THE VERSE

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

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OF Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast Brought Death into the World, and all our woe, With loss of Eden, till one greater Man Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, [5] Sing Heav'nly Muse,that on the secret top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed, In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill [10] Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song, That with no middle flight intends to soar Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues [15] Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime. And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure, Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread [20] Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark Illumin, what is low raise and support; That to the hight of this great Argument I may assert Eternal Providence, [25] And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State, Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off [30] From thir Creator, and transgress his Will For one restraint, Lords of the World besides? Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt? Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd [35] The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring To set himself in Glory above his Peers, He trusted to have equal'd the most High, [40] If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim Against the Throne and Monarchy of God Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie [45] With hideous ruine and combustion down To bottomless perdition, there to dwell In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire, Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms. Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night [50] To mortal men, he with his horrid crew Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe Confounded though immortal: But his doom Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought Both of lost happiness and lasting pain [55] Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes That witness'd huge affliction and dismay Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate: At once as far as Angels kenn he views The dismal Situation waste and wide, [60] A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd onely to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here thir Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and thir portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!

There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
Myriads though bright: If he Whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd

He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fxt mind
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power, Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed, That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Empyreal substance cannot fail, Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't, We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

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

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' imbatell'd Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;
And put to proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery. But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
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 undiminishts, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment? [155]
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
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 thir destind aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous
rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless
Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid
flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what resolution from despare.
Thus Satan talking to his neerest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the Den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that Sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delayes:
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend
lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On Man by him seduct', but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance
pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Drivn backward slope thir pointing spires, and
rowld
In billows, leave 'th' midst a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded wings he stears his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundring 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 thir own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this
mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made
supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

[255]
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
[260]
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss
[265]
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?
[270]
So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
[275]
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Thir surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
[280]
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.
He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shoar; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
[285]
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
At Ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands, [290]
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasie steps [295]
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd [300]
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd
[305]
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves ooreth
Busiris and his Memphian Chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore thir floating Carkases
[310]
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of thir hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, [315]
Warriers, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find
[320]
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
[325]
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. [330]

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to thir Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of Amrams Son in Egypts evill day
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud [340]
Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
[345]
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of thir great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
[350]
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous
Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibralter to the Lybian sands. [355]
Forthwith from every Squadron and each
Band
The Heads and Leaders tither hast where stood
Thir great Commander; Godlike shapes and
forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on
Thrones; [360]
Though of thir Names in heav'ny Records
now
Be no memorial blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of Eve
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the
Earth, [365]
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of
man,
By falsities and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God thir Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
[370]
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various
Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
[375]
Say, Muse, thir Names then known, who first,
who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare
strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
[380]
The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek thir prey on earth, durst fix
Thir Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Thir Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide
[385]
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,
[390]
And with thir darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid King besmear'd with
blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels
loud
Thir childrens cries unheard, that past through
fire [395]
To his grim Idol. Him the Ammonite
Worship't in Rabba and her watry Plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
[400]
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the Type of Hell. 
[405]
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
[440]
Sidonian Virgins paid thir Vows and Songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell [445]
To Idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate
In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
[450]
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected Sions daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
[455] His eye 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 loft off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, [460]
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon [465]
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful Seat
Was fair Damascus, on the 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 off'ring, and adore the Gods [475]
Whom he had vanquished. 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 wandering Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather then human. Nor did Israel scape
Th' infection when thir bondow Gold compos'd
The Calf in Oreb: and the Rebel King
Doubt'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan, [485]
Lik'n'ing his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd [490]
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
Turns Atheist, as did Ely's Sons, who fill'd
[495]
With lust and violence the house of God.
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towsrs,
And injury and outrage: And when Night [500]
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape. [505]
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javans Issue held
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
Thir boasted Parents; Titan Heav'ns first born [510]
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's Son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Creet
And Ida known, thence on the Snowy top
[515]
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle Air
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian Cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric Land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian Fields, [520]
And ore the Celtic roam'd the utmost Isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost [525]
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Thir fainting courage, and dispel'd thir fears. [530]
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld [535]
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:
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 Forest huge of Spears: and thronging
Helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
To hight of noblest temper Hero's old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and 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 number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his
strength
Glories: For never since created man,
Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more then that small infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
That fought at Theb's and Ilium, on each side
Mxt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or Romance of Uthers Son
Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
Josted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his Peereage fell
By Fontarabbbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Thir dread commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have thir lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed top thir stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat thir doub'l'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
Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet beleev'e, though after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess thir native seat?
For mee be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
[635]
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who
reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his Regal State
[640]
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our
own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains
[645]
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so
rife [650]
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
[655]
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these
thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaired,
[660]
For who can think Submission? Warr then,
Warr
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

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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 Scept'r'd Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
[735]
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell [740]
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry
Jove
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from
Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star, [745]
On Lemnos th' Ægean Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he
scape
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent [750]
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host
proclaim
A solemn Counsell forthwith to be held [755]
At Pandæmonium, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
From every Band and squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hunderds and with thousands trooping
came [760]
Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where
Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
Deff'd the best of Paynim chivalry [765]
To mortal combat or carree with Lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the
air,
Brush't with the hiss of russling wings. As
Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus
rides,
Pour forth thir populous youth about the Hive
[770]
In clusters; they among fresh dews and
flowers
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
New rub'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
[775]
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal
giv'n.
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow
room
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race
[780]
Beyond the Indian Mount, or Faerie Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the
Moon
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth [785]
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and
dance
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms

The End of the First Book.
The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is 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 thus 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 open'd, 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.

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

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest, Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
[55]
The Signal to ascend, sit lingering here Heav'n's 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'n's high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear [65] Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see Black fire and horror shot with equal rage Among his Angels; and his Throne it self Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange fire, His own invented Torments. But perhaps [70] The way seems difficult and steep to scale With upright wing against a higher foe. Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench Of that forgetful Lake benumm not still, That in our proper motion we ascend [75] Up to our native seat: descent and fall

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 Show'd on her Kings Barbaric Pearl and Gold, Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd [5]
To that bad eminence; and from despair Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid. [10]
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight [80]
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may
find
To our destruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be
worse [85]
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss,
condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
[90]
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
[95]
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst [100]
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge. [105]

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd
[110]
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his
Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse
appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
[115]
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to 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
[135]
With blackest Insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest Light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
[145]
To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, [150]
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, [155]
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?

Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,
[160]
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
[165]
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.

What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires?
[170]
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament
[175]
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
Impendent horrors, 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,  
Unresipted, unpitied, unrepreevd, [185]

Ages of hopeless end: this would be worse.  
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's 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 tramp'l'd, thus expell'd to suffer here

[195]

Chains and these Torments? better these then worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust

[200]

That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear

[205]

What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,

Our Suprem 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.

[215]

Our purer essence then will overcome  
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformed  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;

[220]

This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future dayes may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appeers  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

[225]

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.

[230]

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

[235]

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

[240]

Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
With warb'l'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
Our envi'd Sovran, and his Altar breathes

[245]

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

[250]

By force impossible, by leave obtain'd [250]  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from our selves, and from our own

Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring

[255]

Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appeer  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse

[260]

We can create, and in what place so e're  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain

[265]

Through labour and indurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd, [265]  
And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar

[270]

Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and
Gold;
Nor want we skill or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show
more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
275
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
Of order, how in safety best we may [280]
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur fill'd
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
285
The sound of blustering winds, which all night
Had rou'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
295
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,

In emulation opposite to Heav'n,
Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
[300]
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood [305]
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he
spake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of
heav'n [310]
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be
call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtless; while we
dream, [315]
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath
doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'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
325
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.

What sit we then projecting peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin'd us, and fold 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, [335]
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though
slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least 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
[345]
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of some new Race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
350
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'n's whol circumference,
confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
[355]
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir
Power,
And where thir weakness, how attempted
best,
By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'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 advantageous act may be achiev'd By sudden onset, either with Hell fire To waste his whole Creation, or possess [365]
All as our own, and drive as we were driven, The punie habitants, or if not drive, Seduce them to our Party, that thir God May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand Abolish his own works. This would surpass [370]
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise In his disturbance; when his darling Sons Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse Thir frail Original, and faded bliss, [375]
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth Attempting, or to sit in darkness here Hatching vain Empires. Thus Beelzebub Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, [380]
But from the Author of all ill could Spring So deep a malice, to confound the race Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell To mingle and involve, done all to spite The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves [385]
His glory to augment. The bold design Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent They vote: whereat his speech he thus renewes.

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, Neer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms [395]
And opportune excursion we may chance Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's 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 wandering feet The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss [405]
And through the palpable obscure find out His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight Upborn with indefatigable wings Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive The happy lie; what strength, what art can then [410]
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick Of Angels watching round? Here he had need All circumspection, and we now no less Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, [415]
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held His look 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 [425]
Alone the dreadful voyage, till at last Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, 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 [435]
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant Barr'd over us prohibit all egress. These past, if any pass, the void profound Of unessential Night receives him next Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf. If thence he scape into whatever world, Or unknown Region, what remains him less Then unknown dangers and as hard escape. But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers, [440]
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd And judg'd of public moment, in the shape Of difficulty or danger could deterr Mee from attempting. Wherefore do I assume [445]
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 [450]
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 tolerable; 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 enterprise [465]
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais’d others among the chief might offer now (Certain to be refus’d) what erst they fear’d; [470]
And so refus’d might in opinion stand
His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th’ adventure then his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; [475]
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav’n:
Nor fail’d they to express how much they prais’d, [480]
That for the general safety he despis’d his own: for neither do the Spirits damn’d
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or clos ambition varnished o’re with zeal. [485]
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark

Ended rejoicing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps,
O’respread
Heav’n’s cheerful face, the lowring Element
[490]
Scowls o’er the dark’n’d lantskip Snow, or showre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev’ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings. [495]
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn’d
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife [500]
Among themselves, and leviæ cruel warres,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction waite. [505]

The Stygian Counsel thus dissolv’d; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and supream,
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos’d with bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
[510]
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
By Haralds voice explain’d: the hollow Abyss
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafning shout, return’d them loud acclaim. [520]
Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais’d
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex’d, where he may likeliest find [525]
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksom hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,
As at th’ Olympian Games or Pythian fields;
[530]
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
Wag’d in the troubl’d Skie, and Armies rush
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
[535]
Prick forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir Spears
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav’n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air [540]
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
As when Alcides from Oechalia Crown’d
With conquest, felt th’ envenom’d robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian Pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw [545]
Into th’ Euboic Sea. Others more milde,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate [550]
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir Song was partial, but the harmony (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet [555]
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense.)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
Fxt Fate, free will, foreknowledg absolute, [560]
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie: [565]
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands, [570]
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge [575]
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate,
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocyts, 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, [585]
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems [590]
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire. [595]
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice [600]
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean Sound
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment, [605]
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt [610]
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The Ford, and of it self the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled

The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands [615]
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O'er many a Frozen, many a fierie Alpe, [620]
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, [625]
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, [630]
Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; som times
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
Up to the fiery Concave touring high. [635]
As when far 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

Paradise Lost    &    Paradise Regained                       John Milton                                                  Page 17  of  146
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass, [645]
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, [650]
But ended foul in many a scaly fould
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung [655]
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the Sea that parts Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore: [660]
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd Incenst with indignation Satan stood Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair [710]
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on [715]
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
To join thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So srownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood; [720]
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key, [725]
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom; [730]
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice,
bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
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 deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd [750]
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's 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, [755]

Likest to thee in shape and count'rance bright,
Then shining Heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seis'd
All th' Host of Heav'n back they recoil affraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a Sign [760]
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st [765]
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout [770]
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven,
down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
[755]
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

From all her Caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, [790]
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,
Mee overtook his mother all dismaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
[795]
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My Bowels, thir repast; then bursting forth
[800]
A fresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
[805]
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involvd; and knows that I Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.

She finish'd, and the subtle 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 shewst 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 [825]
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th’ unfounded deep, and through the void
immense
To search with wandering quest a place
foretold [830]
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Purlieus of Heav’n, and therein plac’t
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more
remov’d, [835]
Least Heav’n surcharg’d with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or 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 [845]
Grinn’d horrible a gaily smile, to hear
His famine horrible be fill’d, and blest his maw
Destin’d to that good hour: no less rejoice’d
His mother bad, and thus bespoke 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’rmatch’d by living might. [855]
But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin’d,
Inhabitant of Heav’n, and heav’nlie-born, [860]
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass 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 rouling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov’d; then in the key-hole turns
Th’ intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease
Unfast’n: on a sudden op’n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
[880]
Th’ infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She op’nd, but to shut
Excel’d her power; the Gates wide op’n stood,
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host [885]
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before thir eyes in sudden view appear [890]
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Ilimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, & hight,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold [895]
Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise
Of endless Wars, 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,
[905]
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire, 
But all these in this 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 
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare 
Great things with small) then when Bellona 
storms, 
With all her battering Engines bent to rase 
Som Capital City; or less then if this frame 
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements 
In mutinie had from her Axle torn 
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad 
Vannes 
He spreads for flight, and in the surging 
smoak 
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a 
League 
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides 
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets 
A vast vacuitie: all unawares 
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he 
drops 
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour 
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud 
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him 
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd, 
Quench't in a Boggy Syrtis, neither Sea, 
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he 
fares, 
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot, 
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and 
Saile.

