

**1663**  
**PARADISE LOST**  
**John Milton**

**Milton, John (1608-1674) - English poet and prose writer who is one of the most highly regarded figures in world literature and is widely considered the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Often called the "Puritan Poet," he had many of the good traits of the Puritans as well as many of the bad and spent much of his life immersed in political and religious controversy. Paradise Lost (1663) - Considered the greatest English literary epic. A twelve-book treatment of man's temptation and fall at the hands of Satan.**

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## PARADISE LOST

### The Argument

This first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darknesse, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and, astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophesie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers.

To find out the truth of this Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councell. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel.

**Book 1**

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

Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
 Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss  
 And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That to the highth of this great Argument  
 I may assert Eternal Providence,  
 And justify the wayes of God to men.  
 Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his Will  
 For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
 Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?  
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
 Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers!  
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High,  
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim



Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once as far as Angels kenn he views  
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd  
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd  
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous 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 outshine  
 Myriads though bright: If he Whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,  
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd  
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
 From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd  
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those  
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd'  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield:  
 And what is else not to be overcome?  
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power  
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late  
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods  
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal War  
 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 despaire:  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.  
 O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to Warr

Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;  
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and an this mighty Host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now  
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
 Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of Warr, what e're his business be  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,

Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;  
 What can it then avail though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?  
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.  
 Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail  
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid  
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice

Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To billow 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-horn, that warr'd on Jove,  
 Briarios or Typhon, whom the Den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that Sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:  
 Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam  
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night  
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delayes:  
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence  
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth



Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
 On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames  
 Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld  
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid Vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thundring AEtna, whose combustible  
 And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,  
 Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood

As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.  
 Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee  
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
 Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream  
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields  
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in it self  
 Can make a Heav'n Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than hee  
 Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce

To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
 Lye thus astonisht on th' o blivious 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  
 Regained in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?  
 So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,  
 Which but th' Onnipotent none could have foyld,  
 If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extrems, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lye  
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of fire  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.  
 He scarce had ceas't when the superior Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
 Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views  
 At Ev'ning from the top of Fesole,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands,  
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.  
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the Mast  
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps  
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps  
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach  
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't  
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd

Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew  
 Busiris and his Memphian Chivalrie,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating Carkases  
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can sieze  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toyl of Battel to repose  
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down

Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.  
 They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
 Of Amrams Son in Egypts evill day  
 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
 That ore the Realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;  
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;  
 A multitude, like which the populous North  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous Sons  
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.  
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
 Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;  
 Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of Eve  
 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,  
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part  
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him, that made them, to transform  
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd

With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various Names,  
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
 Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,  
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,  
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?  
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd  
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch, horrid King besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,



Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud  
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire  
 To his grim Idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worshipt in Rabba and her watry Plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His Temple right against the Temple of God  
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
 The pleasant Vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the Type of Hell.  
 Next hemos, th' obscene dread of Moabs Sons,  
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of Southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seons Realm, beyond  
 The flowry Dale of Sibma clad with Vines,  
 And Eleale to th' Asphaltick Pool.  
 Peor his other Name, when he entic'd  
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd

Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bordring flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the Brook that parts  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general Names  
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
 Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
 Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aerie purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.  
 For those the Race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop

Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd  
 Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;  
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
 Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
 To Idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
 The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a Summers day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native Rock  
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
 Infected Sions daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led  
 His eye survay'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt of

In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
 Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful Seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile Banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 He also against the house of God was bold:  
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
 Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offrings, and adore the Gods  
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus and their Train  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
 Fanatic Egypt and her Priests, to seek  
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms

Rather then human. Nor did Israel scape  
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd  
 The Calf in Oreb: and the Rebel King  
 Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
 Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd  
 From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke  
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.  
 Belial came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood  
 Or Altar smok'd; yet who more oft then hee  
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
 Turns Atheist, as did Elys Sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God.  
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse  
 Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,  
 And injury and outrage: And when Night  
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night

In Gibeah, when hospitable Does  
 Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javans Issue held  
 Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth  
 Thir boasted Parents; Titan Heav'ns first born  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd  
 By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove  
 His own and Rhea's Son like measure found;  
 So love usurping reign'd: these first in Creet  
 And Ida known, thence on the Snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle Air  
 Thir highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian Cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric Land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian Fields,  
 And ore the Celtic roam'd the utmost Isles.  
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost

In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.  
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard  
 His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:  
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld  
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't  
 Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
 With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while  
 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:  
 At which the universal Host upsent  
 A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
 With Orient Colours waving: with them rose  
 A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms

Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move  
 In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd  
 To highth of noblest temper Hero's old  
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
 Breathing united force with fixed thought  
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now  
 Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front  
 Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guise  
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,  
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief  
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due,



Thir visages and stature as of Gods,  
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
 Glories: For never since created man,  
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these  
 Could merit more then that small infantry  
 Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
 That fought at Theb's and Ilium, on each side  
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
 In Fable or Romance of Uthers Son  
 Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;  
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
 When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Thir dread Commander: he above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
 Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost

All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess  
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n  
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon  
 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face  
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride  
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung  
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
 Hath scath' d the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,

With singed top their stately growth though bare  
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd  
 To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend  
 From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.  
 O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change  
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
 How such united force of Gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
 For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend  
 Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?  
 For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,

If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
 Consent or custome, and his Regal State  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
 So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New warr, provok't; our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile  
 What force effected not: that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife  
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
 Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold

Caelestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyse  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird,  
 For who can think Submission! Warr  
 then, Warr Open or understood must be resolv'd.  
 He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.  
 There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top  
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire  
 Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands  
 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd  
 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
 Or cast a Rampart. Mammon led them on,  
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell

From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,  
 Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
 In vision beatific: by him first  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands  
 Riff'd the bowels of their mother Earth  
 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound  
 And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire  
 That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best  
 Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell  
 Of Babel, and the works Memphian Kings,  
 Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,  
 And Strength and Art are easily outdone  
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they with incessant toyle  
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire

Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,  
 Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boyling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind  
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.  
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge  
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon,  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
 Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat  
 Thir Kings, when AEgypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores

Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof  
 Pendant by subtle Magic many a row  
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus yeilded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell  
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn  
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun  
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,



On Lemnos th' AEgean Ile: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape  
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.  
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
 And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim  
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandaemonium, the high Capital  
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
 From every Band and squared Regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates  
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair  
 Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,

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

Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within  
And in thir own dimensions like themselves  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

## **Book II**

### **The Argument**

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophesie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour 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 honourd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several imployments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State,  
 which far Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Showrs on her Kings Barbaric Pearl & Gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
 To that bad eminence; and from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
 Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
 His proud imaginations thus displaid.  
 Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,  
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
 Celestial vertues rising, will appear  
 More glorious and more dread then from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate:  
 Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n  
 Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,  
 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,  
 Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss  
 Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish't in a safe unenvied Throne  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here

Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
 More then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper then prosperity  
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile,  
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.  
 He ceas'd, and next him Moloc, Scepter'd King  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
 That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:  
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength, and rather then be less  
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost

Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse  
 He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake.  
 My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait  
 The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here  
 Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
 The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns  
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose  
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once  
 O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,  
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms  
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise  
 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear  
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self  
 Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps

The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;  
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction: if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus



We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier farr  
 Then miserable to have eternal being:  
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
 And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:  
 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.  
 He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
 To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;  
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd  
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue  
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,  
 And with perswasive accent thus began.  
 I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,  
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
 Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,  
 Did not 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  
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep  
 Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound

Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie  
 All incorruptible would on his Throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould  
 Incapible of stain would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
 Victorious. Thus repurs'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair; we must exasperate  
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can  
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his Enemies thir wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves

To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,  
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?  
 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
 With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought  
 The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.  
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires  
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
 And plunge us in the Flames? or from above  
 Should intermitted vengeance Arme again  
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
 Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament  
 Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,  
 Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd

Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
 Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.  
 Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice disswades; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view, he from heav'ns highth  
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides;  
 Not more Almighty to resist our might  
 Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
 Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
 Chains and these Torments? better these then worse  
 By my advice; since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree  
 The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,  
 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust  
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
 If we were wise, against so great a foe

Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit  
 His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd  
 With what is punish't; whence these raging fires  
 Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to our selves more woe.  
 Thus Belial with words cloath' d in reasons garb  
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.  
 Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n  
 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:  
 The former vain to hope argues as vain  
 The latter: for what place can be for us  
 Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supream  
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent  
 And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
 With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forc't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits  
 Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes  
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task

In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
 Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
 Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear  
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
 We can create, and in what place so e're  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
 And with the Majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?



As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of Warr; ye have what advise.  
He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld  
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance  
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay  
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard

As Mammon ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace: for such another Field  
 They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear  
 Of Thunder and the Sword of Michael  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
 By 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  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and publick care;  
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,  
 Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood  
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as Night  
 Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.  
 Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n,  
 Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now  
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League  
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
 His captive multitude: For he, be sure,  
 In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign  
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part  
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.  
 What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?  
 Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss  
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none  
 Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment

Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,  
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
 Err not) another World, the happy seat  
 Of som new Race call'd Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
 That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,

And where thir weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
 And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd  
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
 Som advantagious act may be achiev'd  
 By sudden onset, either Hell fire  
 To waste his whole Creation, or posses  
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
 May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Thir frail Originals, and and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching or Empires. Thus Beelzebub

Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.  
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,  
 Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms  
 And opportune excursion we may chance  
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light  
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,

To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires  
Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send  
In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick  
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and wee now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies.  
This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspence, awaiting who appeer'd  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In others count'nance red his own dismay

Astonisht: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found  
 So hardie as to proffer or accept  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.  
 O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;  
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
 These past, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential Night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he scape into what ever world,  
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape.



