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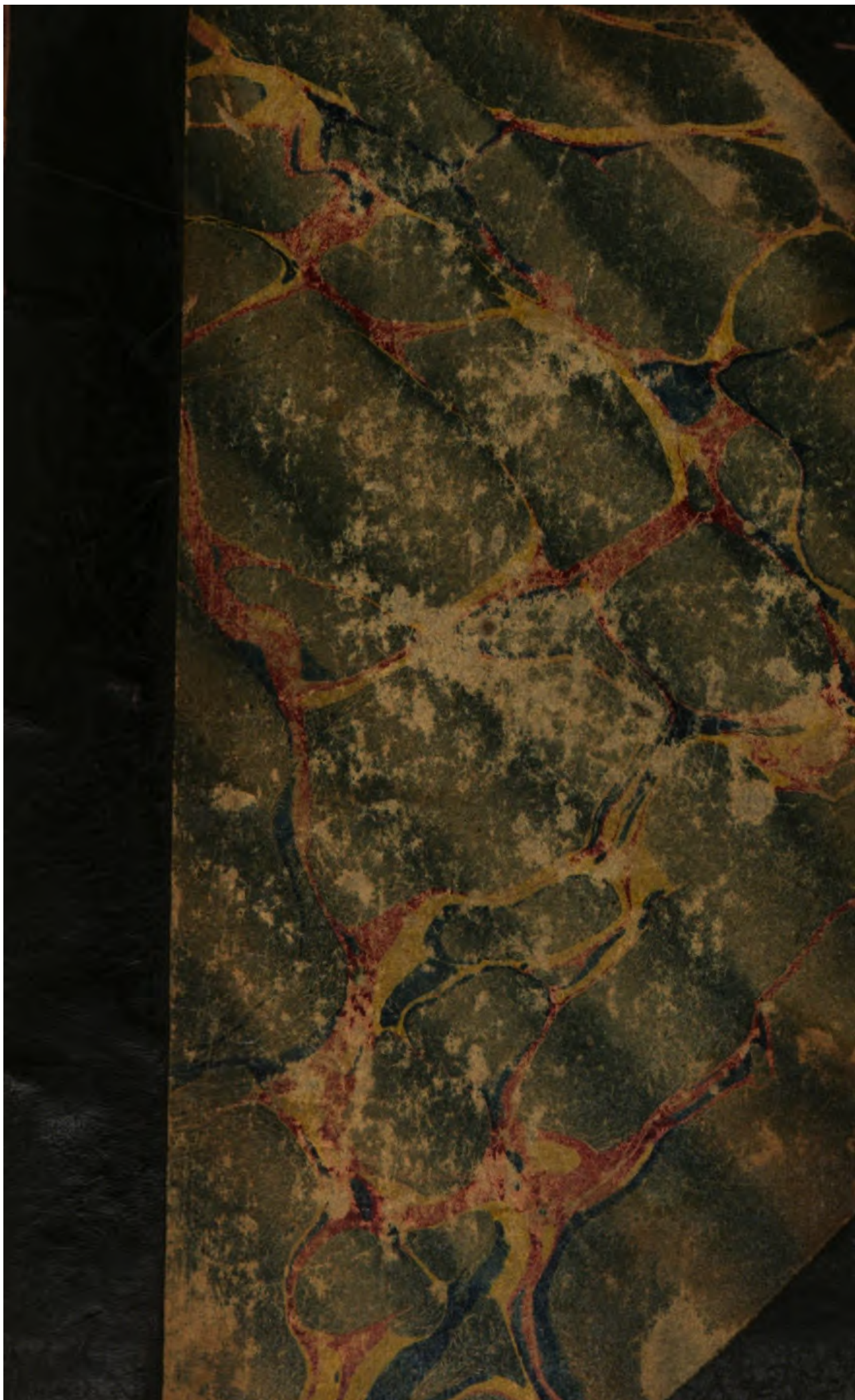
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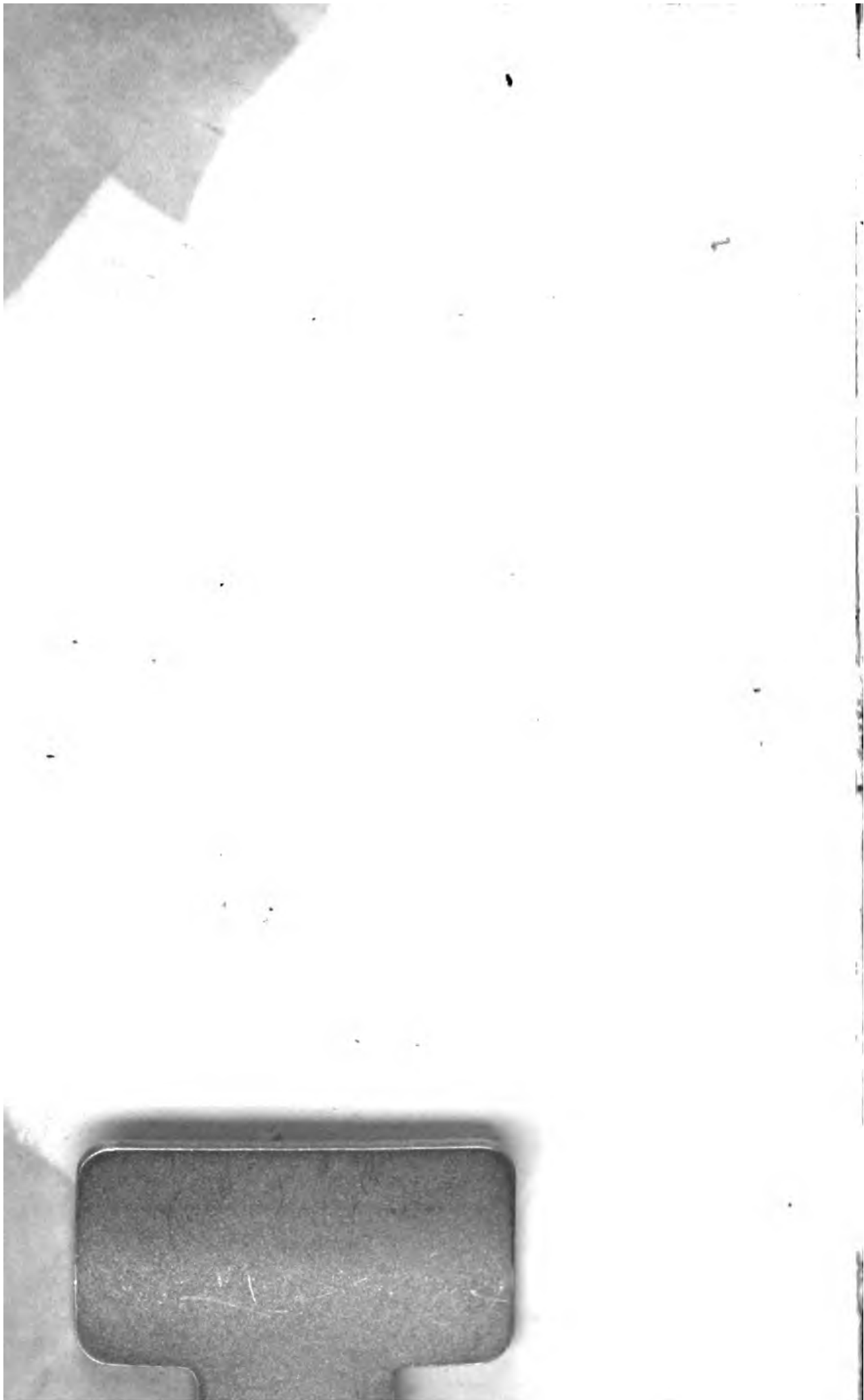
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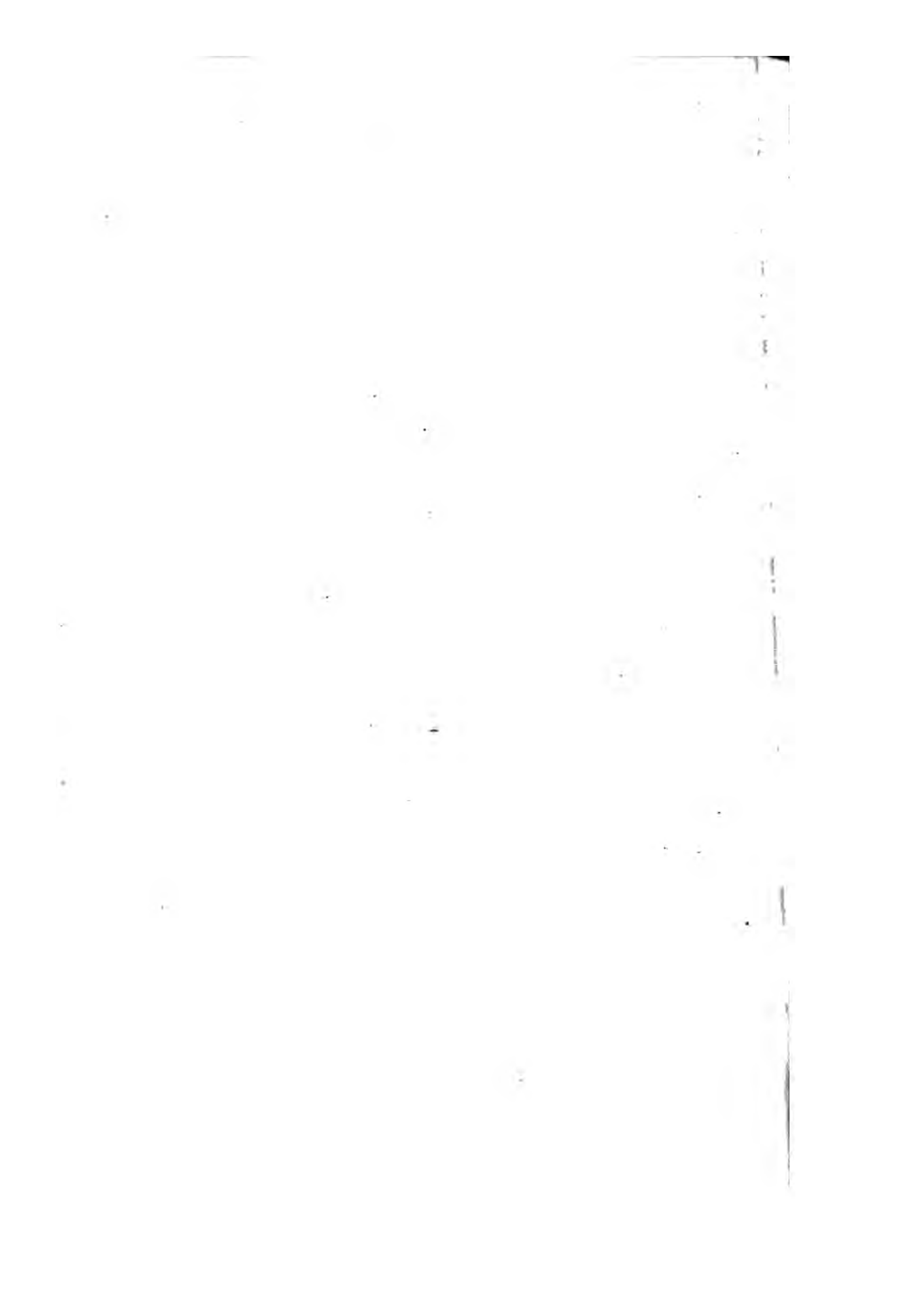


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4 Johnson f. 676





The first of these books is the
second of the series and is
the most interesting of the
series. It is a very good
book and is well worth
the price.



*Three Poets in three distant Ages born
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.
The First in loftiness of thought, Surpass'd;
The Next in Majesty, in both the Last.
The force of Nature cou'd no further goe:
To make a Third she joynd the Former two.*

Dryden

Harry Tautou Oxford
Paradise Lost. ¹⁸⁹⁹

A
P O E M,
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON.

THE NINTH EDITION, Adorn'd
with SCULPTURES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shake-
spear's Head*, over-against *Catherine
Street in the Strand.* MDCCXI.





To the Right Honourable

John Lord Sommers,

Baron of Evesham.

My LORD,

IT was Your Lordship's Opinion and Encouragement that occasion'd the first Appearing of this Poem in the *Folio* Edition, which from thence has been so well receiv'd, that notwithstanding the Price of it was Four times greater than before, the Sale encreas'd double

the Number every Year. The Work is now generally known and esteem'd; and I having the Honour to hear Your Lordship say, that a smaller Edition of it would be grateful to the World, immediately resolv'd upon Printing it in this Volume, of which I most humbly beg Your Acceptance, from,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Ever Obliged Servant.



I N

Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetæ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis *Amisſam Paradisum*, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet iſte liber.

*Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.*

*Terraque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivorumque ſpecus.*

*Quæque colunt terras, Pontumque & Tartara caca,
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna Poli.*

*Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, & ſine fine Deus:*

*Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.*

*Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.*

*O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma?
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba.*

*Cælestes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!
Et quæ Cælestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in aetheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelæ minor!
Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugna non superesse sua.
At simul in cælis Messia insignia fulgent,
Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rance
Admistis flammis insonuere Polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus onanis
Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinesse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

S. B. M. D.

On Paradise Lost.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, God's Reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song.
(So *Sampson* groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
The World o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit
And all that was improper dost omit;

So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite
Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:
Their Fancies like our Busby-points appear,
The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,
In Nunaber, Weight and Measure, needs not Rhime.

Andrew Marvell.