As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness 
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale, 
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stelth 
Had from his wakeful custody purloind 
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend 
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, 
dense, or rare, 
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his 
way, 
And swims or sinks, or waides, or creepes, or 
flies: [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 pyles, 
Undaunted to meet there what ever power 
[955] 
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss 
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask 
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lyes 
Bordering on light; when strait behold the 
Throne 
Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread 
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him 
Enthon'd 
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things, 
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood 
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name 
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance, 
[965] 
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroid, 
And Discord with a thousand various mouths. 
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye 
Powers 
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss, 
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no Spy, 
[970] 
With purpose to explore or to disturb 
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint 
Wandring this darksome Desart, as my way 
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light, 
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 
[975] 
What readiest path leads where your gloomie 
bounds 
Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place 
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King 
Possesses lately, thither to arrive 
I travel this profound, direct my course; 
Directed no mean recompence it brings 
To your behoof, if I that Region lost, 
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce 
To her original darkness and your sway 
(Which is my present journey) and once more 
[985] 
Erect the Standard there of ancient Night; 
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge. 

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old 
With faultring speech and visage incompos'd 
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 
[990] 
That mighty leading Angel, who of late 
Made head against Heav'n's King, though 
overthrown. 
I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host 
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep 
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 
[995] 
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n 
Gates 
Pourd out by millions her victorious Bands 
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here 
Keep residence; if all I can will serve, 
That little which is left so to defend 
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,
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, then when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling Rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the Larbord shunnd Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her fardest verge, and Chaos to retire

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

The End of the Second Book.
God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The 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 that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

Hail holy light, 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, [5]
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream, Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun, Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest [10]
The rising world of waters dark and deep, Won from the void and formless infinite. Thee I revisit now with bolder wing, Escap't the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes then to th' Orphean Lyre I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down The dark descent, and up to reascend, [20]
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Through utter and through middle darkness borne
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With other notes then to th' Orphean Lyre I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat,
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two [65]
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
Reaping immortall fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unvail'd love
In blissful solitude; he then surve'y'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and Satan there
[70]
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament, [75]
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage [80]
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desparate reveng, that shall redound [85]
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay [90]
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, [95]
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers [100]
And Spirits, both them who stood and them
who faileth;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n
sincere
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs must do,
appear'd, [105]
Not what they would? what praise could they
receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoid,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessitie,
[110]
Not mee. They therefore as to right belonged,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree [115]
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves
decreed
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their
fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,
[120]
Or aught by me immutable foreseen,
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose;
for so
I formd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change [125]
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd [130]
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd [135]
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
Substantially express'd, and in his face [140]
Divine compassion visibly appeard,
Love without end, and without measure
Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace; [145]
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy
Throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

John Milton

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With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judg
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
[155]
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell
[160]
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness
both [165]
Be 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 voutsaft; once more I will renew
[175]
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and
enthall'd
By sin to fowl 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
Elec above the rest; so is my will:

The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
[185]
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deitie while offered grace
Invites; for I will clear 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 endeavord 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
[195]
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never
taste;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
[200]
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Attonement for himself or offering meet.
Indebted and undo'in, hath none to bring:
[205]
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
Happie for man, so coming; he her aide
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
[210]
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly dye
[215]
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
[220]
My Vanquisher, spoild of his wanted spoile; 
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, 
and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd. 
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and 
show [255]
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the 
sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and 
smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes, 
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the 
Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemd [260]
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne, 
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd, 
And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.  
[265]

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

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace 
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou 
[275]
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how 
dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost. 
[280]
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem, 
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth, 
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin 
seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in Adams room 
[285]
The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son. 
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit 
[290]
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce 
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous 
deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee 
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just, 
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die, [295]
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His Brethren, 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 [305]
Equal to God, and equally enjoying 
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A World from utter loss, and hast been found 
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God, 
Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 
[310]
Farr more then Great or High; because in 
thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory 
abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt 
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reign 
[315]
Both God and Man, Son both of God and 
Man, 
Anointed universal King, all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume 
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Suprem 
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I 
reduce: [320]
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n 
Shalt in the Sky appeer, and from thee send 
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime 
[325]
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes 
The living, and forthwith the cited dead 
Of all past Ages to the general Doom 
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir 
sleep.
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt 
judge [330]
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink 
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell her numbers full, 
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean 
while
The World shall burn, and from her ashes 
spring 
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall 
dwell [335]
And after all thir tribulations long 
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds, 
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth. 
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by, 
For regal Scepter then no more shall need, 
[340]
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.  

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout [345]  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's 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  
[355]  
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there  
grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst of  
Heav'n  
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 agian thir gold'n Harps they  
took, [365]  
Harpes ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Praæamble sweet  
Of charming symphonie they introduce  
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
[370]  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.  

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible [375]  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou  
sit' st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad' st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a  
cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,  
[380]  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir  
eyes,  
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without  
cloud [385]  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers  
therein [390]  
By thee created, and by thee throwed down  
Th' Aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that  
shook  
Heav'n's everlasting Frame, while o're the  
necks [395]  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud  
acclaime  
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,  
[400]  
Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not  
doo me  

So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:  
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
[405]  
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
For mans offence. O unexamp'd love, [410]  
Love no where to be found less then Divine!  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy  
praise  
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.  
[415]  
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
Of this round World, whose first convex  
divides  
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd [420]  
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of  
Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms  
[425]  
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;  
Save on that side which from the wall of  
Heav'n  
Though distant farr some small reflection  
gains  
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious  
field. [430]  
As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,  
Whose snowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the
Springs [435]
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren Plaines
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With Sails and Wind th' 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 [445]
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life; [450]
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here
find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand, [455]
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have
dream'd;
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
renown'd: [465]
The builders next of Babel on the Plain

Of Sennaar, and still with vain designe
New Babels, had they wherewithall, would
build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames [470]
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrorus, and many more too long,
Embroyo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers,
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
[475]
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to
seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; [480]
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the
fixt,
And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance
weighs
The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's Wicket
seems
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
[485]
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
A violent cross wind from either Coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues
away
Into the devious Air; then might ye see
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers
lost [490]
And flutter'd into Raggs, then Reliques,
Beads,
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
The sport of Winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o're the backside of the World far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
[495]
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he
pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleame
Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste
[500]
His travell'd steps; farr distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeer'd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate [505]
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
The Stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
[510]
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n
[515]
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There alwayes, but drawn up to Heav'n
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.
[525]
Direct against which opn'd from beneath,
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by farr then that of after-times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, [530]
Over the Promis’d Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass’d frequent, and his eye with choice regard

From Paneas the fount of Jordans flood [535]
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Ægypt and th’ Arabian shoare;
So wide the op’ning seem’d, 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 desert ways with peril gone
All night; at last by break of cheerful dawne [545]
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forien land
First-seen, or some renown’d Metropolis
With glistening Spires and Pinnacles adorn’d, [550]
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.

Such wonder seis’d, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis’d
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood [555]
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
Of Libra to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic Seas
Beyond th’ Horizon; then from Pole to Pole [560]
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on som great charge
imploy'd
He seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
[630]
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
[635]
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he 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,
[645]
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seav'n
Whom in God's 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, 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 [695]
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee
hither
From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some
perhaps [700]
Contended with report hear onely in heav'n;
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend [705]
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes
deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
[710]
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire,
Fire, [715]
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and 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
[725]
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
[730]
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. [735]

Thus said, he turnd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, [740]
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie 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 despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden 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 thir to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap’d the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ’d; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, least the 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, [5] While time was, our first-Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap’d Haply so scap’d his mortal snare; for now Satan, now first inflam’d with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th’ Accuser of man-kind, [10] To wreck on innocent frail man his loss Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell: Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold, Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast, Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth [15]
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest, And like a devillish Engine back recoiles Upon himself; horror and doubt distract His troubl’d thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell [20] He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell One step no more then from himself can fly By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie Of what he was, what is, and what must be [25]
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad, Sometimes towards Heav’n and the full-blazing Sun, Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:
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 Stars
Hide thir diminish’d heads; to thee I call, [35] But with no friendly voice, and add thy name O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams That bring to my remembrance from what state I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare; Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down [40] Warring in Heav’n against Heav’ns matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return From me, whom he created what I was In that bright eminence, and with his good Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. [45]
What could be less then to afford him praise, The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks, How due! yet all his good prov’d ill in me, And wrought but malice; lifted up so high I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher [50]
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit The debt immense of endless gratitude, So burthensome, still paying, still to ow; Forgetful what from him I still receivd, And understood not that a grateful mind [55] By owing owes not, but still pays, at once Indebted and dischargd; what burden then? O had his powerful Destiny ordaind Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood...

Paradise Lost
BOOK 4
THE ARGUMENT

John Milton
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. [65]
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love 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?

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 Sceptre high advanc'd [85]
The lower still I fall, onely Supream
In miserie; such joy Ambition finds.
But say I could repent and could obtaine
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
Would high recall high thoughts, how soon
unsay [95]
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true 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 far
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead [105]
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So 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'n's King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair, [115]
Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
For hev'nly mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever clearer. 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 warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down [125]
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
He 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, grotesque and wilde,
Access deni'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable higth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung:
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round. [140]
And higher then that Wall a circling row
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
Appeard, 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 seemed
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

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

John Milton

Page 33 of 146
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who sail
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 Arabia the blest, with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles. [165]
So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd
Then Asmodeus with the fishie fume,
That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouse
Of Tobits Son, and with a vengeance sent [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 [175]
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:
One Gate there only was, and that look'd East
On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, [180]
At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe, Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve [185]
In hurd'd Cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhood the cash
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault, [190]
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings clime.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle Tree and highest there that grew, [195]
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death
To them who liv'd, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge [200]
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views [205]
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of Eden planted; Eden 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; [215]
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 [225]
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill Waterd the Garden; thence united fell [230]
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksom passage now appears,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account, [235]
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed [240]
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'nt 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 only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and
Flocks
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of som irriguous Valley spred her store, [255]
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole recess, o're which the mantling vine
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently
creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
[260]
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite thir streams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
[265]
The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie Dis [270]
Was gatherd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet
Grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian Ile [275]
Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her Florid Son
Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea's
eye;
Nor where Abassin Kings thir issue Guard,
[280]
Mount Amara, though this by som suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop Line
By Nilus head, enclosd with shining Rock,
A whole days journy high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian Garden, where the Fiend
[285]
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all, [290]
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autority in men; though both
[295]
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 [305]
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 receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
[310]
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then
conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind [315]
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming
pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: [320]
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since borne
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green [325]
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain
side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite [330]
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
[335]
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming
stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking playd
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
[345]
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and
wreatht
His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheed'd; others on the grass
[350]
Coutht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone carree'r
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
[355]
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd
sad.
O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
[360]
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on thir shape hath
pour'd. [365]
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these
delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happie, but for so happie ill sec'rd [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 enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorn

Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
[375]
And mutual amitie so straig't, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
[380]
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be
room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
[385]
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who
wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
[390]
By conquering this new World, compels me
now
To do what else though damnd I should
abhorre.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
[395]
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape serv'd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd
To mark what of thir state he more might learn
[400]
By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
[405]
His couchant watch, as one who chose his
ground
Whence rushing he might surest seize them
both
Gript in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to hear new utterance flow.
[410]
Solo partner and solo part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the
Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite, [415]
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who
requires
From us no other service then to keep [420]
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death
is, [425]
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou
knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that
Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n [430]
Over all other Creatures that possess
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think
hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights: [435]
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flours,
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom [440]
And from whom I was 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 chieflie who enjoy
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep I first awak't,
And found my self repos'd [450]
Under a shade of flour's, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd [455]
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me 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 [465]
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 staises [470]
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparable thine, to him shalt bear
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 spied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
Less winning soft, less amiable milde,
Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return faire Eve,
Whom fi'lst thou? whom thou fi'lst, 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 [485]
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelld by manly grace [490]
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's 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 anothers arms
The happier Eden, shall enjoy thir fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least, [510]
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbid'n? [515]
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely stand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith? [520]
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with designe
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt [525]
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may
meet [530]
Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. [535]

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o're hill, o're dale his roam.
Meanwhile 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 evening Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alablaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent [545]
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Between 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 Spears
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the Even [555]
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
In Autumn thwart 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 [565]
More of th' Almighty works, and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from Eden North,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks [570]
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banish't crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the Deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find. [575]

To whom the winged Warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farri and wide: in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come [580]
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr. [585]
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tellst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd hee, and Uriel to his charge
Return'd 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 rol'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there [595]
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
Now came still Evenning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird, [600]
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: Hesperus that led [605]
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvail'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
[615]
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimployd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;
[620]
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform [625]
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping
Gums, [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
[635]
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and thir change, all please alike.
[640]
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
[645]
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evning 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, flore,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evning mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
[655]
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve,
[660]
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
By morrow Evning, and from Land to Land
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Least total darkness should by Night regaine
[665]
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down [670]
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none, [675]
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with 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, [685]
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to thir blissfull Bower; it was a place [690]
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to mans delightful use; the roofer
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side [695]
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, Roses, and Gessamin
Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the Violet, [700]
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadie Bower
[705] More sacred and sequesterd, though but feign'd,
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'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd
More lovely then Pandora, whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like [715]
In sad event, when to the unwiser Son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Joves authentic fire.