But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
 And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd  
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger could deterre  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty powers,  
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render Hell  
 More tollerable; if there be cure or charm  
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose

The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard;  
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
 Thir rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
 That for the general safety he despis'd  
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
 Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast  
 Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.  
 Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended rejoicing in thir matchless Chief:  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread  
 Heavn's chearful face, the lowring Element  
 Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;  
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men onely disagree  
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife  
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction waite.  
 The Stygian Councel thus dissolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
 Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd  
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,

And God-like imitated State; him round  
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.  
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry  
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie  
 By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss  
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.  
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.  
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian Games or Pythian fields;  
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.

As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush  
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
 Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears  
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms  
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell  
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.  
 As when Alcides from Oealia Crown'd  
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian Pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw  
 Into th' Euboic Sea. Others more milde,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate  
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
 Thir song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment

The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)  
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,  
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:  
 Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal World, if any Clime perhaps  
 Might yeild them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks  
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;

Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate,  
 Sad Acheron of Sorrow, black and deep;  
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce Phlegeton  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe the River of Oblivion rouses  
 Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog  
 Betwixt Damiatra and mount Casius old,  
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,  
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethean Sound  
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands  
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
 View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,



Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,  
 A Universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.  
 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,  
 Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight; som times  
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd  
 Hangs in the Clouds, by AEquinoctial Winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the Iles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring  
 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd

Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,  
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,  
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these  
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the Sea that  
Calabria from the hoarce Trinacrian shore:  
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance

With Lapland Witches, while the labouring Moon  
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The Monster moving onward came as fast,  
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd  
 And with disdainful look thus first began.  
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave askt of thee:  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,

Hell-born, not to contend with of Heav'n.  
 To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,  
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,  
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then  
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons  
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?  
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
 Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.  
 So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold  
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
 Incenc't with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,

That fires the length of Ophiucus huge  
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat  
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;

For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.  
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd:  
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends; till first know of thee,  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st  
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable then him and thee.  
T'whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain

Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swum  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seis'd  
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid  
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a Sign  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout  
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time this powerful Key

Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;  
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
 From all her Caves, and back resounded Death.  
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,  
 Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother all dismaid,  
 And in embraces forcible and foule  
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd



And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me, for when they list into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw  
 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious 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  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involvd; and knows that  
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,  
 When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,  
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.  
 She finish'd, and the suttile Fiend his lore  
 Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.  
 Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
 And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge

Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know  
 I come no enemie, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host  
 Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 My self expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense  
 To search with wandring quest a place foretold  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't  
 A race of upstart Creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
 Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
 Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught  
 Then this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death

Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.  
 He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleas'd, and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe  
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.  
 The key of this infernal Pit by due,  
 And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.  
 But what ow I to his commands above  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,  
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,  
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamors compass't round

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.  
 Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,  
 Which but her self not all the Stygian powers  
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease  
 Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie  
 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound  
 Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges 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  
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.  
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,  
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise  
 Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring  
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag  
 Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise  
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,

Hee rules a moment; Chaos Umpire sits,  
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray  
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,  
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
 Into this 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,  
 Quencht in a Boggie Syrtis, neither Sea,  
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,  
 Treading the on consistence, half on foot,  
 Half both behoves him now both Oare and Saile.  
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness  
 With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,  
 Pursues the Arimaspien, who by stelth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind  
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend  
 Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes:

At length a universal hubbub wilde  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,  
Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes  
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd  
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no Spie,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of Realm, but by constraint



Wandring this darksome desart, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place  
 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course;  
 Directed, no mean recompence it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey) and once more  
 Erect the Standerd there of ancient Night;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.  
 Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old  
 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heav'ns King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontiers here  
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
 That little which is left so to defend  
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles  
 Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell  
 Your wide stretching far and wide beneath;  
 Now another World and Earth, another World  
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain  
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:  
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr;  
 So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;  
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.  
 He ceas'd; and Satan staid not to reply,  
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
 Into the wilde Expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset

And more endanger'd, then when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus 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 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 extended wide  
In circuit, undetermind square or round,  
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd  
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;  
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr  
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

### **Book III**

#### **The Argument**

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his Purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc'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 Godhead, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe 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 their 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 Lympo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
 Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,

Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne

With other notes then to th' Orphean Lyre  
 I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion yeild. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
 That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,  
 And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets old.  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men  
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a Universal blanc  
 Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou Celestial light  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.  
 Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
 High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view:  
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven



Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
 His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld  
 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
 Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
 Hell and the Gulf between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.  
 Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
 Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains

Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
 On desperat revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new created World,  
 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
 And easily transgress the sole Command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
 Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?  
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
 All he could have; I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
 And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,

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

Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
 Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
 The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd  
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,  
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,  
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.  
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.  
 O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
 Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne

Encompass'd ever resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
With his own folly? that from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
Yet revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.  
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
 As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew  
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd  
 Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deitie while grace  
 Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endevord with sincere intent,

Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My Umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They, who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns  
 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
 Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posteritie must die,  
 Die hee or Justice must; unless for him  
 Som other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem

Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?  
He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewd.  
Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,  
Happie for man, so coming; he her aide  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:  
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life



I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
 Account mee man; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess  
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due  
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
 My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,

Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeemd  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilment; wrauth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.  
His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath' d immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend  
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:  
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,  
 Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;  
 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth: Be thou in Adams room  
 The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee  
 As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most lust,  
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His Brethren, ransomd with his own dear life.  
 So Heav'nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,  
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.

Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
 Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.  
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
 Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal King; all Power  
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
 Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send

The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell  
And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.  
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet

As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
 Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent  
 Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
 To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
 And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn  
 Rowls o're Elisian Flours her Amber stream;  
 With these that never fade the Spirits Elect  
 Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
 Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
 Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side  
 Like Quivers hung, and with Praeamble sweet  
 Of charming symphonie they introduce

This sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.  
 Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,  
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.  
 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
 Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein

By thee created, and by thee threw down  
 Th' Aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,  
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:  
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much to pitie enclin'd,  
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
 For mans offence. O unexempl'd love,  
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name



Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.  
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
 Though distant farr som small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
 As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids

On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
 But in his way lights on the barren plaines  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:  
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend  
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other Creature in this place  
 Living or liveless to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
 Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
 With vanity had filld the works of men:  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or th' other life;  
 All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;  
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,

Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;  
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:  
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
 First from the ancient World those Giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:  
 The builders next of Babel on the Plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain designe  
 New Babels, had they wherewithall, would build:  
 Others came single; hee who to be deemd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into AETna flames  
 Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,  
 Cleombrotus, and many more too long,  
 Embryos, and Idiots, Eremites and Friers  
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise

Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;  
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
 And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs  
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;  
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'ns Wicket seems  
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
 A violent cross wind from either Coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see  
 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost  
 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,  
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft  
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr of  
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since calld  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste

His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
 The Stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of Guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,  
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
 And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.  
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes  
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.

The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
 Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
 Just o're the blissful selt of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by farr then that of after-times  
 Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
 On high behests his Angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Paneas the fount of Jordans flood  
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shoare;  
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair  
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
 Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone

All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some forein land  
 First seen, or some renownd Metropolis  
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,  
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling Canopie  
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
 Of Libra to the fleecie Starr that bears  
 Andromeda farr off Atlantick Seas  
 Beyond th' Horizon; then from Pole to Pole  
 He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,

Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
Like those Hesperian Gardens of old,  
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there  
He stayd to enquire: above them all  
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move  
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd  
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Univers, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:  
So wondrously was set his Station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps



Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw.  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
 With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
 If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
 In Aarons Brestplate, and a stone besides  
 Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
 Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the Sea,  
 Draind throuhh a Limbec to his Native forme.  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth Elixir pure, and Rivers run  
 Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt

Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazl'd, fair and wide his eye commands,  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
 Culminate from th' AEquator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray  
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the Sun:  
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings  
 Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd  
 Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandring flight  
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,

His journies end and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;  
Under a Coronet his flowing haire  
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known  
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seav'n  
Who in God's presence, neerest to his Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O're Sea and Land; him Satan thus accostes.  
Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand

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

Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happie Race of Men  
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.  
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
Who to Che fraudulent Impostor foule  
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.  
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither

From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.  
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,  
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course,

The rest in circuit walle this Universe.  
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere  
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon  
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,  
 With borrowd light her countenance triform  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
 Thus said, he turnd, and Satan bowing low,  
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
 Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

## Book IV

### The Argument

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormormant 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 them 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 out 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 Heav'n aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
 Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,  
 While time was, our first Parents had bin warnd  
 The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now



Satan, now first inflam'd with rage came down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,

And like a devillish Engine back recoiles  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more then from himself can fly  
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,  
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,  
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.  
O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs  
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams  
That bring to my remembrance from what state

I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;  
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:  
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less then to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I 'sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;  
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?  
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd

Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie  
 Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?  
 Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threatning to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
 O then at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groane:  
 While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,  
 With Diadem and Scepter high advancd  
 The lower still I fall, onely Supream  
 In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.  
 But say I could repent and could obtaine  
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon  
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconcilement grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting hee, as I from begging peace:

All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this World.  
 So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
 Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;  
 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least  
 Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
 By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;  
 As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.  
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
 Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betraid  
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule  
 Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,  
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
 That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,  
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
 Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount

Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
 Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce  
 He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd all unobserv'd, unseen.  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wilde,  
 Access deni'd; and over head up grew  
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm  
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:  
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large  
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.  
 And higher then that wall circling row  
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue

Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd  
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at Sea North-East windes blow  
 Sabean Odours from the spicie shoare  
 Of Arabie the blest, with such delay  
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League  
 Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend  
 Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd  
 Then Asmodeus with the fishie fume,  
 That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouse  
 Of Tobits Son, and with a vengeance sent



From Media post to AEgypt, there fast bound.  
 Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
 Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;  
 But further way found none, so thick entwinn'd,  
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext  
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
 One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East  
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw  
 Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt,  
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
 Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within  
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
 Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeven  
 In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:  
 Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
 Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
 Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles:  
 So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:

So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life  
 Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death  
 To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought  
 Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
 For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge  
 Of immortalitie. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
 To all delight of human sense expos'd  
 In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
 A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East  
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretchd her Line  
 From Auran Eastward to the Royal Towrs  
 Of Great Seleucia, built by Grecian Kings,  
 Or where the Sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soile

His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;  
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit  
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life  
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,  
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a River large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown  
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill  
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
Which from his darksom passage now appeers,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme  
And Country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,

How from that Sapphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
 With mazie error under pendant shades  
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art  
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,  
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade  
 Imbound the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,  
 A happy rural seat of various view:  
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,  
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian Fables true,  
 If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:  
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
 Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
 Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap  
 Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,  
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:  
 Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves  
 Of coole recess, o're which the mantling Vine

Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,  
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,  
 Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.  
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance  
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathring flours  
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie Dis  
 Was gatherd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd  
 Castalian Spring might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian Ile  
 Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea and her Florid Son  
 Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea's eye;  
 Nor where Abassin Kings thir issue Guard,

Mount Amara, though this by som suppos'd  
 True Paradise under the Ethiop Line  
 By Nilus head, enclos'd with shining Rock,  
 A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian Garden, where the Fiend  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:  
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,  
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine  
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,  
 Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;  
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemd;  
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,  
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,  
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:  
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
Shee as a veil down to the slender waste  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Disshaveled, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,  
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,  
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,  
Simplicite and spotless innocence.  
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:  
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair  
That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
 They sat them down, and after no more toil  
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
 To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease  
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
 Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:  
 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking playd  
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase  
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;  
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pardes  
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd



His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
 Coucht, and now fild with gazing sat,  
 Or Bedward ruminating; for the Sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale  
 Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.  
 O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd.  
 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,

More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd  
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n  
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you whom I could thus forlorne  
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,  
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
By conquering this new World, compels me now

To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.  
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
 The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
 Then his loftie stand on that high Tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
 Of those four footed kindes, himself now one,  
 Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
 Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd  
 To mark what of thir state he more might learn  
 By word or action markt: about them round  
 A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
 Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd  
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
 Whence rushing he might surest seise them both  
 Grip't in each paw: when Adam first of men  
 To Erst of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.  
 Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
 Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample World

Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite,  
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can performe  
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires  
From us no other service then to keep  
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
In Paradise that heere delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,  
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst  
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signes of power and rule  
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
Over all other Creatures that possesse  
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easie prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights:

But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
His bountie, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,  
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.  
To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom  
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd  
Under a shade on flours, much wondring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe

On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
 Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd  
 Bending to look on me, I started back,  
 It started back, but pleasd I soon returnd,  
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies  
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee  
 Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy  
 Inseparablie thine, to him shalt heare  
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,  
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,  
 Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,

Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,  
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair Eve,  
 Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart  
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
 Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelld by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
 So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction 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 elight  
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
 Smil'd with superior Love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the Clouds  
 That shed May Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip

With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd  
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.  
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy thir fill  
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbid'n?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord  
 Envie them that? can it be sin to know,  
 Can it be death? and do they onely stand  
 By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject



Envious commands, invented with designe  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;  
 A chance but chance may lead where may meet  
 Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.  
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o're hill, o're dale his roam.  
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
 Leveld his eevning Rayes: it was a Rock  
 Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent

Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars Gabriel sat  
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;  
 About him exercis'd Heroic Games  
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares  
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the Eeven  
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Star  
 In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner.  
 From what point of his Compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.  
 Gabriel, to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n  
 Charge and strict watch that to this happie place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in;  
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare  
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man  
 Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way

Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;  
 But in the Mount that lies from Eden North,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.  
 To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,  
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,  
 See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come  
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour  
 No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
 But if within the circuit of these walks  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.  
 So promis'd hee, and Uriel to his charge

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

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

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned.  
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,  
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more  
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time,  
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun  
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,  
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening mild, then silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,  
 And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry train:  
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,

Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?  
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve,  
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Least total darkness should by Night regaine  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night: how often from the steep  
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to others note  
 Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
 With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.  
 Thus talking hand in hand alone they Pass'd  
 On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place  
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to mans delightful use; the roofe  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub  
 Fenc'd up the verdant Wall; each beauteous flour,  
 Iris all hues, Roses, and Gessamin  
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought



Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,  
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone  
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;  
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower  
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,  
 Pan or Silvanus never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs  
 Espoused Eve deckt first her Nuptial Bed,  
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenaeae sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd  
 More lovely then Pandora, whom the Gods  
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd  
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole Joves authentic fire.  
 Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
 Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd

The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n  
 Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe.  
 And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the, Night,  
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
 Which we in our appointed work imployd  
 Have finisht happie in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll  
 Thy goodness infinite. both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.  
 This said unanimous, and other Rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure  
 Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower  
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesom disguises which wee wear,  
 Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene  
 Adam from his fair Spouse, nor Eve the Rites  
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:

Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk  
 Of puritie and place and innocence,  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.  
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source  
 Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,  
 In Paradise of all things common else.  
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
 Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee  
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,  
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chast pronounc't,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile

Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,  
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,  
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,  
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof  
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.  
 Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd  
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade,  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.  
 Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.  
 From these, two strong and suttile Spirits he calld  
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wingd speed  
 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.  
 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found  
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Eve;  
 Assaying by his Devilish art to reach  
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires  
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his Spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure  
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd  
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King;  
 Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.  
 Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,  
 Why satst thou like an enemie in waite  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?  
 Know yet not then said Satan, filld with scorn  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;  
 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminisht brightness, to be known  
As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;  
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.  
But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.  
So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke  
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace  
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observd  
His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,

Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can doe  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.  
 The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;  
 But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,  
 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie  
 He held it vain; awe from above had quelld  
 His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh  
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind  
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
 Gabriel from the Front thus calld aloud.  
 O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern  
 Ithuriel and Zephon now through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate  
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
 Not likely to part hence without contest;  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.  
 He scarce had ended, when those two approachd  
 And brief related whom they brought, wher found,



How busied, in what form and posture coucht.  
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?  
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.  
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question askt  
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, & soonest recompence  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,  
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? let him surer barr

His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
 But that implies not violence or harme.  
 Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.  
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
 Since Satan fell, whom follie overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
 However, and to scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok't.  
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they

Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,  
 The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.  
 To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.  
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
 The blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,  
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
 From hard assaies and ill successes past  
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
 Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook  
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
 This new created World, whereof in Hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;  
 Though for possession put to try once more

What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord  
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,  
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.  
 To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.  
 To say and strut away, pretending dirst  
 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,  
 Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,  
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd.  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power  
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd  
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre

Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne  
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.  
 So threatn'd hee, but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.  
 Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,  
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
 Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoak, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.  
 While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
 Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes  
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan allarm'd

Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:  
 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest  
 Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe  
 What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise  
 In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements  
 At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion signe,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
 Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then

To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more  
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now  
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign  
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

## **Book V**

### **The Argument**

Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their 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 choycest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at 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, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,  
 When Adam wak't, so customd, for his sleep



Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,  
 And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song  
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve  
 With Tresses compos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
 Leaning half-rals'd, with looks of cordial Love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
 Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
 What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,  
 How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
 On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake.  
 O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,  
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksom night; methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
 Why sleepest thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes  
 Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk;  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:  
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;  
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?  
 Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?  
 This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme  
 He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd  
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:  
 But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,  
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit

For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant growes,  
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?  
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,  
Happier, thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,  
But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes  
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell  
So quick'nd appetite, that methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
And various: wondring at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation; suddenly  
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,

And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her Night  
 Related, and thus Adam answerd sad.  
 Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream,,of evil sprung I fear;  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule  
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these Fancies next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,  
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancies wakes  
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,  
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Som such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do:  
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more chearful and serene  
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells  
 Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
 So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell  
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that feard to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the Field they haste.  
 But first from under shady arborous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the Ocean brim,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewie ray,  
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East  
 Of Paradise and Edens happy Plains,  
 Lowly they bowed adoring, and began  
 Their Orisons, each Morning duly paid  
 In various style, for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flowed from their lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,  
 More tuneable than needed Lute or Harp  
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.  
 These are thy glorious works Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal Frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens  
 To us invisible or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:  
Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,  
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoicing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With in bright Cirlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,  
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.  
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.



Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
 From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
 In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,  
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your to ye Pines,  
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
 Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;  
 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk  
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us onely good; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.  
 So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts  
 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.  
 On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
 Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
 Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too far  
 Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine  
 To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dowr th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld  
 With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd  
 Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

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

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld  
 All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint  
 After his charge receivd; but from among  
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide  
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd  
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
 Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades  
 Delos or Samos first appeering kenns  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie

Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing  
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann  
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare  
 Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
 A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
 Bright Temple, to AEgyptian Theb's he flies.  
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest  
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair  
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile  
 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld  
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him am the Bands  
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise;

For on som message high they guessd him bound.  
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
 And flouiring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
 A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
 Adam discern'd, as in the dore he sat  
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme  
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then Adam needs  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,  
 Berrie or Grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.  
 Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn  
 Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n

To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
 This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford  
 Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.  
 To whom thus Eve. Adam, earths hallowd mould,  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
 But I will haste and from each bough and break,  
 Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our Angel guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess that here on Earth  
 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.  
 So saying, with looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to chuse for delicacie best,

What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shoare  
 In Pontus or the Punic Coast, or where  
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,  
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes  
 From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.  
 Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet  
 His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompani'd then with his own compleat  
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits  
 On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long



Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold  
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
 Neerer his presence Adam though not awd,  
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior Nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
 None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
 Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
 Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre  
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.  
 Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answered milde.  
 Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n  
 To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre  
 Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise  
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge

They came, that like Pomona's Arbour smil'd  
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but Eve  
 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair  
 Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
 Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel Haile  
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
 Long after to blest Marie, second Eve.  
 Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God  
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf  
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
 And on her ample Square from side to side  
 All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,

