d,
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli’d
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur’d with smoak, all Heav’n appeerd,
From those deep throated Engins belcht, whose roar
Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host (590)
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files. (600)
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In posture to displode thir second tire
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld thir plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
   O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee, (610)
To entertain them fair with open Front
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.

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

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
Stood scoffing, highthn’d in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might (630)
To match with thir inventions they presum’d
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac’d)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav’n (640)
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terroour seis’d the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn’d,
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row (650)
They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm’d,
Thir armor help’d thir harm, crush’t in and bruis’d
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long strugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light, (660)
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like Armes
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl’d to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; Warr seem’d a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav’n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred, (670)
Had not th’ Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin’d in his Sanctuarie of Heav’n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis’d:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng’d
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr’d: whence to his Son
Th’ Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

   Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov’d, (680)
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav’n,
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm’d;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in their Creation they were form’d, (690)
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
Warr wearied hath perform’d what Warr can do,
And to disorder’d rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm’d, which makes
Wild work in Heav’n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain’d it, and thus farr (700)
Have suffered, 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 govern’d thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might, (710)
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles
That shake Heav’n’s 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’n’s bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest (720)
Ineffably into his face receiv’d,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav’nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas’d, declarst thy will
Fulfill’d, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume, (730)
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov’st:
But whom thou hat’st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Armd with thy might, rid heav’n of these rebell’d,
To thir prepar’d ill Mansion driven down
To chains of darkness, and th’ undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, (740)
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th’ impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfained Halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o’re his Scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav’n: forth rush’d with whirl-wind sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (750)
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd (760)
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
Sate Eagle-wing’d, beside him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor’d,
And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: (770)
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the Chrystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron’d.
Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz’d,
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz’d
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav’n:
Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc’d
His Armie, circumsfus’d on either Wing,
Under thir Head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar’d; (780)
At his command the uprooted Hills retir’d
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, Heav’n his wonted face renewd,
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil’d.
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur’d,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav’nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th’ obdurate to relent? (790)
They hard’nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell’d fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his Host on either hand thus spake. (800)

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm’d, this day from Battel rest;
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain’d
Nor multitude, stand onely and behold (810)
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee, not you but mee they have despis’d,
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
Because the Father, t’ whom in Heav’n suprem
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honour’d me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig’n’d;
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength (820)
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terour chang’d
His count’nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host. (830)
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheeles
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv’d; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix’d
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop’d;
O’re Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode (840)
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish’d the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag’d Foure,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul’d, and every eye
Glar’d lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th’ accurst, that witherd all thir strength, (850)
And of thir wonted vigour left them drain’d,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall’n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check’d
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav’n:
The overthrown he rais’d, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throng’d
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu’d
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystall wall of Heav’n, which op’ning wide, (860)
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos’d
Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg’d them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav’n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th’ unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav’n ruining from Heav’n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. (870)
Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos’d,
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburd’nd Heav’n rejoic’d, and soon repair’d
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
Sole Victor from th’ expulsion of his Foes (880)
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
With Jubilie advanc’d; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv’n,
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav’n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron’d (890)
On high: who into Glorie him receav’d,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

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

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

Descend from Heav’n Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call’d, whose Voice divine
Following, above th’ Olympian Hill I soare,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell’st, but Heav’nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow’d,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play (10)
In presence of th’ Almighty Father, pleas’d
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav’n of Heav’ns I have presum’d,
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyreal Aire,
Thy tempering; with like safety guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Least from this flying Steed unrein’d, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th’ Aleian Field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn. (20)
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere;
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 compass round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit’st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song, (30)
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
In Rhodope, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor round
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav’nlie, shee an empty dreame.

Say Goddess, what ensu’d when Raphael, (40)
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn’d
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates, least the like befell
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 (50)
The storie heard attentive, and was fill’d
With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav’n,
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv’n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With Blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal’d
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now (60)
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav’n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay’d still eyes the current streame,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav’nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares, (70)
Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal’d
Divine Interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
For which to the infinitly Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receave with solemne purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf’t (80)
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps availe us known,
How first began this Heav’n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
All space, the ambient Aire, wide interfus’d
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause (90)
Mov’d the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternitie so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv’d, if unforbid thou maist unsould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav’n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares, (100)
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde. (110)
This also thy request with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almightye works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav’d, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain (120)
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal’d, which th’ invisible King,
Onely Omniscient, hath supprest in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left besides to search and know.
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde. (130)

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

At least our envious Foe hath fail’d, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid (140)
This inaccessible high strength, the seat Of Deitie suprem, us dispossest,
He trusted to have seis’d, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
Thir station, Heav’n yet populous retaines
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:
But least his heart exalt him in the harme (150)
Already done, to have dispeopl’d Heav’n,
My damage fondly deem’d, I can repaire That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another World, out of one man a Race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais’d  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tri’d,  
And Earth be chang’d to Heav’n, and Heav’n to Earth, (160)  
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav’n,  
And by my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:  
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heav’n and Earth,  
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
Though I uncircumscrib’d my self retire, (170)  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.  
So spake th’ Almighty, and to what he spake  
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
Then time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receave.  
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav’n (180)
When such was heard declar’d the Almighty’s will;
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th’ ungodly from his sight
And th’ habitations of the just; to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain’d
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse (190)
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great Expedition now appeer’d,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown’d
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his Chariot numberless were pour’d
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing’d,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old (200)
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg’d
Against a solemn day, 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 (210)
They view’d the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn’d by furious windes
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav’ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.

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

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into Chaos, and the World unborn; (220)
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his Traine
Follow’d in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar’d
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center’d, and the other turn’d
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds, (230)
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 (240)
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc’’t on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear’d in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn’d the while. God saw the Light was good;
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere (250)
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
He nam’d. Thus was the first Day Eev’n and Morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav’n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow Universal Orb they fill’d,
And touch’t thir Golden Harps, and hymning prais’d
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn. (260)

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus’d
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
The Waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide (270)
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos farr remov’d, least fierce extreames
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav’n he nam’d the Firmament: So Eev’n
And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.

The Earth was form’d, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv’d,
 Appeer’d not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow’d, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour soft’ning all her Globe, (280)
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said
Be gather’d now ye Waters under Heav’n
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
So high as heav’d the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they (290)
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress’d
On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill, (300)
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,
And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
Easie, e’r God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within those banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call’d Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th’ Earth
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed, (310)
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn’d,
Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour’d
Op’ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept (320)
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
Embattell’d in her field: and the humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizl’d hair implicit: last
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm’d
Thir blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crownd,
With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seemd like to Heav’n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt (330)
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain’d
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e’re it was in the Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:
So Eev’n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th’ Almighty spake: Let there be Lights
High in th’ expanse of Heaven to divide (340)
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav’n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.
And God made two great Lights, great for thir use
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,
And set them in the Firmament of Heav’n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day
(350)
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
A mightie Spheare he fram’d, unlightsom first,
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form’d the Moon
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
And 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
(360)
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
Her gather’d beams, great Palace now of Light.
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
Repairing, in thir gold’n Urns draw Light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
So farr remote, with diminution seen.
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
(370)
Regent of Day, and all th’ Horizon round
Invested with bright Rayes, joond to run
His Longitude through Heav’n’s high rode: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc’d
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
But opposite in leveld 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, (380)
Revolvd on Heav’ns great Axle, and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer’d
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adornd
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
Glad Eevning and glad Morn crownd the fourth day.
   And God said, let the Waters generate
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
Displayd on the op’n Firmament of Heav’n. (390)
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
And saw that it was good, and bless’d them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowle be multiply’d on the Earth.
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales (400)
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, and through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav’d coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk (410)
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos’d
Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge (420)
They summ’d thir Penns, and soaring th’ air sublime
With clang despis’d the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
In common, rang’d in figure wedge thir way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea’s
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Easing thir flight; so stears the prudent Crane (430)
Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
Floats, as they pass, fann’d with unnumber’d plumes:
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
Solac’d the Woods, and spred thir painted wings
Till Ev’n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
Ceas’d warbling, but all night tun’d her soft layes:
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath’d
Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit (440)
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
Walk’d firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th’ other whose gay Traine
Adorns him, colour’d with the Florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
Ev’n’ing and Morn solemniz’d the Fift day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said, (450)
Let th’ Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey’d, and strait
Op’ning her fertile Woomb teem’d at a Birth
Innumerous 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: (460)
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
The grassie Clods now Calv’d, now half appeer’d
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
Rising, the crumbl’d Earth above them threw
In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould (470)
*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav’d
His vastness: Fleec’t the Flocks and bleating rose,
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horse and 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, (480)
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv’d
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclos’d,
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join’d in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer’d
The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone (490)
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey stor’d: the rest are numberless,
And thou thir Natures know’st, and gav’st them Names,
Needlest to thee repeated; nor unknown
The Serpent suttl’st Beast of all the field,
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav’n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand (500)
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummated lovly smil’d; Aire, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain’d;
There wanted yet the Master work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu’d
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence (510)
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav’n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Suprem, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule (520)
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath’d
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam’st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Femal for Race; then bless’d Mankinde, and said, (530)
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know’st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food (540)
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th’ Earth yeelds, 
Varietie without end; but of the Tree 
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil, 
Thou mai’st not; in the day thou eat’st, thou di’st; 
Death is the penaltie impos’d, beware, 
And govern well thy appetite, least sin 
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death. 
Here finish’d hee, and all that he had made 
View’d, and behold all was entirely good; 
So Ev’n and Morn accomplish’d the Sixt day: (550) 
Yet not till the Creator from his work 
Desisting, though unwearied, up return’d 
Up to the Heav’n of Heav’ns his high abode, 
Thence to behold this new created World 
Th’ addition of his Empire, how it shew’d 
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire, 
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode 
Follow’d with acclamation and the sound 
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun’d 
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire, (560) 
Resounded, (thou remember’st, for thou heardst) 
The Heav’ns and all the Constellations rung, 
The Planets in thir stations list’ning stood, 
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant. 
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung, 
Open, ye Heav’ns, your living dores; let in 
The great Creator from his work return’d 
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men (570)
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged Messengers
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav’n,
That open’d wide her blazing Portals, led
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest (580)
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh
Eev’n’ing arose in Eden, for the Sun
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav’ns high-seated top, th’ Impereal Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv’d, and sate him down
With his great Father (for he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain’d, (590)
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless’d and hallowd the Seav’nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper’d soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Unison; of incense Clouds
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount. (600)
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee; greater now in thy return
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi’d; but to create
Is greater then created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine (610)
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat’st more good.
Witness this new-made World, another Heav’n
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
On the cleer Hyaline, the Glassie Sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr’s (620)
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
Of destind habitation; but thou know’st
Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus’d,
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc’t,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worshippers (630)
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill’d, that ask’d
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Informd by thee might know; if else thou seekst
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. (640)