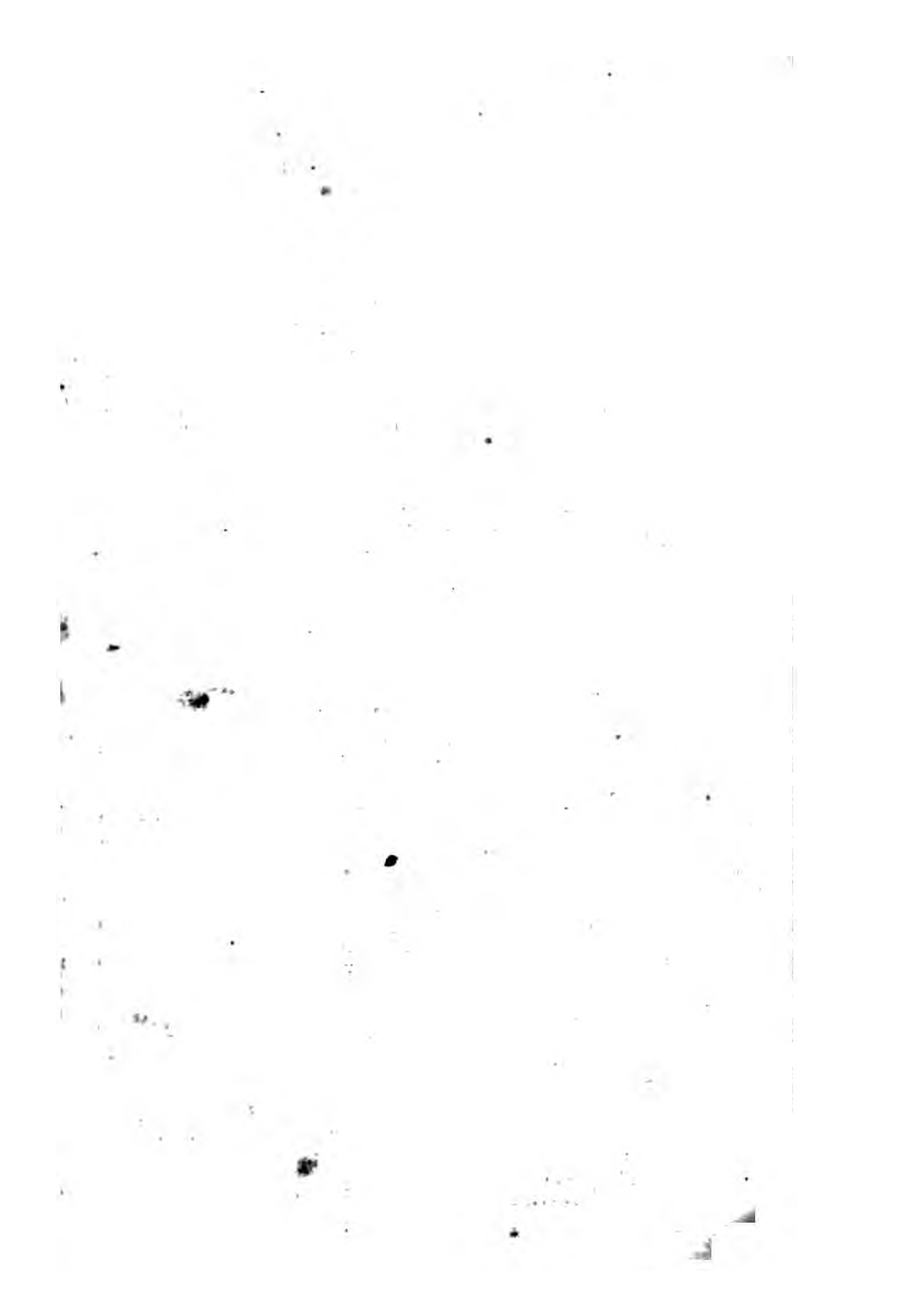


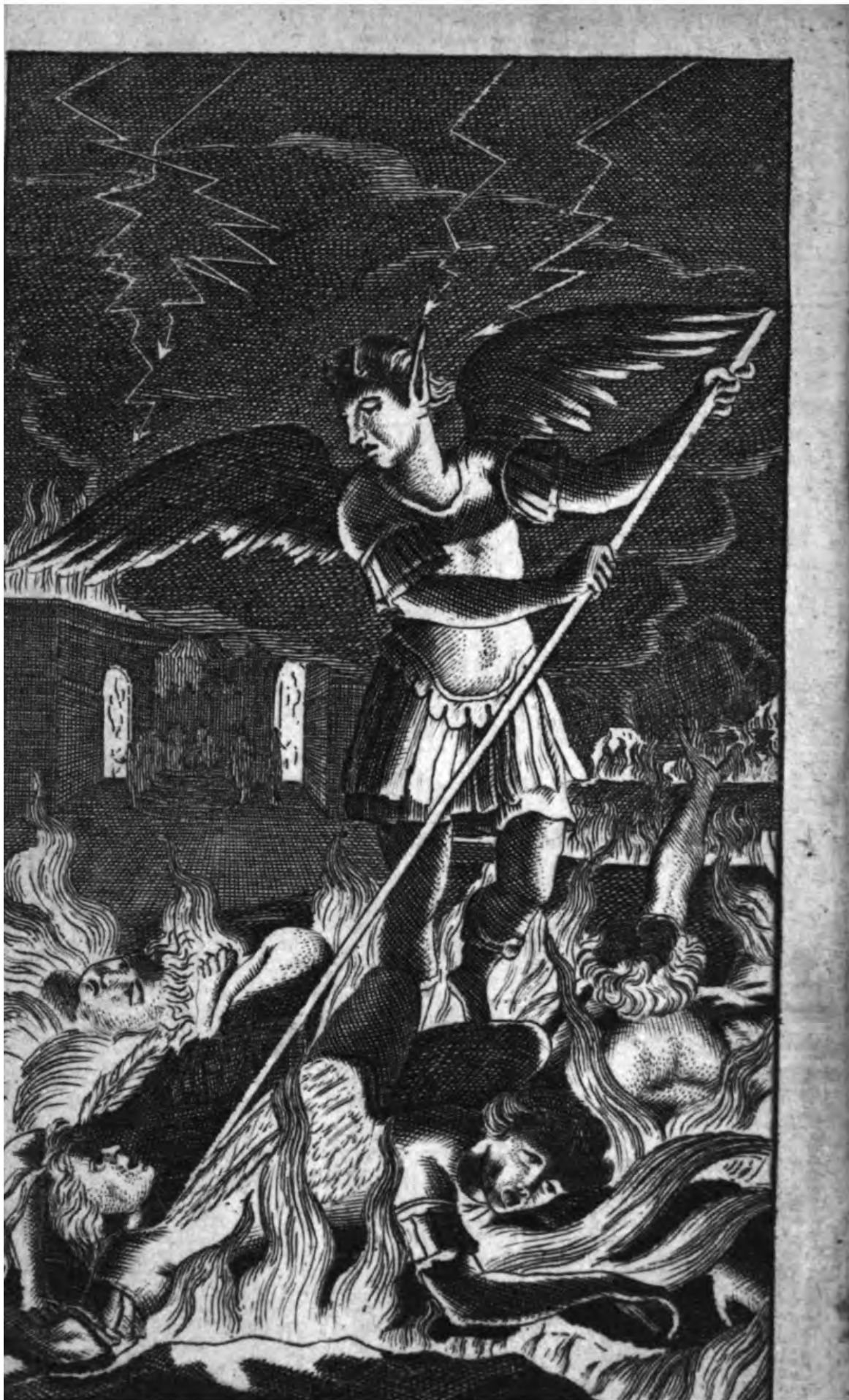
T H E
V E R S E.

THE Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carriage away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some, both Italian and Spanish

Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rimeing.

Para-







Paradise Lost.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject. *Man's Disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: 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 pass'd over, the Poem halts 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 accurs'd) but in a*

*Place of utter Darkness, fitliest call'd
Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels
lying on the burning Lake, thunder-
struck and astonish'd, after a certain
Space recovers, as from Confusion, calls
up him who next in Order and Dignity
lay by him; they confer of their mise-
rable Fall. Satan awakens all his Le-
gions, who lay 'till then in the same
manner confounded: They rise, their
Numbers, Array of Battel, their chief
Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols
knawn afterwards in Canaan and the
Countries adjoining. To these Satan di-
rects 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, accord-
ing to an ancient Prophecy 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 Prophecy,
and what to determine thereon, he re-
fers to a full Council. What his Asso-
ciates thence attempt. Pandemonium
the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly
built out of the Deep: The infernal
Peers there sit in Council.*

OF Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought Death into the World and all our woe,
 With loss of *Eden*, 'till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, 5
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion Hill* 10
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa's Brook* that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy Aid to my adventurous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' *Aonian Mount*, while it pursues 15
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty Wings out-spread 20
 Dove-like sat'st 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 height of this great Argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence, 25
 And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,

4 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creatour, and transgress his Will
 For one Restraint, Lords of the World besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
 Stirr'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd 35
 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious Aim,
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
 With vain Attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie, 45
 With hideous ruine and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
 Who durst defie th'Omnipotent to Arms.
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid Crew 51
 Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf
 Confounded though immortal: But his Doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once as far as Angels ken he views

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 5

The dismal Situation waste and wild, 60
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
Such Place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their Portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd 80
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 85
Cloath'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
Myriads tho' bright! If he whom mutual League,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,

6 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
 In equal ruin: Into what Pit thou see'st
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his Thunder: And 'till then who knew
 The Force of those dire Arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his Rage 95
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fix'd mind
 And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce Contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his Reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his Throne. What tho' the field be lost?
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable Will, 106
 And study of Revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for Grace
 With suppliant Knee, and deifie his Power,
 Who from the Terror of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath 115
 This Downfal; 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'd,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 7

We may with more successful Hope resolve 120,
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, 125
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to War
Under thy Conduct, and in dreadful Deeds 130

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 135
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible Destruction laid thus low,

As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
Can perish: For the Mind and Spirit remains
Invincible, and Vigour soon returns, 140

Though all our Glory extinct, and happy State
Here swallow'd up in endless Misery.

But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less 144
Than such could have o'er-power'd such Force as ours)

Have left us this our Spirit and Strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our Pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful Ire,
Or do him mightier Service as his thralls

8 PARADISE LOST. Book 1.

By Right of War, whate'er his Business be 150
 Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep :
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or Eternal Being
 To undergo Eternal Punishment ? 155
 Whereto with speedy Words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.
 Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or Suffering : But of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find Means of evil ; 165
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost Counsels from their destin'd aim.
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n : The sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in Storm, o'er-blown 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, 175
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 9

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild, 180
 The Seat of desolation, void 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, 185
 And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own Loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
 If not what resolution from despair.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
 That sparkiing blaz'd, his other Parts besides
 Prone on the Floud, extended long and large, 195
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monst'rous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareus or *Typhan*, whom the Den
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works,
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
 Him haply slumb'ring on the *Norway* foam,
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell, 205
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind,
 Moors by his Side under the Lee, while Night
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:
 So stretch't out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay.

10 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence 210
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
 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'd, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the Flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and
 In Billows, leave i'th'midst a horrid Vale. [rowl'd
 Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight 225
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
 That felt unusual Weight, 'till on dry Land
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring *Aetna*, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds, 235
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoak: Such Resting found the Soul
 Of unblest't feet. Him follow'd his next Mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* flood,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. II

As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the Sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the Seat [gloom
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful
For that Celestial Light? Be it so, since he 245
Who now is Sov'rain can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom Reason hath equall'd, Force hath made su-
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields, [pream
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my Choice
To reign is worth ambition tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful Friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
Lye thus astonish'd on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet.

12 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*

Thus answer'd : Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275

In worst extreams, and on the perillous edge

Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults

Their surest signal; they will soon resume

New Courage and revive, tho' now they lye

Grov'ling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280

As we e'erwhile, astounded and amaz'd,

No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious heighth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superiour Fiend

Was moving toward the shoar; his pond'rous shield

Ethereal temper, massie, large and round, 285

Behind him cast; the broad Circumference

Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb

Thro' Optick Glasse the *Tuscan* Artist views

At Ev'ning from the Top of *Fesole*,

Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands, 290

Rivers or Mountains on 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 walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295

Over the burning Marl, not like those Steps

On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime

Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire;

Nathless he so endur'd, 'till on the Beach

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 13

Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd 300
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay entrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In *Vall mbrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* Shades,
High over-arch'd embowr; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves o'er-
Busirus and his *Memphian* Chivalry, [threw
While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
From the safe Shoar their floating Carkases. 310
And broken Chariot Wheels; so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Floud,
Under Amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriours, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject Posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the Floud,
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, 'till anon 325
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the Bottom of this Gulfe.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouze and bestir themselves e'er well awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335

In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;

Yet to their General's Voice they soon obey'd

Innumerable. As when the potent Rod

Of *Amram's* Son in *Egypt's* evil day

Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340

Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,

That o'er the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung

Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:

So numberless were those bad Angels seen

Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell 345

'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;

Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted Spear

Of their great Sultan waving to direct

Their course, in even ballance down they light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain; 350

A multitude, like which the populous North

Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass

Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons

Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread

Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands. 355

Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band

The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood

Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms

Excelling human, Princely Dignities,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 15

And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
Tho' of their Names in Heav'nly Records now 361
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve* 364
Got them new Names, 'till wand'ring o'er the Earth,
Thro' God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invifible
Glory of him that made them, to transform 370
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities ;
Then were they known to Men by various Names,
And various Idols thro' the Heathen World. 375
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who
Rouz'd from the flumber, on that fiery Couch, [last,
At their great Emperors call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380
The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctury it self their Shrines,
Abominations ; and with cursed Things

His holy Rites and solemn Feasts prophan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Tho' for the noise of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past thro' Fire 395
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
 Worshipp'd in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On the opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell. 405
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moab's* Sons,
 From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild
 Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
 And *Heronaim*, *Seon's* Realm, beyond
 The flow'ry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines, 410
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd 415
 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 bord'ring floud

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 17

Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts 420
Egypt from *Syrian* ground; had general Names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those Male,
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure, 425
Not ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
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 435
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* also not un Sung, where stood
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell 445
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual Wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a Summer's day,

18 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock 450
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected *Sion's* Daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led 455
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea-Monster, upward Man
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*, 465
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil banks
 Of *Abana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.
 He also against the House of God was bold: 470
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Abaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 God's Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
 His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods 475
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their Train,
 With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 19

Fanatick *Aegypt* and her Priests, to seek 480
Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb* ; and the Rebel King
Doubl'd that Sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*, 485
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
From *Aegypt* marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd 490
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood,
Or Altar smoak'd ; yet who more oft than he
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of God?
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns,
And in luxurious Cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towers,
And injury and outrage: And when Night 500
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape. 505
These were the prime in order and in might ;
The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* Issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth

Their boasted Parents ; *Titan* Heav'n's first-born,
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd 511
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found ;
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd : these first in *Crete*
 And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top 515
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air,
 Their highest Heav'n ; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
 Or in *Dadona*, and thro' all the bounds
 Of *Doric* Land ; or who with *Saturn* old
 Fled over *Adria* to the *Hesperian* Fields, 520
 And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmost Isles.
 All these and more came flocking but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525
 In loss it self ; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd
 His mighty Standard ; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his Right, a Cherub tall :
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd 535
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd
 Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind ;
 With Gems and Golden Lustre rich imblaz'd
 Seraphic Arms and Trophies ; all the while

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 21

Sonorous metal blowing Martial Sounds : 540

At which the universal Host up sent

A shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond

Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.