To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
 The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps  
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.  
 To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
 Intelligential substances require  
 As doth your Rational; and both contain  
 Within them every lower facultie  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustaind and fed; of Elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
 Earth. and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.  
 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 alimantal recompence  
 In humid exhalations, and at Even  
 Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees  
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
 Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn  
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heate  
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold  
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve

Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.  
 Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd  
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Given him by this great Conference to know  
 Of things above his World, and of thir being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,

As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?  
 To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.  
 O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not deprav'd from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
 As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending  
 Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportiond to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More aerie, last the bright consummate floure  
 Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit  
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd  
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
 Fansie and understanding, whence the soule  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance; time may come when men  
With Angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend  
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice  
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire  
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happie state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more.  
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.  
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set

From center to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joind, if ye be found  
 Obedient? can wee want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert  
 Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?  
 To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;  
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfet, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
 Our voluntarie service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated, such with him  
 Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how



Can hearts, no? free, be tri'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By Destinie, and can no other choose?  
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none; freely we serve  
 Because wee freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
 And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!  
 To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted eare  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, then when  
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
 Aereal Music send: nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love  
 Our maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single, is yet so just, constant thoughts  
 Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst

Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun  
 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.  
 Thus Adam made request, and Raphael  
 After short pause assenting, thus began.  
 High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate  
 To human sense th' invisible exploits  
 Of warring Spirits; how without remorse  
 The ruin of so many glorious once  
 And perfet while they stood; how last unfould  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
 This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best, though what if Earth  
 Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein

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

A midst as from a flaming Mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.  
 Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
 Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My onely Son, and on this holy Hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow  
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:  
 Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
 United as one individual Soule  
 For ever happie: him who disobeyes  
 Mee disobeyes, breaks union and that day  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place  
 Ordaind without redemption, without end.  
 So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd but were not all.  
 That day, as other solem dayes, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred Hill,

Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem:  
And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Listens delighted. Eevning approachd  
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,  
We ours for change delectable, not need)  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied-Nectar flows:  
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet  
Are fill'd before th' all bounteous King, who showrd  
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.  
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd  
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd

To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there  
 In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,  
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng  
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend  
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,  
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course  
 Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne  
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
 Satan, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
 In favour and preaeminence, yet fraught  
 With envie against the Son of God, that day  
 Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not beare  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaird.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,

Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.  
 Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
 Of Heav'ns Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;  
 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night  
 Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me thir Banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess

The Quarters of the North, there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King  
The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.  
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
Of his Associate; hee together calls,  
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,  
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,  
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,  
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides  
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:



Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes  
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
 And from within the golden Lamps that burne  
 Nightly before him, saw without thir light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
 And smiling to his onely Son thus said.  
 Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
 Neerly it now concernes us to be sure  
 Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie  
 In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all imploy  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer  
 Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,  
 Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power  
 Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.  
 So spake the Son, but Satan with his Powers  
 Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host  
 Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,  
 Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.  
 Regions pass'd, the mightie Regencies  
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
 All thy Dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
 And all the Sea, from one entire globose  
 Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd

At length into the limits of the North  
 They came, and Satan to his Royal seat  
 High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
 Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs  
 From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,  
 The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
 That Structure in the Dialect of men  
 Interpreted) which not long after, hee  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that Mount whereon  
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
 For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
 Pretending so commanded to consult  
 About the great reception of thir King,  
 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
 Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,  
 If these magnific Titles yet remain  
 Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingross't  
 All Power, and us eclips't under the name

Of King anointed, for whom an this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This onely to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right; or if ye know your selves  
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchie over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
In freedome equal? or can introduce  
Law and Edict on us, who without law

Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?  
Thus farr his bold discourse without controule  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd  
The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.  
O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.  
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne  
The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,  
That to his only Son by right endu'd  
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let Reigne,

One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of libertie, who made  
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
 Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir being?  
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
 And of our good, and of our dignitie  
 How provident he is, how farr from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happie state under one Head more neer  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
 As by his Word the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n  
 By him created in thir bright degrees,  
 Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
 Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made, since he the Head

One of our number thus reduc't becomes,  
 His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
 Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,  
 While Pardon may be found in time besought.  
 So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.  
 That we were formd then saist thou? & the work  
 Of secundarie hands, by task transferd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw  
 When this creation was? rememberst thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai's'd  
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
 Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.  
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.  
He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applause  
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.  
O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall  
Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
Of Gods Messiah: those indulgent Laws  
Will not now be voutsaf't, other Decrees  
Against thee are gon forth without recall;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject



Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
 These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.  
 So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,  
 Among the faithless, faithful only hee;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshak'n, uneduc'd, unterrifi'd  
 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.  
 BOOK\_6 | ARGUMENT

## **Book VI**

### **The Argument**

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel 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 horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd  
 Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,  
 Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave  
 Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,

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

From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.  
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintaind  
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
 Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;  
 And for the testimonie of Truth hast born  
 Universal reproach, far worse to heare  
 Then violence: for this was all thy care  
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
 Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.  
 Goe Michael of Celestial Armies Prince,  
 And thou in Military prowess next  
 Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;  
 Equal in number to that Godless crew

Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery Chaos to receive thir fall.  
 So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began  
 To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe  
 Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:  
 At which command the Powers Militant,  
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath' d  
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,  
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground

Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
 Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind  
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
 Came summond over Eden to receive  
 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract  
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd  
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht  
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on  
 With furious expedition; for they weend  
 That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
 To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne  
 To set the envier of his State, the proud  
 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet

So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate  
 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd  
 With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
 'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and Front to Front  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,  
 On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
 Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,  
 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;  
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.  
 O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie

Remain not; wherefore should not strength & might  
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,  
 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
 That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
 Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,  
 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that Reason overcome.  
 So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
 way stepping opposite, half way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.  
 Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht  
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandoned at the terror of thy Power  
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;  
 Who out of smallest things could without end



Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitarie hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
 Unaided could have finish't 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  
 Seemed in thy World erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.  
 Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
 Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre  
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue  
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
 Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
 (Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;  
 At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n  
 To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministring Spirits, trained up in Feast and Song;  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
 Servilitie with freedom to contend,  
 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.  
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd.  
 Apostat still thou errst, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
 Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;

Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve  
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while  
 From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.  
 So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud Crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth  
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way  
 Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat  
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd  
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,  
 Presage of Victorie and fierce desire  
 Of Battel: whereat Michael bid sound  
 Th' Arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n

It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung  
 Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd  
 The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
 Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles  
 Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
 And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
 So under fierie Cope together rush'd  
 Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
 Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth  
 Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought  
 On either side, the least of whom could weild  
 These Elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power  
 Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,

Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;  
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
 And limited thir might; though numberd such  
 As each divided Legion might have seemed  
 A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
 A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd  
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,  
 As onely in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame  
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread  
 That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
 Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale  
 The Battel hung; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes

No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
 A vast circumference: At his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown  
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.  
 Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd

Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here  
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
 Thy 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.  
 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, & with threats  
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style  
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,  
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell

Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
 I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.  
 They ended parle, and both addrest for fight  
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such highth  
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms  
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
 Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire  
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
 Great things by small, if Natures concord broke,  
 Among the Constellations warr were sprung,  
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne



Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,  
 Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.  
 Together both with next to Almighty Arme,  
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeate,  
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd  
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword  
 Of Michael from the Armorie of God  
 Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,  
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd  
 All his right side; then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run

By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields  
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of warr: there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:  
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.  
 Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloc furious King, who him defi'd

And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound  
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n  
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes  
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,  
 Vanquish'd Adramelec, and Asmadai,  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,  
 Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile.  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow  
 Ariel and Arioc, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and thir names  
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
 Seek not the praise of men; the other sort  
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,  
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
 Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie,

Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignomime, yet to glorie aspires  
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:  
 Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome.  
 And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
 With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap  
 Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd  
 And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld  
 Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sinne of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:  
 Such high advantages thir innocence

Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,  
 Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.  
 Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:  
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field  
 Michael and his Angels prevalent  
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
 Satan with his rebellious disapeerd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
 His Potentates to Councel 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 overpower'd, Companions deare,  
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,  
 Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
 Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,

(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)  
 What Heavens Lord had powerfulest to send  
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
 Since now we find this our Emyreal forme  
 Incapable of mortal injurie  
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small as easie think  
 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In Nature none: if other hidden cause  
 Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
 Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;  
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,  
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,  
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.  
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,  
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelld 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 mee deserves

No less then for deliverance what we owe.  
 Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd.  
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
 Beleivst so main to our success, I bring;  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,  
 Whose Eye so superficially surveyes  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht  
 With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
 Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,  
 Which into hollow Engins long and round  
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
 From far with thundring noise among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
 To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands



Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere  
 Enligh'n'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.  
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee  
 To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race  
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With dev'lish machination might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,  
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
 Were ready, in a moment up they turnd  
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath  
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude

Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
 They found, they mingl'd, and with suttile Art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:  
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth  
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
 Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unespi'd.  
 Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood  
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,  
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,  
 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe,  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in alt: him soon they met  
 Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow

But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail  
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.  
 Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud  
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
 Sad resolution and secure: let each  
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
 Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,  
 Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,  
 But ratling storm of Arrows barb'd 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 Embattel'd; when behold  
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube  
 Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
 On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood

A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
 Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.  
 Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open brest  
 Stand readie to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
 But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,  
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part: yee who appointed stand  
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.  
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front  
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.  
 Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,  
 A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid  
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Fir  
 With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
 Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes  
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide.

Portending behind truce; at each behind  
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed  
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,  
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
 Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds  
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd  
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
 But soon obscurd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,  
 From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar  
 Emboweld with outragious noise the Air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
 Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail  
 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host  
 Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;  
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might  
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove; but now  
 Foule dissipation should and forc't rout;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.