The End of the Seventh Book.
Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer’d, and exorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember’d since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

The Angel ended, and in Adams Eare
So Charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
Then as new wak’t thus gratefully repli’d.
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf’t
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard (10)
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; some thing yet of doubt remains,
Which onely thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
Of Heav’n and Earth consisting, and compute,
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,
An Atom, with the Firmament compar’d
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
Spaces incomprehensible (for such (20)
Thir distance argues and thir swift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all thir vast survey
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose (30)
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
That better might with farr less compass move,
Serv’d by more noble then her self, attaines
Her end without least motion, and receaves,
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count’nance seemd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve (40)
Perceaving where she sat retir’d in sight,
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper’d, bud and bloom,
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her eare
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv’d, (50)
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr’d
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas’d her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn’d?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen (60)
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now to Adam’s doubt propos’d
Benevolent and facil thus repli’d.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav’n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares:
This to attain, whether Heav’n move or Earth, (70)
Imports not, if thou reck’n right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann’d by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav’ns
Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav’n
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild (80)
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearences, 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 (90)
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heav’n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
And for the Heav’ns wide Circuit, let it speak (100)
The Makers high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg’d in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain’d for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could adde
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow, (110)
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav’n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv’d
In *Eden*, distance inexpressible
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav’ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov’d;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his wayes from human sense,
Plac’d Heav’n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight, (120)
If it presume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and thir own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev’nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibely three different Motions move? (130)
Which else to several Spheres thou must ascribe,
Mov’d contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos’d,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light (140)
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Fields 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, (150)
Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor’d in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in Nature unpossest
By living Soule, desert and desolate,
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
Down to this habitable, which returnes
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav’n (160)
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
Or Shee from West her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev’n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac’t, let him dispose: joy thou (170)
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy faire Eve; Heav’n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
Think onely what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal’d
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav’n.
   To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli’d.
How fully hast thou satisfi’d mee, pure (180)
Intelligence of Heav’n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to roave
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn’d, or by experience taught, she learne, (190)
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and suttle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concerne
Unpractis’d, unprepar’d, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise (200)
Of somthing not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign’d.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How suttly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav’n, (210)
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine
Imbu’d, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus Raphael answer’d heav’nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour’d (220)
Inward and outward both, his image faire:
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.
Nor less think wee in Heav’n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
For God we see hath honour’d thee, and set
On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;
For I that Day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, (230)
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar’d in full Legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu’d forth a spie,
Or enemie, while God was in his work,
Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut (240)
The dismal Gates, and barricado’d strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return’d up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev’ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas’d with thy words no less then thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began (250)
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc’d me. As new wak’t from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri’d, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav’n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz’d a while the ample Skie, till rais’d
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright (260)
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these, Creatures that liv’d, and mov’d, and walk’d, or flew, Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil’d, With fragrance and with joy my heart o’reflow’d. My self I then perus’d, and Limb by Limb Survey’d, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran With supple joints, as lively vigour led: But who I was, or where, or from what cause, (270) Knew not; to speak I tri’d, and forthwith spake, My Tongue obey’d and readily could name What e’er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light, And thou enlight’nd Earth, so fresh and gay, Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines, And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell, Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here? Not of my self; by some great Maker then, In goodness and in power præeminent; Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, (280) From whom I have that thus I move and live, And feel that I am happier then I know. While thus I call’d, and stray’d I knew not whither, From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld This happie Light, when answer none return’d, On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep First found me, and with soft oppression seis’d My droused sense, untroubl’d, though I thought I then was passing to my former state (290)
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov’d
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv’d: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain’d
First Father, call’d by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar’d.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais’d, (300)
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos’d, with goodliest Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem’d. Each Tree
Load’n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr’d in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak’d, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream (310)
Had lively shadow’d: Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer’d,
Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear’d me, and Whom thou soughtst I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate: (320)
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat’st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye; (330)
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt loose, expell’d from hence into a World
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc’d
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return’d and gratious purpose thus renew’d.
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live, (340)
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After thir kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowring low (350)
With blandishment, each Bird stoop’d on his wing.
I nam’d them, as they pass’d, and understood
Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu’d
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still;
And to the Heav’nly vision thus presum’d.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe, (360)
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more bright’nd, thus repli’d.

What call’st thou solitude, is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Aire (370)
Replenisht, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee; know’st thou not
Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem’d
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor’d,
And humble deprecation thus repli’d.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav’nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. (380)
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
Among unequals what societie
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv’n and receiv’d; but in disparitie
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate (390)
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin’d;
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereeto th’ Almighty answer’d, not displeas’d.
A nice and suttle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice (400)
Of thy Associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents (410)
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?
He ceas’d, I lowly answer’d. To attaine
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite; (420)
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli’d,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amitie.
Thou in thy secresie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek’st not
Social communication, yet so pleas’d,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt (430)
Of Union or Communion, deifi’d;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
Thus I embold’nd spake, and freedom us’d
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain’d
This answer from the gratious voice Divine.
   Thus farr to try thee, Adam, I was pleas’d,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam’d, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free, (440)
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak’st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such companie as then thou saw’st
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To see how thou could’st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur’d,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, (450)
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.
   Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his Heav’nly overpowerd,
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazl’d and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call’d
By Nature as in aide, and clos’d mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos’d, but op’n left the Cell (460)
Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping op’nd my left side, and took
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill’d up and heal’d:
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
Under his forming hands a Creature grew, (470)
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
Mean, or in her 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 disappeard, and left me dark, I wak’d
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: (480)
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: On she came,
Led by her Heav’nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform’d
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav’n in her Eye,
In every gesture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud. (490)

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill’d
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought, (500)
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo’d, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir’d,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn’d;
I follow’d her, she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majestie approv’d
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre (510)
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav’n,
And happie Constellations on that houre
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires
Whisper’d it to the Woods, and from thir wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp. (520)
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us’d or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt, (530)
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov’d, here onely weake
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More then enough; at least on her bestow’d
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end (540)
Of Nature her th’ inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which most excell,
In outward also her resembling less
His Image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that Dominion giv’n
O’re other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in her self compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best; (550)
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
Looses discount’nanc’t, and like folly shewes;
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac’t.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow. (560)

   Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav’st.
For what admir’st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self; (570)
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Then self esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag’d; of that skill the more thou know’st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maist love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight (580)
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf’t
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg’d, if aught
Therein enjoy’d were worthy to subdue
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her societie thou findst
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat (590)
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav’nly Love thou maist ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd.
Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kindes
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts, (600)
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful then harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free (610)
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
   To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st (620)
Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:
Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring; nor restrain’d conveyance need
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun (630)
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperean sets, my Signal to depart.
Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest Passion sway
Thy Judgment to do aught, which else free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac’t; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall (640)
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

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

*The End of the Eighth Book.*
Satan having compast the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to thir labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn’d, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain’d to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain’d both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas’d with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz’d, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover thir nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us’d
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam’d: I now must change
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience: On the part of Heav’n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv’n, (10)
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu’d
Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous’d,
Or Neptun’s ire or Juno’s, that so long
Perplex’d the Greek and Cytherea’s Son;
If answerable style I can obtaine (20)
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor’d,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
Pleas’d me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by Nature to indite
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
Heroic deem’d, chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabl’d Knights (30)
In Battels feign’d; the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon’d Shields,
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal’d Feast
Serv’d up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
Not that which justly gives Heroic name (40)
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
Nor skill’d nor studious, higher Argument
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter (50)
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv’d
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return’d.
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return’d.
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri’d (60)
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv’n,
The space of seven continu’d Nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl’d, four times cross’d the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
On the eighth return’d, and on the Coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change, (70)
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv’d in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
*Mæotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr’d (80)
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
*Ganges* and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam’d
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider’d every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent suttlest Beast of all the Field.
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv’d, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide (90)
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native suttletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ’d
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow’r
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv’d, but first from inward griefe
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour’d:
  O Earth, how like to Heav’n, if not preferr’d
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built (100)
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav’n, danc’t round by other Heav’ns
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav’n
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receav’st from all those Orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers (110)
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ’d up in Man.

With what delight could I have walkt thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crownd,
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel (120)
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav’n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav’n
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav’ns Supreame;
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For onely in destroying I finde ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd, (130)
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In wo then: that destruction wide may range:
To mee shall be the glorie sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr’d
What he Almighty styl’d, six Nights and Days
Continu’d making, and who knows how long
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
Not longer then since I in one Night freed (140)
From servitude inglorious welnigh half
Th’ Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng’d,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair’d,
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
More Angels to Create, if they at least
Are his Created, or to spite us more,
Determin’d to advance into our room
A Creature form’d of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, (150)
With Heav’nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounc’d, and, O indignitie!
Subjected to his service Angel wings,
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
Thir earthie Charge: Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde (160)
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aspir’d;
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last (170)
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim’d,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav’n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais’d
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

   So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on (180)
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
His head the midst, well stor’d with suttle wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir’d
With act intelligential; but his sleep (190)
Disturbd not, waiting close th’ approach of Morn.
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd
Thir morning incense, when all things that breath,
From th’ Earths great Altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires: (200)
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
And Eve first to her Husband thus began.
   Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.
Our pleasant task enjoyn’d, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, (210)
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my minde first thoughts present,
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
For while so near each other thus all day (220)
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th’ hour of Supper comes unearn’d.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return’d.

Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living Creatures deare,
Well hast thou motion’d, wel thy thoughts imployd
How we might best fulfill the work which here (230)
God hath assign’d us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais’d: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, then to studie housshold good,
And good workes in her Husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos’d
Labour, as to debarr us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
To brute deni’d, and are of Love the food, (240)
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksom toile, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn’d.
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.
For solitude somtimes is best societie,
And short retirement urges sweet returne. (250)
But other doubt possesses me, least harm
Befall thee sever’d from me; for thou knowst
What hath bin warn’d us, what malicious Foe
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
To other speedie aide might lend at need; (260)
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy’d by us excites his envie more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of Eve, (270)
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austeer composure thus reply’d,

Ofspring of Heav’n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
That such an Enemie we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe (280)
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fearst not, being such,
As wee, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receave, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferres
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be shak’n or seduc’t;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?
   To whom with healing words Adam reply’d. (290)
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th’ attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos’d
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
And anger wouldst resent the offer’d wrong, (300)
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th’ assault shall light.
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 receave
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight (310)
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais’d unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri’d.

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

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait’nd by a Foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu’d
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns (330)
Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard
By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his surmise prov’d false, finde peace within,
Favour from Heav’n, our witness from th’ event.
And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happie State
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin’d.
Fraile is our happiness, if this be so, (340)
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos’d.

To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.
O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happie State secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receave no harme. (350)
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Least by some faire appeering good surpris’d
She dictate false, and missinforme the Will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet (360)
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.
Seek not temptation then, which to 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 (370)
Us both secure then thus warnd thou seemst,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

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

With thy permission then, and thus forewarned
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought, (380)
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar’d,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia’s Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but Delia’s self
In gate surpass’d and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd, (390)
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,
Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu’d
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
Repeated, shee to him as oft engag’d (400)
To be retournd 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 sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back (410)
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet (420)
He sought them both, but wish’d his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish’d, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc’d, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil’d 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 upstaiies (430)
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers’d
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov’n Arborets and Flours
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign’d
Or of reviv’d Adonis, or renownd (440)
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir’d, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine, (450)
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav’nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of gesture or lest action overawd (460)
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav’d
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm’d,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav’n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain’d: then soon (470)
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone (480)
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas’d, and paine
Infeebl’d me, to what I was in Heav’n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love (490)
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign’d,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos’d
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve
Address’d his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour’d
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes; (500)
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang’d
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the hight of Rome. With tract oblique (510)
At first, as one who sought access, but fear’d
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us’d
To such disport before her through the Field, (520)
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
Then at Circean call the Herd disguis’d.
Hee boulder now, uncall’d before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel’d Neck,
Fawning, and lick’d the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn’d at length
The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air, (530)
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovr'nan 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 feared
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore (540)
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
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, (550)
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound;
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.
Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field (560)
I knew, but not with human voice endu’d;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam’st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply’d.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be obeyd: (570)
I was at first as other Beasts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern’d
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc’d
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughes a savorie odour blow’n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas’d my sense, (580)
Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
To satisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv’d
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful perswaders, quick’nd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg’d me so keene.
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require (590)
Thy utmost reach or Adams: Round the Tree
All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar’d not, for such pleasure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech (600)
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain’d.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turnd 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 (610)
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar’d
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

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

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov’d:
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice, (620)
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

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

Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright’ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl’d through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th’ amaz’d Night-wanderer from his way (640)
To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,
There swallow’d up and lost, from succour farr.
So 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 mee, though Fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. (650)
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

   To whom the Tempter guilefully repli’d.
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
Yet Lords declar’d of all in Earth or Aire?
   To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate, (660)
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.
   She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov’d,
Fluctuats disturb’d, yet comely, and in act
Rais’d, as of som great matter to begin.
As when of old som Orator renound (670)
In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addrest,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power (680)
Within me cleere, not onely to discerne
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
Mee who have touch’d and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot. (690)
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc’t, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; (700)
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeid:
Your feare itself of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Op’nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, (710)
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat’nd, which no worse then this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair Earth I see, (720)
Warm’d by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos’d
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th’ offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In Heav’nly brests? these, these and many more (730)
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz’d, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn’d
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak’d
An eager appetite, rais’d by the smell (740)
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
Inclivable now grown to touch or taste,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus’d.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir’d,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use, (750)
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death (760)
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpant? hee hath eat’n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni’d
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv’d?
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy (770)
The good befall’n him, Author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

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

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur’d, infam’d,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise (800)
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer’d free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op’nst Wisdoms way,
And giv’st access, though secret she retire. (810)
And I perhaps am secret; Heav’n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power (820)
Without Copartner? so to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesireable, somtime
Superior: for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm’d then I resolve, (830)
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus’d
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv’d
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne (840)
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis’d to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay’d;
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand (850)
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil’d,
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus’d.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.

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

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

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell’d
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, (900)
Defac’t, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd’n! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil’d thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn’d,
To live again in these Wilde Woods forlorn? (910)
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

   So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomfted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seemd remediless,
Thus in calme moode his Words to Eve he turnd. (920)

   Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve
And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
Had it been onely coveting to Eye
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinance,
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
But past who can recall, or don undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first (930)
Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attaine
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high, (940)
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us must faile,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
Not well conceav’d of God, who though his Power
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to abolish, least the Adversary
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
Most Favors, who can please him long; Mee first
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next? (950)
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

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

So saying, she embrac’d him, and for joy (990)
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had so enobl’d, as of choice to incurr
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupl’d not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceav’d,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
Earth trembl’d from her entrails, as again (1000)
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr’d, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear’d, the more to soothe
Him with her lov’d societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings (1010)
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
Farr other operation first displaid,
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on Eve
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:
Till Adam thus ‘gan Eve to dalliance move,
   Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And Palate call judicious; I the praise (1020)
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey’d.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain’d
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish’d,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh’t, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beautie since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn’d (1030)
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seis’d, and to a shadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow’d
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, (1040)
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
Oppress’d them, wearied with thir amorous play.
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 (1050)
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found thir Eyes how op’nd, and thir minds
How dark’nd; innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow’d them from knowing ill, was gon,
Just confidence, and native righteousness
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame hee cover’d, but his Robe
Uncover’d more. So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap (1060)
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak’d
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sate, as struck’n mute,
Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give eare
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
False in our promis’d Rising; since our Eyes (1070)
Op’nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face (1080)
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav’nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur’d, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. (1090)
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together 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 (1100)
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown’d,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreds her Armes
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
High overarch’t, and echoing Walks between;
There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves (1110)
They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,
And with what skill they had, together sowd,
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th’ American so girt
With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
Thus fenc’t, and as they thought, thir shame in part
Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, (1120)
They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
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 beneathe
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd (1130)
Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang’d in look and alterd stile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd.

Would thou hadst heark’nd to my words, and stai’d
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
Of all our good, sham’d, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve (1140)
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov’d with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have past thy Lips, Adam severe,
Imput’st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandring, as thou call’st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happ’nd thou being by,
Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
Or here th’ attempt, thou couldst not have discernd
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; (1150)
No ground of enmitie between us known,
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent, (1160)
Neither had I transgress’d, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incenst Adam repli’d.
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv’d and joyd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? (1170)
I warn’d thee, I admonish’d thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking 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 perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue (1180)
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th’ accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.
   Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of thir vain contest appeer’d no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.
Manstransgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv’d, God declaring that The entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin’d in Hell, but to follow Satan thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full of assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertain’d with a general hiss by all his audience transform’d with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv’n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of a things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall’n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng’d on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of
Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
Was known in Heav’n; for what can scape the Eye
Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
Hinder’d not Satan to attempt the minde
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm’d,
Complete to have discover’d and repulst (10)
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember’d
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr’d, what could they less, the penaltie,
And manifold in sin, deserv’d to fall.
Up into Heav’n from Paradise in hast
Th’ Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln (20)
Entrance unseen. Soon as th’ unwelcome news
From Earth arriv’d at Heaven Gate, displeas’d
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir bliss.
About the new-arriv’d, in multitudes
Th’ ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance, (30)
And easily approv’d; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
Amidst in Thunder utter’d thus his voice.

Assembl’d Angels, and ye Powers return’d
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay’d,
Nor troubl’d at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross’d the Gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed (40)
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc’t
And flatter’d out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free Will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall’n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounc’t that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void, (50)
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear’d,
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn’d.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr’d
All Judgement whether in Heav’n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easie it might be seen that I intend
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design’d (60)
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And destin’d Man himself to judge Man fall’n.

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

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav’n and Earth to do thy will
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov’d (70)
Mayst ever rest well pleas’d. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,
Whoever judg’d, the worst on mee must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv’d, yet I shall temper so
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none (80)
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg’d,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn’d,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods (90)
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing’d.
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak’d, and usher in
The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin’d, they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among (100)
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call’d aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas’d, thus entertain’d with solitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear’d unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
To offend, discountʼnancʼt both, and discomposʼd; (110)
Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faultring long, thus answerʼd brief.

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

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fearʼd,
But still rejoycʼt, how is it now become (120)
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset repliʼd.
O Heavʼn! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame (130)
By my complaint; but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolvʼd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou madʼst to be my help,
And gav’st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, (140)
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem’d to justify the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovrann 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 resign thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell’d (150)
Hers in all real dignitie: Adornd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
Were such as under Government well seem’d,
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
And person, had’st thou known thy self aright.