All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen

Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air 545

With orient Colours waving : with them rose

A Forest huge of Spears ; and thronging Helms

Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array,

Of depth immeasurable : Anon they move

In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood 550

Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd

To height 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, 555

Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,

With solemntouches, troubled thoughts, and chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they

Breathing united force with fixed thought 560

Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd

Their painful steps o'er the burnt soyl ; and now

Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid Front

Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise

Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield, 565

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief

Had to impose: He thro' the armed Files

Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse

The whole Battalion views, their order due,

Their visages and stature as of Gods, 570
 Their number last he summs. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories : For never since created man,
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry 575
 Warr'd on by Cranes; tho' all the Giant brood
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroick Race were join'd,
 That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods ; and what resounds
 In Fable or Romance of *Uther's* Son, 580
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights ;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in *Asprament* or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* Shoar 585
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander : he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
 Stood like a Tow'r ; his Form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd : As when the Sun new-ris'n,
 Looks thro' the Horizontal misty Air 595
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon,
 In dim Eclipse, disastrous Twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of Change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 23

Above them all th' Arch-Angel: But his face 600
No man who can think Satan had intrencht, and care
Saw or understood more but under Brows
Of Iron make: and to command confid'rate Pride
Was us of flaming cruel his eye, but cast
Sight might remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in blifs) 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 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their Glory wither'd. As when Heaven's Fire
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed top their stately growth tho' bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd 615
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of Scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
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

24 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

As stood like these, could ever know ^{penitence} 630
 For who can yet believe, tho' ^{And} now his heart
 That all these puissant Legioning in his strength
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fard man,
 Self-rai'd, and re-possess their nat^{ure} with these
 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
 Sate on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his Regal State 640
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our OWN
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provok't; our better part remains 645
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he e'er long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
 Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660
 For who can think Submission? War then, War
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

For Spake: and to confirm his words out-flew
 Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the Thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
 Filled round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far, whose grisly Top 670
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hard metallick Ore,
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when Bands 675
 Of Pioneers with Spade and Pickax arm'd
 Fore-run 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 e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more 680
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden Gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatifick: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ran sack'd the Center, and with impious hands
 Rifled the Bowels of their mother Earth
 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the Hill a spacious wound,

And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that foyle may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
 Learn how their greatest Monuments of Fame, 695
 And Strength and Art are easily out-done
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toyle
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous Art found out the massy Ore,
 Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mould, and from the boiling 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 710
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple where *Pilasters* round
 Were set, and Doric Pillars overlaid
 With golden Architrave; nor did there want 715
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,
 Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inhaine

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 27

Belus or *Serapis* their Gods, or seat 720
Their Kings, when *Aegypt* with *Assyria* strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately height, and freight the doors
Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle Magic, many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus*, yielded light
As from a Sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King 735
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* Land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell 740
From Heav'n, they fabl'd thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star, 745
On *Lemnos* th' *Aegean* Isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high Towers; nor did he scape

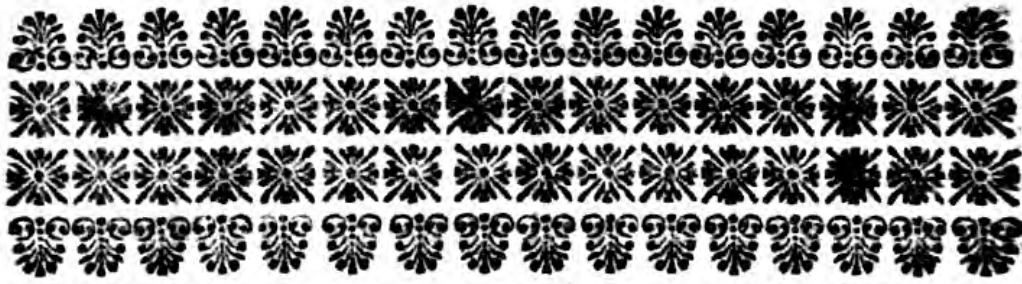
28. PARADISE LOST. Book I.

By all his Engins, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
 Mean while the winged Heralds by command
 Of Sov'reign Pow'r, with awful Ceremony
 And Trumpets found, throughout the Host pr claim
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held 755
 At *Pandemonium*, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers: their summons call'd
 From every Band and squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates 761
 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 Soldan's Chair
 Defi'd the best of *Panim* Chivalry 765
 To mortal Combat, or carriere with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling Winds. As Bees
 In Spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the Hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh Dews and Flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
 The Suburb of their Straw-built Cittadel,
 New rubb'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
 Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd 775
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n.
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In Bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons
 Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 29

Throng numberless, like that Pigeon Race 780
Beyond the *Indian Mount*, or Faery Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forest side
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth 785
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund Music charm his Ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large, 790
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave fate 795
A thousand Demy Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great Consult began.

The End of the First Book.



Paradise Lost.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel he to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecy 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 : Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan their Chief



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undertakes alone the Voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time 'till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the 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
 Outshone the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Shows on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5
 To that bad eminence; and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain War with Heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
 For since no deep within her gulph can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
 Me though just right, and the fix'd Laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in Council or in Fight, 20
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
 Envy from each inferiour; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 33

Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open War or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak.

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

My sentence is for open War: of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait 55
The Signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who reigns

34 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

By our delay? no, let us rather chuse, 60
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'ns high Towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engine he shall hear 65
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
 Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rere
 Insulting and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
 Than 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

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 35

The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost Ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which, if not Victory, is yet Revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more gracefull and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better Reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his Thoughts were low; 115
To Vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the Ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open War, O Peers?

As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels 125
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what Revenge? the Towers of Heav'n are fill'd
 With armed Watch, that render all access 130
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp their Legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound
 Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemy
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th'Ethereal mold
 Incapable of stain would soon expell 140
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure 145
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity;
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 37

In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever; how he can
Is doubtfull; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through Impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel War, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook 165
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires 170
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted Veng'ance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,

38 . PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Caught in a fiery Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his Rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's height
 All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191
 Not more Almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
 Chains and these Torments? better these than worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,
 The Victor's Will. To suffer, as to doe,
 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
 That so ordains: This was at first resolv'd
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their Conqu'ror: This is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 39

Our supreme Foe, in time may much remit 210

His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd

Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd

With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires

Will flaken, if his breath stir not their Flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome 215

Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,

Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd

In temper and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat, and void of Pain ;

This horreur will grow mild, this darkness light, 220

Besides what hope the never-ending flight

Of future days may bring, what chance, what change

Worth waiting, since our present lot appears

For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to our selves more woe. 225

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in Reason's garb

Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,

Not peace : and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n

We war, if war be best, or to regain 230

Our own right lost : him to unthroned we then

May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield

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 235

Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent

And publish Grace to all, on promise made

Of new Subjection ; with what eyes could we

Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
 With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc'd Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits
 Our envi'd Sov'reign, and his Altar breathes
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers, 245
 Our servile offerings. This must be our Task
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
 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'er 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and indurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscur'd, 265
 And with the Majesty of darkness round
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his Light

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 41

Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems 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 275
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain 285
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'rewatch'd, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard 290
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: For such another Field
They dreaded worse than Hell: So much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd

A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven

Deliberation sat and public Care; and

And Princely counsel in his face yet shone,

Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305

With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mighty 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 311

Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote

Inclines, here to continue, and build up here

A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream, 315

And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From Heav'n's high Jurisdiction, in new League

Banded against his Throne, but to remain 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,

Under th'inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude: For he, be sure,

In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign

Sole King, and of his Kingdom lose no part 325

By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule

Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n

What fit we then projecting Peace and War?

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 43

War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or fought; for what Peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return? 335
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no Assault or Siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place 345
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould, 355
Or substance, how eud'd, and what their Power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure

44 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it : here perhaps
 Some advantagious act may be atchiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To wast his whole Creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common Revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our Joy upraise
 In his disturbance ; when his darling Sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail Original, and faded blifs, 375
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd : for whence, 380
 But from the Author of all ill could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creatour? But their spite still serves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all their eyes ; with full assent
 They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.

BOOK II. PARADISE LOST. 45

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
 Nearer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view 394
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion we may chance [Arms
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The darkunbottom'd infinite Abyss, 405
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
 The happy Isle; what strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspence, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake

46 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

The perilous attempt: But all sat mute, 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
 So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
 O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones, 430
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr
 Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
 Outragious to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers, 445
 And this Imperial Sov'reignty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deter

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 47

Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against the wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th'adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
Their 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 exprefs how much they prais'd, 480
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnish'd o're with zeal. 485

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
 Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring Element 490
 Scowls o're 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 their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levie cruel wars,
 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 wait. 505

The *Stygian* Counsel thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,
 'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less

Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp supream, 510
 And God-like imitated State; him round
 A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent Arms.
 Then of their Session ended they bid cry
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
 Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding Alchymie
 By Heralds Voice explain'd; the hollow Abyſs
 Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520
 Thence more at ease their 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 525
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till this great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,
 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields; 530
 Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
 As when to warn proud Cities war appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van 535
 Prick forth the Aery Knights, and couch their Spears
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast *Typhaean* rage more fell

50 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,
 And *Liches* from the top of *Oeta* threw 545

Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
 With notes Angelical to maſſy a Harp
 Their own Heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate 550
 Free Virtue ſhould enthral to Force or Chance.

Their Song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it leſs when Spirits immortal ſing?)
 Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
 The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet 555
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Senſe,)

Others apart ſat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge abſolute, 560
 And found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happineſs and final miſery.

Paſſion and Apathie, and glory and ſhame,
 Vain wiſdom all, and falſe Philoſophy: 565
 Yet with a pleaſing forcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breaſt
 With ſtubborn patience as with triple ſteel.

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 51

Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps,
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge 575
Into the burning Lake their 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* 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of Oblivion rolls
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian Bog*
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Castus* old,
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire. 595
Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce.

52 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice 600

Their 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, their sorrow to augment, 605

And with and struggle, as they pass, to reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink;

But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610

Medusa with *Gorgonian* terrour guards

The Ford, and of it self the water flies

All tast of living wight, as once it fled

The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on

In confus'd march forlorn th'adventurous Bands 615

With shuddring horreur pale, and eyes agast

View'd first their lamentable lot, and found

No rest: through many a dark and dreary Vale

They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,

O'er many a Frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620

Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of
A Universe of death, which God by curse [death,

Created evil, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625

Abominable, inutterable, and worse

Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,

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

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,

Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scoures the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery Concave tousing high. 635
 As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by *Equinoctial* Winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
 Their spicy Drugs: they on the Trading Floud 640
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the borrid Roof,
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, 645
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
 With Mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung 655
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhor'd than these

Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore:
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his feat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th'undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee. 685
 Retire, or tast thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he,

Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms 691

Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal days in woe and pain? 695

And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700

Left with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the griesly terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatenng, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform: on th'other side
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood.

Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th'Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair 710

Shakes Pestilence and War. Each at the Head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'n's Artill'ry fraught, come rattling on 715

Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the Signal blow
To joyn their dark Encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty Combatants, that Hell

Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
 For never but once more was either like 721
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the Snaky Sorcerers that sat
 East by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key, 725
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy Hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only Son? What Fury O Son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart 729
 Against thy Father's 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'er 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 735
 Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy Words so strange
 Thou interpos'st, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal vale 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 than him and thee. 745

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

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 57

Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd affraid
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign. 760
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive Graces won
 The most adverse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st inamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing Burthen. Mean while war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the gen'ral fall
 I also; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
 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

58 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou see'st
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his Mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the Womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his Parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morfel, and his bare,
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 59

But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, nunn 810
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invuln'able 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 subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know 821
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high : from them I go
This uncouth Errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835
Left Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils : Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return;

And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
 With odours ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour : no less enjoy'd
 His Mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire :
 The Key of this infernal Pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates ; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into the gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed :
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My Being gav'st me ; whom should I obey 865
 But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and blifs, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits

Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And towards the Gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
 Which but her self, not all the *Stygian* powers 875
 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
 Unfastens: On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880

Th' infernal doors, and on their linges grate
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut

Excell'd her power; the Gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd Host 885

Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariors rank'd in loose array;

So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.

Before their Eyes in sudden view appear 890

The secrets of the hoary deep, and dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,

Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night

And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature, hold 895

Eternal *Anarchy*, amidst the noise
 Of endless Wars, and by confusion stand.

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring

62 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Their embryon Atoms; they around the Flag 900
 Of each his Faction, in their sev'ral Clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, un-numbered as the Sands
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levi'd to side with warring Winds, and poise 905
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him high Arbitrator
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss, 910
 The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shoar, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pond'ring his Voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to raise
 Some Capital City; or less than if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements 925
 In mutiny had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League

As in a cloudy Chair, ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that feat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity: all unawares
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggy Syrris, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behooves him now both Oar and Sail.
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course o'er Hill or moary Dale,
 Pursues the *Arimaspiam*, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne

Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep ; with him enthron'd
 Sate Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign ; and by them stood
Orkus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon* ; *Rumor* next and *Chance*, 965
 And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroil'd,
 And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy, 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome Desert, as my way,
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n ; or if some other place
 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course ; 980
 Directed no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more 985
 Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night* ;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the Anarch old
 With fault'ring speech and visage incompas'd.

Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown,
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles,
 Weakning the Sceptre of old *Night*: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another World
 Hung o'er my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain 1005
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the jostling Rocks:
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord stunn'd

Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he ;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n, 1025
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wond'rous 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 1031
 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 far into the bosom of dim Night 1036
 A glimmering dawn ; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
 As from her utmost works a brok'n foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
 That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave with dubious light
 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn ;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air, 1045
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round.
 With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 67

Of living Saphire, once his native Seat ; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bignefs as a Star
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies. 1055

The End of the Second Book.