What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,  
 And to thir foes a laughter; for in view  
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
 In posture to displode thir second tire  
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld thir plight,  
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.  
 O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,  
 To entertain them fair with open Front  
 And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd  
 Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
 For suppose of offerd peace: but suppose  
 If our proposals once again were heard  
 We should compel them to a quick result.  
 To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood.  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,

Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand;  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.  
 So they among themselves in pleasant veine  
 Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might  
 To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
 So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his Host derided, while they stood  
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
 Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms  
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
 Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)  
 Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,  
 From thir foundations loosning to and fro

They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,  
 Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops  
 Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,  
 Till on those cursed Engins triple-row  
 They saw themwhelmd, and all thir confidence  
 Under the weight Mountains buried deep,  
 Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads  
 Main Promontories flung, which in the Air  
 Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,  
 Thir armor help'd their harm, crush't in and brus'd  
 Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like Armes  
 Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;  
 So Hills amid the Air encountered Hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,



That under ground they fought in dismal shade;  
 Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt  
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,  
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
 To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
 Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.  
 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
 And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
 Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,  
 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,  
 Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,

As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,  
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,  
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes  
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.  
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr  
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine  
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,  
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.

Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,  
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles  
 That shake Heav'ns basis, bring Warr, all my Warr.  
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;  
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out  
 From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God and Messiah his anointed King.  
 He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct  
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.  
 O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst  
 To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
 As is most just; this I my Glorie account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd declarst thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end

Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st;  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
 In with these might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
 To chains of and Darkness and th' undying Worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
 Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
 Unfained Halleluiahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
 So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,  
 And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
 Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with 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 careering Fires between;  
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,  
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.  
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,  
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:  
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
 When the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd

Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:  
 Under whose Conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
 Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;  
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewed,  
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
 This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what Signs availe,  
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?  
 They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,  
 Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
 Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last, and now

To final Battel drew, disdainig flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.  
 Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
 Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
 And as ye have receivd, so have ye don  
 Invincibly: but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs,  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;  
 Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd  
 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold  
 Gods indignation on these Godless pourd  
 By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,  
 Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,  
 Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream  
 Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,  
 Hath honourd me according to his will.  
 Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig'n'd;  
 That they may have thir wish, to trie with me  
 In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,

Or I alone against them, since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.  
 So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd  
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.  
 At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound  
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.  
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles  
 The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;  
 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,



That wish'd the Mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,  
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard  
 Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd  
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
 Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight  
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse

Urg'd them behind; headlong themselvs they threw  
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.  
 Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled  
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine dayes they fell; confounded Chaos roard,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall  
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout  
 Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last  
 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
 Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.  
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes  
 Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:  
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,  
 With jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,

Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
 Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd  
 On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.  
 Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth  
 At thy request, and that thou maist beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human Race bin hid:  
 The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n  
 Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld  
 With Satan, hee who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake  
 His punishment, Eternal miserie;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite don against the most High,  
 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.

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

## **Book VII**

### **The Argument**

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

Descend from Heav'n Urania, by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
 Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,  
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
 The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
 Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd

With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
 An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,  
 Thy tempering; with like safetie guided down  
 Return me to my Native Element:  
 Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime  
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian Field I fall  
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;  
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compast round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his Revellers, the Race

Of that wilde Rout that tore the Thracian Bard  
 In Rhodope, where Woods and Rocks had Eares  
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.  
 Say Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael,  
 The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam by dire example to beware  
 Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven  
 To those Apostates, least the like befall  
 In Paradise to Adam or his Race,  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,  
 If they trangress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obeyd amid the choice  
 Of all tasts else to please thir appetite.  
 Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve  
 The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration, and deep Muse to heare  
 Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss

With such confusion: but the evil soon  
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With Blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What neerer might concern him, how this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within Eden or without was done  
 Before his memorie, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.  
 Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,  
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
 Divine Interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarne  
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment



Receave with solemne purpose to observe  
Immutably his sovran will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't  
Gently for our instruction to impart  
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps availe us known,  
How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd  
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause  
Alov'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  
 Hasten to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.  
 Thus Adam his illustrious Guest besought:  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.  
 This also thy request with caution askt  
 Obtaine: though to recount Almightye works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorifie the Maker, and inferr  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope

Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King,  
 Onely Omniscient hath suppress in Night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
 Anough is left besides to search and know.  
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain,  
 Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.  
 Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
 Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)  
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son returnd  
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld  
 Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.  
 At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of Deitie supream, us dispossesest,  
 He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud

Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;  
 Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,  
 Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines  
 Number sufficient to possess her Realmes  
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
 With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:  
 But least his heart exalt him in the harme  
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another World, out of one man a Race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth,  
 One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
 Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
 And by my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This be perform, speak thou, and be it don:  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with the

I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.  
So spake th' Almightye, and to what he spake  
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
Then time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n  
When such was heard declar'd the Almightye's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
And th' habitations of the just; to him  
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd

Good out of evil to create, in stead  
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring  
 Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
 On his great Expedition now appeer'd,  
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd  
 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.  
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness at hand,  
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,  
 Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide  
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound  
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
 Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes  
 And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
 Heav'ns high, and with the Center mix the Pole.  
 Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
 Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:  
 Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode  
 Farr into Chaos, and the World unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his Traine  
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand  
 He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
 In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This Universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profunditie obscure,  
 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,  
 This be thy just Circumference, O World.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,  
 And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs  
 Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to like, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
 And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.  
 Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
 To journie through the airie gloom began,  
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
 Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere  
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung



By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld:  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
 And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd  
 God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.  
 Again, God said, let ther be Firmament  
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
 The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
 The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,  
 The Waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World  
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide  
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n  
 And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
 Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth  
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,  
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,  
 Satiated with genial moisture, when God said  
 Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n  
 Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.  
 Immediately the Mountains huge appeer  
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:  
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;  
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call  
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,

Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,  
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;  
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
 Stream, and perpeual draw thir humid traine.  
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
 Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding Seed,  
 And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;  
 Whose Seed is in her serf upon the Earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,  
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd  
 Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,

Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept  
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
 Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,  
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread  
 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit: or gemm'd  
 Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crownd,  
 With tufts the vallies & each fountain side,  
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
 Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
 Went up and waterd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:  
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.  
 Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights  
 High in th' expanse of Heaven to, divide  
 The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,

For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
 And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
 Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n  
 To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.  
 And God made two great Lights, great for thir use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
 The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,  
 And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
 In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
 And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,  
 Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
 Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,  
 And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd  
 In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.

Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
 Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So farr remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
 Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
 His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd  
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in level West was set  
 His mirror with full face borrowing her Light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keepes  
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
 With thousand lesser Lights dividial holds,  
 With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd  
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adornd  
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,

Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.  
 And God said, let the Waters generate  
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.  
 And God created the great Whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by thir kindes,  
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;  
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay  
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales  
 Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales  
 Glide under green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves  
 Of Coral stray, or with quick glance  
 Show to the Sun thir wavd coats dropt with Gold,  
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend

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



Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane  
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings  
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath' d  
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes  
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit  
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.  
 The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,  
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,

Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
 Each in thir kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
 Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
 Innumeros living Creatures, perfet formes,  
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose  
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns  
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:  
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.  
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,  
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land

The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride  
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:  
 These as a line thir long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept  
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd  
 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
 And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown  
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,

Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes  
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld  
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand  
 First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt  
 Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end  
 Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone  
 And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
 With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect  
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
 Directed in Devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee

Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.  
 Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he formd thee, Adam, thee O Man  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath' d  
 The breath of Life; in his own Image hee  
 Created thee, in the Image of God  
 Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,  
 Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.  
 Wherever thus created, for no place  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st  
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste;

And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee all sorts are here that all Earth yeelds,  
 Varietie without end; but of the Tree  
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
 Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;  
 Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish't the Sixt day:  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created World  
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
 Followd with acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire  
 Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)

The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,  
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in  
The great Creator from his work 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  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged Messengers  
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung  
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,  
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,  
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way  
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest  
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh  
Eev'ning arose in Eden, for the Sun  
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,

Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne  
 Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down  
 With his great Father, for he also went  
 Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge  
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and end of all things, and from work  
 Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire  
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
 Choral or Unison; of incense Clouds  
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.  
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return  
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day



Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
 Is greater then created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine  
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view  
 On the cleer Hyaline, the Glassie Sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's  
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
 Of destind habitation; but thou know'st  
 Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,  
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,  
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
 Created in his Image, there to dwell

And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.  
So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,  
With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this World and face of things began,  
And what before thy memorie was don  
From the beginning, that posteritie  
Informd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

## **Book VIII**

### **The Argument**

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 condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,

With glorie attributed to the high  
 Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,  
 Which onely thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
 Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,  
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
 And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
 Thir distance argues and thir swift return  
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
 One day and night; in all thir vast survey  
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler Bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold to this one use,  
 For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
 That better might with farr less compass move,

Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines  
 Her end without least motion, and receaves,  
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.  
 So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
 Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her care  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
 Adam relating, she sole Auditress;  
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute

With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
 Not Words alone forth her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;  
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot Darts of desire  
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.  
 To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne  
 His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares;  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
 Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move

His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild  
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:  
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest  
 That Bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves  
 The benefit: consider first, that Great  
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n so small,  
 Nor glistering, may of solid good containe  
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,  
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,  
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd  
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigor find.  
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.

And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak  
 The Makers high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;  
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could adde  
 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,  
 Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
 In Eden, distance inexpressible  
 By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
 God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might erre in things too high,



And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
 Be Center to the World, and other Starrs  
 By his attractive vertue and thir own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
 Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest, and what if to these  
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different Motions move?  
 Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,  
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
 Travelling East, and with her part averse  
 From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Star  
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night

This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
 Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
 Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate  
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
 Communicating Male and Female Light,  
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in Nature unpossest  
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returnes  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,

And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy fair Eve: Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:  
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
 Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.  
 To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we our selves  
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vaine.