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

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

The Serpent me beguil’d and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th’ accus’d
Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
The Guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,
As vitiated in Nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) (170)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed; (180)
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open shew, and with ascention bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire,
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; (190)
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc’d.
Because thou hast heark’nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg’d thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof, (200)
Curs’d is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th’ Herb of th’ Field,
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg’d he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th’ instant stroke of Death denounc’t that day (210)
Remov’d farr off; then pittyng how they stood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Must suffer change, disdain’d not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
As when he wash’d his servants feet, so now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins (220)
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover’d from his Fathers sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return’d,
Into his blissful bosom reassum’d
In glory as of old, to him appeas’d
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sin’d and judg’d on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death, (230)
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass’d through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return’d, with fury driv’n (240)
By his Avenger, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv’n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kinde
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along: (250)
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But least the difficultie of passing back
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevails, a Monument
Of merit high to all th’ infernal Host,
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse, (260)
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

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

So saying, with delight he snuff’d the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur’d
With sent of living Carcasses design’d
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn’d
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air, (280)
Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive (290)
Mountains of Ice, that stop th’ imagin’d way
Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a Trident smote, and fix’t as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,
And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather’d beach
They fasten’d, and the Mole immense wraught on (300)
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
Immovable 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 Memonian Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn’d, (310)
And scourg’d with many a stroak th’ indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self same place where hee
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space (320)
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav’n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos’d; three sev’ral ways
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 (330)
Thir Parent soon discern’d, though in disguise.
Hee, after Eve seduc’t, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi’d
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth (340)
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return’d
By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time. With joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return’d,
And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifrice, unhop’t
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight (350)
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas’d.
Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy Trophies, which thou view’st as not thine own,
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:
For I no sooner in my Heart divin’d,
My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
Still moves with thine, joyn’d in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper’d, which thy looks (360)
Now also evidence, but straight I felt
Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy Son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast atchiev’d our libertie, confin’d
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow’rd
To fortifie thus farr, and overlay (370)
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain’d
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng’d
Our foile in Heav’n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
As Battel hath adjudg’d, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
Of all things, parted by th’ Empyreal bounds, (380)
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
Or trie thee now more dang’rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv’n to be the Race
Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,
Antagonist of Heav’ns Almighty King

Amply have merited of me, of all
Th’ Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav’ns dore
Triumphant with triumphant act have met, (390)
Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the Aire, (400)
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar’d,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos’d by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevaile, th’ affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss’d them, they with speed (410)
Thir course through thickest Constellations held
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
Then sufferd. Th’ other way Satan went down
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimed,
And with rebounding surge the bars assaild,
That scorn’d his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass’d,
And all about found desolate; for those (420)
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Farr to the inland retir’d, about the walls
Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud seate
Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
Departing gave command, and they observ’d. (430)
As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the hornes
Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreate
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late
Heav’n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduc’t in careful Watch
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search (440)
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible
Ascended his high Throne, which under state
Of richest texture spred, at th’ upper end
Was plac’t in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And shape Starr-bright appeer’d, or brighter, clad (450)
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz’d
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish’d beheld,
Thir mighty Chief return’d: loud was th’ acclaime:
Forth rush’d in haste the great consulting Peers,
Rais’d from thir dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach’d him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers, (460)
For in possession such, not onely of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, return’d
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev’d. Long were to tell
What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine (470)
Voyag’d th’ unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav’d
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc’t to ride
Th’ untractable Abysse, plung’d in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos’d
My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
Protesting Fate supreame; thence how I found (480)
The new created World, which fame in Heav’n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac’t in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc’d
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv’n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, (490)
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul’d.
True is, mee also he hath judg’d, or rather
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav’d: that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankinde; I am to bruise his heel;
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A World who would not purchase with a bruise, (500)
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, wonderning at himself now more; (510)
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine: a greater power
Now rul’d him, punisht in the shape he sin’d,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform’d
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories (520)
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* 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, (530)
Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem’d
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow’d issuing forth to th’ open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
Heav’n-fall’n, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathie; for what they saw, (540)
They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew’d, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
As in thir crime. Thus was th’ applause they meant,
Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that (550)
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us’d by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Thir earnest eyes they fix’d, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris’n, to work them furder woe or shame;
Yet parcht with scalding thurst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees
Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks
That curld Megæra: greedily they pluck’d (560)
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam’d;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceav’d; they fondly thinking to allay
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th’ offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writh’d thir jaws
With soot and cinders fill’d; so oft they fell (570)
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph’d once lapst. Thus were they plagu’d
And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum’d,
Yearly enjoyn’d, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number’d days,
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc’t.
However some tradition they dispers’d
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
And Fabl’d how the Serpent, whom they calld (580)
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv’n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv’d, Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began. (590)

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

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems (600)
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th’ incestuous Mother thus repli’d.
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar’d,
Till I in Man residing through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several wayes, (610)
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th’ Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute (620)
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav’nly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call’d and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth (630)
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm’d and gorg’d, nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
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’ט on both precedes. (640)

Hee ended, and the heav’nly Audience loud
Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin’d restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav’n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
Or down from Heav’n descend. Such was thir song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them several charge, (650)
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib’d, to th’ other five
Thir planetarie motions and aspects
In *Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,*
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne (660)
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to showre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push’d (670)
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th’ Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Seav’n
Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil’d on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those (680)
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in thir sight
Had rounded still th’ Horizon, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
From cold Estotiland, and South as farr
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn’d
His course intended; else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now, (690)
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
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 Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes
Eurus and Zeprhir with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th’ irrational,
Death introduc’d through fierce antipathie:
Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle, (710)
And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count’nance grim
Glar’d on him passing: these were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon’d, but worse felt within,
And in a troubl’d Sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburd’n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end (720)
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
The miserie, I deserv’d it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encrease and multiply, (730)
Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light (740)
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne, and render back
All I receav’d, unable to performe (750)
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refusd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos’d:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son (760)
Prove disobedient, and reprov’d, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne: (770)
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length’nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse (780)
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir’d, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn’d; what dies but what had life (790)
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom’d. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as Argument (800)
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
For angers sake, finite to infinite
In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
Satisfi’d never; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
By which all Causes else according still
To the reception of thir matter act,
Not to th’ extent of thir own Spheare. But say
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos’d,
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie (810)
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To 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! (820)
So disinherited how would ye bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn’d,
If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav’d,
Not to do onely, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
Forc’t I absolve: all my evasions vain
And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still (830)
But to my own conviction: first and last
On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear
Then all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir’st,
And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future, (840)
To Satan onely like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv’n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung’dc!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double terror: On the ground (850)
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs’d his Creation, Death as oft accus’d
Of tardie execution, since denounc’ct
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice Divine not hast’n to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, (860)
With other echo late I taught your Shades
To answer, and resound farr other Song.
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay’d:
But her with stern regard he thus repell’d.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
Befits thee with him leagu’d, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew (870)
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; least that too heav’nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when lust was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain’d
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool’d and beguil’d, by him thou, I by thee, (880)
To trust thee from my side, imagin’d wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peop’ld highest Heav’n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last (890)
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall’n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake, (900)
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn’d, but Eve
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas’d not flowing, (910)
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav’n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav’d; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, (920)
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarse one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As joyn’d in injuries, one enmitie
Against a Foe by doom express assign’d us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall’n,
On me already lost, mee then thy self
More miserable; both have sin’d, but thou (930)
Against God onely, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov’d may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immovable till peace obtain’d from fault
Acknowledg’d and deplor’d, in Adam wraught
Commiseration; soon his heart relented (940)
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas’d, his aide;
As one disarm’d, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais’d her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir’st
The punishment all on thy self; alas,
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine (950)
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
And my displeasure bearst so ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv’n,
To me committed and by me expos’d.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam’d enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of Love, how we may light’n (960)
Each others burden in our share of woe;
Since this days Death denounc’t, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac’t evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv’d.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli’d.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, (970)
Restor’d by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris’n,
Tending to som relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour’d (980)
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery.
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this cursed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
So Death shall be deceav’d his glut, and with us two (990)
Be forc’d to satisfie his Rav’rous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial imbraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be miserie
And torment less then none of what we dread,
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, (1000)
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply
With our own hands his Office on our selves;
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many 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, (1010)
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais’d, and thus to Eve repli’d.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee somthing more sublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov’d.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end (1020)
Of miserie, so thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc’t, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm’d his vengeful ire then so
To be forestall’d; much more I fear least Death
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacie will provoke the highest
To make death in us live: Then let us seek
Som safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to minde with heed (1030)
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv’d
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on our selves, or childless days
Resolv’d, as thou proposest; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain’d, and wee
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. (1040)
No more be mention’d then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg’d
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee (1050)
Pains onely in Child-bearinge were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc’te 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 unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloath’d us unworthy, pitying while he judg’d;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear (1060)
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th’ inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
Our Limbs benumm’d, ere this diurnal Starr
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather’d beams (1070)
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grinde
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv’n down
Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
And what may else be remedie or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, (1080)
Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
Beseecching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain’d
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, then to the place
Repairing where he judg’d us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air (1090)
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem’d and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg’d them prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess’d (1100)
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg’d, with tears
Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.
The Argument

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure. Eve’s Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ’n till the Flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
Prevenient Grace descending had remov’d
The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath’d
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspir’d, and wing’d for Heav’n with speedier flight
Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
Seem’d thir Petition, then when th’ ancient Pair (10)
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav’n thir prayers
Flew up, nor miss’d the way, by envious windes
Blow’n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd
Dimentionless through Heav’nly dores; then clad
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum’d,
By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son (20)
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

   See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sow’n with contrition in his heart, then those
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
Of Paradise could have produc’t, ere fall’n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare (30)
To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee,
Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
And propitiation, all his works on mee
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.
Accept me, and in mee from these receave
The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live
Before thee reconcil’d, at least his days
Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I (40)
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse
To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal Elements that know (50)
No gross, no unharmoneous mixture foule,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endowd, with Happiness
And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,
This other serv’d but to eternize woe; (60)
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedie, and after Life
Tri’d in sharp tribulation, and refin’d
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
 Wak’t in the renovation of the just,
Resignes him up with Heav’n and Earth renewd.
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heav’ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw; (70)  
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright Minister that watch'd, hee blew  
His Trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general Doom. Th’ Angelic blast  
Fill'd all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowrs  
Of Amaran tin Shade, Fountain or Spring,  
By the waters of Life, where ere they sate  
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light (80)  
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne suprem  
Th’ Almighty thus pronounc’d 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 prays contrite, (90)  
My motions in him, longer then they move,  
His heart I know, how variable and vain  
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim (100)
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
From hallowd ground th’ unholy, and denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg’d,
For I behold them soft’nd and with tears (110)
Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
To Adam what shall come in future dayes,
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
My Cov’nant in the womans seed renewd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the East side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbes,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame (120)
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Least Paradise a receptacle prove
To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
With whose stol’n Fruit Man once more to delude.