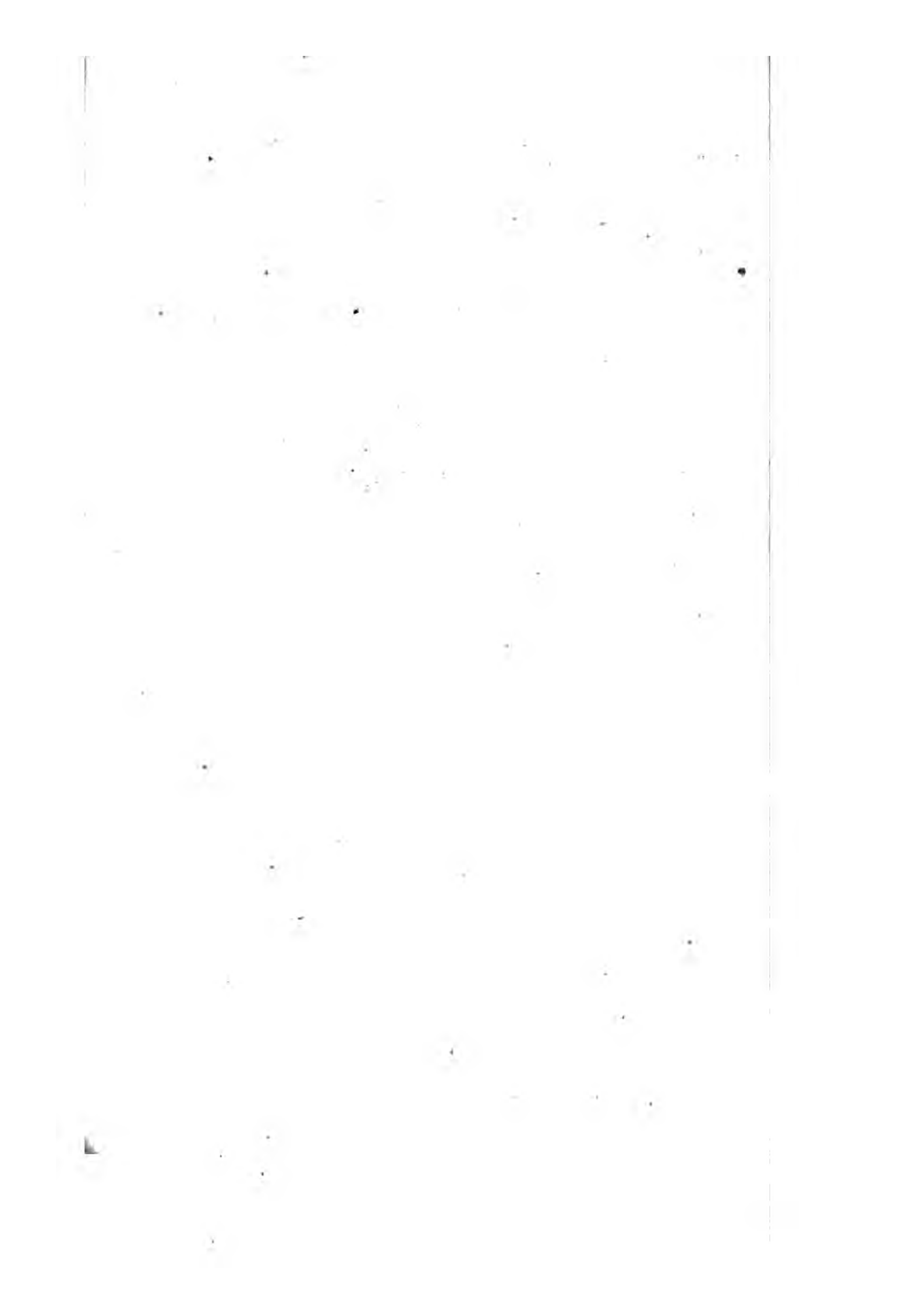
Paradise Lost.

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'd. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man ; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice ; Man hath





offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his Incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this World's outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place, since call'd The Lymbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by 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 hath plac'd here, enquires 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 unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
 Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest 10
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne
 With other notes than 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 re-ascend, 20
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign 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 their Orbs, 25
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunny Hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred Song; but chief

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 71

Thee *Sion* and thy flowrie Brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd 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 *Mæonides*, 35
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year 40
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal Blanck
Of Natures works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High Thron'd above all heighth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:

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About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n 60
 Stood thick as Stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance : on his right
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,
 His only Son ; On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the only two 65
 Of mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
 In blissful solitude ; he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
 Firm Land imbosom'd without Firmament, 75
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80
 Transports our Adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main Abyfs
 Wide interrupt can hold ; so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not far off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,

And

And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
 For Man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, 95
 He and his faithless Progeny: Whose fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers 100
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them who
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell. [fall'd;
 Not free, what proof could they have gain'd sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where only what they needs must do, appear'd, 105
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
 Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their maker, or their making, or their Fate,
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute Decree 115
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.

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So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, 123
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 'Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high Decree 125
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd 130
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excell,
 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 136
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd, and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd 144
 Thy sov'reign 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
 Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 75

For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joyn'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplisht, and to Hell 160
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
Be question'd 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, 170
All hast thou spoken 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 vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175
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,

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By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 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 warn'd 185
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soft'n stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear, 195
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high Supremacy of Heav'n, 205
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,

BOOK III: PARADISE LOST. 77

Die he or Justice must; unless for him 210

Some 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

Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save, 215

Dwells in all Heav'n charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,

And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf

Patron or Intercessor none appear'd,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220

The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind

Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell

By doom severe, had not the Son of God,

In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225

His dearest Mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;

And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,

The speediest of the winged messengers,

To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230

Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,

Happy for man, so coming; he her aid

Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;

Attonement for himself or offering meet,

Indebted and undon, hath none to bring: 235

Behold me then, me for him, life for life

I offer, on me let thine anger fall;

Account me man; I for his sake will leave

Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee

Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd: thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoile;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heav'n 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 redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
 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. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shon
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice

Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd

All Heav'n, what this might mean, or whither tend
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only Peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole Race lost. 280

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their Nature also to thy Nature joyn;
 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adam's* room 285
 The Head of all mankind, though *Adam's* 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 guilty all his Sons, thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce

Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And live in thee transplanted, and from thee

Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,

Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die, 295

And dying rise; and rising with him raise

His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.

So Heav'nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate

Giving to death, and dying to redeem,

So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate - 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's Nature, less'n or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, tho' Thron'd in highest bliss 305
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310
 Far more than Great or High; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King, and Power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supreme
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 320
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
 Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Winds
 The living, and forthwith the-cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 81

Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd 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 their tribulations long 336
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
For regal Scepter then no more shall need 340
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout 345
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast 351
Their 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 man's offence 355
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliss thro' midst of Heav'n
Rowls o'er *Elysian* Flours her Amber stream;

82 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

With these that never fade the Spirits elect 360
 Bind their 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. 364

Then Crown'd again their gold'n Harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred Song, and waken raptures high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joyn 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their 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, 386
 Whom else no Creature can behold ; on thee
 Impress'd the effulgence of his Glory abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

He Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame; while o'er the necks 395
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him thro' their malice fall'n, 400
 Father of Mercy and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pity encline :
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity enclin'd, 405
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the Strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexampl'd love, 410
 Love no where to be found less than 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 Father's praise disjoyn. 415
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spend.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides

84 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd 420
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darknes old,
Satan alighted walks : a Globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms 425
 Of *Chaos* blustring round, inclement Skie,
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant far some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud :
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs and yeanling Kids
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
 Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams ; 435
 But in his way lights on the barren Plains
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
 With Sails and Wind their cany Waggons light :
 So on this windy Sea of Land, the Fiend 440
 Walk'd up and downe alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other Creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew 445
 Of all things transitory and vain, when Sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men :
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of Glory or lasting fame,

BOOK III. PARADISE LOST. 85

Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
All who have their reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th'unaccomplisht works of Nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring Moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent Fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kind:
Hither of ill-joyn'd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came
With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd; 465
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain design
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into *Aetna* flames, 470
Empedocles, and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friars
White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery. 475
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,

Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that CrySTALLINE Sphere 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 485
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift their 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 their wearers tost
 And flutter'd into Rags, then Reliques, Beads, 491
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the World far off
 Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travell'd steps; far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heav'n a Structure high,
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate 505
 With Frontispiece of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gems
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 87

The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw 519
 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 cry'd, *Thus is the Gate of Heav'n*: 515
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearl, whereon
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd, 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss. 525
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordan's* flood 535
 To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
 Borders on *Egypt* and th' *Arabian* shore;
 So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.

88 PARADISE LOST Book III.

Satan from hence now on the lower stair 540
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne 545
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd 550
 Which now the rising Sun gilds 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 fair.
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopie 556
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
 Of *Libra* to the fleecie Star that bears
Andromeda far off *Atlantic* Seas
 Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole 560
 He views in breadth; and without longer pause
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
 His sight precipitant, and windes with ease
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Stars, that shon 565
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seem'd, or happy Isles,
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flowry Valles,

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 89

Thrice happy Isles, but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heav'n
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or down
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or Longitude, where the great Luminary
Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry Dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months and years, towards his all-charming
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd [Lamp
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invisible virtue 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 Orb
Through his glaz'd Optick Tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant Light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd Gold, part Silver clear; 595
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
In Aaron's Brest-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,

That stone, or like to that which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their powerful Art they binde
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
 Drain'd through a Limbec to his Native form. 605
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
 Potable Gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so far from us remote
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazl'd, far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th' *Equator*, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Air,
 No where so clear, sharp'nd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar 625
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 91

Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay : 635
And now a stripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd ;
Under a Coronet his flowing haire 640
In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
His Habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright, 645
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known
Th'Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
Who in God's presence, nearest to his Throne
Stand ready to command, and are his Eyes 650
That run thro' all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accosts ;
 Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will 656
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 660
 To visit oft this new Creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
 Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell; 670
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
 Or open admiration him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powr'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
 The Universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebell Foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair their loss
 Created this new happy Race of Men
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes. 680
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisie, the 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 686
 At wisdom's Gate, and to simplicitie
 Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd

BOOK III. PARADISE LOST. 93

Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held 690
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foul
In his uprightnes answer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie 695
The great Work-Master, 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 700
Contented with report hear only in Heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight,
But what created mind can comprehend 705
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several Quarters hasten'd then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire, 715
And the Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;

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Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
The rest in circuit walls this Universe.

Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere 725
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair Star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.

That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,

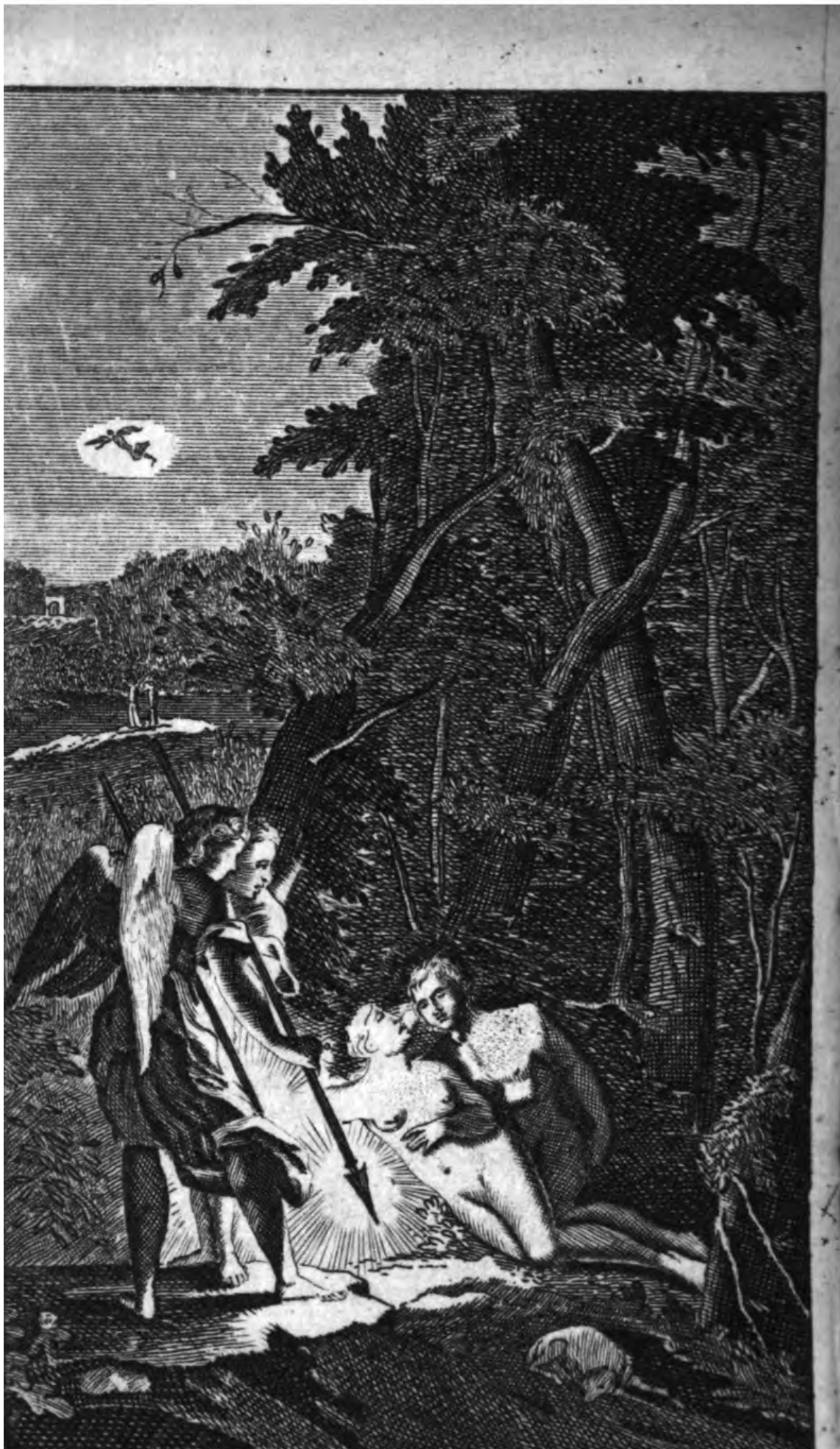
Adam's abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.

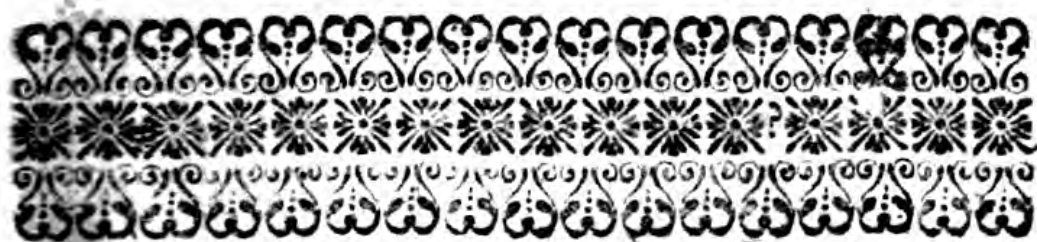
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735

Thus said, he turn'd, 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, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.







Paradise Lost.

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 despaire; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeyson to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their 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 their 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 afterwards by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him e'er morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their Bower describ'd; their Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to guard Adam's Bower, lest 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, tho' 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, 5
 While time was, our first-Parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their 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, e'er th' Accuser of mankind, 10
 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 15
 Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
 And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
 His troubl'd thoughts; and from the bottom fir
 The Hell within him, for within him Hell 20
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more than from himself can fly
 By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memorie
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full blazing Sun.

Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre : 30

Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Stars
Hide their diminisht heads; to thee I call, 35

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name

O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams

That bring to my remembrance from what state

I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;

Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down 40

Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:

Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return

From me, whom he created what I was

In that bright eminence, and with his good

Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45

What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,

How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,

And wrought but malice; lifted up so high

I 'sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher 50

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burthenfome still paying, still to owe;

Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,

And understood not that a grateful mind 55

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once

Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then!

O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd

Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 99

Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65

Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe, 70

Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despair?

Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell; 75
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n,

O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane;
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell.