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood
[720] Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth and Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night, Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, [725]
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
Ordaind by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
[730] Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
[735] This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bowre
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesom disguises which wee wear,
[740] Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor Eve the Rites
Mysterious of connuial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence, [745]
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source [750]
Of human ofspring, sole propriety,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
[755] Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, [760]
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile [765]

Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard, Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
[770]
These lulld by Nightingales imbracing slept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd.
Sleep on Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
[775]
Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustomd hour stood arm'd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade, [780]
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
[785]
From these, two strong and suttle Spirits he calld
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wingd speed
Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, [790]
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

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

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his Spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grieslie King;
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.

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

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

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seemd

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
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 calld aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
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
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Implou'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,
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;
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 overthrowd, [905]
And now returns him from his prison scap't,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain [910]
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight
Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain [915]
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
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,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
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. [945]

To whom the warriour Angel, soon repli'd.
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
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 score
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.
So threatn'd hee, but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
[970]
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens
King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy
Compeers,
Us'd to the yoak, draw'st his triumphant
wheels [975]
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-
pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron
bright
Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned homes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
[980]
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the
wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting
stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful
sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan allarm'd
[985]
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now
dreadful deeds [990]
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
[995]
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet
seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion signe,
Wherein all things created first he weighd,
The pendulous round Earth with balanc't Aire
[1000]
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: in these he put two
weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the
Fiend. [1005]

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no
more
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though
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. [1015]

The End of the Fourth Book.
Paradise Lost
BOOK 5
THE ARGUMENT

Morning approacheth, 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 there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument disdawes and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearle, When Adam wak't, so customd, for his sleep Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred, And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound [5]
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan, Lightly dispers'd, auraur her's fan, Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song Of Birds on every bough; so much the more His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek, [10]
As through unquiet rest: he on his side Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld Beautie, which whether waking or asleep, Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice [15]
Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found, Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight, Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field [20]
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove, What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed, How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet. [25]
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake. O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose, My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night, [30]
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd, If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee, Works of day pass't, or morrows next desigene, But of offense and trouble, which my mind Knew never till this irksom night; methought [35]
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said, Why 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, [45] In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze. I rose as at thy call, but found thee not; To find thee I directed then my walk; And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways [50]
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd, Much fairer to my Fancie then by day: And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n [55]
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd; And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd, Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet, Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd? [60]
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste? Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold Longer thy offerd good, why else set here? This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd [65]
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
For God's, yet able to make Gods of Men: [70]
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The Author not impair'd, but 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, [85]
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly [90]
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her Night Related, and thus Adam answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half, [95]
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule [100]
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fansie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senses represent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes, [105]
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes [110]
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Som such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
[115]
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
And let us to our fresh imployments rise [120]
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 feared to have offended. [135]

So all was cheard, and to the Field they haste.
But first from under shadie arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
[140]
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
Of Paradise and Edens happie Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid [145]
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, [150]
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then! [155]
Unspokable, who sitst above these Heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne 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.

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 gaigned, and when thou fallst.

Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fl’st
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His praise, who out of Darkness call’d up Light.

Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.

In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
Whether to deck with Clouds th’ uncolour skie,
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Jojn voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good; and if the night Have gathered aught of evil or conceald, Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray’d they innocent, and to thir thoughts Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
On to thir mornings rural work they haste Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too far Thir pamperd boughs, 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’n’s high King, and to him call’d
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign’d To travel with Tobias, and secur’d
His marriage with the seaventies-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 designs In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what Bowre or shade Thou find’st him from the heat of Noon retir’d,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happie state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free, Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware He swerve not too secure: tell him withall
His danger, and from whom, what enemie Late falln himself from Heav’n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood, But by deceit and lies; this let him know, Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforwarnd.

So spake th’ Eternal Father, and fulfilld All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Val'd 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 [255]
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his
sight,
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars
crownd [260]
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appeering kens [265]
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal
Skie
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with
steddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick
Fann
Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare [270]
Of 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 [275]
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his
brest
With regal Ornament; the middle pair [280]
Girl 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-tunctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
[285]
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly
fragrance filld
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on Som message high they guessd him
bound. [290]
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is
come
Into the blissful field, through Groves of
Myrrhe,
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and
Balme;
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
[295]
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wilde above Rule or Art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
Adam 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
Earths inmost womb, more warmth then
Adam needs;
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst [305]
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie
stream,
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious
shape
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn
[310]
Ris'n on mid-noon; Som great behest from
Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and
poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive [315]
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertill growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.
[320]
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earths hallowd
mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where
store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
[325]
But I will haste and from each bough and
break,
Each Plant and juiciest Gourd will pluck such
choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispenc'd his bounties as in Heav'n.
[330]
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring 
[335]
Taste after taste upheld with 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 
[345]
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels 
prest 
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold 
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the 
ground 
With Rose and Odours from the shrub 
unfum'd. 
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet 
[350] 
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more 
train 
Accompanied then with his own compleat 
Perfections; in himself was all his state, 
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits 
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long [355] 
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with 
Gold 
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape. 
Neerer his presence Adam though not awd, 
Yet with submiss approach and reverence 
meek, 
As to a superior Nature, bowing low, [360] 
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place 
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape 
contain; 
Since by descending from the Thrones above, 
Those happe places thou hast deignd a while 
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us 
[365] 
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess 
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie 
Bowre 
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears 
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat 
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline. 
[370] 
Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd 
milde. 
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such 
Created, or such place hast here to dwell, 
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n 
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre 
[375] 
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning 
rise 
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge 
They came, that like Pomona's Arbour smil'd 
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but 
Eve 
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 
[385] 
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd 
Long after to blest Marie, second Eve. 
Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb 
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy 
Sons 
Then with these various fruits the Trees of 
God [390] 
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf 
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round, 
And on her ample Square from side to side 
All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn 
here 
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they 
hold; [395] 
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began 
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to 
taste 
These bounties which our Nourisher, from 
whom 
All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends, 
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 
[400] 
The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps 
To spiritual Natures; only this I know, 
That one Celestial Father gives to all. 
To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives 
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part 
[405] 
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found 
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure 
Intelligential substances require 
As doth your Rational; and both contain 
Within them every lower facultie [410] 
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, 
touch, taste, 
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate, 
And corporeal to incorporeal turn. 
For know, whatever was created, needs 
To be sustained and fed; of Elements [415] 
The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea, 
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires 
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the
Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each
Morn
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat, And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousie

Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had
suffic'd [450]
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulence, 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 Sphærs assignd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence
the leaves [480]

More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit Mans odorous breathes, 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 oftens yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.

Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you, To proper substance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare: [495]
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit, Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell; [500]
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. [505]

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

To whom the Angel, Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfet, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persever

He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by Fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntarie service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they
serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By Destinie, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' Angelic Host that stand
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!

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

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'n's great Year brings forth, th'
Empyreal Host
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne
[585]
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeard
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high
advanc'd,
Standards and Gonfalons twixt Van and
Reare
Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve
[590]
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,

As yet this World was not, and Chaos Wilde
Reigned where these Heav'n's now rowl, where
Earth now rests

Paradise Regained

John Milton
For ever happie: him who disobeyes Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place Ordaind without redemption, without end. [615]

So spake th’ Omnipotent, and with his words All seemd well pleas’d, all seem’d, but were not all. That day, as other solemn dayes, they spent In song and dance about the sacred Hill, Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare [620]

Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles Resembles nearest, mazes intricate, Eccentric, intervolv’d, yet regular Then most, when most irregular they seem, And in thir motions harmonie Divine [625]

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Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice [705]
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that
guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with Iyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's 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
[715]
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
[720]
Neerly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne [725]
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all 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
[735]
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults
vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event [740]
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son, but Satan with his Powers
Far was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night, [745]
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the
Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which [750]
All thy Dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North [755]
They came, and Satan to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of
Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call [760]
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, [765]
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of thir King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
[770]
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues,
Powers,
If these magnific Titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross't [775]
All Power, and us eclips't under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to consult how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honours new
[780]
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect [785]
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possest before
[790]
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right [795]
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse [800]
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

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

O argument blasphemous, false and proud! 
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n 
[810] 
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate 
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres. 
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne 
That to his only Son by right endu'd 
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, 
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute 
With him the points of libertie, who made 
The work of secondarie hands, by task transfer'd 
From Father to his Son? strange point and new! 
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: 
When this creation was? rememberst thou 
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd 
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal 
course 
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature 
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons. 
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand 

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, 
Essential Powers, [840] 

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 
[865] 
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold 
Whether by supplication we intend 
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne 
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight. 

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

Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold. 

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst, 
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall 
Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd 
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred 
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth 
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke 
Of Gods Messiah; those indulgent Laws 
Not will 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 

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst, 
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall 
Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd 
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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 

Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel 
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire. 
Then who created thee lamenting learne, 
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt 

know. [895] 

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found, 
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, 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
passd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he
susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; [905]
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction
doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.
Paradise Lost
BOOK 6
THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Councel, 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; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
[10]
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish't Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain [15]
Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
Warr he perceav'd, warr in proxinct, 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 [25]
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast 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 bare
Then violence: for this was all thy care [35]
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue [40]
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Go Michael of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next [45]
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms
[50]
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive thir fall. [55]

So spoke the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow: [60]
At which command the Powers Militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd [65]
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause Of God and his Messiah. On they move Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill
Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides [70]
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
Thir nimble tread, as when the total kind
Of Birds in orderly array on wing
Came summon'd over Eden to receive [75]
Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province
wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht [80]
In battailous aspect, and neerer view
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and
Shields
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of Satan hastong on, [85]
With furious expedition; for they weend
That self same day by fight, or by surprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To set the envier of his State, the proud
Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain
[90]
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire [95]
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' Apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot sate
[100]
Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for
now
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was
left,
A dreadful intervall, and Front to Front [105]
Presented stood in terrible array

Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,
Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;
[110]
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the
Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
[115]
Remain not; wherefore should not strength
and might
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest
prove
Where boldest; though to sight
unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd [120]
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
[125]
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd. [130]
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
reacht
The hight of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The Throne of God unguard'd, and his side
Abandond at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
[135]
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow [140]
Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone [145]
Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too
late
How few somtimes may know, when
thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye
askance
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre
[150]
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
From flight, seditious Angel, to receave
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that
tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose [155]
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deilies to assert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win [160]
From me som Plume, that thy success may
show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee
know;
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
[165]
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spirits, traind up in Feast and Song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n, Servilitie with freedom to contend, As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove. [170]

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd. Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find Of erring, from the path of truth remote: Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, [175]

Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same, When he who rules is worthiest, and excells Them whom he governs. This is servitude, To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, [180]

Thy self not free, but to thy self enthral'd; Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid. Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd, [185]

Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight, This greeting on thy impious Crest receive. [205]

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 recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth [195] Winds under ground or waters forcing way Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd

The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see Thus foil'd th' 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 [205]

The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joy'n'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 Wheelees [210]

Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew, And flying vaulted either Host with fire. So under fierie Cope together rush'd [215]

Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when

Millions of fierce 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, [225]

Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat; Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd And limited thir might; though numberd such As each divided Legion might have seemd [230]

A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand

A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seem'd Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway Of Battel, open when, and when to close [235]

The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight, None of retreat, no unbecoming deed That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd, As onely in his arm the moment lay Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame [240]

Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground A standing fight, then soaring on main wing Tormented all the Air; all Air seem'd then Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale [245] The Battel hung; till Satan, who that day Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes

No equal, raunging through the dire attack Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell'd [250]

Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield [255]

A vast circumference: At his approach The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile Succeas'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'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
Miserie, uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd Thy malice into thousands, once upright
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
Hates not the works of violence and Warr. Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy ofspring, 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,
[285]
Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
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’id, nor from the Holie One of Heav’n
Refrein’d his tongue blasphemous; but anon
[360]
Down clov’n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquish’d Adramelec, and Asmadai, [365]
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
Disdain’d, but meaner thoughts learnt in thir flight,
Mangl’d with gasty wounds through Plate and Maile,
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl’d blow
[370]
Ariel and Arioc, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorcht and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav’n
[375]
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
Cancel’d from Heav’n and sacred memorie,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
[380]
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome. [385]
And now thir Mightiest quell’d, the battel swerv’d,
With many an inrode gor’d; deformed rout
Enter’d, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiverd armour strow’n, and on a heap
Chariot and Charioter lay overturnd [390]
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood,
recoyld
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris’d,
Then first with fear surpris’d and sense of paine
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought [395]
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwise th’ inviolable Saints
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc’t entire,
Inulnerable, impenetrably arm’d: [400]
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobie’d; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain’d
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov’d. [405]
Now Night her course began, and over Heav’n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos’d,
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
Under her Cloudie covert both retir’d,
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field
[410]
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac’d in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th’ other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeared,
Far in the dark dislodg’d, and void of rest,
[415]
His Potentates to Counsell 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 sustain’d one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send
[425]
Against us from about his Throne, and judg’d
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm’d,
[430]
Some disadvantage we endur’d and paine,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Empyreall form
Incappable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though pierc’d with wound,
[435]
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal’d.
Of evil then so small as easie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
[440]
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
[445]
He sat; and in th’ assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap’t from cruel fight,
Sore toil’d, his riv’n Armes to havoc hewn,
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal arms to fight in paine,
Against unpaind, impassive; from which evil
Ruine 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,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfet miserie, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturnes
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
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 &
Gold, [475]
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth [480]
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.

These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hallow Engins long and round
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire [485]
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
From far with thundring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces, and owerwhelm 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 Counsell to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath
[510]
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with suttle Art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
[515]
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.

So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspesion unespi'd.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeard
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms [525]
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
Of Golden Panoplie, refugelent Host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descir the distant foe, [530]
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in allt: him soon they met
Under spre'd Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, [535]
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.

Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long
pursuit
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
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, [545]
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 heavy 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

[555]
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open brest

[560]
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
Heav’n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; yee who appointed stand

[565]
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir’d. [570]
Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,
A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem’d

[575]
Or hollow’d bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopped, in Wood or Mountain fell’d) [575]
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouths
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 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

[585]
From those deep threatred Engins belch’t,
whose roar
Embowell’d with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
Thir devilish glut, chain’d 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 row’d;
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm’d they might

[595]
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foule dissipation follow’d and forc’t rout;
Nor serv’d it to relax thir serried files. [600]
What should they do? if on they rush’d, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl’d, would render them yet more despis’d,
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In posture to displode thir second tire [605]
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr’d. Satan beheld thir plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call’d.

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

To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood,
[620]
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg’d home,
Such as we might perceive amus’d them all,
And stumbl’d many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;

[625]
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant veine
Stood scoffing, highthn’d in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of victorie, eternal might [630]
To match with thir inventions they presum’d
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found
them arms [635]
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac’d)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n [640]
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they
flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie
tops [645]
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terroor seis'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row [650]
They saw them whelm'd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions
arm'd, [655]
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and
bruised'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 encountered Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jauculation dire, [665]
That under ground, they fought in dismal
shade;
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin oversped, [670]
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
[675]
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his
Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd, [680]
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of
Heav'n, [685]
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to
tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met
arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou
knowst,
Equal in thir Creation they were form'd, [690]
Save what sin hath 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, [695]
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd,
which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the
maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is
thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr [700]
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but
Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
[705]
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,
[710]
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid 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 [715]
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, [725]
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladdier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of darkness, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfeigned 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,
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 carreying Fires between;
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shon,
And twenty thousand (I thir number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the Chrystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
Illustrious Farr and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
Under whose Conduct Michael soon reduc'd His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
Under thir Head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
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 Floorets Hill and Valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbussett'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevale
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye don Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, stand onely and behold Gods indignation on these Godless pour'd 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 honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig'n'd;
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength They measure all, of other excellence Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd His count'nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

John Milton

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At once the Four spread out their 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 [835]
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 wisht the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure, [845]
Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that witherd all 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: [855]
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 Chrystal 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 [865]
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. [870]
Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receav'd them whole, and on them clos'd, [875]
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburnd 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 Alamitie Acts,
With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright, [885]
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd [890]
On high: who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd [895]
What might have else to human Race bin hid;
The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebeld With Satan, hee who envious now thy state, [900]
Who now is plotting how he may seduce Thee also from obedience, that with him Bereav'd of happiness thou maist partake
His punishment, Eternal miserie;
Which would be all his solace and revenge, [905]
As a despite don against the most High,
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward [910]
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

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

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, [25] On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues; In darkness, and with dangers compast round, And solitude; yet not alone, while thou Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn Purples the East: still govern thou my Song, [30] Urania, and fit audience find, though few. But drive 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 [35] To rapture, till the savage clamorround Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores: For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.

Say Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael, [40] The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd Adam by dire example to beware Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven To those Apostates, least the like befall In Paradise to Adam or his Race, [45] Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree, If they transgress, and slight that sole command, So easily obeyd amid the choice Of all tastes else to please thir appetite, Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve [50] The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd With admiration, and deep Muse to heare Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n, And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss [55] With such confusion: but the evil soon Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those From whom it sprung, impossible to mix With Blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd The doubts that in his heart arose: and now [60] Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know What neerer might concern him, how this World Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began, When, and whereof created, for what cause, What within Eden or without was done [65] Before his memorie, as one whose drouth Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame, Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites, Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares, [70] Farr differing from this World, thou hast receive'd Divine interpreter, by favour sent Down from the Empyrean to forewarne Us timely of what might else have bin our loss, Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach: [75] For which to the infinitely Good we owe Immortal thanks, and his admonishment Receave with solemne purpose to observe Immutably his sovran will, the end Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't [80] Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps availe us known,
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorned
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
All space, the ambient Aire, wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternitie so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in
Heav'n Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.
This also thy request with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Onely Omniscient hath suppress't in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left besides to search and know.
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Went with his flaming Legions through the
Deep
Onto his place, and the great Son returned
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent Eternal Father from his Throne behold
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.
At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deitie supream, us dispossett,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
Cannot without process of speech be told, 
So told as earthly notion can receive. 
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n. 
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will; 
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will 
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace: 
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire 
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 
And th' habitations of the just; to him 
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd 
Good out of evil to create, in stead 
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring 
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite. 
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son 
On his great Expedition now appeer'd, 
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd 
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love 
Immense, and all his Father in him shon. About his Chariot numberless were pour'd 
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones, 
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd, 
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd 
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand, 
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth 
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd, 
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide. 
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound 
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth 
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word 
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds. 
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss 
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde, 
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes 
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault 
Heav'n's hight, and with the Center mix the Pole. 
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace, 
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end: 
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode 
Farr into Chaos, and the World unborn; 
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his Train Follow'd in bright procession to behold 
Creation, and the wonders of his might. 
Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand 
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd 
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe 
This Universe, and all created things: 
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd Round through the vast profunditie obscure, 
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds, 
This be thy just Circumference, O World. 
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth, Matter 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 purgd 
The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd 
Like things to like, the rest to several place 
Disparted, and between spun out the Air, 
And Earth self ballanc't on her Center hung. 
Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light 
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure 
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East 
To journie through the airie gloom began, Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle 
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good; 
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night 
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn: 
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung 
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld; 
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout 
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd, 
And touch'd thir Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd 
God and his works, Creatour him they sung, 
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn. 
Again, God said, let ther be Firmament Amid the Waters, and let it divide 
The Waters from the Waters: and God made 
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure, Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd 
In circuit to the uttermost convex 
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure, 
The Waters underneath from those above 
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide 
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule 
Of Chaos farr remov'd, least fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So
Eev'n
And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.
[275]
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appeared 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 [285]
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they [290]
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command
impress'd
On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call [295]
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they
found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,
[300]
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
And on the washie Oose deep Channels
wore;
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within those banks, where Rivers now
[305]
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th'
Earth
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding
Seed, [310]
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till
then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender Grass, whose
verdure clad [315]
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce
blown,
Forth flourisht thick the clustring Vine, forth
crept [320]
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
Embattell'd in her field: and the humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and
spred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or
gemm'd [325]
Thir blossoms: with high woods the hills were
crownd,
With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods
might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt [330]
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not
rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
[335]
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green stemm; God saw that it was
good.
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.
Again th' 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. [345]
And God made two great Lights, great for thir
use
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The less by Night alterne: and made the
Starrs,
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day [350]
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
A mightie Sphear he fram'd, unlightsom first,
[355]
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the
Moon
Globose, and every 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, [365]
And hence the Morning Planet gilds her
horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
So farr remote, with diminution seen.
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
His Longitude through Heav'n's high rode: the
gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Sheding sweet influence: less bright the
Moon, [375]
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,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand Starres, that then
appeard
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
Glad Eevening 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.
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them,
saying, [395]
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters
fill;
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek
and Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
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
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
Wallowing unwieldie, 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
Drew 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 losly 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
Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire,
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
plumes:
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with
song
Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted
wings
Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal [435]
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft
layes:
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rovis.
Her state with Oarie feet: yet ofl they quit
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion
sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay
Trainee
Adoms him, colour'd with the Florid hue [445]
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters
thus
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire, with Fowle,
Ev'n'ing and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.
The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
With Evning Harps and Mattin, when God
said, [450]
Let th’ Earth bring forth Soul living in her
kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the
Earth,
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey’d, and
strait
op’ning her fertile Woomb teem’d at a Birth
Innumerous living Creatures, perfet formes,
[455]
Limb’d and full grown: out of the ground up
rose
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he
wonn’s
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
appear’d
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from
Bonds, [465]
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the
Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
Rising, the 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, [475]
Insect or Worme; those wav’d thir limber fans
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and
green:
These as a line thir dimension drew, [480]
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not
all
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and copulence involv’d
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First
crept
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident [485]
Of future, in small room large heart enclos’d,
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join’d in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer’d
The Female Bee that feeds her Husband
Drone [490]
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey stor’d: the rest are numberless,
And thou thir Natures know’st, & gav’st them
Names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The Serpent suttl’st Beast of all the field, [495]
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav’n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
[500]
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
Consumeatt lovly smil’d; Aire,, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum,
was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain’d;
There wanted yet the Master work, the end
[505]
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu’d
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from
thence [510]
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav’n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and
eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Suprem, who made him
chief [515]
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule [520]
Over the Fish and Fowl of Sea and Aire,,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the
ground.
This said, he formd thee, Adam, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath’d
[525]
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam’st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for Race; then bless’d Mankinde, and
said, [530]
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowl of the Aire,,
And every living thing that moves on the
Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place [535]
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou
know’st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food [540]  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields,  
Varietie without end; but of the Tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;  
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware, [545]  
And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish't the Sixt day: [550]  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created World  
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd [555]  
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Followd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire, [560]  
Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)  
The Heav'n's and all the Constellations rung,  
The Planets in thir stations list'n'ng stood,  
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung, [565]  
Open, ye Heav'n's, 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 [575]  
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,  
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way  
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest [580]  
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seventh  
Eev'n ing arose in Eden, for the Sun  
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,  
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne [585]  
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down  
With his great Father (for he also went Invisible, yet staid, such priviledge  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, [590]  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe, [595]  
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire  
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
Choral or Unison; of incense Clouds  
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount. [600]  
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,  
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
Relate thee; greater now in thy return  
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day [605]  
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
Is greater then created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine [610]  
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil [615]  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view  
On the cleer Hyaline, the Glassie Sea;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's [620]  
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
Of destind habitation; but thou know'st  
Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,  
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men, [625]  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
Created in his Image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
And multiply a Race of Worshippers [630]  
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.  

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
[635]
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou
seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.
[640]

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

The Angel ended, and in 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 condescention to relate Things else by me unsearchable, now heard With wonder, but delight, and, as is due, With glorie attributed to the high Creator; something yet of doubt 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 opacus Earth, this punctual spot, One day and night; in all thir vast survey Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire, [25]
How Nature wise and frugal could commit Such disproportions, with superfluous hand So many nobler Bodies to create, Greater so manifold to this one use, For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose [30]
Such restles revolution day by day Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth, That better might with farr less compass move, Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines Her end without least motion, and receaves, [35]
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light; Speed, to describe whose swiftnes Number failes.
So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve [40]
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight, With lowliness Majestic from her seat, And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, [45]
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew. Yet went she not, as not with such discourse Delighted, or not capable her eare
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, [50]
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute [55]
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went; Not unattended, for on her as Queen [60]
A pomp of winning Graces waited still, And from about her shot Darts of desire Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight. And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd Benevolent and facil thus repli'd. [65]

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n Is as the Book of God before thee set, Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne His Seasons, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares: This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, [70]
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest From Man or Angel the great Architect Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought Rather admire; or if they list to try [75] Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'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 appeerances, how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess, [85]
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such jourmies 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 glisterng, may of solid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
Whose vertue on it self works no effect, [95]
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide Circuit, let it speak [100]
The Makers high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill, Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest [105]
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could adde Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow, [110]
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd In Eden, distance inexpressible
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav'n's, to shew [115]
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his wayes from human sense,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight, [120]
If it presume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Centre to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and their own Incited, dance about him various rounds? [125]
Thir wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move? [130]
Which else to several Spheres thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele [135]
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day Travelling East, and with her part averse From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light [140]
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
To the territorial Moon be as a Starr Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Fields and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest [145]
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her soft'n'd 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 unpossesst By living Soule, desert and desolate, Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute [155]
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr Down to this habitable, which returns Light back to them, is obvious to dispute. But whether thus these things, or whether not, Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n [160]
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun, HEE from the East his flaming rode begin, Or SHEE from West her silent course advance With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n, [165]
And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid, Leave them to God above, him serve and feare; Of other Creatures, as him pleases best, Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou [170]
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise And thy faire Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high To know what passes there; be lowlie wise: Think onely what concerns thee and thy being; Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there [175]
Live, in what state, condition or degree, Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