But apte the Mind or Fancie is to roave  
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concerne  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was don  
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
How suttly to detain thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.  
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;

Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,  
 Or enemie, while God was in his work,  
 Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
 The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,  
 Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
 Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.  
 So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
 For Man to tell how human Life began  
 Is hard: for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep

Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid  
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,  
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams, by these,  
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.  
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,  
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines

And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power praeeminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier then I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
 This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours  
 Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
 My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My Fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd



First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,  
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees  
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,  
Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submiss: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,  
Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine

To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:  
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes  
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the Tree whose operation brings  
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set  
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;  
From that day mortal, and this happie State  
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle

In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
 After thir kindes; I bring them to receive  
 From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
 With low subjection; understand the same  
 Of Fish within thir watry residence,  
 Not hither summond, since they cannot change  
 Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
 As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low  
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Thir Nature, with such knowledge God endu'd  
 My sudden apprehension: but in these  
 I found not what me thought I wanted still;  
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.  
 O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,  
 Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
 And all this good to man, for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with mee

I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.  
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth  
With various living creatures, and the Aire  
Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and heare rule; thy Realm is large.  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.  
Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?  
Among unequals what societie  
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due

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

How have I then with whom to hold converse  
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferiour, infinite descents  
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?  
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
The high and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee  
Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagat, already infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, this Image multipli'd,  
In unitie defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.  
Thou in thy secresie although alone,  
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,

Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.  
Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.  
Thus farr to try thee Adam, I was pleas'd,  
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such companie as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,  
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth  
 In that celestial Colloquie sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
 Of Fancie my internal sight, by which  
 Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took  
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:  
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;  
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,  
 That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd



And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappeerd, and left me dark, I Wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable: On she came,  
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformd  
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
 In every gesture dignitie and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.  
 This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self

Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe  
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;  
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.  
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,  
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
The more desirable, or to say all,  
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd  
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
And happie Constellations on that houre  
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires  
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings  
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Star  
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought  
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits & Flours,  
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More then enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
In outward also her resembling less  
His Image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;  
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.  
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;  
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more  
Then self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,  
And to realities yeild all her shows;  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught

Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findest  
Attractive, human, rational, love  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.  
To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd.  
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindess  
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule:  
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair

More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love  
 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?  
 To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happie, and without Love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:  
 Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure

Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.  
But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
Hesperean sets my Signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command; take heed least Passion sway  
Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will  
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.  
I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.  
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever



With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.  
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

## Book IX

### The Argument

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 thir labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover thir nakedness, then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
 Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
 And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n  
 That brought into this World a world of woe,  
 Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie

Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth  
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,  
Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;

If answerable style I can obtaine  
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes  
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late  
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights  
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds  
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, 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  
 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 may intended wing  
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.  
The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter  
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:  
When Satan who late fled before the threats  
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd  
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri'd  
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim  
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of of seven continu'd Nights he rode

With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night  
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
 On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,  
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;  
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
 Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole  
 Maeotis, up beyond the River Ob;  
 Downward as farr Antarctic; and in length  
 West from Orontes to the Ocean barr'd  
 At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes  
 Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found

The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute.  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native sottletie  
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not prefer'd  
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better worse would build?  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all thir precious beams  
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n

Is Center yet extends to all, so thou  
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
Not in Themselves, all thir known vertue appeers  
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
With what delight could I have walk't thee round  
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crownd,  
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supreame;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I finde ease



To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he Almightye styl'd, six Nights and Days  
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed  
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,  
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild  
 More Angels to Create, if they at least  
 Are his Created or to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room  
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils; What he decreed

He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
 Thir earthie Charge: Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde  
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mазie foulds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind  
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,

Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.  
 So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth  
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
 Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne  
 In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd  
 Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,  
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise

To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
 With, gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair  
 And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
 And Eve first to her Husband thus began.  
 Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.  
 Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise  
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,  
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I

In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.  
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above an living Creatures deare,  
Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd  
How we might best fulfill the work which here  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, then to studie household good,  
And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,

To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands  
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.  
For solitude somtimes is best societie,  
And short retirement urges sweet returne.  
But other doubt possesses me, least harm  
Befall thee severd from me; for thou knowst  
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, and to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each  
To other speedie aide might lend at need;  
Whether his first design be to withdraw

Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.  
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
 To whom the Virgin Majestie of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd.  
 Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
 That such an Enemie we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fearest not, being such,  
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,

Can either not receive, or can repell.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 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, misstought of her to thee so dear?  
 To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.  
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff  
 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.



Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.  
So spake domestick Adam in his care  
And Matrimonial Love, but Eve, who thought  
Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.  
If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
Single with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe

Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
 Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard  
 By us? who rather double honour gaine  
 From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid  
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?  
 Let us not then suspect our happie State  
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.  
 To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordaind them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
 Or ought that might his happie State secure,  
 Secure from outward force; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:

Against his will he can receive no harme.  
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
She dictate false, and misinformed 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  
Were better, and most likelie if from mee  
Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde  
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,

Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve  
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.  
With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,  
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self  
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.  
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adornd,

Likest she seemd, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,  
 Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne  
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd  
 To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
 O much deceav 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 rancor imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend.  
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his Quest, Where likeliest he might finde  
 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them

The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round  
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support  
 Each Flour slender stalk, whose head though gay  
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustained, them she upstaies  
 Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
 From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
 Neerer he drew, and many a walk traversd  
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours

Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:  
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renownd  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,  
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King  
 Held dalliance with his faire Egyptian Spouse.  
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
 As one who long in populous City pent,  
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes  
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,  
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine.  
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and her looks summs all Delight.  
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire

Of gesture or lest action overawd  
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil and for the time remaind  
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;  
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.  
Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us, hate, nor love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying, other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,



Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
Infeibl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.  
So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd  
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,  
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,

And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore  
Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but feard  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought  
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine  
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
To such disport before her through the Field,  
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
Then at Circean call the Herd disguis'd.  
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,

Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad  
 Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.  
 Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm  
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
 Thee all 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 discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd

By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.  
So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;  
Into the Heart of Eve his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marveling; at length  
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't  
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?  
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd  
To Beasts, whom God on 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?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.  
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve,  
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all

What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be obeyd:  
 I was at first as other Beasts that graze  
 The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
 Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
 Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
 A goodly Tree farr distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
 Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
 Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats  
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
 Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.  
 To satisfie the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
 Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.  
 About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,  
 For high from ground the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach or Adams: Round the Tree

All other Beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung  
Tempting eat my to pluck and eat my fill  
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.  
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,  
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;  
But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray  
United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
Equivalent or second, which compel'd  
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.  
So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve

Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.  
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?  
For many are the Trees of God that grow  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
Still more 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 invirons round,  
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
 To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.  
 Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,  
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
 God so commanded, and left that Command  
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.  
 To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,



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

Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
 Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
 Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
 Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.  
 Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
 Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
 How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life  
 To Knowledge: By the Threatner? look on mee,  
 Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfet have attaind then Fate  
 Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.  
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty Trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
 Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
 Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade  
 To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:

Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
 Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then  
 Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
 I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.  
 And what are Gods that Man may not become  
 As they, participating God-like food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;  
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd  
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,

That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
Impart against his will if all be his?  
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.  
He ended, and his words replete with guile  
Into her heart too easie entrance won:  
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd  
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;  
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.  
Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,

Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,  
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:  
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want:  
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate  
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, shall die.  
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us deni'd

This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?  
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such dilight till then, as seemd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fansied so, through expectation high

Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought.  
Greedily she ingore'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,  
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond'and boon,  
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.  
O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
Though others envie what they cannot give;  
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind  
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,

High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
Without Copartner? so to add what wants  
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior: for inferior who is free?  
This may be well: but what if God have seen  
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, Without him live no life.



So saying, from the Tree her step she 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.

Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,  
The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath the cause, and wonderful to heare:  
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes  
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee

Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
Least thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.  
Thus Eve with Countnance blithe her storie told;  
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal Trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;  
From his slack hand the Garland wreath' d for Eve  
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.  
O fairest of Creation, last and best  
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?  
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud  
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.  
So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd  
Submitting to what seemd remediless,  
Thus in calme mood his Words to Eve he turnd.  
Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve

And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd  
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
Not God Omnipotent, 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 faile,  
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,

Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath  
Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God  
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first  
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?  
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.  
So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,

And gladly of our Union heere thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had bin known.  
Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful Love unequald; but feel  
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.  
So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance bad  
Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin  
Original; while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
Him with her lov'd societie, that now  
As with new Wine intoxicated both  
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel



Divinitie within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit  
Farr other operation first displaid,  
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.  
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
For never did thy Beautie since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so enflame my sense

With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.  
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbawr'd  
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds

How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong  
 Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,  
 Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.  
 O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give 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  
 Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,

Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,  
 And in our Faces evident the signes  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live, savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowl,  
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
 Those midde parts, that this new commer, Shame,

There sit not and reproach us as unclean.  
So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to Indians known  
In Malabar or Decan spreads her Armes  
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;  
There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate  
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds  
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves  
They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,  
And with what skill they had, together sowl,  
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late  
Columbus found th' American so girt  
With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde  
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part

Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,  
They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within  
Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once  
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:  
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd  
Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,  
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd.  
Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd  
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
I know not whence possessd thee; we had then  
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild  
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek

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

Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking Enemie  
That had in wait; beyond this had bin force,  
And force upon free Will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seemd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,



Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.  
Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

## Book X

### The Argument

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 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 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 condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent 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  
 Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart

Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulst  
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,

Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast  
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondring how the suttile Fiend had stoln  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
With pitie, violated not thir bliss.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd; when the most High  
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.  
Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,  
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,

Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free Will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass  
On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.  
Easie it may be seen that I intend

Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
 Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,  
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.  
 So spake the Father, and unfouling bright  
 Toward the right hand his Glorie, the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.  
 Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
 Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd  
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine  
 Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none

Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.  
 Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,  
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant  
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
 Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
 Now was the Sun in Western cadence low  
 From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour  
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
 The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
 Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard  
 And from his presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
 He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
 To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;  
 Love was not in thir looks, either to God  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,  
 Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam faulting long, thus answer'd brief.  
 I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice  
 Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.  
 My voice thou oft hast heard and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?  
 To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.