With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd 90
 The lower still I fall, only Supream
 In misery; such joy Ambition finds.
 But say I could repent and could obtaine
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
 Would heighth recal high thoughts, how soon unfay
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant 96
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilment grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep,
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this World.
 So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear,
 Farewel Remorse: all Good to me is lost:
 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least 110
 Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reigne;
 As Man e'er 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 despaire,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd 116
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,

BOOK IV. PARADISE LOST. 101

Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,
 Artificer of Fraud, and was the first 121

That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceale, coucht with revenge:

Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down 125

The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall

Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,

As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130

So on he fares, and to the border comes,
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound the champain head

Of a steep wilderness whose hairie sides 135

With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
 Access deny'd; and over head up grew

Insuperable heighth of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,

A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140

Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre

Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:

Which to our general Sire gave prospect large

Into his neather Empire neighbouring round. 145

And higher than that Wall a circling row

Of goodliest Trees laden with fairest Fruit,

Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue

Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:

On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
 Than in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath show'rd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those baimie spoiles. As when to them who saile
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past 160
Mozambic, off at Sea North-East winds blow
Sabean Odour from the spicie shore
 Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a League
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles. 165
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Than *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse
 Of *Tobit's* Son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From *Media* post to *Agypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th'ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way:
 One Gate there only was, and that look'd East
 On th'other side: which when th'arch-fellon saw

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 103.

Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pent their Flocks at eve
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 19
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's 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, 199
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows 201
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
To all delight of human Sense expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth, for blisful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East

Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her Line . 210
 From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towns
 Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
 Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
 Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile
 His far more pleasant Garden God ordain'd; 215
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life, 220
 Our Death the Tree of knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf't, for God had thrown 225
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the Garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Floud
 Which from the darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realm
 And Country whereof here needs no account, 235
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
 With mazie error under pendant shades

BOOK IV. PARADISE LOST. 105

Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Pow'rd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plain,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
 Imbround the noontide Bows: Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view; [and Balme,
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
 Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true, 250
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmie hillock, or the flourie lap
 Of some irriguous valley spred her store, 255
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
 Another side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,
 Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The Birds their quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
 The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that fair field
 Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours

Her self a fairer Flour by gloomy *Dis* 270
 Was gather'd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
 To seek her thro' 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* Isle 275
 Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
 Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian* *Jove*,
 Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
 Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea*'s eye;
 Nor where *Abassin* Kings their issue Guard, 280
 Mount *Amara*, though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line
 By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
 A whole days journey high, but wide remote
 From this *Affyrian* Garden, where the Fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange;
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, which native Honour clad
 In naked Majesty seem'd Lords of all, 290
 And worthy seem'd, for in their looks Divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd;
 Whence true authority in men; though both 295
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive Grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him:

His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd 300

Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks

Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:

She as a vail down to the slender waste

Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305

Dishevel'd, 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 yielded, by him best receiv'd,

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310

And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,

Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame

Of natures works, honor dishonorable,

Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind 315

With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,

And banisht from mans life his happiest life,

Simplicities and spotless innocence.

So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight

Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320

So hand in hand they pass'd, the loviest pair

That ever since in loves embraces 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 325

Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side

They sat them down, and after no more toil

Of their sweet Gardning labour than suffic'd

To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease

More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rinde 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream:
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befeems
 Fair couple, linkt in happy nuptial League,
 Alone as they. About them frisking plaid 340
 All Beasts of th'Earth, since wild, and of all chafe
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
 Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,
 Gambol'd before them, th'unwieldy Elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent fly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
 Coucht, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th'Ocean Isles, and in th'ascending Scale
 Of Heav'n the Stars that usher Evening rose: 355
 When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of blis thus high advanc'd

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 109

Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them Divine Resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd 'em on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh 366
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pity thus forlorne
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity so streight, so close
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath, to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,

110 PARADISE LOST. BOOK IV.

Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
 By conquering this new World, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree 395
 Down he alights among the sportful Herd
 Of those four-footed kindes, himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'd
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
 By word or action markt: about them round
 A Lion now he stalks with fierie glare,
 Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grip'd in each paw: When *Adam* first of men
 To first of Women *Eve* thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
 Dearer thy self then all; needs must the power
 That made us, and for us this ample World,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite, 415
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. III

From us no other service than to keep 420

This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees

In Paradise that bear delicious fruit

So various, not to taste that only Tree

Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,

So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is, 425

Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that Tree,

The only sign of our obedience left

Among so many signs of power and rule

Conferr'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n 430

Over all other Creatures that possess

Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard

One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice

Unlimited of manifold delights : 435

But let us ever praise him, and extoll

His bounty, following our delightful task

To prune those growing Plants, and tend these Flours,

Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom 440

And from whom I was 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 we to him indeed all praises owe,

And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy 445

So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee

Præminent by so much odds, while thou

Like consort to thy self canst no where find,

That day I oft remember, when from sleep

112 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade of firs, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd 455
 Pure as th'expansive of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460
 A Shape within the watry gleam appear'd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love; there I had fixt 465
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd 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 stays 470
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human Race: What could I doe, 475
 But follow streight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a Plantan, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth watry image; back I turn'd, 480
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast 495
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
 That shed *May* Flow'rs; and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis'd in one anothers arms 506
 The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy their fill
 Of blifs on blifs, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

Among our other torments not the least, 510
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidding them to taste; Knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord 516
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By Ignorance, is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom Knowledge might exalt
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such, 525
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
 Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n by Fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with fly circumspection, and began [his roam.
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 115

With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.
Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th'unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial Armoury, Shields, Helms, and Spears,
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold-
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven 555
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. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at height of Noon came to my Sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest Image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his Aerie Gate:
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North

Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
 See far and wide: in at this Gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
 No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have o'erleapt these earthie bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
 But if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and *Uriel* to his charge 589
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 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, and left him there 595
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
 The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
 Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Livery all things clad;

BOOK IV. PARADISE LOST. 117

Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird 600

They to their grassie Couch, these to their Nests

Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;

She all night long her amorous descant sung;

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

With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led 605

The starry Host, rode brightest, till the Moon

Rising in clouded Majesty, at length

Apparent Queen unvail'd her peerless light,

And o'er 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 611

Mind us of like repose, since God hath set

Labour and rest, as day and night to men

Successive, and the timely dew of sleep

Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines 615

Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long

Rove idle unemploy'd; and less need rest;

Man hath his daily work of body or mind

Appointed, which declares his Dignity,

And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620

While other Animals unactive range,

And of their doings God takes no account.

To morrow e'er fresh morning streak the East

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

And at our pleasant labour, to reform 625

Yon floury Arbours, yonder Allies green,

Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:

118 PARADISE LOST. BOOK IV.

Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gums, 630
 That lie bestrown 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 adorn'd.
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst 635
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
 Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth 645
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild, the 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 650
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flour,
 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon 655
 Or glittering Star-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
 To whom our general Ancestor reply'd,

BOOK IV. PARADISE LOST. 119

Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*, 660
Those have their 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 ;
Lest total darkness should by Night regain 665
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent Ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674
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 680
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each others note
Singing their great Creator : oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds 686
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd

120 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

On to their blissful Bower ; it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use ; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side 695
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin*
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; underfoot the Violet, 700
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
 Border'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest Emblem : other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none ;
 Such was their awe of Man. In shady Bower 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her nuptial Bed, 710
 And Heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked Beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than *Paridra*, whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715
 In sad event, when to th' unwiser Son
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd.
 On him who had stole *Jove's* authentic fire.

Thus

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
 Both turn'd, and under open Sky ador'd
 The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth and Heav'n,
 Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe
 And starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day. 725

Which we in our appointed work imploy'd
 Have finish'd happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other Rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into their inmost Bower
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
 Streight side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
 Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?

122 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Hail wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source 750
 Of human offspring, sole propriety,
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure, 755
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestick sweets, 760
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
 Present, or past, as Saints or Patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd, 766
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or midnight Ball,
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These lull'd by Nightingales imbracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the floury roof
 Showr'd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on
 Eleft pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775
 Now had night measur'd with her shaddowy Cone
 Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault,
 And from their Ivory Port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th'accustom'd hour stood arm'd

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 123

To their night watches in warlike Parade, 780

When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

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

Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear. 785

From these, two strong and suttler Spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and *Zephor*, with wing'd speed

Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,

But chiefly where those two fair Creatures lodge,

Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm. 791

This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,

Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen

Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795

Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,

Dazling the Moon; these to the Bower direct

In search of whom they sought: him there they found

Squat like a Toad, close at the ear of *Eve*; 800

Affaying by his devilish Art to reach

The Organs of her Fancy, 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 805

Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise

At last distemper'd, discontented thoughts,

Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires

Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.

Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear 810

Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure

Touch of Celestial temper, but returns

Of force to its own likeness: up he starts

Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark

Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid 815

Fit for the Tun some Magazine to store

Against a rumor'd War, the smutty grain

With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air:

So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

Eack stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820

So sudden to behold the grieved King;

Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell

Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,

Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait 825

Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said *Satan*, fill'd with scorn,

Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where you durst not soare;

Not to know me argues your selves unknown, 830

The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus *Zephan*, answering scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, 835

Or undiminisht brightness to be known

As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;

That Glory then, when thou no more wast good,

Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now

BOOK IV. PARADISE LOST. 125

Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule. 840

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 beauty, added grace 845

Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd

His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,

Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,

Or all at once; more glory will be won,

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

Will save us trial what the least can do. 855

Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;

But like a proud Steed rein'd, went haughty on,

Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie

He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860

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

The western Point, where those half-rounding guards

Just met, and closing stood in Squadron join'd

Awaiting next command. To whom their Chief

Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet

Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern

Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the shade,

And with them comes a third of Regal port,

But faded splendor wan; who by his gate 870
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
 Not likely to part hence without contest;
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended when these two approach'd,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.
 Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Imploy'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, 886
 And such I held thee; but this question askt
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
 Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place 891
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompence
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
 To thee no reason; who knowst only good, 895
 But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar
 His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance: thus much what was askt;

The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
 Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.

O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since *Satan* fell, whom folly overthrew, 905

And now returns him from his prison scap'd,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

However, and to scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
 Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd. 916

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 than they
 Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief, 920
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
 Thy blasting vollied Thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.

But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves
 From hard affaies and ill successes past,
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd ;
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
 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 Air; 940
 Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay Legions dare againſt ;
 Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with Songs to hymn his Throne,
 And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight. 945
 To whom the warriour Angel ſoon reply'd,
 To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
 Wiſe to flie pain, profeſſing next the Spy,
 Argues no Leader but a Liar trac'd,
 Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name, 950
 O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head ;
 Was this your diſcipline and faith ingag'd,
 Your military obedience, to diſſolve 955
 Allegiance to th'acknowledg'd Power ſupream?
 And thou fly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervilly ador'd

Heav'n's awful Monarch ? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reign? 961

But mark what I arreed thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledst ; if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th'infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And Seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitary Cherube, but e'er then 971

Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yolk, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th'Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field 980

Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them ; the careful Plowman doubting stands,
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th'other side *Satan* alarm'd 985
Collecting all his might dilated stood,

Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe

What seem'd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, not only Paradise 991

In this commotion, but the Starry Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At least had gone to rack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995

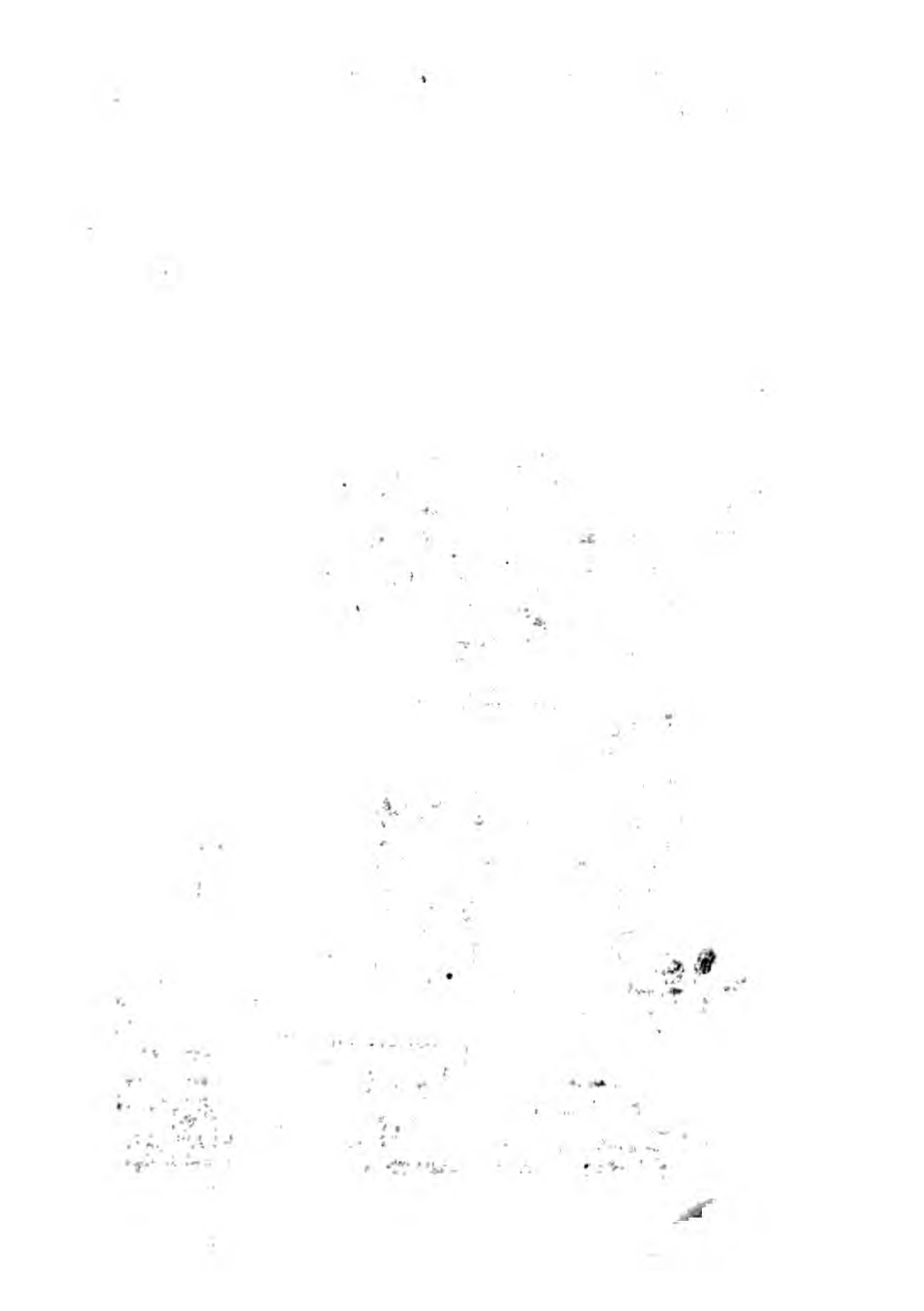
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc'd Air 1000

In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms : in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight ;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam ;
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv'n ; what folly then
To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up, 1010
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign

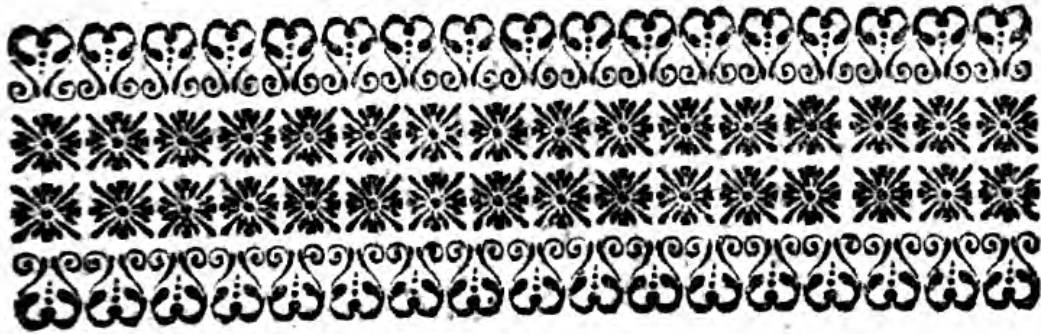
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up, and knew (weak,
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled 1014
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night,

The End of the Fourth Book.