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Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam cleer'd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully hast thou satisfi'd me, pure [180]
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
[185]
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and
notions vain.
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to roave
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she
learne, [190]
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and 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, [195]
And renders us in things that most concerne
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise [200]
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
[205]
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How suitly to detaine thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
[210]
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at theoure
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace
Divine [215]
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly
meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd [220]
Inward and outward both, his image faire:
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion
forms
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire [225]
Gladly into the waies 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 excrsion 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 he 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 loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
[245]
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with
mine.
So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our
Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began [250]
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the
Sun [255]
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondering Eyes I
turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd'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 livd, and movd, and walk'd, or
flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things
smil'd, [265]
With fragrance and with joy my heart
oreflow'd.
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and
sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
[270]
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and
Plaines, [275]
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not
whither,
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,
[285]
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression
seis'd
My 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, [295]
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam,
First Father, of Men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
[300]
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was
plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I
saw [305]
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each
Tree
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stir'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 [315]
Submit: 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,
[325]
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole
command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye; [330]
From that day mortal, and this happee State
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my
choice [335]
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
[340]
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After thir kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
[345]
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot
change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast
behold
Approaching two and two, These 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 knowldg God endu'd
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still;
[355]
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde
higher,
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe, [360]
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone, [365]
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Aire
Replenish't, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee; know'st thou not
Thir language and thir wayes? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large. [375]
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. [380]
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
Among unequals what societie
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due [385]
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
Tedious without, but soon prove
Tedious and displeas'd. What think'st thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possesst
Of happiness, or not? who am alone [405]
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents [410]
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee [415]
Is no 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, which requires [425]
Collateral love, and dearest amitie.
Thou in thy seceseion 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 complaceunce
find.
Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd [435]
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, [445]
And no such companie as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, [450]
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
In that celestial Colloquie sublime, [455]
As with an object that excels the sense,
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,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
Mean, or in her summ’d up, in her containd
And in her looks, which from that time infus’d
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inspir’d
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
Shee disappeard, and left me dark, I wak’d
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable:
On she came,
Led by her Heav’nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav’n in her Eye,
In every gesture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill’d
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo’d, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir’d,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn’d;
I follow’d her, she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majestie approv’d
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav’n,
And happy Constellations on that houre
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 Evening Starr
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us’d or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits
and Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov’d, here onely weake
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature fail’d in mee, and left some part
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More then enough; at least on her bestow’d
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her th’ inferior, 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’er other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in her self compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
Looses discount’nant, and like folly shewes;
Authority and Reason on her waite,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac’t.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident.
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things [565]
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self; [570]
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Then self esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yield all her shows: [575]
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maist love Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind Is propagated seem such dear delight [580]
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
To made common and divulg'd, if aught Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue The Soule of Man, or passion in him move. [585]

What higher in her societie thou findst Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat [590]
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend, Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd. [595]
Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught In procreation common to all kindes
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far, And with mysterious reverence I deem) So much delights me as those graceful acts, [600]
Those thousand decencies that daily flow From all her words and actions mixt with Love And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair [605]
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose What inward thence I feel, not therefore fold, Who meet with various objects, from the sense Varying representing; yet still free [610]
Approve the best, and follow what I approve. To Love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask; Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love [615]
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue, Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
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, joyt, or limb, exclusive barrs: [625]
Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul. But I can now no more; the parting Sun [630]
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperian sets, my Signal to depart.
Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all Him whom to love is to obey, and keep His great command; take heed lest Passion sway [635]
Thy Judgment to do aught, which else free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware. I in thy persevering shall 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, [645]
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore. Gentle to me and affable hath been Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind [650]
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

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

The End of the Eighth Book.
Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondering 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 their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel Guest With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd To sit indulgent, and with him partake Rural repast, permitting him the while Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change [5] Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt, And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n Now alienated, distance and distaste, Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, [10] That brought into this World a world of woe, Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd [15] Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd, Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son; If answerable style I can obtaine [20] Of my Celestial Patroness, who deigns Her nightly visitation unimplor'd, And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires Easie my unpremeditated Verse: Since first this Subject for Heroic Song [25] Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late; Not sedulous by Nature to indite Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect With long and tedious havoc fab'l'd Knights [30] In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom Unsung; or to describe Races and Games, Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields, Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds; [35] Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals; The skill of Artifice or Office mean, Not that which justly gives Heroic name [40] To Person or to Poem. Mee of these Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise That name, unless an age too late, or cold Climat, or Years damp my intended wing [45] Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine, Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter [50] Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end Nights Hemisphere had veil'd the Horizon round:

When Satan who late fled before the threats Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd In meditated fraud and malice, bent [55] On mans destruction, maugre what might hap Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd. By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd. From compassing the Earth, cautious of day, Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri'd [60] His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n, The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night [65] From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure; 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 [75]
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and
Land
From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;
Downward as farr Antarct; and in length
West from Orontes to the Ocean barr'd [80]
At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and
found [85]
The Serpent 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 [95]
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,
[105]
In thee concentrating all thir precious beams
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receav'rst from all those Orbs; in
thee,
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue
appears [110]
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in
Man.
With what delight could I have walkt thee
round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
[115]
Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest
crownd,
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of
these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
[120]
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be
my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns
Supreme; [125]
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For onely in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,
[130]
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In wo then: that destruction wide may range:
To mee shall be the glorie sole among [135]
The infernal Powers, in one day to have
marr'd
What he 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 thrng
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
[145]
More Angels to Create, if they at least
Are his Created, or to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, [150]
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he
decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
Subjected to his service Angel wings,
[155]
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
Thir earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may
finde [160]
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now
constrain'd
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime, [165]
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 [175]  
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.  

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on [180]  
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttle wiles:  
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den, [185]  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth  
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
With act intelligential; but his sleep Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
Now when as sacred Light began to dawne  
In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd  
Thir morning incense, when all things that breath,  
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise [195]  
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  

With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair  
And join'd thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires: [200]  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
And Eve first to her Husband thus began.  
Adam, well may we labour still to dress [205]  
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,  
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows, Luxurious by restraint; what we by day Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, [210]  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise Or hear what to my minde first thoughts present,  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind 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 [215]  
Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near Looks intervene and smiles, or object new Casual discourse draw on, which intermits Our dayes work brought to little, though begun Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd. [225]  

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond Compare above all living Creatures deare,  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts imployd  
How we might best fulfill the work which here [230]  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found In Woman, then to studie houshold good, And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd [235]  
Labour, as to debarr us when we need Refreshment, whether food, or talk between, Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,  
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food, [240]  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands  
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide [245]  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long Assist us: But if much converse perhaps Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.  
For solitude 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 Envyng our happiness, and of his own Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame [255]
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
To other speedie aide might lend at need;

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 inform’d I learne, [275]
And from the parting Angel over-heard
Just then return’d 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 fear’st not, being such,
As wee, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receive, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
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 itself, intended by our Foe. [295]
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least
asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos’d
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
And anger wouldst resent the offer’d wrong,
[300]
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th’ assault shall light.
[305]
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks 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 [315]
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri’d.

So spake domestick Adam in his care
And Matrimonial Love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her Faith sincere, [320]
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew’d.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait’nd by a Foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu’d
Single with like defence, wherever met, [325]
How are we happiest, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns [330]
Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feard
By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his surprize prov’d false, find peace within,
Favour from Heav’n, our witness from th’ event.

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid [335]
Alone, without exterior help 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,
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 [340]
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 appearing good surpris’d
She dictate false, and misinforme the Will

To do what God expressly hath forbid,
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie,
First thy obedience; th’ other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more; Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli’d.
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn’d
Chiefsly by what thy own last reasoning words Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar’d, The willinger I goe, nor much expect

A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia’s Traine,
Betrook her to the Groves, but Delia’s self
In gate surpass’d and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had form’d, or Angels brought. To Pales, or Pomona, thus adornd,
Likeliest she seem’d Pomona when she fled Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu’d Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne Repeated, shee to him as oft engag’d To be return’d by Noon amid the Bowre, And all things in best order to invite Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
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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
Despoid of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
Mee 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, in 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 shady Rivulet
He sought them both, but wish’d his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish’d, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc’d, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies, Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
Half spi’d, so thick the Roses bushing round About her glow’d, oft stooping to support Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold, Hung drooping unsustain’d, them she upstai’s
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 Arboret’s and Flours Imborder’d on each Bank, the hand of Eve: Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign’d
Or of reviv’d Adonis, or renown’d [440] Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse. Much hee the Place admir’d, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent, [445] Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

John Milton

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Adjoyn'd, from each thing met conceive delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of gesture or lest action overawd
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone

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So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the Field,
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
Then at Circean call the Herd disguis'd.
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turnd at length
The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have 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
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discerne
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.
So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd To Beasts, whom God on 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
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?
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave Strange alteration in me, to degree Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind Considerd all things visible in Heav'n, Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine Simblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray United I beheld; no Fair to thine Equivalent or second, which compel'd Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.
So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd: But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow In Paradise, and various, yet unknown To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht, Still hanging incorruptible, till men Grow up to thir provision, and more hands Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.
To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
Empress, the way is readie, and not long, Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat, Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld In tangles, and 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 inviron round, Kind'ld 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; [645]
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar’d our coming hither,
Fruitless to mee, though Fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.

But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli’d. [655]
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
Yet Lords declar’d of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate,
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc’t, whatever thing Death be,
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc’t, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?

God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyd:
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Op’n’d and cleer’d, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
Of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat’nd, which no worse then this can bring. [715]
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair Earth I see, [720]
Warm’d by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos’d
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso 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 envy, and can envy 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 easeie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz’d, which to behold
[735]
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn’d
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;
Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and
wak’d
An eager appetite, rais’d by the smell [740]
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus’d.
Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits. [745]
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir’d,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use, [750]
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want: [755]
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death [760]
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat’n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and
discerns, [765]
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni’d
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv’d?
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy [770]
The good befall’n him, Author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie? [775]
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour [780]
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck’d, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve
[785]
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, 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, joond and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees [795]
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur’d, infam’d,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise [800]
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer’d free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give; [805]
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owee,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op’nst Wisdoms way,
And giv’st access, though secret she retire.
[810]
And I perhaps am secret; Heav’n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
[815]
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
[820]
Without Coperartner? 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? [825]
This may be well: but what if God have seen
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and
new Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Misgave him; hee the 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
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. [850]
Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought, [860]
The pain of absence from thy sight. But
strange
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect [865]
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who
taste;
And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,
Or not restrained as wee, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn't, but thenceforth
[870]
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes
[875]
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
[880]
Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
May joyn'e us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
Least thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoyn'e us, and I then too late renounce
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.
[885]
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. [895]

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, [900]
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeedled to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
[905]
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly
joyn'd,
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?
[910]
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
[915]
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

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

[920]

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

[925]

But past who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first
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,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so God shall not create,
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.
O glorious trial of exceding 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 resolvd,
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion hath presented
This happie trial of thy Love, which else
So eminently never had bin known.
Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustaine alone
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful Love unequall'd; but I feel
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe Him with her lov'd societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorne the Earth: but that false Fruit
Farr other operation first displaid,
Carnal desire enfaming, 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,  
[1025]  
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
For never did thy Beautie since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
[1030]  
With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.  
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood [1035]  
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd  
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the  
[1040]  
Couch,  
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, [1040]  
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play. [1045]  
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
That with exhaltering vapour bround  
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious  
[1050]  
dreams  
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
Soon found thir Eyes how op'n'd, and thir minds  
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon, [1055]  
Just confidence, and native righteousness  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
Uncover'd more, so rose the Danite strong  
Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap [1060]  
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,  
Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,  
[1065]  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.  
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'n'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie, [1075]  
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,  
And in our Faces evident the signes  
of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
[1080]  
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade [1085]  
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more. [1090]  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves  
together sowed, [1095]  
And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new commer,  
Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.  
So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
[1100]  
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to Indians known  
In Malabar or Decan spreds her Armes  
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow [1105]  
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;  
There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate  
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds  
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade:  
Those Leaves [1110]  
They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,  
And with what skill they had, together 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 [1115] Columbus found th' American so girt With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde Among the Trees on Isles and woodie Shores. Thus fenc', 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, calm Region once [1125] And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent: For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will Heard not her lore, who from beneathe Usurping over sovran Reason claimd [1130] Superior sway: From thys distemperd brest, Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile, Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd. Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, and stai'd With me, as I besought thee, when that strange [1135] Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn, I know not whence possessd thee; we had then Remaind still happie, not as now, despoid Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable. Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve [1140] The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile. To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve. What words have past thy Lips, Adam severe, Imput'st thou that to my default, or will [1145] Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by, Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there, Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; [1150] No ground of enmitie between us known, Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme. Was I to have never parted from thy side? As good have grown there still a liveless Rib. Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head [1155] Command me absolutely not to go, Going into such danger as thou saidst? Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay, Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss. Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent, [1160] Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee. To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd, Is this the Love, is this the recompence Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, [1165] Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss, Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee: And am I now upbraided, as the cause Of thy transgressing? not enough severe, It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 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 [1170] I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold The danger, and the lurking Enemie That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force, And force upon free Will hath here no place. But confidence then bore thee on, secure [1175] Either to meet no danger, or to finde Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps I also err'd in overmuch admiring What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue [1180] That errour now, which is become my crime, And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall Him who to worth in Women overtrusting Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook, And left to her self, if evil thence ensue, [1185] Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse. Thus they in mutual accusation spent The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning, And of thir vain contest appeare'd no end. To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve. 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Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that The entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full of assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Meanwhile the hainous and 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 [5]