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

Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav’n descends;
But that from us ought should ascend to Heav’n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
Ev’n to the Seat of God. For since I saught
By Prayer th’ offended Deitie to appease,
Kneel’d and before him humbl’d all my heart, (150)
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace returnnd
Home to my brest, and to my memorie
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,
Eve rightly call’d, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee (160)
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.
    To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I such title should belong
To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am graci’t
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf’est, (170)
Farr other name deserving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos’d,
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
All unconcern’d with our unrest, begins
Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
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. (180)

So spake, so wish’d much-humbl’d Eve, but Fate
Subscrib’d not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips’d
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
First hunter then, pursu’d a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th’ Eastern Gate was bent thir flight. (190)

Adam observ’d, and with his Eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov’d to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some furder change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav’n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more. (200)

Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu’d in th’ Air and ore the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the East
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
O’re the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav’nly fraught.

He err’d not, for by this the heav’nly Bands
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, (210)
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm’d Adams eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field Pavilion’d with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeard
In Dothan, cover’d with a Camp of Fire,
Against the Syrian King, who to surprize
One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
Warr unproclam’d. The Princely Hierarch (220)
In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
To finde where Adam shelterd, took his way,
Not unperceav’d of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determin, or impose
New Laws to be observ’d; for I descrie
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav’nly Host, and by his Gate (230)
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th’ Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes (240)
A militarie Vest of purple flowd
Livelier then Melibœan, or the graine
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Hero’s old
In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the wooff;
His starrie Helme unbuckl’d shew’d him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
As in a glisterng Zodiac hung the Sword,
Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
Inclin’d not, but his coming thus declar’d. (250)

    Adam, Heav’ns high behest no Preface needs:
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seisure many dayes
Giv’n thee of Grace, wherein thou may’st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas’d
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come, (260)
And send thee from the Garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast tak’n, fitter Soile.

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

O unexspected stroke, worse then of Death!
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades, (270)
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respit of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev’n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op’ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th’ ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adornd (280)
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accustomd 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 overfond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes (290)
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To Michael thus his humble words 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 (300)
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhosipitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries: (310)
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
His blessed count’nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf’d
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree (320)
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk’d:
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms and Fruits and Flours:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footprint trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall’d (330)
To life prolongd and promisd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.

Adam, thou know’st Heav’n his, and all the Earth,
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
All th’ Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then (340)
His presence to these narrow bounds confin’d
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th’ Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
But this præeminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
God is as here, and will be found alike (350)
Present, and of his presence many a signe
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
Which that thou mayst beleeve, and be confirmd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn (360)
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur’d
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar’d endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This Hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak’st,
As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully repli’d. (370)
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead’st me, and to the hand of Heav’n submit,
However chast’ning, to the evil turne  
My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
If so I may attain. So both ascend  
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill  
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
The Hemisphere of Earth in clearest Ken  
Stretcht out to ampest reach of prospect lay. (380)  
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
Our second Adam in the Wilderness,  
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
His Eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls  
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can  
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,  
To Paquin of Sinean Kings, and thence (390)  
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul  
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since  
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
Th’ Empire of Negus to his utmost Port  
Ercoco and the less Maritime Kings  
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the Realme (400)
Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;
Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount
The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great Citie Geryons Sons (410)
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adams eyes the Filme remov'd
Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purgd with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now enforc't to close his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst: (420)
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

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

His eyes he op’nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves (430)
New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulords;
Ith’ midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull’d, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew’d,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform’d. (440)
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav’n
Consum’d with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
The others not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat hee inlie rag’d, and as they talk’d,
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus’d.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismai’d, and thus in haste to th’ Angel cri’d.
   O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall’n (450)
To that meek man, who well had sacrific’d;
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
   T’ whom Michael thus, hee also mov’d, repli’d.
These two are Brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loyns; th’ unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav’n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng’d, and th’ others Faith approv’d
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire. (460)

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terroour, 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. (470)
Some, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What miserie th’ inabstinance 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 (480)
Of gasty Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,  
Dæmoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie  
And Moon-struck madness, pining Atrophie  
Marasmus and wide-wasting Pestilence,  
Dropsies, and Asthma’s, and Joint-racking Rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair  
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch; (490)  
And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok’t  
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
Drie-ey’d behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell’d  
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears  
A space, till firmer thoughts restraind excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew’d.  

O miserable Mankind, to what fall (500)  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv’d!  
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv’n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer’d, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismist in peace. Can thus  
Th’ Image of God in man created once  
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debas’t (510)
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Thir Makers Image, answerd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi’d
To serve ungovern’d appetite, and took
His Image whom they serv’d, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is thir punishment, (520)
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac’t
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

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

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe (530)
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
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 and gray; thy Senses then (540)
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To 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 (550)
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael repli’d.

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

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd (560)
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu’d transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind (570)
Into fit moulds prepar’ed; from which he form’d
First his own Tooles; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav’n in mettle. After these,
But on the hether side a different sort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise
Just men they seem’d, 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 (580)
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
The Men though grave, ey’d them, and let thir eyes
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 appeard; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke (590)
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok’t;
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
And charming Symphonies attach’d the heart
Of Adam, soon enclin’d to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus express’d.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past; (600)
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here Nature seems fullilld 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, (610)
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg’d none.
Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye. (620)
To these that sober Race of Men, whose live
Religious titl’d them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread (630)
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th’ Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdome, 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, (640)
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, (650)
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattle pastur’d late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th’ensanguind Field
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong
Lay Seige, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav’lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter’d Haralds call (660)
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle Age one rising, eminent
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 (670)
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
His Brother; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men? (680)
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav’n
Rescu’d, had in his Righteousness bin lost?

To whom thus Michael; These are the product
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou sawst;
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; (690)
To overcome in Battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
Of triumph, to be styl’d great Conquerours,
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 (700)
The onely righteous in a World perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With Foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou sawst, receave, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; (710)
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look’d, and saw the face of things quite chang’d;
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
All now was turn’d to jollitie and game,
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of thir doings great dislike declar’d, (720)
And testifi’d against thir wayes; hee oft
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In prison under Judgements imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas’d
Contending, and remov’d his Tents farr off;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
Measur’d by Cubit, length, and breadth, and highth, (730)
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
Contriv’d, and of provisions laid in large
For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!
Of 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, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav’n; the Hills to their supplie (740)
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thick’nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush’d the Rain
Impetuous, and continu’d till the Earth
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o’re the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover’d Sea,
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces (750)
Where luxurie late reign’d, Sea-monsters whelp’d
And stabl’d; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark’t.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown’d,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
By th’ Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns (760)
His Children, all in view destroyd at once;
And scarce to th’ Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv’d ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispenst
The burd’n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek (770)
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil shall no less
In apprehension then in substance feel
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 waretie Desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas’t, and Warr on Earth, (780)
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
With length of happy 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? unsoufld, 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; (790)
Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, 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 (800)
Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th’ Earth shall bear
More then anough, that temperance may be tri’d:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav’d,
Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
One Man except, the onely Son of light
In a dark Age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a World (810)
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, hee of their 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 observ’d
The one just Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst (820)
A World devote to universal rack.
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg’d,
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav’n set open on the Earth shall powre
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 moov’d (830)
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 look’d, and saw the Ark hull on the floud, (840)
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl’d the face of Deluge, as decai’d;
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass
Gaz’d hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His Sluces, as the Heav’n his windows shut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground (850)
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leaf he brings, pacific signe: (860)
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav’n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok’ning peace from God, and Cov’nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoicy’d, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou that future things canst represent (870)
As present, Heav’nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur’d that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
Farr less I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas’d, (880)
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

To whom th’ Archangel. Dextrously thou aim’st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav’d,
Griev’d at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill’d with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov’d,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight, (890)
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour’d Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov’nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new, (900)
Both Heav’n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

*The End of the Eleventh Book.*
Book XII

The Argument

The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascention; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos’d to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place.

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

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense: (10)
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second sorts of Men, while yet but few;
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in th'ir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead th'ir lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, (20)
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
Shall spend th'ir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) (30)
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the West, shall finde (40)
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A Citie and Towre, whose top may reach to Heav’n;
And get themselves a name, least far disperst
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, (50)
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
Obstruct Heav’n Towrs, and in derision sets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav’n
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange (60)
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam’d.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas’d.
O execrable Son so to aspire
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv’n:
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but Man over men
He made not Lord; such title to himself (70)
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this Usurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr’st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men (80)
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twinn’d, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur’d, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits (90)
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annext
Deprives them of thir outward libertie, (100)
Thir inward lost: Witness th’ irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes; (110)
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok’d,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv’d, who scap’d the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes (120)
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
His benediction so, that in his Seed
All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford (130)
To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call’d him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plaine
Of Moreh; there by promise he receaves
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
From Hamath Northward to the Desert South
(Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam’d) (140)
From Hermon East to the great Western Sea,
Mount Hermon, yonder Sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon (150)
Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call’d
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile*;
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a yonger Son (160)
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that Realme
Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
*Moses* and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime (170)
His people from enthralment, 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 compellel’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, (180)
And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
Haile mixt with fire must rend th’ Egyptian Skie
And wheel on th’ Earth, devouring where it rouls;
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds (190)
The River-dragon tam’d at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
More hard’nd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on drie land between two chritsal walls,
Aw’d by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescu’d gain thir shoar:
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, (200)
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th’ obdurat King pursues:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Host
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command (210)
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On thir im battelld 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 (220)
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine (230)
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants them thie desire,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now (240)
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram’d
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein (250)
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
The Records of his Cov’nant, over these
A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
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 (260)
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings destroy’d, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav’n stand still
A day entire, and 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, (270)
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal’d, those chiefly which concerne
Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op’ning, and my heart much eas’d,
Erwhile perplex’d 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 (280)
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv’n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove, (290)
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv’n (300)
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov’nant, disciplin’d
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov’d, being but the Minister
Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call, (310)
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in thir earthly Canaan plac’t
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt thir public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom (320)
The second, both for pietie 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. (330)
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam’d,
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
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 (340)
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw’st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call’d.
There in captivitie he lets them dwell
The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
Rememb'reng mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
To David, stablisht as the dayes of Heav’n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of Kings
Thir Lords, whom God dispos’d, the house of God
They first re-edifie, and for a while (350)
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the Priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the Altar, and should most
Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Barr’d of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr (360)
Unseen before in Heav’n proclaims him com,
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign (370)
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav’ns.
He ceas’d, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg’d, as had like grief bin dew’d in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

   O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call’d
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav’n, yet from my Loynes (380)
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God most High; So God with man unites.

Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

   To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemie; nor so is overcome (390)
Satan, whose fall from Heav’n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl’d not to give thee thy deaths wound:
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos’d
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
The penaltie to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: (400)
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To save them, not thir own, though legal works. (410)
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem’d,
Seis’d on by force, judg’d, and to death condemnd
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi’d,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, Death over him no power (420)
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy’d,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength (430)
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow’d him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn’d (440)
And his Salvation, them who shall believe
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. (450)
Then to the Heav’n of Heav’ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
Through all his Realme, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav’n; and thence shall come,
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead, (460)
To judge th’ unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and 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, (470)
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav’n
Must reascend, what will betide the few (480)
His faithful, left among th’ unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deale
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th’ Angel; but from Heav’n
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arme (490)
With spiritual Armour, able to resist
Satans assaults, and quench his fierie darts,
What Man can do against them, not afraid,
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 (500)
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 (510)
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
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, (520)
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume: (530)
Whence heavie persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
Well deem in outward Rites and specious formes
Religion satisfi’d; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appeal of respiration to the just, (540)
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promiss’d to thy aid
The Woman’s 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, (550)
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply’d.

How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur’d this transient World, the Race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this Vessel can containe;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. (560)
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
And love with feare the onely God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie, (570)
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th’ Angel last repli’d:
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewst by name, and all th’ ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav’n, Aire, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst, (580)
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call’d Charitie, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards, (590)
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken *Eve*;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm’d
Portending good, and all her spirits compos’d
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come (600)
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer’d
With meditation on the happie end.

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

    Whence thou returnst, and whither wentst, I know; (610)
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav’n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
This further consolation yet secure (620)
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsaft,
By mee the Promis’d Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas’d, but answer’d not; for now too nigh
Th’ Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev’ning Mist
Ris’n from a River o’r the marish glides, (630)
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc’t,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz’d
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingering Parents, and to th’ Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer’d. (640)
They looking back, all th’ Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Way’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.
PARADISE REGAIN'D

(1671)
I who e’re while the happy Garden sung,
By one mans disobedience lost, now sing
Recover’d Paradise to all mankind,
By one mans firm obedience fully tri’d
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil’d
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls’t,
And Eden rais’d in the wast Wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field
Against the Spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence (10)
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds,
With prosperous wing full summ’d to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t’ have not remain’d so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful then the sound of Trumpet, cri’d
Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand (20)
To all Baptiz’d: to his great Baptism flock’d
With aw the Regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem’d
To the flood *Jordan*, came as then obscure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descri’d, divinely warn’d, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign’d
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm’d; on him baptiz’d
Heaven open’d, and in likeness of a Dove (30)
The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
From Heav’n pronounc’d him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam’d
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-struck, th’ exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv’n, a while survey’d
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To Councilel summons all his mighty Peers, (40)
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv’d,
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conquest, then remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possest, and rul’d
In manner at our will th’ affairs of Earth, (50)
Since Adam and his facil consort *Eve*
Lost Paradise deceiv’d by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of Eve
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav’n
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn’d wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head (60)
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring’d, our freedom and our being
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Womans seed
Destin’d to this, is late of woman born,
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youths full flowr, displaying
All vertue, grace and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim (70)
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz’d,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence; on him rising (80)
Out of the water, Heav’n above the Clouds
Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, what e’er it meant,
And out of Heav’n the Sov’raign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov’d, in him am pleas’d.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav’n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; (90)
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Fathers glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos’d,
Not force, but well couch’t fraud, well-woven snares,
E’re in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook (100)
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruine Adam, and the exploit perform’d
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th’ infernal Crew,
Distracted and surpriz’d with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: (110)
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv’d
In Adam’s overthrow, and led thir march
From Hell’s deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coast of Jordan he directs
His easie steps, girded with snaky wiles, (120)
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar’d,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais’d
To end his Raign on Earth so long enjoy’d:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill’d
The purpos’d Counsel pre-ordain’d and fixt
Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

   Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold, (130)
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call’d the Son of God;
Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the highest
O’re-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown, (140)
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
Less over-weening, since he fail’d in *Job*,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate’er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man (150)
Of female Seed, far abler to resist
All his sollicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpriz’d. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e’re I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance: (160)
His weakness shall o’recome Satanic strength
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and Æthereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate vertue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call’d my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov’d, (170)
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri’d,
Against whate’re may tempt, whate’re seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, (180)
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav’n their Odes and Vigils tun’d:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg’d in Bethabara where John baptiz’d,
Musing and much revolving in his brest,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk’d alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse (190)
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering Desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ’d round,
His holy Meditations thus pursu’d.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakn’d in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar’d. (200)
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my self I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that e’re yet my age
Had measur’d twice six years, at our great Feast (210)
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir’d by all: yet this not all
To which my Spirit aspir’d; victorious deeds
Flam’d in my heart, heroic acts; one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Thence to subdue and quell o’re all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow’r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor’d: (220)
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perwsasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth inly rejoc’d,
And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar (230)
To what highth sacred vertue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man;
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth
Conceiv’d in me a Virgin; he fore-told
Thou shouldst be great and sit on David’s Throne, (240)
And of thy Kingdom there should be no end.

At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lais’t,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, (250)
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star, new grav’n in Heaven,
By which they knew thee King of Israel born.

Just Simeon and Prophetic Anna, warn’d
By Vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake
Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, strait I again revolv’d
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ (260)
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,
E’re I the promis’d Kingdom can attain,
Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr’d upon my head.
Yet neither thus disheartn’d or dismay’d,
The time prefixt I waited, when behold
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard, (270)
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptism came,
Which I believ’d was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim’d
Me him (for it was shew’n him so from Heaven)
Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
Refus’d on me his Baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won;
But as I rose out of the laving stream, (280)
Heaven open’d her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father’s voice,
Audibly heard from Heav’n, pronounc’d me his his
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas’d; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The Authority which I deriv’d from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led (290)
Into this Wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark’d, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come (300)
Lodg’d in his brest, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.
Full forty days he pass’d, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour’d in one Cave, is not reveal’d;
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger’d then at last
Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild, (310)
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm’d, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar’d aloof.
But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
Following, as seem’d, the quest of some stray Ewe,
Or wither’d sticks to gather; which might serve
Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return’d from field at Eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perus’d him, then with words thus utt’red spake. (320)
   Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return’d, and dropt not here
His Carcass, pin’d with hunger and with droughth?
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem’st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of Jordan honour’d so, and call’d thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes (330)
Who dwell this wild, constrain’d by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ’ns new; Fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.

By Miracle he may, reply’d the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur’d
More then the Camel, and to drink go far, (340)
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended, and the Son of God reply’d.
Think’st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other then thou seem’st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed (350)
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days Eliah without food
Wandred this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
   Whom thus answer’d th’ Arch Fiend now undisguis’d.
’Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu’d with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv’n (360)
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin’d
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th’ Air, nor from the Heav’n of Heav’ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; (370)
And when to all his Angels he propos’d
To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb’d with lyes
To his destruction, as I had in charge.
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov’d of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire (380)
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me then desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar’d the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them (390)
I gain’d what I have gain’d, and with them dwell
Copartner in these Regions of the World,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Wherebey they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, (400)
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were Man adjoyn’d:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
Man fall’n, shall be restor’d, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply’d.
Deservedly thou griev’st, compos’d of lyes
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast’st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav’n of Heavens; thou com’st indeed, (410)
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos’d,
Ejected, emptyed, gaz’d, unpityed, shun’d,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell then when in Heaven. (420)
But thou art serviceable to Heaven’s King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov’d thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a lyer in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend’st to truth; all Oracles (430)
By thee are giv’n, and what confest more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask’d have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return’d the wiser, or the more instruct
To flye or follow what concern’d him most, (440)
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv’n the Nations up
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous; but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels President
In every Province, who themselves disdaining
To approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say (450)
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a Fawning Parasite obey’st;
Then to thyself ascrib’st the truth fore-told.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench’d;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir’d at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living Oracle (460)
Into the World, to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.
  So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembl’d, and this Answer smooth return’d.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg’d me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath rested from me; where (470)
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforc’d oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lye,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac’t above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submiss endure
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.

Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours’t, pleasing to th’ ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; (480)
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.

Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsa’d his voice (490)
To Balaam Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir’d; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter’d brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find’st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.
    He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear’d
Into thin Air diffus’d: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade (500)
The Desert; Fowls in thir clay nests were couch’t;
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

*The End of the First Book.*
Mean while the new-baptiz’d, who yet remain’d
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call’d
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar’d,
And on that high Authority had believ’d,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg’d, I mean
*Andrew* and *Simon*, famous after known
With others though in Holy Writ not nam’d,
Now missing him thir joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone, (10)
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas’d, increas’d thir doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
*Moses* was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost *Eliah*, so in each place these
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico* (20)
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* Old,
*Machærus* and each Town or City wall’d
On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return’d in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek:
Where winds with Reeds, and Osiers whisp’ring play
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a Cottage low together got
Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath’d.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse (30)
Unlook’d for are we fall’n, our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor’d:
Thus we rejoyc’d, but soon our joy is turn’d
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire (40)
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth thir pow’r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
Thy Glory, free thy people from thir yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform’d,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal’d him, (50)
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
In publick, and with him we have convers’d;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his Mother Mary, when she saw (60)
Others return’d from Baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tydings of him none;
Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais’d
Some troubl’d thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv’d of God, or that salute,
Hale highly favour’d, among women blest;
While I to sorrows am no less advanc’t,
And fears as eminent, above the lot (70)
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a Shed
Could be obtain’d to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his; yet soon enforce’t to flye
Thence into Egypt, till the Murd’rous King
Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing fill’d
With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return’d, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life (80)
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg’d, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own’d from Heaven by his Father’s voice;
I look’t for some great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain fore-told,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul (90)
A sword shall pierce; this is my favour’d lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father’s business; what he meant I mus’d,
Since understand; much more his absence now (100)
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur’d;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
   Thus Mary pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass’d
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos’d awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
Sole but with holiest Meditations fed, (110)
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan with slye preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council sate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began. (120)

   Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from the Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d,
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an Enemy
Is ris’n to invade us, who no less
Threat’ns our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impowr’d, (130)
Have found him, view’d him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Then when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
Though Adam by his Wives allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,  
If he be Man by Mothres side at least,  
With more then humane gifts from Heaven adorn’d,  
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,  
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.  
Therefore I am return’d, lest confidence (140)  
Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
Deceive ye to perswasion over-sure  
Of like succeeding here; I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness with hand  
Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst  
Thought none my equal, now be over-match’d.  