Lib. V.



Paradise Lost.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their daylabours: 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 choicest 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 Adam's 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 dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

NOW Morn her rosie steps in th'Eastern Clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearl,
 When *Adam* wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
 Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,
 And temperat vapours bland, which th' only found
 Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan, 6
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd *Eve*
 With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek 10
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice 15
 Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
 What drops the Myrre, and what the balmie Reed,
 How Nature paints her colour, how the Bee
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25
 Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus she spake.
 O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My Glory, my Perfection, glad I see

Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night, 30
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass'd, or morrows next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night; methought 35
 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 40
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
 Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasant light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his Eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire, 45
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways 50
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my Fancy than 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 dewy locks distill'd 56
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,

Nor God, nor Man ; is Knowledge so despis'd? 60
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?
 This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arm
 He pluckt, he tasted ; me damp horror chil'd 65
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold :
 But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?
 Here, happy Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
 Partake thou also ; happy though thou art, 75
 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 we, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou,
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt ; the pleasant savoury smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various ; wondring at my flight and change

To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
 My Guide was gone, and I, methought, 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* answer'd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half, 95
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the Soul 100
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve
 Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,
 The forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes, 105
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private Cell, when Nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last Evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad,
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind; Which gives me hope

Book v: PARADISE LOST. 137

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
And let us to our fresh Employments rise 125
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair Sponse, and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their Chrystal sluice, he e'er they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the Field they haste.
But first from under shade arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean brim, 140
Shot paralel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
Of Paradise and *Eden's* happy Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their Orisons, each Morning duly paid 145
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence

Flow'd from their lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,
 More tuneable than needed Lute or Harp 151
 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 first above these Heavens 155
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoicing, ye in Heav'n,
 On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165
 Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day that crownst the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare
 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170
 Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbst,
 And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fallst.
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fly'st 175
 With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandring Fires that move
 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
 His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light,

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Air, and ye Elements the eldest birth 180

Of Nature's Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix

And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185

From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or grey,

Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with Gold,

In honour to the World's great Author rise,

Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd sky,

Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers, 190

Rising or falling still advance his praise.

His praise ye Winds that from four Quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,

With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.

Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195

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;

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200

The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,

To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade

Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205

To give us only good; and if the night

Have gathered aught of evil or conceal'd,

Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
 Of Fruit-trees over woodie reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughes, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine 215
 To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her down th'adopted Clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploy'd beheld
 With pity Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seventimes-wedded Maid.
Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap'd through the darksome Gulf
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with *Adam*, in what Bower or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
 To respit his day-labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his power left free to will, 235
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him what
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy

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Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of blifs; 241
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Vail'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th'angelic Quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th'Empyrean road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedar crown'd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass 261
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* first appearing kenns 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Sky
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with stiddy wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fan

Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare 270

Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems

A *Phanix*, 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 275

He lights, and to his proper shape returns

A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade

His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad

Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast

With regal Ornament; the middle pair 280

Girt like a Starry Zone his waste, and round

Skirted his loines and thighs with downy Gold

And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet

Shaddow'd from either heele with feather'd maile

Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood, 285

And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd

The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands

Of Angels under watch; and to his state,

And to his message high in honour rise; 289

For on some message high they guess'd him bound.

Their glittering Tents he pass'd, and now is come

Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,

And flourishing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;

A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here

Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will 295

Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,

Wild above Rule or Art; enormous blifs.

Him through the spicie Forrest onward come

Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat

OF his cool Bower, while now the mounted Sun
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme 301
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than *Adam* needs;
 And *Eve* within, due to her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
 Berry or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn 310
 Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This Day to be our Guest. But go with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earth's hallow'd mould,
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
 But I will haste and from each bough and break,
 Each Plant and 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. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joyn'd, inelegant, but bring 335
 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 shore
 In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coate,
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
 She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes 345
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.
 Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet 350
 His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompany'd than with his own compleat
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when their rich retinue long 355
 Of Horses led, and Grooms besmear'd with Gold
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence *Adam* though not aw'd,
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,

As to a superior Nature, bowing low, 360

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
 None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain:
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us 365
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady Bower
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline. 370

Whom thus the Angelic Virtue answer'd mild.

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 Bower 375
 O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till Eevening rise
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge

They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
 With flourets deckt and fragrant smells; but *Eve*
 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair 380
 Than 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
 She needed, Virtue proof, no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile* 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest *Mary*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
 shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons

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Than with these various fruits the Trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
 Their 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 396
 Our Author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
 The Earth to yield; unfavoury food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intellectual substances require
 As doth your Rational; and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty 410
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustain'd and fed; of Elements 415
 The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,
 Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd

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Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his aimental recompence
In humid Exhalations, and at Ev'n 425
Supps with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchymist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy

Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Nor burden'd Nature, sudden mind arose

In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass

Giv'n him by this great conference to know

Of things above his World, and of their being 455

Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw

Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms

Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far

Exceeded human, and his wary speech

Thus to th' Empyrean Minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well

Thy favour, in this honour done to man,

Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd

To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,

Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465

As that more willingly thou couldst not seem

At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed : yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.

O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom

All things proceed, and up to him return, 470

If not deprav'd from good, created all

Such to perfection, one first matter all,

Indu'd with various forms, various degrees

Of substance, and in things that live, of life;

But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475

As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending

Each in their several active Spheres assign'd,

Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root

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Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, last the bright consummate flour 481
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and their fruit
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding, whence the Soul
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. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare: 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progeny you are: Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505
To whom the Patriarch of mankind reply'd,
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set

From center to circumference, whereon 510

In contemplation of created things

By steps we may ascend to God. But say,

What meant that caution join'd, *if ye be found*

Obedient? can we want obedience then

To him, or possibly his love desert 515

Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here

Full to the utmost measure of what blifs

Human desires can seek or apprehend?

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

Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God; 520

That thou continu'ft 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 perfect, not immutable;

And good he made thee, but to persevere 525

He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will

By nature free, not over rul'd by Fate

Inextricable, or strict necessity;

Our voluntary service he requires,

Not our necessitated, such with him 530

Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how

Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must

By Destiny, and can no other chuse?

My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand 535

In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state

Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;

On other surety none; freely we serve,

Because we freely love, as in our will

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 151

To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540

And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,

And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall

From what high state of blifs into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words

Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545

Divine instructor, I have heard, than when

Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills

Aereal Musick send: nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free;

Yet that we never shall forget to love 550

Our maker, and obey him whose command

Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Affur'd me, and still assure: though, what thou tell'st

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

But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555

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 finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins

His other half to the great Zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*

After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou enjoinst me, O prime of men,

Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate

To human sense th'invisible exploits 565

Of warring Spirits; how without remorse

The ruin of so many glorious once

And perfect while they stood; how last unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps

Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570

This is dispenc'd, and what surmounts the reach

Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms,

As may express them best, though what if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein 575

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

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wild

Reign'd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth

Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day [now rests

(For time, though in Eternity, apply'd 580

To motion, measures all things durable

By present, past, and future) on such day

As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th'Empyrean Host

Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,

Innumerable before th'Almighties Throne 585

Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd

Under their Hierarchs in orders bright

Ten thousand thousand Ensigns high advanc'd,

Standards, and Gonfalons 'twixt Van and Rear

Stream in the Air, and for distinction serve 590

Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;

Or in their glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd

Holy Memorials, acts of Zeal and Love

Recorded eminent. Thus when' in Orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595

Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,

By him in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son

Amidst as from the flaming Mount, whose top

Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Book v. PARADISE LOST. 153

Hear all ye Angels, Progeny of Light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedom, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy Hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605

At my right hand; our 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 Soul 610

For ever happy: him who disobey

Me disobey, breaks union, and that day

Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls

Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place

Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words

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

That day, as other solemn days, they spent

In song and dance about the sacred Hill.

Myfical dance, which yonder starry Sphære 620

Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheels

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then most, when most irregular they seem,

And in their motions harmony Divine 625

So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear

Listens delighted. Eevning now approach'd

(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,

We ours for change delectable, not need)

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 Desirous; all in Circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows
 In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635
 On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd,
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who showr'd
 With copious hand, rejoycing in their joy. 641
 Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
 In darker veil) and roseat Dews dispos'd 646
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous Earth in Plain out spred,
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng 650
 Disperst in Bands and Files their Camp extend
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept [course
 Fann'd with coole Winds, save those who in their
 Melodious Hymns about the sov'reign Throne 656
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 's heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,

Book v. PARADISE LOST. 155

If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power, 660
In favour and præminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear 664
Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream 670
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou see'st impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate 681
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, e'er yet dim Night
Her shadowy Cloud withdraws, I am to haste, 686
And all who under me their Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare

Fit entertainment to receive our King 690

The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695

Of his Associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now e'er Night,
Now e'er dim Night had disincumber'd Heav'n, 700

The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity; but all obey'd

The wonted signal, and superior voice 705

Of their great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Host: 710

Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount

And from within the golden Lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their Light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715

Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;

And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold

Book v. PARADISE LOST. 157

In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deity or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North ;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuary, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laughst at their vain designs, and tumults vain,
Matter to me of Glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Stars of Night, 745
Or Stars of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flour.
Regions they pass'd, and mighty Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones

In their triple Degrees, Regions to which 750

All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more

Than what this Garden is to all the Earth,

And all the Sea, from one enrire globe

Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd

At length into the limits of the North 755

They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat

High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount

Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs

* From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,

The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call 760

That Structure in the Dialect of men

Interpreted) which not long after, he

Affecting all equality with God,

In imitation of that Mount whereon

Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, 765

The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;

For thither he assembl'd all his Train,

Pretending so commanded to consult

About the great reception of their King,

Thither to come, and with calumnious Art 770

Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,

If these magnific Titles yet remain

Not meerly titular, since by Decree

Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775

All Power, and us eclips'd under the name

Of King anointed, for whom all this haste

Of midnight march, and hurry'd meeting here,

This only to consult, how we may best

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 159

With what may be devis'd of honours new 780

Receive him coming to receive from us

Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,

Too much to one, but double how endur'd,

To one and to his image now proclaim'd?

But what if better counsels might erect 785

Our minds, and teach us to cast off this Yoke?

Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend

The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust

To know ye right, or if ye know your selves

Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before 790

By none, and if not equal all, yet free,

Equally free; for Orders and Degrees

Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

Who can in reason then or right assume

Monarchy over such as live by right 795

His equals, if in power and splendor less,

In freedom equal; or can introduce

Law and Edict on us, who without law

Err not, much less for this to be our Lord,

And look for adoration to th' abuse 800

Of those Imperial Titles which assert

Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus far this bold discourse without controul

Had audience, when among the Seraphim

Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd

The Deity, and divine commands obey'd, 805

Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe

The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!

Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
 In place thy self so high above thy Peers.
 Canst thou with impious Obloquy condemn
 The just Decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
 That to his only Son by right endu'd 815
 With regal Scepter, every Soul in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
 Flatly unjust, to bind with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let Reign, 820
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being? 825
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignity
 How provident he is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state under one Head more near 130
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch Reign:
 Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom 835
 As by his word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crown'd them with Glory, and to their Glory nam'd

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd, 841
 But more illustrious made, since he the Head
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes,
 His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage 845
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
 While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
 Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus reply'd.
 That we were form'd then saist thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new? 855
 Doctrine which we would know whence learnt: who
 When this creation was? rememberst thou [saw
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd 860
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
 Had circl'd his full Orb, 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 865
 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 carry to th' anointed King ; 870
 And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the found of waters deep
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spirit accurst,
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall.
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
 Of God's *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd, other Decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recal; 885
 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
 These wicked Tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire,
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshak'n, uneduc'd, untterrify'd

Book v. PARADISE LOST. 163

His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal; 900
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towers to swift destruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