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 penalty, [15] And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall. Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad For Man, for of his state by this they knew, Much wondring how the 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. [25] About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know How all befell: they towards the Throne Suprem 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 dismayd, [35] Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth, Which your sincerest care could not prevent, Foretold so lately what would come to pass, When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell. I told ye then he should prevail and speed [40] On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't And flatter'd out of all, believing lies Against his Maker; no Decree of mine Concurring to necessitate his Fall, Or touch with lightest moment of impulse [45] His free Will, to her own inclining left In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass On his transgression Death denounc't that day, Which he presumes already vain and void, [50] Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd, By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find Forbearance no acquittance ere day end. Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd. But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee [55]
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or
Hell.
Easie it might be seen that I intend
Mercie collegue 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 unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full [65]
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd
70
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou
knowst,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
75
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where
none [80]
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is
condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
85
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and
Powers,
Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods
[90]
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
wing'd.
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Evening coole, when he from wrauth
more coole [95]
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
to sentence Man: the voice of God they
heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they
heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
100
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till
God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, how is it now become [120]
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not
eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand [125]
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
130
By my complaint; but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet
thou [135]
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my
help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
[140]
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.
To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
[145]  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the  
Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd  
[150]  
Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part  
[155]  
And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.  
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?  
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
[160]  
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.  
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.  
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transferre  
[165]  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,  
As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
[170]  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.  
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
[175]  
Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;  
[180]  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.  
So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave  
[185]  
Spold Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascention bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;  
[190]  
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.  
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie  
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
[195]  
Theine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.  
On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof, [200]  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;  
Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,  
[205]  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.  
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day [210]  
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet so now  
[215]  
As Father of his Familie he clad  
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;  
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:  
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins  
[220]  
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,  
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,  
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd [225]  
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.  
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,  
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,  
[230]  
In counterview within the Gates, that now Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.  
O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
[235]  
Idly, while Satan our great Author thrives  
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides  
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap, Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
[240]  
By his Avengers, since no place like this Can fit his punishment, or their revenge. Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,  
Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along:  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulfe  
Impassable, Impervious, let us try  
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
[245]  
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  
[265]  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste The savour of Death from all things there that live:  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
[270]  
Be wanting, but afforde thee equal aid,  
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
[275]  
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd With sent of living Carcasses design'd For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.  
So sent the grim Feature, and upturn'd His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,  
Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr. Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great) Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
[280]  
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
Tost up and down, together crowded dove From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive  
[285]  
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  
[290]  
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 waught on  
[300]  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall Immovable of this now fenceless world Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad, Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
[305]  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd, Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke, From Susa his Memnonian Palace high Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn'd,  
[310]  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art Pontificical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track Of Satan, to the self same place where hee  
[315]  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe From out of Chaos to the out side bare Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made And durable; and now in little space  
[320]  
The confines met of Empyrean Heav'n And of this World, and on the left hand Hell With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral ways In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now thir way to Earth they had descri’d, [325]
To Paradise first tending, when behold Satan in likeness of an Angel bright Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion 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 [335]
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought Vain covertures; but when he saw descend The Son of God to judge them terrifi’d Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth [340] Might suddenly inflict; that past, return’d By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint, Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood Not instant, but of future time. With joy [345] And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return’d, And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop’t Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear. Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight [350] Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas’d. Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy Trophies, which thou view’st as not thine own, [355]
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect: For I no sooner in my Heart divin’d, My Heart, which by a secret harmonie Still moves with thine, join’d in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper’d, which thy looks [360]
Now also evidence, but straight I felt Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt That I must after thee with this thy Son; Such fatal consequence unites us three: Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, [365] Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure Detain from following thy illustrious track. Thou hast atchief’d our libertie, confin’d Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow’rd To fortifie thus farr, and overlay [370] With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss. Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain’d With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng’d Our foile in Heav’n; here thou shalt Monarch reign, [375] There didst not; there let him still Victor sway, As Battel hath adjudg’d, from this new World Retiring, by his own doom alienated, And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide Of all things parted by th’ Empyreal bounds, [380] His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World, Or trie thee now more dang’rous to his Throne.

Thom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv’n to be the Race [385]
Of Satan (for I glorie in the name, Antagonist of Heav’n’s Almighty King) Amply have merited of me, of all Th’ Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav’n’s dore Triumphant with triumphal act have met, [390] Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease To my associate Powers, them to acquaint [395] With these successes, and with them rejoyce, You two this way, among these numerous Orbs All yours, right down to Paradise descend; There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth Dominion exercise and in the Aire, [400] Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar’d, Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill. My Substitutes I send ye, and Create Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now [405] My hold of this new Kingdom all depends, Through Sin to Death expos’d by my exploit. If your joynt power prevailes, th’ affaires of Hell No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss’d them, they with speed [410]
Th' untractable Abyssse, 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  
[485]  
From his Creator, and the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
Both his beloved Man and all his World,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, [490]  
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose  
shape [495]  
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Mee and 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 remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss.  
So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Thir universal shout and high applause [505]  
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  

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Had leasure, wondring at himself now more; [510]
His Visage drawne he felt to sharp and spare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine: a greater power [515]
Now rul'd him, punishst in the shape he sin'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories [520]
To his bold Riot: dreadfull was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbaena dire,
Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear, [525]
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime, [530]
Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
Where all yeft of that revolted Rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
[535]
Sublime with expectation when to see
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathie: for what they saw, [540]
They felt themselves now changing; down thir arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant, [545]
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that [550]
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them furder woe or shame; [555]
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
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 [560]
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefulllest disrelish with'd thir jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell [570]
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd, Yearly enjoyn'd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduct.'
However some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
And Fab'l'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd [580]
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born. Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair [585]
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell Habitual habitant; behind her Death Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began. [590]
Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though eard
With travail difficult, not better farr
Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd? [595]
Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little
seems [600]
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound
Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits,
and Flours
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and
Fowle,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing [605]
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour
unspar'd,
Till I in Man residing through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all
infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

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

[615]
See with what heat these Dogs of Hell
advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute [620]
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so hea'vnly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies, [625]
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them
thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draf and filth
[630]
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd,
nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at
last [635]
Through Chaos hurld, obstruct the mouth of
Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made
pure
To sanctifie that shall receive no staine:
Till then the Curse pronounc't on both
precedes. [640]

He ended, and the Heav'nly Audience loud
Sung Halleluia, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy
ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
[645]
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir
song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them several charge,
[650]
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring [655]
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
Thir planetarie motions and aspects
In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyn [660]
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to showre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds
they set
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
[665]
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to
rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turne 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
[675]
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the
Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
[680]
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in thir sight
Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
[685]
From cold Estotiland, and South as farr
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit
Thus to disbur'd'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 hight
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end [725]
The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encrease and multiply, [730]
Now death to hear! for what can I encrease
Or multipart, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure, [735]
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execution; 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, [755]
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
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 mee? I sought it not
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee That proud excuse? yet him not thy election, But Natural necessity begot. [765]
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace, Thy punishment then justly is at his Will. Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne: [770]
O welcom hour whenever! why delays His hand to execute what his Decree Fixd on this day? why do I overlive, Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet [775]
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth Insensible, how glad would lay me down As in my Mothers lap! There I should rest And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse [780]
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die, Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish [785]
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave, Or in some other dismal place who knows But I shall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
[790]
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further
knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so, [795]
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must
end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to
make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as Argument [800]
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
For angers sake, finite to infinite
In punish't man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
[805]
By which all Causes else according still
To the reception of thir matter act,
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie [810]
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful
revolution
On my defensless head; both Death and I
[815]
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part single, in mee all
Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
[820]
So disinherited how would ye bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all
mankind
For one mans fault thus guiltless be
condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
[825]
Not to do onely, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain
And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead
me still [830]
But to my own conviction: first and last
On mee, mee onely, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou
support
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear
[835]
Then all the World much heavier, though
divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou
desir'st,
And what thou fearest, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future, [840]
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud [845]
Through the still Night, not now, as ere man
fell,
Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black
Air
Accompanied, with damp and dreadful
gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double terror: On the ground
[850]
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardie execution, since denounc't
The day of his offence. Why comes not
Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
[855]
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or
cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and
Bowrs, [860]
With other echo late I taught your Shades
To answer, and resound farr other Song.
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
[865]
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy
shape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew
[870]
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from
thee
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form,
pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,
[875]
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
[880]
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
[885]
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last [890]
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
[895]
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
[900]
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perversness, but shall see her gain
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
[905]
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, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
[915]
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, [920]
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour
perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both
joyning,
As joy'n'd in injuries, one enmitie [925]
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
On me alreadie lost, mee then thy self
[930]
Against God onely, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that
all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
[935]
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.
She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowleg'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 reconcilment seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, [945]
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thy self; alas,
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine [950]
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
And my displeasure beart so ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited, [955]
Thy frailtie and infirmir Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of Love, how we may light'n [960]
Each others burden in our share of woe;
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.
[965]

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, [970]
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,

Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devourd
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this cursed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with
us two
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial imbraces
sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,

Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less then none of what we dread,
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
With our own hands his Office on our selves;
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,

Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy.
She ended heer, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
Had enternamd, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve repli'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee somthing more sublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of miserie, so thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire
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
Some safer resolution, which methinks I have in view,
Calling to minde with heed
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on our selves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.

No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling; wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
Our Limbs bennum'd, ere this diurnal Starr
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grinde
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Justling or push't 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 supple the Sun: such Fire to use,
And what may else be remedie or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.

What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?
So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd

Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.
Paradise Lost
BOOK 11
THE ARGUMENT

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

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd The stonie from thir hearts, & made new flesh Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd [5] Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port Not of mean suiters, nor important less Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair [10] In Fables old, less ancient yet then these, Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers Floe up, nor missd the way, by envious windes [15] Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd, By thir great Intercessor, came in sight Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son [20] Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring, [25] Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those Which his own hand manuring all the Trees Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare [30] To supplication, heare his sighs though mute; Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee Interpret for him, mee his Advocate And propitiation, all his works on mee Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those [35] Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay. Accept me, and in mee from these 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. [45] All thy request for Man, accepted Son, Obtain, all thy request was my Decree: But longer in that Paradise to dwell, The Law I gave to Nature him forbids: Those pure immortal Elements that know [50] No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule, Eject him tainted now, and purge him off As a distemper, gross to aire as gross, And mortal food, as may dispose him best For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first [55] Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts Created him endowd, with Happiness And Immortalitie: that fondly lost, This other serv'd but to eternize woe; [60] Till I provided Death; so Death becomes His final remedie, and after Life Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd By Faith and faithful works, to second Life, Wak't in the renovation of the just, [65] Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd. But let us call to Synod all the Blest Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, As how with peccant Angels late they saw; [70] And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew His Trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps When God descended, and perhaps once more [75] To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
Fill'd all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowrs
Of Amarantin Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light [80]
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne suprem
Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste [85]
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and 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 [95]
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth to
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soyle.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim [100]
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the
Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
[105]
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and
denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet they least
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,

For I behold them soft'n'd and with tears [110]
Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconso late; reveale
To Adam what shall come in future dayes,
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix [115]
My Cov'nant in the womans seed renewd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the East side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest
climbes,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
[120]
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Least Paradise a receptacle prove
To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to
delude. [125]

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all thir shape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then
those [130]
Of Argus, and more wakeful then to drouze,
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews
imbalm'd [135]
The Earth, when Adam and first Matron Eve
Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,
Strength added from above, new hope to
spring
Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words
renewd. [140]
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn, All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth, [175] I never from thy side henceforth to stray, Whereto our days work lies, though now enjoined Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell, What can be toilsome 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, impress On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his aerie tour, [185] Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove: Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods, First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace, Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde; Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight. Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake. [190]

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 [195] Us haply too secure of our discharge From penaltie, because from death releast Some days; how long, and what till then our life, Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,' And thither must return and be no more. [200]

None of the meanest, some great Potentate Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie Invests him coming? yet not terrible, That I should fear, nor sociably mild, As Raphael, that I should much confide, [235] But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend, With reverence I must meet, and thou retire. He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh, Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes [240] A militarie Vest of purple flow'd Livelier then Melibœan, or the graine Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Hero's old In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the wooff; His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime [245] In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side As in a glistening Zodiac hung the Sword, Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear. Adam bow'd low, hee Kingly from his State Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. [250]

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no Preface needs: Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death, Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress, Defeated of his seisure many dayes Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent, [255] And one bad act with many deeds well done Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime; But longer in this Paradise to dwell Permits not; to remove thee I am come, [260] And send thee from the Garden forth to till The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.
He added not, for Adam at the newes
Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow
stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

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

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

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or
nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may
seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling
wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhosiptable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more avails 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
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 foot step-trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
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
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
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 beleevе, and be
confirmd [355]
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn [360]
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure [365]
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This Hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight
wak'st,
As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was
formd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd. [370]
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n
submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breast, arming to overcom
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
[375]
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
Stretcht out to 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
[385]
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat

Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan Kings, and thence [390]
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance, [395]
Turchistan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of Negus to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritim Kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the Realme
[400]
Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;
Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount
The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to
sway [405]
The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great Citie Geryons Sons
[410]
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adams eyes the Filme remov'd
Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer
sight
Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and
Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
[415]
And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these Ingredients
pierc'd,
Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now enforc't to close his eyes,

Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst:
[420]
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath
wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never
touch'd [425]
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake
conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves
[430]
New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and
foulds;
Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow
Sheaf, [435]
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firstlings of his
Flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense
strew'd,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites
perform'd. [440]
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful
steame;
The others not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone [445]
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart Dismal'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd; Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd. These two are Brethren, Adam, and to come Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

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

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen In his first shape on man; but many shapes Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense More terrible at th' entrance then within.

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shall bring Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know

What miserie th' inabstinence of Eve Shall bring on men. Immediately a place Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark, A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds, Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs, Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs, 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; And over them triumphant Death his Dart Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invokt With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope. Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long Drie-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd His best of Man, and gave him up to tears A space, till firmer thoughts renew'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To whom thus Michael. Judg not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.

Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance, To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule
the Eye. Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance, To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule
the Eye. [620]

To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame
Ignoblly, to the traines and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft,
O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

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

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

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; [645]
One way a Band select from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds
flye, [650]
But call in aide, which makes a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th'ensanguind Field
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong [655]
Lay Seige, encamp't; by Batterie, Scale, and
Mine,
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jaw'l'in, 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 Warriors
mixt,
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but
soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle Age one rising, eminent [665]
In wise deport, spake much of Right and
Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him
thence [670]
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was
found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,
[675]
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal
Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfould the sin of him who slew
His Brother; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
[680]
But who was that Just Man, whom had not
Heavn'
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?
To whom thus Michael. These are the product

Of those ill mated Marriages thou saw'st:
Where good with bad were matcht, who of
themselves [685]
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
For in those dayes Might onely shall be
admir'd,
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd; [690]
To overcome in Battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
[695]
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
Thus Fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on
Earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou
beheldst [700]
The onely righteous in a World perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With Foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most
High [705]
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou sawst, 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, [715]

Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces [750]
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad, [755]
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drownd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns [760]
His Children, all in view destroyd at once;
And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot [765]
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispensd
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek [770]
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure, Which neither his foreknowing can prevent, And hee the future evil shall no less
In apprehension then in substance feel [775]
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warne: those few escapt Famin and anguish will at last consume Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope

When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth, [780]
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
With length of happy dayes the race of man;
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste. How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide, [785]
And whether here the Race of man will end. To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou sawst
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they First seen in acts of prowess eminent And great exploits, but of true vertu void; [790]
Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey, Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride [795]
Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace. The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose And fear of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd In sharp contest of Battel found no aide [800]
Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure, Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd: [805]
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprev'd, Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot; One Man except, the onely Son of light In a dark Age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a World
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence; and shall returne
Of them derided, but of God observd
The one just Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and houshold from amidst
A World devote to universal rack.
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
Raine day and night, all fountains of the Deep
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount
Of Paradise by might of Waves be mowvd
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-
mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drvn by a keen North- winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
And the cler 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 stop't
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou that future things canst represent
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
Farr less I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?
To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.
The End of the Eleventh Book.
The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascention; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place.

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

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end; And Man as from a second stock proceed. Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine Must needs impaire and weare human sense: [10]

Henceforth what is to com I will relate, Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second sours of Men, while yet but few; And while the dread of judgement past remains Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie, [15] With some regard to what is just and right Shall lead thir lives and multiplie apace, Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop, Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, [20] With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast,
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell Long time in peace by Families and Tribes Under paternal rule; till one shall rise Of proud ambitious heart, who not content [25] With fair equalitie, fraternal state, Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd

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; [30] And from Rebellion shall derive his name, Though of Rebellion others he accuse. Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns With him or under him to tyrannize, Marching from Eden towards the West, shall finde [40]
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build A Citie and Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n; And get themselves a name, least far disperst [45] In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost, Regardless whether good or evil fame. But God who oft descends to visit men Unseen, and through thir habitations walks To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, [50] Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raise Quite out thir Native Language, and instead To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: [55] Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud Among the Builders; each to other calls Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage, As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n And looking down, to see the hubbub strange [60] And hear the din; thus was the building left Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Where to thus Adam fatherly displeas'd. O execrable Son so to aspire Above his Brethren, to himself assuming Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n: He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl Dominion absolute; that right we hold By his donation; but Man over men He made not Lord; such title to himself Reserving, human left from human free. But this Usurper his encroachment proud Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food Will he convey up thither to sustain [75] Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?  

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st  
That Son, who on the quiet state of men [80]  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,  
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie  
Is lost, which always with right Reason  
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
[85]  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
[90]  
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be, [95]  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annexed  
Deprives them of thir outward libertie, [100]  
Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,  
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World, [105]  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thir own polluted ways;  
[110]  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd;  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men [115]  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid  
grown,  
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the  
Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
For Gods! yet him God the most High  
voutsafes [120]  
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
Which he will shew him, and from him will  
raise  
A mightie Nation, and upon him shoure  
His benediction so, that in his Seed [125]  
All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys  
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native  
Soile  
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the Ford [130]  
To Haran, after a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous  
servitude;  
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents [135]  
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring  
Plaine  
Of Moreh; there by promise he receaves  
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
From Hamath Northward to the Desert South  
(Things by thir names I call, though yet  
unnam'd) [140]  
From Hermon East to the great Western Sea,  
Mount Hermon, yonder Sea, each place  
behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted  
stream  
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons [145]  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of Hills.  
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth  
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed  
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon  
[150]  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast,  
departs [155]  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
Egypt, divided by the River Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven  
mouthes  
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
He comes invited by a yonger Son [160]  
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that Realme  
Of Pharao: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
[165]  
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes  
them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claime  
[170]  
His people from 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 compell'd by Signes and Judgements  
dire; [175]
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,  
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,  
Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,  
And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' Egyptian Skie  
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls;  
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,  
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 
The River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More hard'n'd 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 cristal walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
Behindem them, while th' obdurat King pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
On thir imbattell'd 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 allarmed  
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thir delay  
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:  
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine  
To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And 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 what they besaught  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
Moses in figure beares, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men  
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes  
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
The Heav'ny fires; over the Tent a Cloud Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleame by Night,  
Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel to the Land Promisd to Abraham and his Seed: the rest  
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,  
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
Mans voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,  
And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,  
Till Israel overcome; so call the third  
From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n, [270]
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which
concerne
Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplex'd with thoughts what would becom [275]
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest, Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means. This yet I apprehend not, why to those [280]
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue so many sins Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin [285]
Will reign among them, as of thee begot; And therefore was Law given them to evince Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up Sin against Law to fight; that when they see Law can discover sin, but not remove, [290]
Save by those shadowie expiations weak, The 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 [295]
Justification towards God, and peace Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part Perform, and not performing cannot live. So Law appears imperfect, and but giv'n [300]
With purpose to resign them in full time Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear [305]
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith. And therefore shall not Moses, though of God Highly belov'd, being but the Minister Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call, [310]
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell The aduersarie Serpent, and bring back Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in thir earthly Canaan plac't [315]
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins National interrupt thir public peace, Provoking God to raise them enemies: From whom as oft he saves them penitent By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom [320]
The second, both for pietie renownd And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive Irrevocalbe, that his Regal Throne For ever shall endure; the like shall sing All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock [325]
Of David (so I name this King) shall rise A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold, Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings The last, for of his Reign shall be no end. [330]

But first a long succession must ensue, And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be registered [335]
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land, Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark [340]
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd. There in captivitie he lets them dwell The space of seventie years, then brings them back, [345]
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn To David, stablish as the dayes of Heav'n. Returnd from Babylon by leave of Kings Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God They first re-edifie, and for a while [350]
In mean estate live moderate, till grown In wealth and multitude, factious they grow; But first among the Priests dissension springs, Men who attend the Altar, and should most Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings [355]
Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons, Then loose it to a stranger, that the true Anointed King Messiah might be born Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr [360]
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com, And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
[365]
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
[370]
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the
Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in
[160]
tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he
breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher [375]
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my 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
bruisce
Expect with mortal paine: say where and
when
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors
heel [385].

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to
foil

Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained

John Milton

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The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in
Chaines
Through all his Realme, and there
confounded leave; [455]
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall
come,
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and
dead [460]
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Then this of Eden, and far happier daies.

[465]

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

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce, [470]
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoice [475] Much more, that much more good thereof
shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace shall
abound.
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few [480]
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Wors with his followers then with him they
dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from
Heav'n [485]
Hie 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, [495]
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue

[500]

To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at
length
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,

[505]

Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous
Wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages shall turne [510]
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of
names, [515]
Places and titles, and with these to joine
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all Believers; and from that pretense,

[520]

Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; Laws which none shall
finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde

[525]

His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
Who against Faith and Conscience can be
heard
Infallible? yet many will presume: [530]
Whence heevie persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
Well deem in outward Rites and specious
formes
Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire

[535]

Bestuck with 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
Apper of respiration to the just, [540]
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid
The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveald

[545]

In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'n; new Earth, Ages of endless
date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love [550]
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply’d.
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur’d this transient World, the Race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss, [555]
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart.
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this Vessel can containe;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. [560]
Henceforth I learnèd, 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,
Mercifull over all his works, with good [565]
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie, [570]
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th’ Angel last repli’d:
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe [575]
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewest by name, and all th’ ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav’n, Aire, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst, [580]
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add
Faith,
Add vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call’d Charitie, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath [585]
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards, [590]
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm’d [595]
Portending good, and all her spirits compos’d
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
[600]
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer’d
With meditation on the happie end. [605]

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;
Descended, Adam to the Bowre where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak’t;
And thus with words not sad she him receav’d.
Whence thou returnst, and whither wentst, I know; [610]
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe, [615]
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav’n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
This further consolation yet secure I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsaf’t,
By mee the Promis’d Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas’d, but answer’d not; for now too nigh [625]
Th’ Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Glinging meteorous, as Ev’ning Mist Rison from a River o’re the marish glides, [630]
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel Homeward returning. High in Front advanc’t,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz’d
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lintring 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, Wav’d over by that flaming Brand, the Gate With dreadful Faces throng’d and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon; [645]
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through Eden took thir solitarie way.

THE END
I, Whe erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foiled
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds,
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age: Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.  Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed
To the flood Jordan--came as then obscure, Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist soon Described, divinely warned, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resigned To him his heavenly office. Nor was long His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized Heaven opened, and in likeness of a Dove The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.

That heard the Adversary, who, roving still About the world, at that assembly famed Would not be last, and, with the voice divine Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom Such high attest was given a while surveyed With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air To council summons all his mighty Peers, Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved, A gloomy consistory; and them amidst, With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:-

"O ancient Powers of Air and this wide World (For much more willingly I mention Air, This our old conquest, than remember Hell, Our hated habitation), well ye know How many ages, as the years of men, This Universe we have possessed, and ruled In manner at our will the affairs of Earth, Since Adam and his facile consort Eve Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since With dread attending when that fatal wound Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven Delay, for longest time to Him is short; And now, too soon for us, the circling hours This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound (At least, if so we can, and by the head Broken be not intended all our power To be infringed, our freedom and our being In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)-- For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed, Destined to this, is late of woman born. His birth to our just fear gave no small cause; But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear. Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim His coming, is sent harbinger, who all Invites, and in the consecrated stream Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so Purified to receive him pure, or rather To do him honour as their King. All come, And he himself among them was baptized-- Not thence to be more pure, but to receive The testimony of Heaven, that who he is Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw The Prophet do him reverence; on him, rising Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head A perfet Dove descend (whate'er it meant); And out of Heaven the sovraign voice I heard, 'This is my Son beloved.--in him am pleased.' His mother, than, is mortal, but his Sire He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven; And what will He not do to advance his Son? His first-begot we know, and sore have felt, When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep; Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems In all his lineaments, though in his face The glimpses of his Father's glory shine. Ye see our danger on the utmost edge Of hazard, which admits no long debate, But must with something sudden be opposed (Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares), Ere in the head of nations he appear, Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed
Successfully: a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings. But no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this man enterprise
To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try--
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed:
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,
Of the Most High, who, in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:--
"Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With Man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
Great in renown, and called the Son of God.
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasy. He might have learnt
Less overweening, since he failed in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man,
Of female seed, far able to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell--
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.
By humiliation and strong sufferance
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and aethereal Powers--
They now, and men hereafter--may discern
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space; then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and thus the argument:--
"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in his breast
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his godlike office now mature
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entered now the bordering Desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,
His holy meditations thus pursued:--
"O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared!
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good; myself I thought

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Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 
All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet; 
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew 
To such perfection that, ere yet my age 
Had measured twice six years, at our great Feast 
I went into the Temple, there to hear 
The teachers of our Law, and to propose 
What might improve my knowledge or their own, 
And was admired by all. Yet this not all 
To which my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds 
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts--one while 
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke; 
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth, 
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power, 
Till truth were freed, and equity restored: 
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first 
By winning words to conquer willing hearts, 
And make persuasion do the work of fear; 
At least to try, and teach the erring soul, 
Not wilfully misdoing, but unware 
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue. 
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving, 
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced, 
And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts, O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar 
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth 
Can raise them, though above example high; 
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire. 
For know, thou art no son of mortal man; 
Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules 
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men. 
A messenger from God foretold thy birth 
Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold 
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne, 
And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 
At thy nativity a glorious quire 
Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung 
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night, 
And told them the Messiah now was born, 
Where they might see him; and to thee they came, 
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st; 
For in the inn was left no better room. 
A Star, not seen before, in heaven appearing, 
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold; 
By whose bright course led on they found the place, 
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven, 
By which they knew thee King of Israel born. 
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned 
By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake, 
Before the altar and the vested priest, 
Like things of thee to all that present stood.' 
This having heart, straight I again revolved 
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake 
I am--this chiefly, that my way must lie 
Through many a hard assay, even to the death, 
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain, 
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins' Full weight must be transferred upon my head. 
Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed, 
The time prefixed I waited; when behold 
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come 
Before Messiah, and his way prepare! 
I, as all others, to his baptism came, 
Which I believed was from above; but he 
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed 
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)-- 
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first 
Refused on me his baptism to confer, 
As much his greater, and was hardly won. 
But, as I rose out of the laving stream, 
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence 
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove; 
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice, 
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his, 
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 
He was well pleased: by which I knew the time 
Now full, that I no more should live obscure, 
But openly begin, as best becomes 
The authority which I derived from Heaven. 
And now by some strong motion I am led 
Into this wilderness; to what intent 
I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know; 
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals." 

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise, 
And, looking round, on every side beheld 
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades. 
The way he came, not having marked return, 
Was difficult, by human steps untrod; 
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts 
Accompanied of things past and to come 
Lodged in his breast as well might recommend 
Such solitude before choicest society. 