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

Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd  
Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to heare rule, which was thy part  
And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.  
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?  
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.  
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.  
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transferre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,

As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.  
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.  
So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascention bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;

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; Childern thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.  
On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou has heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;  
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.  
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day  
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now

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

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives  
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides  
For us his offspring deare? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
By his Avenger, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large  
Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on,  
Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along:  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path

Over this Maine from Hell to that new World  
 Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument  
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
 Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.  
 Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.  
 Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
 Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
 The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savour of Death from all things there that live:  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.  
 So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
 Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
 Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd  
 With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.

So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,  
 Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.  
 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste  
 Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)  
 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive  
 Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
 Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
 Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm  
 As Delos floating once; the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,  
 And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the Gate,  
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
 They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on



Over the foaming deep high Arch, a Bridge  
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa his Memnonian Palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn'd,  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
Pontifical, a ridge of Pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
Of Satan, to the self same place where hee  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos to the outside bare  
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant  
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable; and now in little space  
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell

With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,  
To Paradise first tending, when behold  
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright  
Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion steering  
His Zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:  
Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear  
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
Hee, after Eve seduc't, unminded slunk  
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd  
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire  
Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood

Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot  
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.  
Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.  
Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.  
O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,  
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:  
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
My Heart, which by a secret harmonie  
Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,  
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt  
Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee with this thy Son;  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achiev'd our libertie, confin'd  
 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd  
 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay  
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.  
 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by th' Empyreal bounds,  
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
 Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.  
 Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.  
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
 Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,  
 Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)  
 Amply have merited of me, of all

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

Thir course through thickest Constellations held  
 Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,  
 And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips  
 Then sufferd. Th' other way Satan went down  
 The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side  
 Disparted Chaos over built exclaimd,  
 And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,  
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
 And all about found desolate; for those  
 Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,  
 Flown to the upper World; the rest were all  
 Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium, Citie and proud seate  
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld,  
 Of that bright Starr to Satan paragond.  
 There kept hir Watch the Legions, while the Grand  
 In Council sate, sollicitous what chance  
 Might intercept thir Emperieur sent, so hee  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd.  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian Foe  
 By Astracan over the Snowie Plaines

Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the hornes  
Of Turkish Crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The Realme of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Tauris or Casheen. So these the late  
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch  
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour thir great adventurer from the search  
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,  
In shew plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore  
Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible  
Ascended his high Throne, which under state  
Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end  
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:  
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head  
And shape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,

Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
 Rais'd from thir dark Divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won.  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
 For in possession such, not onely of right,  
 I call ye and declare ye now, returnd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit  
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,  
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
 Th' untractable Abygge, plung'd in the womb



Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,  
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare  
 Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found  
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
 From his Creator, and the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man,  
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather  
 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
 Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;

His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
 A World who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss.  
 So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Thir universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his eare, when contrary he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long  
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;  
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power  
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories

To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters, head and taile,  
 Scorpion and Asp and Amphisbaena dire,  
 Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,  
 And Dipsas (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle  
 Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun  
 Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime,  
 Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain; they all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,  
 They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,  
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,

And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Caught by Contagion, like in punishment,  
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood  
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that  
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 furdur woe or shame;  
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snakie locks  
That curld Megaera: greedily they pluck'd  
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam'd;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay

Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
Into the same illusion, not as Man  
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd  
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless hiss,  
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
However some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld  
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
And Ops, ere yet Dictaeon Jove was born.  
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began.  
 Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,  
 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd  
 With travail difficult, not better farr  
 Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have sate watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?  
 Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.  
 To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.  
 To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.  
 Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours  
 Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
 The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
 Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest prey.  
This said, they both betook them several wayes,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice.  
See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute  
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his Adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and posses  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yeilded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth

Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son.  
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last  
 Through Chaos hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.  
 Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure  
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:  
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.  
 Hee ended, and th heav'nly Audience loud  
 Sung Halleluia, as the sound of Seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such thir song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mightie Angels gave them several charge,  
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,



As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call  
 Decrepid Winter, from the South to bring  
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone  
 Her office they rescrib'd, to th' other five  
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects  
 In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,  
 Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne  
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
 Thir influence malignant when to showre,  
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set  
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense  
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun  
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Heav'n  
 Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins

Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine  
 By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change  
 Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those  
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day  
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight  
 Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known  
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and South as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit  
 The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the World  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,  
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar

Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice  
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,  
 Boreas and Caecias and Argestes loud  
 And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn;  
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds  
 From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes  
 Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,  
 Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began  
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:  
 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,  
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,  
 Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,

Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.  
 O miserable of happie! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late  
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom  
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end  
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would heare  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, Encrease and multiply,  
 Now death to heare! for what can I encrease  
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration; so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,  
 On mee as on thir natural center light

Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes  
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? as my Will  
Concurd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resigne, and render back  
All I receav'd, unable to performe  
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,  
I thus contest; then should have been refusd  
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:

Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But Natural necessity begot.  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.  
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:  
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,  
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man

Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living Death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
 Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.  
 All of me then shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?  
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as Argument  
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he draw out,  
 For angers sake, finite to infinite  
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour  
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend  
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,  
 By which all Causes else according still

To the reception of thir matter act,  
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say  
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear  
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defensless head; both Death and I  
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie  
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited how would ye bless  
 Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
 Not to do onely, but to will the same  
 With me; how can they acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes



Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain  
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, leads me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,  
 Then all the World much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,  
 And what thou fearest, alike destroyes all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To Satan onely like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!  
 Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil Conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: On the ground

Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To 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,  
 With other echo late I taught your Shades  
 To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.  
 Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false  
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
 Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended

To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
 I had persisted happie, had not thy pride  
 And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not all was but a shew  
 Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib  
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
 To my just number found. O why did God,  
 Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
 This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect  
 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
 With Men as Angels without Feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate

Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,  
 And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind  
 By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
 By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound  
 To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
 To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.  
 He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve  
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorderd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.  
 Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,

Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,  
 As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie  
 Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
 On me already lost, mee, then thy self  
 More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou  
 Against God onely, I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgement will return,  
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Mee mee onely just object of his ire.  
 She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,  
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault

Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.  
Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine  
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,  
And my displeasure hearst so ill. If Prayers  
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of Love, how we may light'n

Each others burden in our share of woe;  
 Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,  
 A long days dying to augment our paine,  
 And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.  
 To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.  
 Adam, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,  
 Found so erroneus, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,  
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine  
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
 Tending to som relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, 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 embraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope,  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be miserie  
 And torment less then none of what we dread,  
 Then both our selves and Seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
 Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply  
 With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
 That shew no end but Death, and have the power,



Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.  
 She ended heere, or vehement despaire  
 Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts  
 Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
 To better hopes his more attentive minde  
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve repli'd.  
 Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;  
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
 The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death  
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts

Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
 Som safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
 The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
 Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
 By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
 Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely  
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
 Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected

Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee  
 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,  
 Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne  
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
 My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands  
 Cloath' d us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
 Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish  
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Star  
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams

Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock  
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down  
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,  
 Which might supply the Sun: such Fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedie or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, then to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,  
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
What else but 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.

## **Book XI**

### **The Argument**

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down.

Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
 Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above  
 Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd  
 The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port  
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less

Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair  
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore  
 The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n hir prayers  
 Flew up, nor missd the way, by envious windes  
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd  
 Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad  
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.  
 See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare  
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;

Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate  
 And propitiation, all his works on me  
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
 Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
 Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee  
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.  
 To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
 Those pure immortal Elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,



And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first  
 Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him endowd, with Happiness  
 And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,  
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;  
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes  
 His final remedie, and after Life  
 Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
 By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,  
 Wak't in the renovation of the just,  
 Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.  
 But let us call to Synod all the Blest  
 Through Heavn's wide bounds; from them I will not hide  
 My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw;  
 And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.  
 He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright Minister that watch'd, hee blew  
 His Trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more

To sound at general doom. Th' Angelic blast  
 Filled all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowers  
 Of Amaranthine Shade, Fountain or Spring,  
 By the waters of Life, where ere they sate  
 In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light  
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
 And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supreme  
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will.  
 O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Happier, had suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by it self, and Evil not at all.  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,  
 My motions in him, longer then they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till

The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.  
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend  
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:  
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
 From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
 To them and to thir Progenie from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint  
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
 For I behold them soft'nd and with tears  
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.  
 if patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale  
 To Adam what shall come in future dayes,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the East side of the Garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,

Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,  
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.  
 He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus, all thir shape  
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful then to drouze,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral Reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Mean while  
 To resalute the World with sacred Light  
 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd  
 The Earth, when Adam and first Matron Eve  
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewd.  
 Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all

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

To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind  
 A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't  
 The sourse of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,  
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Whereere our days work lies, though now enjoind  
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.  
 So spake, so wish'd much humbl'd Eve, but Fate  
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest  
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
 The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his aerie tour,

Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,  
 First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;  
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.  
 Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.  
 O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penaltie, because from death releast  
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more.  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light  
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws  
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with thing heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
 Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,  
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adams eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;  
 Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,  
 Against the Syrian King, who to surprize  
 One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,  
 Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch  
 In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise  
 Possession of the Garden; hee alone,  
 To finde where Adam shelterd, took his way,  
 Not unperceav'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
 While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.  
 Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determin, or impose  
 New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie  
 From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill



One or the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate  
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie  
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.  
 He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man  
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes  
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd  
 Livelier then Melibaeian, or the graine  
 Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Hero's old  
 In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the woof  
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side  
 As in a glistering Zodiac hung the Sword,  
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear,  
 Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State  
 Incl'in'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.  
 Adam, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:

Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes  
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.  
 He added not, for Adam at the newes  
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.  
 O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flours,

That never will in other Climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,  
 Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke  
 Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
 Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adornd  
 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, accustomed 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  
 Inhospitable appeer and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To wearie him with my assiduous cries:  
 But prayer against his absolute Decree  
 No more availes then breath against the winde,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
 Therefore this 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 & Fruits and Flours:  
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd  
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.  
 To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.  
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,  
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills  
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:  
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,