So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all  
With clamour was assur’d thir utmost aid  
At his command; when from amidst them rose  
Belial the dissolutest Spirit that fell, (150)  
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai  
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis’d.  

Set women in his eye and in his walk,  
Among daughters of men the fairest found;  
Many are in each Region passing fair  
As the noon Skie; more like to Goddesses  
Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,  
Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues  
Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allay’d, yet terrible to approach, (160)  
Skill’d to retire, and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them tangl’d in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the power to soft’n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged’st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest brest,
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil’d the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, (170)
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return’d.
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh’st
All others by thy self; because of old
Thou thy self doat’st on womankind, admiring
Thir shape, thir colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think’st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False titl’d Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, (180)
And coupl’d with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk’st,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay’st thy scapes on names ador’d,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, (190)
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn’d
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pellean Conquerour,
A youth, how all the Beauties of the East
He slightly view’d, and slightly over-pass’d;
How hee sirnam’d of Africa dismiss’d
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. (200)
For Solomon he liv’d at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim’d not beyond
Higher design then to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos’d;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Then Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye (210)
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting Queen ador’d on Beauties Throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the Zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majestick brow
Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,
Discount’nance her despis’d, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands (220)
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abasht:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck’d;
Or that which only seems to satisfie
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; (230)
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas’d, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active Scene
Of various persons each to know his part; (240)
Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain’d,
Now hungring first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass’d
Wandring this woody maze, and humane food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that Fast
To Vertue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God support Nature without repast (250)
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares,
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfie that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this bodies wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Mee hungrying more to do my Fathers will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son (260)
Commun’d in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of Trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream’d, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Natures refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of Cherith stood
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing Even and Morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled (270)
Into the Desert, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awakt,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar’d,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic’d him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towring to descry (280)
The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassy Couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak’d.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear’d,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud; (290)
Thither he bent his way, determin’d there
To rest at noon, and entr’d soon the shade
High rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open’d in the midst a woody Scene,
Natures own work it seem’d (Nature taught Art)
And to a Superstitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view’d it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred, (300)
And with fair speech these words to him address’d.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found he relief
By a providing Angel; all the race (310)
Of Israel here had famish’d, had not God
Rain’d from Heaven Manna; and that Prophet bold
Native of Thebes wandering here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus; what conclust thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply’d,
Tell me if Food were now before thee set, (320)
Wouldst thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer’d Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
Hast thou not right to all Created things,
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer’d first
To Idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer’d by an Enemy, though who (330)
Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold
Nature asham’d, or better to express,
Troubl’d that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey’d
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spred, in regal mode, (340)
With dishes pill’d, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boyl’d,
Gris-amber-steam’d; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain’d
*Pontus* and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric Coast.*
Alas how simple, to these Cates compar’d,
Was that crude Apple that divertèd *Eve*!
And at a stately side-board by the wine (350)
That fragrant smell diffus’d, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Then *Ganymed* or *Hylas,* distant more
Under the Trees now trip’d, now solemn stood
Nymphs of *Diana’s* train, and *Naiades*
With fruits and flowers from *Amalthea’s* horn,  
And ladies of th’ *Hesperides*, that seem’d  
Fairer then feign’d of old, or fabl’d since  
Of Fairy Damsels met in Forest wide  
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*, (360)  
*Lancelot* or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,  
And all the while Harmonious Airs were heard  
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds  
Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odors fann’d  
From their soft wings, and *Flora’s* earliest smells.  
Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renew’d.  

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure, (370)  
Thir taste no knowledge, works at least of evil,  
But life preserves, destroys life’s enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,  
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay  
Thee hommage, and acknowledge thee thir Lord:  
What doubt’st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.  

To whom thus Jesus temperately reply’d:  
Said’st thou not that to all things I had right?  
And who withholds my pow’r that right to use? (380)  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command?  
I can at will, doubt not, assoon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array’d in Glory on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, (390)
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus answer’d Satan, malecontent:
That I have also power to give thou seest,
If of that pow’r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow’d on whom I pleas’d,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose (400)
Whose pains have earn’d the farfet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish’d quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remain’d,
And with these words his temptation pursu’d.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm’d, therefore not mov’d;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, (410)
High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev’d?
Great acts require great means of enterprise,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
Bred up in poverty and streights at home;
Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence Authority deriv’st,
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude, (420)
Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;
What rais’d Antipater the Edomite,
And his Son Herod plac’d on Juda’s Throne;
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, (430)
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply’d;
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,
To gain dominion or to keep it gain’d.
Witness those antient Empires of the Earth,
In highth of all thir flowing wealth dissolv’d:
But men endu’d with these have oft attain’d
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and Jephtha, and the Shepherd lad,
Whose off-spring on the Throne of Juda sat (440)
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contempt
Riches though offer’d from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I (450)
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wise mans cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Then prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights (460)
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a King,
His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King; Which every wise and vertuous man attains: And who attains not, ill aspires to rule Cities of men, or head-strong Multitudes, (470) Subject himself to Anarchy within, Or lawless passions in him which he serves. But to guide Nations in the way of truth By saving Doctrine, and from errour lead To know, and knowing worship God aright, Is yet more Kingly; this attracts the Soul, Governs the inner man, the nobler part, That other o’re the body only reigns, And oft by force, which to a generous mind So reigning can be no sincere delight. (480) Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought Greater and nobler done, and to lay down Far more magnanimous, then to assume. Riches are needless then, both for themselves, And for thy reason why they should be sought, To gain a Scepter, oftest better miss’t.

*The End of the Second Book.*
So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinc’t
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew’d, him thus accosts.

I see thou know’st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart (10)
Conteins of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron’s breast: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th’ array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
In battel, though against thy few in arms. (20)
These God-like Vertues wherefore dost thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected Spirits, most temper’d pure
Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest? (30)
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son
Of Macedonian Philip had e’re these
Won Asia and the Throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose, young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell’d
The Pontic king and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires
The more he grew in years, the more inflam’d (40)
With glory, wept that he had liv’d so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply’d.
Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth
For Empires sake, nor Empire to affect
For glories sake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus’d,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol (50)
Things vulgar, and well weigh’d, scarce worth the praise,
They praise and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll’d,
To live upon thir tongues and be thir talk,
Of whom to be disprais’d were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th’ intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais’d.
This is true glory and renown, when God (60)
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
He ask’d thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. (70)
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
Then those thir Conquerours, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe’er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, (80)
Then swell with pride, and must be titl’d Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worship’t with Temple, Priest, and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of Jove, of Mars the other,
Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deform’d,
Violent or shameful death thir due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain’d
Without ambition, war, or violence; (90)
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a Land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer’d for so doing,
For truths sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, (100)
Aught suffer’d; if young African for fame
His wasted Country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais’d, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
Oft not deserv’d? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply’d.
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, (110)
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven
By all his Angels glorifi’d, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow’d gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar’d;
From us his foes pronounc’t glory he exacts. (120)
To whom our Saviour fervently reply’d.
And reason; since his word all things produc’d,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render (130)
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take (140)
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not thir own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem, (150)
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy Father David's Throne;
By Mothers side thy Father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms;
Judæa now and all the promis'd land
Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated (160)
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think’st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Machabeus: he indeed
Retir’d unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o’re a mighty King so oft prevail’d
That by strong hand his Family obtain’d,
Though Priests, the Crown, and David’s Throne usurp’d,
With Modin and her Suburbs once content. (170)
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;
But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Fathers house, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless raign,
The happier raign the sooner it begins,
Raign then; what canst thou better do the while? (180)
   To whom our Saviour answer thus return’d.
All things are best fulfil’d in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my raign Prophetic Writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roul.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try’d in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, (190)
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey’d; just tryal e’re I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom? Why art thou
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquisition? (200)
Know’st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the Tempter inly rackt reply’d.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me then the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repose, (210)
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for it self condemn’d,
And will alike be punish’d; whether thou
Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather then aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Fathers ire,
(Whose ire I dread more then the fire of Hell) (220)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summers cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be hast,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thy self and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should’st be thir King?
Perhaps thou linger’st in deep thoughts detain’d
Of the enterprize so hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found, (230)
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view’d the Gallilean Towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days
Short sojourn; and what thence could’st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc’t, will be ever (240)
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The Monarchies of the Earth, thir pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Mysteries; that thou may’st know
How best their opposition to withstand. (250)

With that (such power was giv’n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet
A spatious plain outstretch’t in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow’d,
Th’ one winding, the other strait and left between
Fair Champain with less rivers interveind,
Then meeting joyn’d thir tribute to the Sea:
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,
With herds the pastures throng’d, with flocks the hills, (260)
Huge Cities and high towr’d, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
The Prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o’re hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold’st
Assyria and her Empires antient bounds, (270)
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus East, Euphrates West,
And oft beyond; to South the Persian Bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drouth:
Here Ninevee, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon the wonder of all tongues, (280)
As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father David’s house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hecatompylos her hunderd gates,
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, (290)
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Tesiphon,
Turning with easie eye thou may’st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some Ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com’st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather’d all his Host (300)
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in hast; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.