Full forty days he passed--whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hungered then at last
Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew
mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some
stray eye,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might
serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow
keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus uttered
spake:--
"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
place,
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with
drought.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man whom
late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want,
come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to
hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out."
To whom the Son of God:--"Who brought me
hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."
"By miracle he may," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far--
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee
bread;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom
taste."
He ended, and the Son of God replied:--
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not
written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Eliah without food
Wandered this barren waste; the same I now.
Why dost thou, then, suggest to me distrust
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"
Whom thus answered the Arch-Fiend, now
undisguised:--
"'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate
Who, leagued with millions more in rash
revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep--
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconvining but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,
Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of
Heavens
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came, among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And, when to all his Angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge:
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind. Why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence. By them
I lost not what I lost; rather by them
I gained what I have gained, and with them
dwell
Copr absence of these regions of the World,
If not disposer--lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe!
At first it may be; but, long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man, Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:--
"Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies From the beginning, and in lies wilt end, Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed, Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned, A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn, To all the host of Heaven. The happy place Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy-- Rather inflames thy torment, representing Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable; So never more in Hell than when in Heaven. But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King! Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites? What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him With all inflictions? but his patience won. The other service was thy chosen task, To be a liar in four hundred mouths; For lying is thy sustenance, thy food. Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles By thee are given, and what confessed more true Among the nations? That hath been thy craft, By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies. But what have been thy answers? what but dark, Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, Which they who asked have seldom understood,

And, not well understood, as good not known?
Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine, Returned the wiser, or the more instruct To fly or follow what concerned him most, And run not sooner to his fatal snare? For God hath justly given the nations up To thy delusions; justly, since they fell Idolatrous. But, when his purpose is Among them to declare his providence, To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him, or his Angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdaining To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear, Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold. But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched; No more shalt thou by oracling abuse The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased, And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice Shalt be enquired at Delphos or elsewhere-- At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute. God hath now sent his living Oracle Into the world to teach his final will, And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell In pious hearts, an inward oracle To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend, Though inly stung with anger and disdain, Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned:--
"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke, And urged me hard with doings which not will, But misery, hath wrested from me. Where Easily canst thou find one miserable, And not inforced oft-times to part from truth, If it may stand him more in steady to lie, Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure? But thou art placed above me; thou art Lord; From thee I can, and must, submiss, endure Cheek or reproof, and glad to scape so quit. Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk, Smooth on the tongue discourse, pleasing to the ear, And tunable as sylvan pipe or song; What wonder, then, if I delight to hear Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me To hear thee when I come (since no man comes), And talk at least, though I despair to attain. Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure, Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest To tread his sacred courts, and minister About his altar, handling holy things, Praying or vowing, and voutsafed his voice To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet Inspired: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:--
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope, I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowling low His gray dissimulation, disappeared, Into thin air diffused: for now began Night with her sullen wing to double-shade The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched; And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.
Meanwhile the new-baptized, who yet remained
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly called Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talked, and with him lodged— I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not named—
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
So lately found and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increased, increased their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once Moses was in the Mount and missing long,
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these Nigh to Bethabara—in Jericho
The city of palms, AEnon, and Salem old,
Machaerus, and each town or city walled
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Perea— but returned in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed:—
"Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlooked for are we fallen! Our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth.
'Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand;
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored.'
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned
Into perplexity and new amaze.
For whither is he gone? what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come.
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
Thy Chosen, to what hight their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of Thee; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke!
But let us wait; thus far He hath performed—
Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have conversed.
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; He will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall—
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence:
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return."
Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought.
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:—
"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!'
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore;
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtained to shelter him or me
From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing, filled
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king. But now,
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,
Son owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,
I looked for some great change. To honour? no;
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against—that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high!
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest!
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? Some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business. What he meant I mused—
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, pretending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind Recalling what remarkably had passed Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling: The while her Son, tracing the desert wild, Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, Into himself descended, and at once All his great work to come before him set—
How to begin, how to accomplish best His end of being on Earth, and mission high. For Satan, with sly preface to return, Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone Up to the middle region of thick air, Where all his Potentates in council sate. There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy, Solicitous and blank, he thus began:—

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, AEthereal Thrones—
Daemonian Spirits now, from the element Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath (So may we hold our place and these mild seats Without new trouble)—such an enemy Is risen to invade us, who no less Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell. I, as I undertook, and with the vote Consenting in full frequence was empowered, Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find
Far other labour to be undergone Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men, Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell, However to this Man inferior far— If he be Man by mother's side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,
Perfections absolute, graces divine, And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds. Therefore I am returned, lest confidence Of my success with Eve in Paradise Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure Of like succeeding here. I summon all Rather to be in readiness with hand Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst Thought none my equal, now be overmatched."

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

"Set women in his eye and in his walk, Among daughters of men the fairest found. Many are in each region passing fair As the noon sky, more like to goddesses Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet, Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach, Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets. Such object hath the power to soften and tame Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow, Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, Draw out with credulous desire, and lead At will the manliest, resolutest breast, As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart Of wisest Solomons, and made him build, And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:—"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st All others by thyself. Because of old Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace, None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys. Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew, False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth, Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, And coupled with them, and begot a race. Have we not seen, or by relation heard, In courts and regal chambers how thou lurkest, In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side, In valley or green meadow, to waylay Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene, Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa, Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more Too long—then lay'st thy snares on names adored, Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these haunts Delight not all. Among the sons of men How many have with a smile made small account Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned All her assaults, on worthier things intent! Remember that Pellean conqueror, A youth, how all the beauties of the East He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed; How he surnamed of Africa dismissed, In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will voutsafe an eye
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove (so fables tell),
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout
All her array, her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy--with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise
(Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wrecked);
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.
And now I know he hungered, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness:
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,
After forty days' fasting, had remained,
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:-

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

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horne 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
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper--then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night; and now the harald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.
Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw--
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud.
Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That opened in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught Art),
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed
it round;
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city or court or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him addressed:--

"With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness:
The fugitive Bond-woman, with her son,
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famished, had not God
Rained from heaven manna; and that Prophet
bold,
Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee those forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus:--"What conclud'st thou
hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have
none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied.
"Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Wouldst thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like
the giver," answered Jesus. "Why should that
Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle Fiend.
"Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offered first
To idols--those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffered by an enemy--though who
Would scruple that, with want oppressed?
Behold,
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath
purveyed
From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour. Only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had
end,
Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour--beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastru built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or
shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn
stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and
winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
smells.
Such was the splendour; and the Tempter
now
His invitation earnestly renewed:
"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of
evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and
springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their
Lord.
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down
and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:--
"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to
use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can
command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,
Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this
diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but
guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, male-
content:--
"That I have also power to give thou seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I
pleased,
And rather opportuniely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see
What I can do or offer is suspect.
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil."
With that
Both table and provision vanished quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptation pursued:--

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Juda's throne,
Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap--
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:--
"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained--
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In hight of all their flowing wealth dissolved;
But men endued with these have oft attained,
In lowest poverty, to highest deeds--
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Juda sate
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms! Yet not for that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king--
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force--which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought--
To gain a sceptre, oftest better missed."
So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renewed, him thus
accosts:--

"I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy
heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth
consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast, or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or, wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou
hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory—glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought
down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey
quelled
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:--
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek
wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise
unmixed?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce
worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not
what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the
other;
And what delight to be by such extolled,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk?
Of whom to be dispraised were no small
praise—
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown—when God,
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through
Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through Heaven
and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well
remember,
He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant
Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less
known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of
fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these
worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and
enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave
behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled
Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce
men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But, if there be in glory aught of good;
It may be means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence—
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffered for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffered— if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage—
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

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

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
"And reason; since his Word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could He less expect
Than glory and benediction—that is, thanks—
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficience!
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame—
Who, for so many benefits received,
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoiled;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs?
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advances his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;
Yet of another plea bethought him soon:—
"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem; Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a Kingdom thou art born—ordained
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms.
Judaea now and all the Promised Land,
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled
With temperate sway: oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus. And think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Machabeus. He indeed
Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed
That by strong hand his family obtained,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty—zeal and duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best—
Zael of thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign—
The happier reign the sooner it begins.
Rein then; what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned:—
"All things are best fulfilled in their due time;
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.
If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told
That it shall never end, so, when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed—
He in whose hand all times and seasons rowl.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that He may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
Well hath obeyed—just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom? Why art thou
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied:--
"Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,
And will alike be punished, whether thou
Reign or reign not--though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
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Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste. See, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit—
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride.
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncling their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound—
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn, Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioners
A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracea, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemane.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,
And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:—
"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shew
All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possessed of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor—
Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
The sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:—
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction else Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne! My time, I told thee (and that time for thee Were better farthest off), is not yet come. When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome Luggage of war there shewn me—argument Of human weakness rather than of strength."
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons!
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbering Israel--which cost the lives of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers, but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve
Their enemies who serve idols with God.
Yet He at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,

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

So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.
Perplexed and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve;
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
But—as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is poured,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end—
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills
That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, off whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes
Above the hight of mountains interposed—
By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to enquire.
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:—
"The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel impregnable;
And there Mount Palatine, the imperial palace,
Compass huge, and high the structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like houses of gods—so well I have disposed
My aerie microscope—thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
Praetors, proconsuls to their provinces hastening,
or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the AEmilian—some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
From the Asian kings (and Parthian among these),
From India and the Golden Chersoness,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreathed;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay—
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreae, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues as thou art,  
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
Might’st thou expel this monster from his  
throne,  
Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
A victor-people free from servile yoke!  
And with my help thou may’st; to me the  
power  
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world;  
Aim at the highest; without the highest  
attained,  
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
On David’s throne, be prophesied what will.”

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

Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out;  
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
Deservedly made vassal--who, once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered  
well,  
But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts  
exposed;  
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily Scene effeminate.  
What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
These, thus degenerate, by themselves  
enslaved,  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
Know, therefore, when my season comes to  
sit  
On David’s throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world;  
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end.  
Means there shall be to this; but what the  
means  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.”

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied:--  
"I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject’st.  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict.  
On the other side know also thou that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem,  
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught,  
All these, which in a moment thou behold’st,  
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give  
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please),  
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else--  
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior Lord  
(Easily done), and hold them all of me;  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?”

Whom thus our Saviour answered with  
disdain:--  
"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to  
utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition.  
But I endure the time, till which expired  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,  
The first of all commandments, ’Thou shalt  
worship  
The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve,’  
And dar’st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee, accursed? now more  
accursed  
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;  
Other donation none thou canst produce.  
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the Giver now  
Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or  
shame  
As offer them to me, the Son of God--  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear’st  
That Evil One, Satan for ever damned.”

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed,  
replied:--  
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God--
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men--
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed
What both from Men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth
Nations besides from all the quartered winds--
God of this World invoked, and World
benefice.

Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.

And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute;
As by that early action may be judged,
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the Temple, there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies, disputing
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews
the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous, then,
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must
converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.

Without their learning, how wilt thou with
them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinced.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular
mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west;
behold
Where on the Aegean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil--
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus roars
His whispering stream. Within the walls then
view
The schools of ancient sages--his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret
power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured
verse,
AEolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher
sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phoebus challenged for his
own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians
taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human
life,
High actions and high passions best
describing.
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed
house
Of Socrates--see there his tenement--
Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued
forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the
schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at
home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:--
"Think not but that I know these things; or,
I know them not, not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought. He who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue joined with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to God, oft shame not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life--
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the World began, and how Man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these
True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strewed
With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived--
Ill imitated while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithetes, thick-laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is praised aright and godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies and his Saints
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee);
Unless where moral virtue is expressed
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
The top of eloquence--statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only, with our Law, best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),
Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied:--

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness
For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,
And thither will return thee. Yet remember
What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.
Now, contrary--if I read aught in heaven,
Or heaven write aught of fate--by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when: eternal sure--as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness
Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.

Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind
After hisaerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night his sheltered head;
But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now
‘Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire,
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round Environed thee; some howled, some yelled,
Some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'tst unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offered with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when
(For both the when and how is nowhere told),
Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaimed it, but concealing
The time and means? Each act is rightliest done
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find
What I foretold thee--many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,
And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:--

"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,
As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offered with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
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Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,
And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:--

"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.
I never feared they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs
Betokening or ill-boding I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy
preventing,
Obstrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my
God;
And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discerned,
And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage,
replied:--"
"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born!
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length
Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour
born.
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest
(Though not to be baptized), by voice from
Heaven
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God
beloved.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer
view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
The Son of God I also am, or was;
And, if I was, I am; relation stands:
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that
hour,
And followed thee still on to this waste wild,
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parle or composition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found
thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant and as a centre, firm
To the utmost of mere man both wise and
good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms,
glory,
Have been before contemned, and may
again.
Therefore, to know what more thou art than
man,
Worthy naming the Son of God by voice from
Heaven,
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and, without
wing
Of hippogriff, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:--"
"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand
upright
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed:
highest is best.
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a
stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and
stood;
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth's son, Antaeus (to compare
Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new
strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;
And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not
devoured,
That once found out and solved, for grief and
spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian
steep,
So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the
Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, fell the
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans received Him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;  
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of celestial food, divine  
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,  
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,  
That soon refreshed him wearied, and  
repaired  
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,  
Or thirst; and, as he fed, Angelic quires  
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
Over temptation and the Tempter proud:--

"True Image of the Father, whether throned  
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven,  
enshrined  
In fleshy tabernacle and human form,  
Wandering the wilderness—whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued  
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne  
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast  
With all his army; now thou hast avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.  
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time  
shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star,  
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod  
down  
Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest  
wound)  
By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God. He, all unarmed,  
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul--  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Lest he command them down into the Deep,  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both  
Worlds,  
Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast  
refreshed,  
Brought on his way with joy. He, unobserved,  
Home to his mother's house private returned.  
END.