No despicable gift; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been  
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had hither come  
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.  
But this proceminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:  
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine  
God is as here, and will be found alike  
Present, and of his presence many a signe  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face  
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.  
Which that thou mayst beleeve, and be confirmd,  
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes  
To thee and to thy ofspring; good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear

And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
 By moderation either state to heare,  
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This Hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)  
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.  
 To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning, to the evil turne  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken  
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second Adam in the Wilderness,

To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
 His Eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destined Walls  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinean Kings, and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' Empire of Negus to his utmost Port  
 Ercoco and the less Maritime Kings  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the Realme  
 Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;  
 Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount  
 The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,  
 Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway



The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great Citie Geryons Sons  
 Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adams eyes the Filme remov'd  
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue  
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,  
 Eeven to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam now enforc't to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst:  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.  
 Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive

Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.  
 His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves  
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;  
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon  
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,  
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next  
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.  
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;  
 The others not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?  
T' whom Michael thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd,  
These two are Brethren, Adam, and to come  
Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
For envie that his Brothers Offering found  
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact  
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.  
Alas, both for theaeced 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,  
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 restrain'd excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.  
O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus  
Th' Image of God in man created once  
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debas't  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
Retaining still Divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?  
Thir Makers Image, answerd Michael, then  
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,

Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,  
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,  
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't  
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules  
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they  
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.  
I yeild it just, said Adam, and submit.  
But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?  
There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught  
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease  
Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:  
This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
To withered weak & gray; thy Senses then

Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,  
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne  
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry  
 To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.  
 Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
 Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendring up, Michael to him repli'd.  
 Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livst  
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:  
 And now prepare thee for another sight.  
 He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon  
 Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds  
 Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound  
 Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd  
 Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions low and high  
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.

In other part stood one who at the Forge  
 Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass  
 Had melted (wether 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 Eevning Star  
 Loves Harbinger then all in heat  
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first marriage Rites invok't;  
 With Feast and Musick all Tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,  
 And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam, soon enclin'd to admit delight,  
 The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.  
 True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
 Much better seems this Vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
 Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.  
 To whom thus Michael. Judg not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
 Holie and pure, conformitie divine.  
 Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents

Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
 Who slew his Brother; studious they appere  
 Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
 Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
 Yet all 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.  
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
 Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame  
 Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles  
 Of these in Atheists, and now swim in joy,  
 (Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which  
 The world erelongg a world of tears must weepe.  
 To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.  
 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well

Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
 But still I see the tenor of Mans woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.  
 From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
 By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.  
 But now prepare thee for another Scene.  
 He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread  
 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 coub the foaming Steed,  
 Single or in Array of Battel rang'd  
 Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustering stood;  
 One way a Band select from forage drives  
 A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine  
 From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,  
 Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,  
 Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,  
 But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Pray;

With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;  
 Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies  
 With Carcasses and Arms ensanguind Field  
 Deserted: Others to a Citie strong  
 Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,  
 Assaulting; others from the Wall defend  
 With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds cal  
 To Council in the Citie Gates: anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,  
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,  
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
 And Judgement from above: him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence  
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law  
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,  
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew  
His Brother; for of whom such massacher  
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?  
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?  
To whom thus Michael; These are the product  
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st;  
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves  
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,  
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
And Valour and Heroic Vertu'call'd;  
To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,

Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The onely righteous in a World perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With Foes for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious Truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds  
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,  
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.  
He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;  
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,  
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,  
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire

Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.  
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft  
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd  
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls  
In prison under Judgements imminent:  
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;  
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,  
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,  
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore  
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!  
Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small  
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught  
Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons  
With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.  
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove

From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie  
 Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie  
 Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain  
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
 No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum  
 Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all thir pomp  
 Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,  
 Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces  
 Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd  
 And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation; thee another Floud,  
 Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard  
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns  
 His Children, all in view destroyd at once;



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

Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.  
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,  
And whether here the Race of man will end.  
To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou sawst  
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true vertu void;  
Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste  
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby  
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace.  
The conquerd also, and enslav'd by War  
Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose  
And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd  
In sharp contest of Battel found no aide  
Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale  
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear  
More than anough, that temperance may be tri'd:

So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
 One Man except, the onely Son of light  
 In a dark Age, against example good,  
 Against allurement, custom, and a World  
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, hee of wicked wayes  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come  
 On thir impenitence; and shall returne  
 Of them derided, but of God observd  
 The one just Man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and houshold from amidst  
 A World devote to universal rack.  
 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast  
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts  
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
 Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp

Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd  
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.  
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,  
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;  
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass  
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.

The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
 Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.  
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;  
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.  
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie  
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his Bill  
 An Olive 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.

## **Book XII**

### **The Argument**

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

As one who in his journey bates at Noone,  
 Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel paus'd  
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
 If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
 Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.  
 Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
 And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave



Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine  
 Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:  
 Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
 This second sours of Men, while yet but few,  
 And while the dread of judgement past remains  
 Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
 With some regard to what is just and right  
 Shall lead thir lives and multiplie apace,  
 Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop  
 Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
 With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast  
 Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
 Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
 With fair equalitie, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite disposses  
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;  
 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)

With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
 Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;  
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the West, shall finde  
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
 And get themselves a name, least far disperst  
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through thir habitations walks  
 To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower  
 Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets

Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase  
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the Builders; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.  
O execrable Son so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:  
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
By his donation; but Man over men  
He made not Lord; such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free.  
But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends  
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food

Will he convey up thither to sustain  
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire  
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?  
To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st  
That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,  
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie  
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells  
Twinn'd, and from her hath no diuidual being:  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.

Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But justice, and some fatal curse annex  
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,  
Thir inward lost; Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,  
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall

To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes  
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
 His benediction so, that in his Seed  
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys  
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile  
 Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford  
 To Haran, after a cumbrous Train  
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents  
 Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plaine  
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receaves  
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
 From Hamath Northward to the Desert South  
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)

From Hermon East to the great Western Sea,  
 Mount Hermon yonder Sea, each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
 Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream  
 Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of Hills.  
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth  
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed  
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs  
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the River Nile;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes  
 Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
 He comes invited by a yonger Son  
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that Realme

Of Pharao: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren cal  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claime  
 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 compeld by Signes and Judgements dire;  
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,  
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
 With loath' d intrusion, and fill all the land;  
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,  
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,  
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' Egyptian Skie  
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould;  
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,



A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;  
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 This River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea  
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass  
 As on drie land between two christal walls,  
 Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:  
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,  
 Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
 Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
 By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,  
 To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
 Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:  
 All night he will pursue, but his approach

Darkness defends between till morning Watch;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
On thir imbatteld ranks the Waves return,  
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shoar advance  
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
Least entring on the Canaanite allarmd  
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thir delay  
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:  
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself

In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine  
To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadowes, of that destined Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve  
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
Moses in figure beares, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets in thir Age, the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men  
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes  
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein

An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
 A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
 Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
 The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud  
 Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,  
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
 Promisd to Abraham and his Seed: the rest  
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
 How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,  
 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
 Mans voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome; so call the third  
 From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.  
 Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concerne

Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I finde  
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom  
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see  
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,  
Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth  
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;  
So many Laws argue so many sins  
Among them; how can God with such reside?  
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
And therefore was Law given them to evince  
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,  
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
Some bloud more precieus must be paid for Man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness

To them by Faith imputed, they may finde  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
 So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
 From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
 Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;  
 But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back  
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly Canaan plac't  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins

National interrupt thir public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom  
 The second, both for pietie renownd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock  
 Of David (so I name this King) shall rise  
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense

God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,  
Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.  
There in captivitie he lets them dwell  
The space of seventie years, then brings them back,  
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn  
To David, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.  
Returnd from Babylon by leave of Kings  
Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
They first re-edifie, and for a while  
In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings  
Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise  
The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,  
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true  
Anointed King Messiah might be born  
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr



Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,  
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
 Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.  
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
 The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign  
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.  
 He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.  
 O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steddies thoughts have searcht in vain,  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,  
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son  
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.

Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when  
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.  
 To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thir fight,  
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son  
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemie; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
 On penaltie of death, and suffering death,  
 The penaltie to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid.  
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment

He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits  
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd  
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross  
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;  
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives, Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life  
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace

By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
 In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,  
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal Life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer  
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his Salvation, them who shall beleve  
 Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.  
 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day  
 Not onely to the Sons of Abrahams Loines  
 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons

Of Abrahams Faith wherever through the world;  
 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.  
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the aire  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines  
 Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick & dead  
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and 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.  
 So spake th' Archangel Michael, then paus'd,  
 As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire  
 Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.  
 O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,

And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Then that by which creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! fun of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
To God more glory, more good will to Men  
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.  
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deale  
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?  
Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n  
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith  
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arme  
With spiritual Armour, able to resist  
Satans assaults, and quench his fierie darts,

What Man can do against them, not affraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompenc't,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit  
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the Nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each Nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length  
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,  
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To thir own vile advantages shall turne  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left onely in those written Records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.

Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places and titles, and with these to joine  
 Secular power, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
 To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,  
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience; Lawes which none shall finde  
 Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde  
 His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild  
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
 Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth  
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume:  
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,  
 Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes  
 Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith



Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,  
 Under her own waight groaning, till the day  
 Appeer of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid,  
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveald  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted World, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.  
 He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,  
 Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart.  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill

Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,  
 And love with feare the onely God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victorie,  
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;  
 Taught this by his example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.  
 To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:  
 This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe  
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs  
 Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
 Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,  
 And all the riches of this World enjoydst,

And all the rule, one Empire; onely add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt posses  
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of Speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,  
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect  
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;  
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd  
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission: thou at season fit  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.  
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,

Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happie end.  
He ended, and they both descend the Hill;  
Descended, Adam to the Bowre where Eve  
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;  
And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.  
Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know;  
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.  
This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,  
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,  
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.  
So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard

Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array  
The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Libyan Air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat  
In either hand the hastning Angel caught

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

**THE END**