He look’t and saw what numbers numberless (310)
The City gates out powr’d, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and military pride;
In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor East,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the South (320)
Of Susiana, to Balsara’s hav’n.
He saw them in thir forms of battell rang’d,
How quick they wheel’d, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowie shower against the face
Of thir pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorst with Towers
Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners (330)
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm’d
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his Northern powers
Besieg’d Albracca, as Romances tell;
The City of Gallaphrone, from thence to win (340)
The fairest of her Sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,
Both Paynim, and the Peers of Charlemane.
Such and so numerous was thir Chivalrie;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum’d,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew’d.
That thou may’st know I seek not to engage
Thy Vertue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn (350)
All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy Father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means us’d, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wer’t possess’d of David’s Throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how could’st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, (360)
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league. (370)
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David’s royal seat, his true Successour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers’t,
Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel; serving as of old
Thir Fathers in the land of Egypt serv’d,
This offer sets before thee to deliver. (380)
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To thir inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt raign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.
   To whom our Saviour answer’d thus unmov’d.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear (390)
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I must use thou say’st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome (400)
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather then of strength.
My brethren, as thou call’st them, those Ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to raign
David’s true heir, and his full Scepter sway
To just extent over all Israel’s Sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his Throne,
When thou stand’st up his Tempter to the pride
Of numbring Israel, which cost the lives (410)
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth*,
And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides thir other worse then heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity (420)
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their fore-fathers; but so dy’d
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,
And God with Idols in their worship joyn’d.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,
Unhumbl’d, unrepentant, unreform’d,
Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps (430)
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? No, let them serve
Thir enemies, who serve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring *Abraham* by some wond’rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the *Assyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they hast,
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis’d land thir Fathers pass’d;
To his due time and providence I leave them. (440)
So spake Israel’s true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.
Perplex’d and troubl’d at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover’d in his fraud, thrown from his hope,
So oft, and the perswasive Rhetoric
That sleek’t his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who self deceiv’d
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh’d
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held (10)
In cunning, over-reach’t where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet moust is powr’d,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash’t, the assault renew,
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end; (20)
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o’re though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;
Wash’d by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back’d with a ridge of hills
That screen’d the fruits of the earth and seats of men (30)
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With Towers and Temples proudly elevate
On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn’d,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of Mountains interpos’d.
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill (40)
Of vision multiplyed through air, or glass
Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou seest no other deem
Then great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
So far renown’d, and with the spoils enricht
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine (50)
The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and Terrases, and glittering Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos’d
My Aerie Microscope) thou may’st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv’d work, the hand of fam’d Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold. (60)
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to thir Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of thir power,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on the Æmilian, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, (70)
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor Sea;
From the Asian Kings and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersoness,
And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath’d:
From Gallia, Gades, and the Brittish West,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians North
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool.
All Nations now to Rome obedience pay, (80)
To Rome’s great Emperour, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, wealth and power,
Civility of Manners, Arts, and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may’st prefer
Before the Parthian; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar’d among petty Kings too far remov’d;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.
This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old, (90)
Old, and lascivious, and from Rome retir’d
To Capreæ an Island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
Indu’d with Regal Vertues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might’st thou expel this monster from his Throne (100)
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
A victor, people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may’st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less then all the world,
Aim at the highest, without the highest attain’d
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
On David’s Throne, be propheci’d what will.
   To whom the Son of God unmov’d reply’d.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show (110)
Of luxury, though call’d magnificence,
More then of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should’st add to tell
Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On Citron tables or Atlantic stone;
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Creet, and how they quaff in Gold,
Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss’d with Gems
And studs of Pearl, to me should’st tell who thirst (120)
And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew’st
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious wast of time to sit and hear
So many hollow complements and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed’st to talk
Of the Emperour, how easily subdu’d,
How gloriously; I shall, thou say’st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormentor Conscience find him out, (130)
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer’d well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling thir Provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by thir sports to blood enur’d
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos’d, (140)
Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav’d,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On David’s Throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and over-shadowing all the Earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All Monarchies besides throughout the world, (150)
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent repli’d.
I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu’st, because offer’d, and reject’st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more then still to contradict:
On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem, (160)
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
All these which in a moment thou behold’st,
The Kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv’n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?
 Whom thus our Saviour answer’d with disdain. (170)
I never lik’d thy talk, thy offers less,
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar’d to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir’d,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar’st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt bolder then that on Eve, (180)
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv’n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp’t,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all supreme? if giv’n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God, (190)
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
Be not so sore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Then these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive, (200)
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok't and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more (210)
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'st
Alone into the Temple; there was found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man, (220)
As morning shews the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o’re all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,
All knowledge is not couch’t in Moses Law,
The Pentateuch or what the Prophets wrote,
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Natures light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean’st, (230)
Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Thir Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc’t.
Look once more e’re we leave this specular Mount
Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a City stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts (240)
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic Bird
Trills her thick-warbl’d notes the summer long,
There flowrie hill *Hymettus* with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rouls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view (250)
The schools of antient Sages; his who bred
Great *Alexander* to subdue the world,
*Lyceum* there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur’d verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind *Melesigenes* thence Homer call’d,
Whose Poem *Phœbus* challeng’d for his own. (260)
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv’d
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those antient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin’d over *Greece*, (270)
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates, see there his Tenement,
Whom well inspir’d the Oracle pronounc’d
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu’d forth
Mellifluous streams that water’d all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Sirnam’d Peripatetics, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; (280)
These here revolve, or, as thou lik’st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom’s waight;
These rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn’d.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli’d.
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I aught: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true; (290)
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess’d
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in vertue plac’d felicity,
But vertue joyn’d with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride, (300)
By him call’d vertue; and his vertuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, (310)
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,
And in themselves seek vertue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, (320)
An empty cloud. However many books
Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
Uncertain and unsettl’d still remains,
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a spunge;
As Children gathering pibles on the shore. (330)
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Music or with Poem, where so soon
As in our native Language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strew’d
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib’d,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
That pleas’d so well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us these Arts deriv’d;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of thir Deities, and thir own (340)
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
Thir Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid
As varnish on a Harlots cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion’s* songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais’d aright, and Godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inspir’d, not such from thee; (350)
Unless where moral vertue is express’t
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Thir Orators thou then extoll’st, as those
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
And lovers of thir Country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of Civil Government
In thir majestic unaffected stile
Then all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*. (360)
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply’d.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos’d in life contemplative, (370)
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this World? the Wilderness
For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer’d aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On *David’s* Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, (380)
When Prophecies of thee are best fullfill’d.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heav’n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I discern not, (390)
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir’d) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shadowy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day. (400)
Our Saviour meek and with untroubl’d mind
After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwind might shield
From dews and dampes of night his shelter’d head,
But shelter’d slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch’d, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb’d his sleep; and either Tropic now
‘Gan thunder; and both ends of Heav’n, the Clouds (410)
From many a horrid rift abortive pour’d
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil’d: nor slept the winds
Within thir stony caves, but rush’d abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow’d their Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst (420)
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
Environ’d thee, some howl’d, some yell’d, some shriek’d,
Some bent at thee thir fiery darts, while thou
Sat’st unappall’d in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass’d the night so foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still’d the roar
Of thunder, chas’d the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais’d (430)
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer’d the face of Earth, and dry’d the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear’d up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done, (440)
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv’d,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despight to be so oft repell’d.

Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back’d on the North and West by a thick wood,
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;
And in a careless mood thus to him said. (450)

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Skie would mingle; but my self
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
To mans less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light (460)
On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell’st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfet season offer’d with my aid
To win thy destin’d seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way (470)
Of gaining David’s Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain’d, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim’d it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
E’re thou of Israel’s Scepter get fast hold; (480)
Whereof this ominous night that clos’d thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
So talk’d he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer’d thus.
Mee worse then wet thou find’st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak’st of, did me none;
I never fear’d they could, though noising loud
And threatning nigh; what they can do as signs
Betok’ning, or ill boding, I contemn (490)
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall raign past thy preventing,
Obtrud’st thy offer’d aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
And storm’st refus’d, thinking to terrifie
Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern’d
And toil’st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply’d:

Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born; (500)
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc’t by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
And of the Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas’d to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all (510)
Flock’d to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be *Baptiz’d*, by voice from Heav’n
Heard thee pronounc’d the Son of God belov’d.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call’d
The Son of God, which bears no single sence;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought (520)
In some respect far higher so declar’d.
Therefore I watch’d thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow’d thee still on to this wast wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my Adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent,
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can. (530)
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn’d, and may agen:
Therefore to know what more thou art then man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav’n,
Another method I must now begin. (540)

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of Hippogrif bore through the Air sublime
Over the Wilderness and o’re the Plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy City lifted high her Towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear’d
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alablaster, top’t with Golden Spires:
There on the highest Pinacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn: (550)

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Fathers house
Have brought thee, and highest plac’t, highest is best,
Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in thir hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: also it is written, (560)
Tempt not the Lord thy God; he said and stood.
But Satan smitten with amazement fell
As when Earths Son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove
With Joves Alcides and oft foil’d still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn’d,
Throttł’d at length in the Air, expir’d and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride (570)
Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
And as that Theban Monster that propos’d
Her riddle, and him, who solv’d it not, devour’d;
That once found out and solv’d, for grief and spight
Cast her self headlong from th’ Ismenian steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop’t success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. (580)
So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv’d him soft
From his uneasie station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
Then in a flowry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spred
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life Ambrosial drink, (590)
That soon refresh’d him wearied, and repair’d
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair’d,
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
   True Image of the Father whether thron’d
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin’d
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wandring the Wilderness, whatever place, (600)
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu’d
Against th’ Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heav’n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng’d
Supplanted \textit{Adam}, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain’d lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot (610)
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail’d,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For \textit{Adam} and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install.
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav’n trod down (620)
Under his feet: for proof, e’re this thou feel’st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv’d, and hold’st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates \textit{Abaddon} rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm’d
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demonic holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy Legions; yelling they shall flye,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, (630)
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before thir time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds, 
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heavenly Feast refresht
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobserv’d
Home to his Mothers house private return’d.

The END.
Also from William Ralph Press

*These Details in Preference to Nothing: Isabel* by Neil Azevedo

*A Book of Nightmares* by Neil Azevedo

and coming soon, *Ruin* by Neil Azevedo

Additional e-editions in the Reader’s Library Series

*The Sonnets* by William Shakespeare

*Collected Poems* by John Donne

*The Selected Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

*Collected Poems of John Keats* by John Keats

*Poems (1876-1889)* by Gerard Manley Hopkins

www.williamralphpress.com