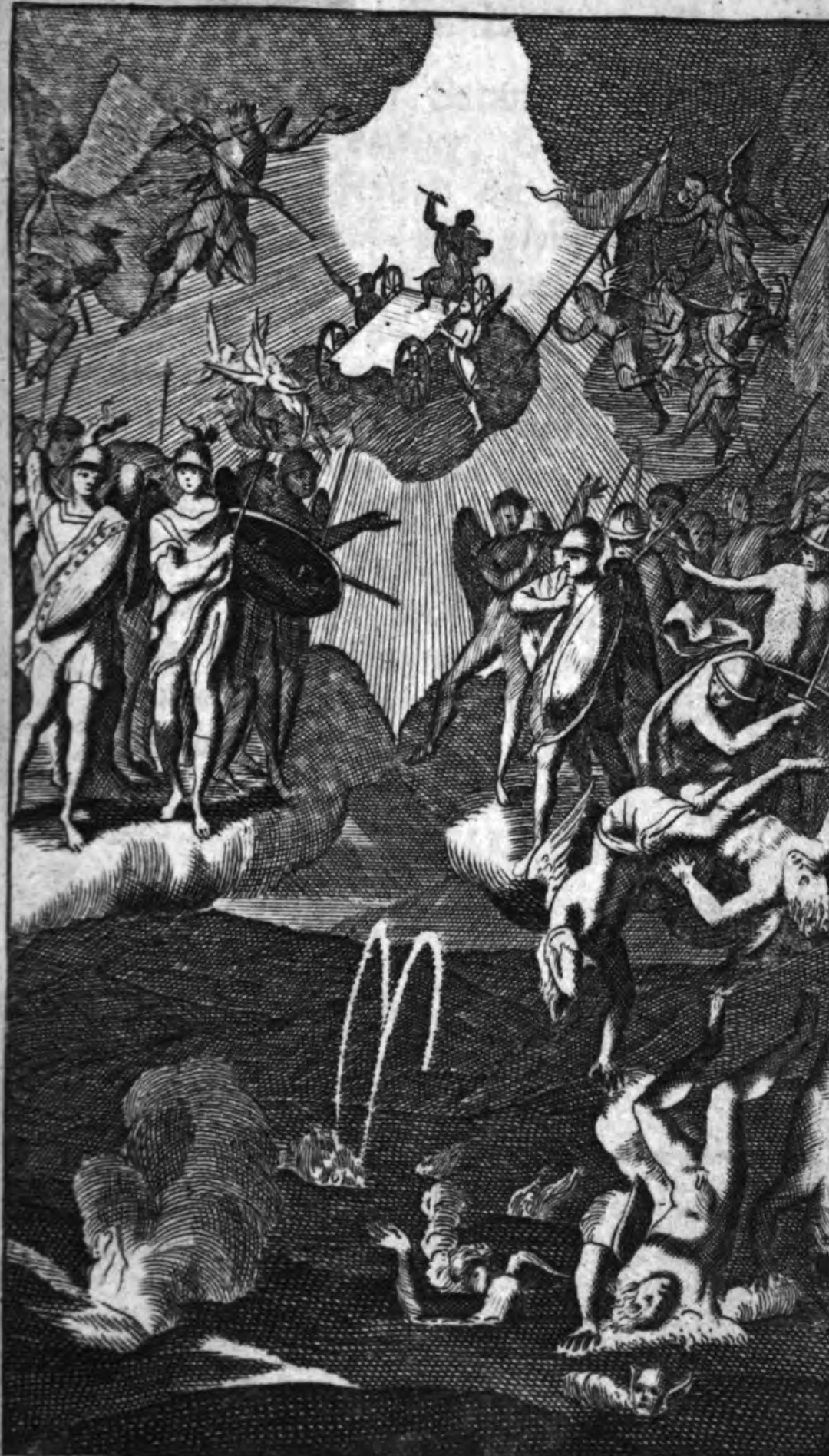


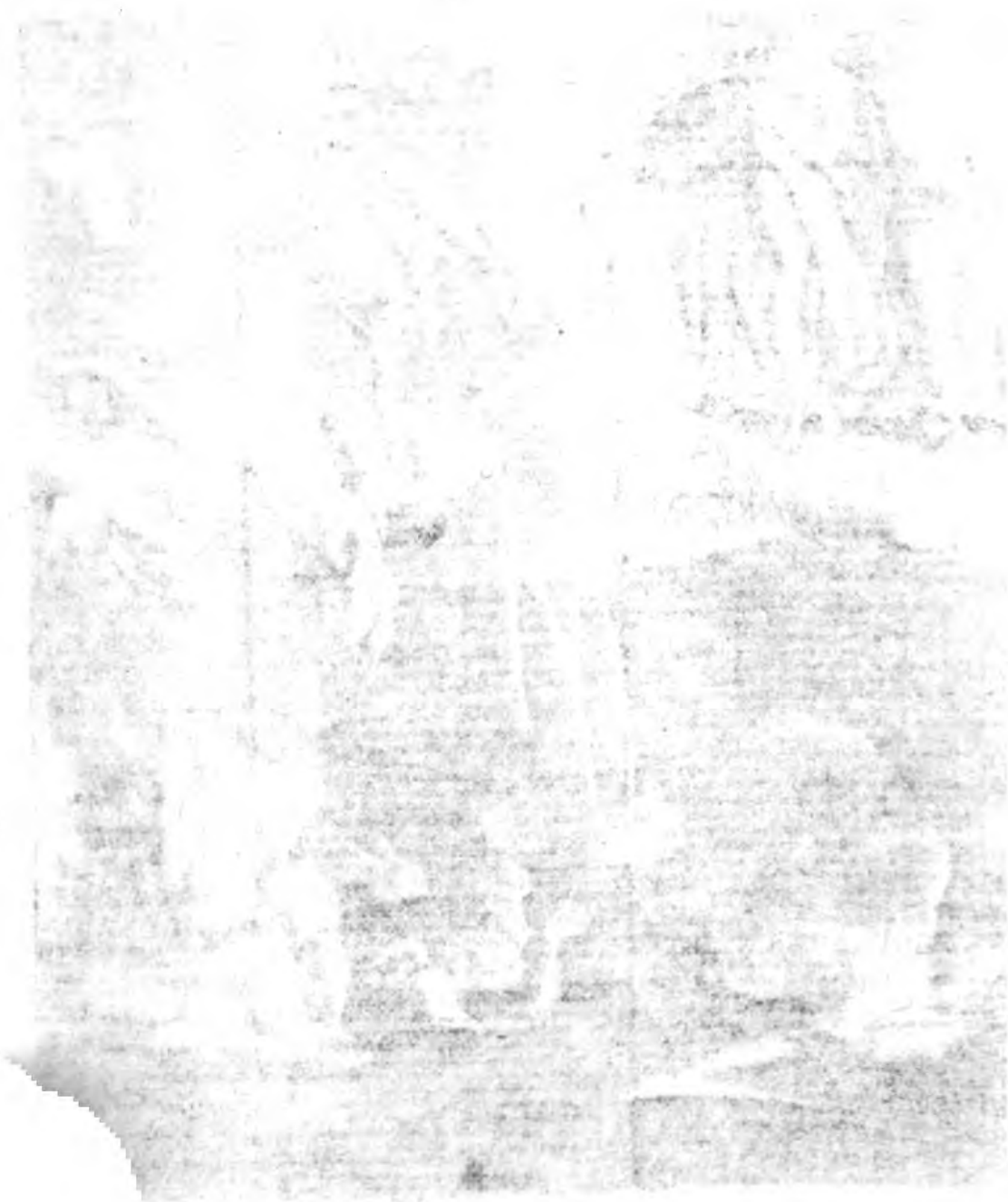
Paradise Lost.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

*Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to bat-
tel against Satan and his Angels. The
first Fight describ'd: Satan and his
Powers retire under Night: He calls
a Council, invents devilish Engines,
which in the second days Fight put
Michael and his Angels to some dis-
order; 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 : He 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 horreur 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
 Thro' Heav'n's wide Champain held his way, till
 Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rofic hand [Morn,
 Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
 Within the Mount of God, fast by the Throne, 5
 Where light and darknes in perpetual round
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' Heav'n
 Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
 Light issues forth, and at the other door
 Obsequious darknes enters, till her hour 10
 To veile the Heav'n, tho' darknes there might well
 Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in Gold
 Empyrean, from before her vanquish'd Night,
 Shot thro' with orient Beams, when all the Plain 15
 Cover'd with thick embattl'd Squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first meet his view:
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought 20
 To have reported: gladly then he mixt
 Among those friendly Powers who him receiv'd
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one
 That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
 Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill 25
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
 From midst a Golden Cloud thus mild was heard.
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 167

The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause
 Of Truth, in word mightier than they in Arms;
 And for the testimony of Truth hast born
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence: for this was all thy care 35
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' 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
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
 By force, who reason for their Law refuse,
 Right reason for their Law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
 Go *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,
 And thou in Military prowess next 45
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
 Equal in number to that Godless crew
 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms 50
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss
 Into their place of punishment, the Gulph
 Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
 His fiery *Chaos* to receive their fall. 55

So spake the Sov'reign voice, and Clouds began
 To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
 In dusky wreathes, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awak'd: nor with less dread the loud

168 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow : 60
 At which command the Powers Militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence their bright Legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental Harmony that breath'd 65
 Heroic Ardor to adven'trous deeds
 Under their 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
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground 71
 Their march was, and the passive Air upbore
 Their nimble tread, as when the total kind
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summon'd over *Eden* to receive 75
 Their 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
 Far in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery Region, stretcht 80
 In battailous aspect, and nearer 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 85
 With furious expedition ; for they ween'd
 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

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 169

Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
 In the mid way; though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in Festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as Sons of one great Sire 95
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot fate 100
 Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
 'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and Front to Front 105
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy Van,
 On the rough edge of battel e'er it joyn'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
 Came towering, arm'd in Adamant and Gold; 110
Abdiel that fight 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 realty 115
 Remain not; wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail where Virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,

I mean to try, whose Reason I have try'd 120
 Unfound 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
 Vict'or; though brutish that contest and foul,
 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
 Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
 The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain 135
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow 140
 Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelm'd
 Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
 All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
 Prefer, and Piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145

Seem'd in thy World erroneous to dissent
 From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
 Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 171

Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wisht hour 150
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provokt, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
 Their Deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some Plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
 To heav'nly Souls had been all one; but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring Spirits, train'd up in Feast and Song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,
 Servility with freedom to contend, 169
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern reply'd.
 Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th'unwise, or him who hath rebell'd

Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.

Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd, 185

Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge

He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth 195

Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong, had push'd 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 their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of Victory and fierce desire 201

Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound
 Th'Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung

Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205

The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 173.

Horrible discord, and the madding Wheels 210

Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise

Of Conflict; over head the dismal hiss

Of fiery Darts in flaming volleys flew,

And flying vaulted either Host with fire.

So under fiery Cope together rush'd 215

Both Battels main, with ruinous assault

And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n

Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth

Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when

Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220

On either side, the least of whom could wield

These Elements, and arm him with the force

Of all their Regions: how much more of Power

Army against Army numberless to raise

Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225

Though not destroy, their happy Native seat;

Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent

From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd

And limited their might; though number'd such

As each divided Legion might have seem'd 230

A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand

A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seem'd

Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert

When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway

Of Battel, open when, and when to close 235

The ridges of grim War; no thought of flight,

None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

That argu'd fear; each on himself rely'd,

As only in his arm the moment lay.

Of victory; deeds of Eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That War and various; sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seem'd then
 Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale. 245
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day
 Prodigious Power had shewn, and met in Arms
 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 too-handed sway 251
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide waisting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield 255
 A vast circumference: At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou see'st
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self 265
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd

Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the place of blifs
 Brooks not the works of violence and War.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
 E'er this avenging Sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
 Of aerie threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
 Unvanquish't, easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 The strife of Glory: which we mean to win, 290
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,
 I flie not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

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 list

Human imagination to such height 300
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
 Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Aire
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns their Shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood 306
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth 310
 Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
 Among the Constellations war were sprung,
 Two Planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring Sphears confound.
 Together both with next to Almighty Arm, 316
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword 320
 Of *Michael* from the Armory of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd 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, 325
 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 fore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound.

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Pass'd through him, but th'Ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash 331

A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed
And all his Armour stain'd e'er while so bright.

Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335

By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their Shields

Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd

From off the files of war; there they him laid

Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame 340

To find himself not matchless, and his pride

Humbl'd by such rebuke, so far 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 345

In Entrails, Heart or Head, Liver or Reins,

Cannot but by annihilating die;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

Receive, no more than can the florid Aire:

All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare, 350

All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,

They Limb themselves, and colour, shape and size

Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd

Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought, 355

And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array

Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defy'd,

And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n

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Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatter'd Arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd,
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*, 365
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangl'd with gaffly wounds thro' Plate and Maile,
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
 Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with their fame in Heav'n 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of War,
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore Eternal silence be their doom. 385
 And now their Mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap

Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd 390

And fiery foaming Steeds ; what flood, recoyl'd

O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic Host

Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,

Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395

By sin of disobedience, till that hour

Not liable to fear or flight or pain,

Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc'd entire,

Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd : 400

Such high advantages their innocence

Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,

Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood

Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404

By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n

Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,

And silence on the odious din of War:

Under her Cloudy covert both retir'd,

Victor and Vanquish't : on the foughten field 410

Michael and his Angels prevalent

Encamping, plac'd in Guard their Watches round,

Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part

Satan with his rebellious disappear'd

Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest, 415

His Potentates to Council call'd by night ;

And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in Arms

Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear,

Found worthy not of Liberty alone, 420

Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,

Honour, Dominion, Glory, and Renown,

Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight

(And if one day, why not Eternal days?)

What Heavens Lord hath powerfulest to send 425

Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd

Sufficient to subdue us to his will.

But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,

Of future we may deem him, though till now:

Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430

Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,

Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd,

Since now we find this our Emphyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury

Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound 435

Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.

Of evil then so small as easie think

The remedy; perhaps more valid Arms,

Weapons more violent, when next we meet,

May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440

Or equal what between us made the odds,

In Nature none: if other hidden cause

Left them Superiour, while we can preserve

Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,

Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood

Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;

As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,

Sore toil'd, his riv'n Arms to havoc hewn,

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 181.

And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake. 450
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal arms to fight in pain
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arm
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
Believ'st 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, Gems and Gold,
Whose Eye so superficially surveys 476
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till toucht

With Heav'ns ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light. 481
 These in their dark Nativity the Deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hollow Engins long and round
 Thick-ramm'd, at th'other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth 486
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet e'er dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495
 He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th'invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th'inventer mis'd, so easie it seem'd 499
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race [thought
 In future days, 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 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 183

Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of Nature in their crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle Art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd: 515
Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found their Engins and their Balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all e'er day-spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appear'd
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms 525
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
Of Golden Panoply, refulgent Host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Look'd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him soon they met
Under spred Ensigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
Came flying, and in mid Air aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, Warriours, Arm 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

184 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

He comes, and settl'd in his face I see. 540
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his Helm, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,
 Born even or high, for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower, 545
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
 So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant without disturb they took Alarm,
 And onward move Embattell'd; when behold 550
 Not distant far with heavy pace the Foe
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
 Training his devilish Enginry, impal'd
 On every side with shadowing Squadrons Deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
 A while, but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan: And thus was heard commanding loud.
 Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open brest 560
 Stand ready 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; ye who appointed stand 565
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear,
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 185

Divided, and to either Flank retir'd. 570
Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,
A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
On wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
Brass, Iron, Stony mould, had not their mouths 576
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense, 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame, 584
But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appear'd,
From these deep throated Engins belcht, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host 590
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The sooner for their Arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift 596
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.

What should they do? if on they rush, repulse 600
Repeated, and indecent overthrow

Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In posture to displode their second tire 605
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
E'er while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front 610
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood, 620
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 187

All doubt of Victory, eternal might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose. 636
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in Hill or Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From their Foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all their load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy tops 645
Up-lifting bore them in their 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 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of Mountains bury'd deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main Promontories flung, which in'the Aire 654
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long strugling underneath, e'er they could wind

Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661

The rest in imitation to like Arms

Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;

So Hills amid the Aire encounter'd Hills

Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665

That under ground they fought in dismal shade;

Infernal noise; War 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 overspread, 670

Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits

Shrin'd in his Sanctuary 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 fulfil, 675

To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd

Upon his enemies, and to declare

All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son

Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glory, Son belov'd, 680

Son in whose face invisible is beheld

Visibly, what by Deity I am,

And in whose hand what by Decree I do,

Second Omnipotence, two days are past,

Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n, 685

Since *Michael* and his Powers went out to tame

These disobedient; fore hath been their fight,

As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;

For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,

BOOK VI. PARADISE LOST. 189

Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found :
War wearied hath perform'd what War can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins.
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the Glory may be thine
Of ending this great War, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Virtue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power without compare, 705
And this perverse Commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels
That shake Heav'n's Basis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh ;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out 715
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter Deep :
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct

150 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Shon full, he all his Father full exprest 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seekst
To glorifie thy Son, I always thee, 725

As is most just; this I my Glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,

That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.

Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume, 730

And gladlier shall resign, when in the end

Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee

For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:

But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on

Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735

Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,

Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,

To their prepar'd ill Mansion driven down

To chains of darkness, and th' undying Worm,

That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740

Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure

Far separate, circling thy holy Mount

Unfained *Hallelujahs* to thee sing,

Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his Scepter bowing, rose 745

From the right hand of Glory where he sate,

And the third sacred Morn began to shine

Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-
wind sound

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 191

The Chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Stars their bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between; 756
Over their heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showry Arch,
He in Celestial Panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Ascended, at his right hand Victory
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce Effusion rowl'd 765
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shon,
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the Chrystallin Sky, in Saphir Thron'd.
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd 775
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
Under whose conduct *Michaël* soon reduc'd
His Army, circumfus'd on either Wing,
Under their Head imbodyed all in one.

192 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd; 780
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd, 785
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what Signs avail,
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his Glory, at the sight
 Took envy, and aspiring to his height,
 Stood reibattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
 Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final Battel drew, disdain'g flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs,
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
 Number to this days work is not ordain'd

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 193

Nor multitude, stand only and behold 810
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me, not you but me they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream
Kingdom and Power and Glory appertains, 815
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld 825
And full of wrath bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four spread out their Starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowl'd, as with the sound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host. 830
He on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night; under his burning Wheels
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand 835
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their Souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down the idle weapons drop'd;

O'er Shields and Helms, and helmed Heads he rode
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841
 That wist 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 Four, 845
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitudes of eyes,
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, 851
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His Thunder in mild volly, for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n: 855
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Herd
 Of Goats or timerous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide
 Rowl'd inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd 861
 Into the wasteful Deep; the monstrous sight
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrath 865
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th'un sufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep

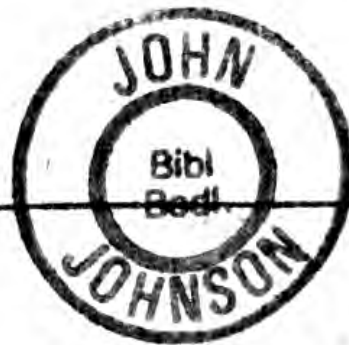
Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 195

Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
Nine days they fell; confounded *Chaos* roar'd
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild Anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire 876
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowl'd.
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes 880
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palm, each order bright, 885
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mighty Father Thron'd 890
On high: who into Glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of blifs.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
What might have else to human Race been hid;
The discord which befel, and War in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd

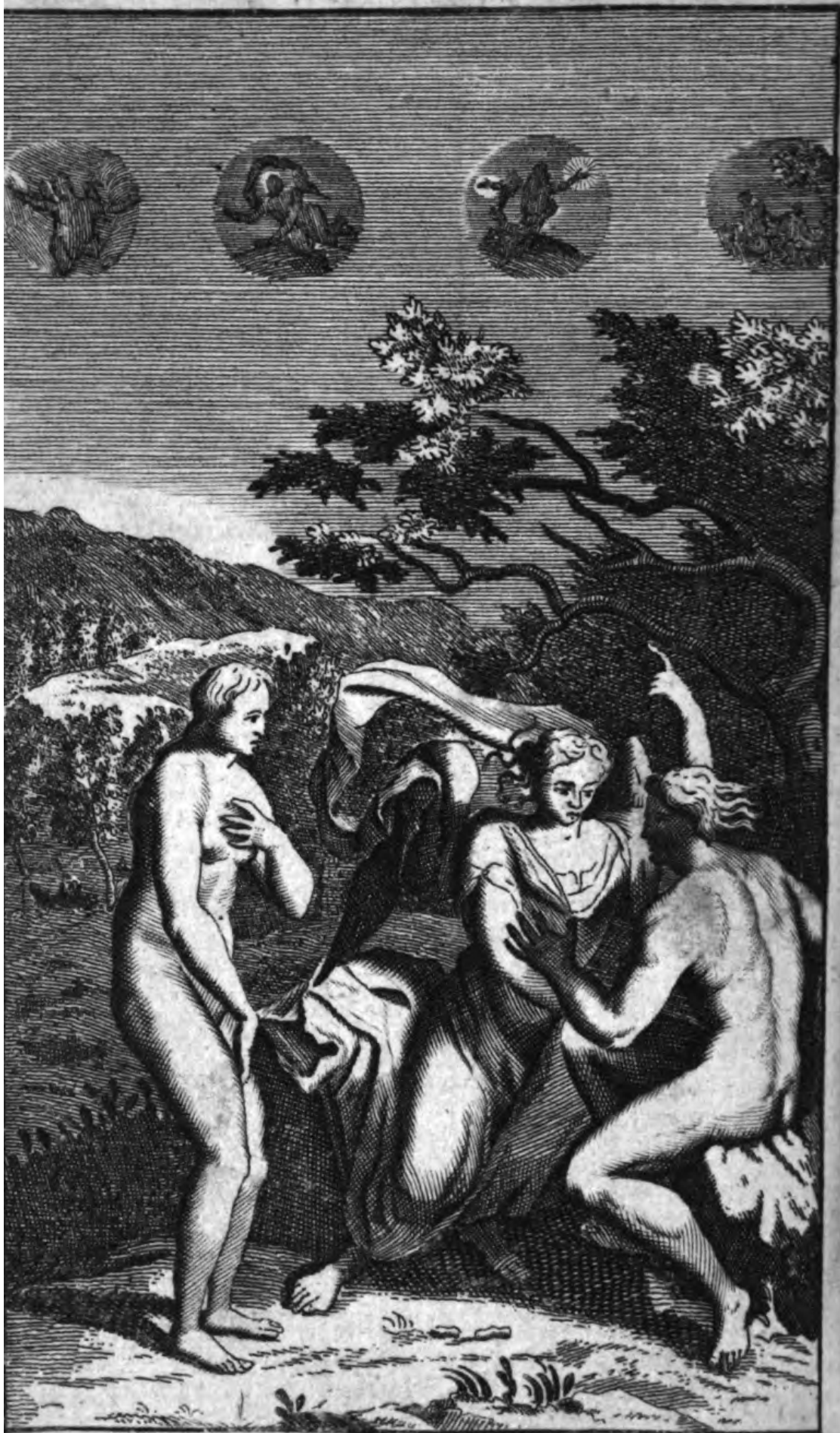
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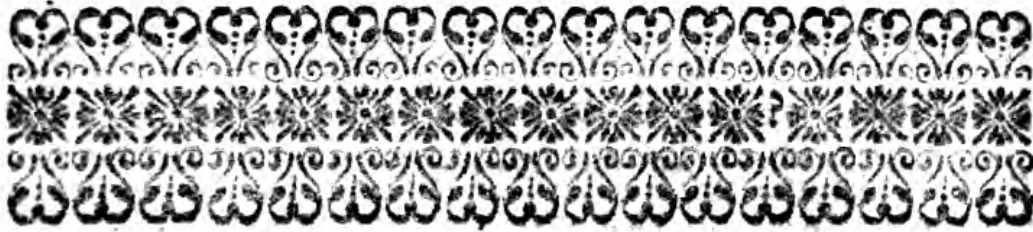
With *Satan*, he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou mayst partake
His punishment, Eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the most High,
Thee once to gain Companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his Temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward 910
Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.



The End of the Sixth Book.







Paradise Lost.

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 days: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension 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 5
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
 Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nly born,
 Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain flow'd,
 Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play 10
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An Earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,
 Thy tempring; with like safety guided down 15
 Return me to my Native Element:
 Lest 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. 20
 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 days, 25
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn

BOOK VII. PARADISE LOST. 199

Purples the East: still govern thou my Song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of *Bacchus* and its revellers, the Race
 Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Ears 35
 To rapture, till the savage clamour dround
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
 For thou art Heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*, 40
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasie, by what befel in Heav'n
 To those Apostates, lest the like befall
 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race, 45
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obey'd amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wandring. He with his consoled *Eve* 50
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and deep Muse to hear
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
 And War so near the Peace of God in Bliss 55
 With such confusion: but the evil soon
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd

The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within *Eden* or without was done 65
 Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
 Far differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach,
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe 76
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf't 80
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing, as to the highest wisdom seem'd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 201

Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause 90
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternity so late to build
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfold
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95
 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 hears, 100
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the Star of Eevning and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch, 106
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
 End, and dismiss thee e'er the Morning shine.

Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110
 This also thy request with caution askt
 Obtain: though to recount Almighty works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115
 To glorifie the Maker, and infer
 Thee also happier, shall not be with-held
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire

202 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
 Only Omniscient, hath supprest in Night,
 To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
 Anough is left besides to search and know. 125

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 Surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Wind. 130

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
 Of Angels, than that Star the Stars among)
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
 Victorious with his Saints, th'Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supream, us dispossess,
 He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
 Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her Realms
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
 With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 203

But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a Race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hitler, under long obedience try'd, 159
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee 165
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, Necessity and Chance
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly motion can receive.

204 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;
 Glory they sung to the most High, good will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to him whose just avenging ire
 Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight 185
 And th' habitations of the just; to him
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, instead
 Of Spirits malign a better Race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
 On his great Expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
 Of Majesty Divine, Sapience and Love 195
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 200
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd.
 Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds,

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 205

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyſs 211

Outragious as a Sea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as Mountains to aſſault
Heav'n's height, 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 Glory rode
Far into *Chaos*, and the World unborn ; 220

For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then ſtaid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden Compaſſes, prepar'd 225

In God's Eternal ſtore, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
This be thy juſt Circumference, O World.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' Abyſs: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread, 235
And vital virtue 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

206 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth self ballanc'd on her Center hung.

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East 245
 To journey through the aerie gloom began,
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
 Was not; she in a cloudy Tabernacle

Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 250
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor un Sung

By the Celestial Qures, when Orient Light
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld; 255
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow universal Orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd
 God and his works, Creator him they Sung, 260
 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.

Again, God said, let there 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 265
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World.

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 207

Built on circumfluous Waters calm, in wide 270
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
Of *Chaos* far remov'd, left fierce extreams
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament : So Eev'n
And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day. 275

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not : over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolifick humour soft'ning all her Globe, 280
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Sariate with genial moisture, when God said
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.
Immediately the Mountains huge appear 285
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, their tops ascend the Sky :
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters : thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowl'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haste ; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods : as Armies at the call 295
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their Standard, so the watry throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plain,

208 PARADISE LOST. BOOK VII.

Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill, 300
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent error wandering, found their way,
 And on the washy Oose deep Channels wore;
 Easie, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now 305
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
 Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed, 310
 And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green, 316
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
 Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustring Vine, forth crept
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the corny Reed 321
 Embattell'd in her field: and the humble Shrub,
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred 324
 Their branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were
 With tufts the vallies and each fountain side, [crown'd,
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
 Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 209

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy Mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e'er it was in the Earth 335
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good.
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights.
High in th' expanse of Heav'n to divide 340
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signs,
For Seasons, and for Days, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordain
Their Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so. 345
And God made two great Lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The less by Night alterne: and made the Stars,
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day 350
In their 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 mighty Sphere he fram'd, unlightfom first, 355
Tho' of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,
And sow'd with Stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of Light by far the greater part he took,

210 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
 Hither as to their Fountain other Stars
 Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light, 365
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rays, 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, 375
 But opposite in level'd West was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand Stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With their bright Luminaries that Set and Rose, 385
 Glad Eevning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soul:
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 211

Display'd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n. 390
 And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every Bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas 395
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay
 With Frie innumerable swarm, and Shoals 400
 Of Fish that with their Fins and shining Scales
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the Sea weed their pasture, and thro' Groves
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance 405
 Show to the Sun their wav'd coats dropt with Gold
 Or in their Pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks their food
 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seal,
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their Gate
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
 Strect like a Promontory sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gills 415
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
 Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoars
 Their Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd

Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge 420
 They summ'd their Pens, 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 their Eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their Aerie Caravan high over Seas
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent Crane 430
 Her annual voyage, born on Winds; the Aire
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till Eev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
 Their downy Breast; the Swan with Arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rows
 Her state with Oary feet: yet oft they quit 440
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
 The mid-Aereal Sky: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue 445
 Of Rainbows and Starry Eyes. The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
 Eevning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day.
 The Sixth, and of Creation last arose

BOOK VII. PARADISE LOST. 213

With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said, 450
 Let th'Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kind,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
 Each of their kind. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertil Womb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumeros living Creatures, perfect forms, 455
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his Laire the wild Beast where he wons
 In Forrest wild, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddows green: 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appear'd
 The Tawny Lion, pawing to get free 464
 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 471
 His vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scaly Crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
 Insect or Worm: those wav'd their limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries deck'd of Summers pride
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:

These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Their Snaky foulds, and added wings. First crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident 485
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonalty: swarming next appear'd
 The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
 With Hony stor'd: the rest are numberless, 491
 And thou their Natures know'st, and gave them names,
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The Serpent fittl'st Beast of all the field, 495
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairy Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glory shon, and rowl'd
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand 500
 First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
 By Fowle, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
 Frequent; and of the Sixth day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end 505
 Of all yet done; a Creature who not prone
 And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
 With Sanctity of Reason, might erect
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 215

Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God supream, who made him chief 515
Of all his works : therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not he
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life ; in his own Image he 526
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for Race ; then blest'd Mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth, 531
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.
Where-ever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet distinct by Name, thence, as thou know'st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste ;

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And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields
 Variety without end; but of the Tree
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware, 545
 And govern well thy appetite, lest sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
 Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So Eev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth day: 550
 Yet not 'till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd.
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd 555
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire 560
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung, 565
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign

To visit oft the dwellings of just Men 570
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged Messengers
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led 575
 To God's Eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample roade, whose dust is Gold
 And pavement Stars, as Stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milky way
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou see'st 580
 Poudr'd with Stars. And now on Earth the Seventh
 Evening arose in *Eden*, for the Sun
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' Imperial Throne
 Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure, 585
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father (for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the Sev'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe 595
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
 Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds

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Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount. 600
 Creation and the Six days 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
 Than from the Giant Angels; thee that day 605
 Thy Thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and their Counsels vain 610
 Thou hast repell'd, 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 615
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
 From Heav'n Gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Stars 620
 Numerous, and every Star perhaps a World
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men, 625
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in his Image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his Works; on Earth, in Sea, or Aire,

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And multiply a Race of Worshippers 639

Holy and just: thrice happy if they know

Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,

With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635

How first this World and face of things began,

And what before thy memorie was done

From the beginning, that posterity

Inform'd by thee might know, if else thou seekst

Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 649

The End of the Seventh Book.



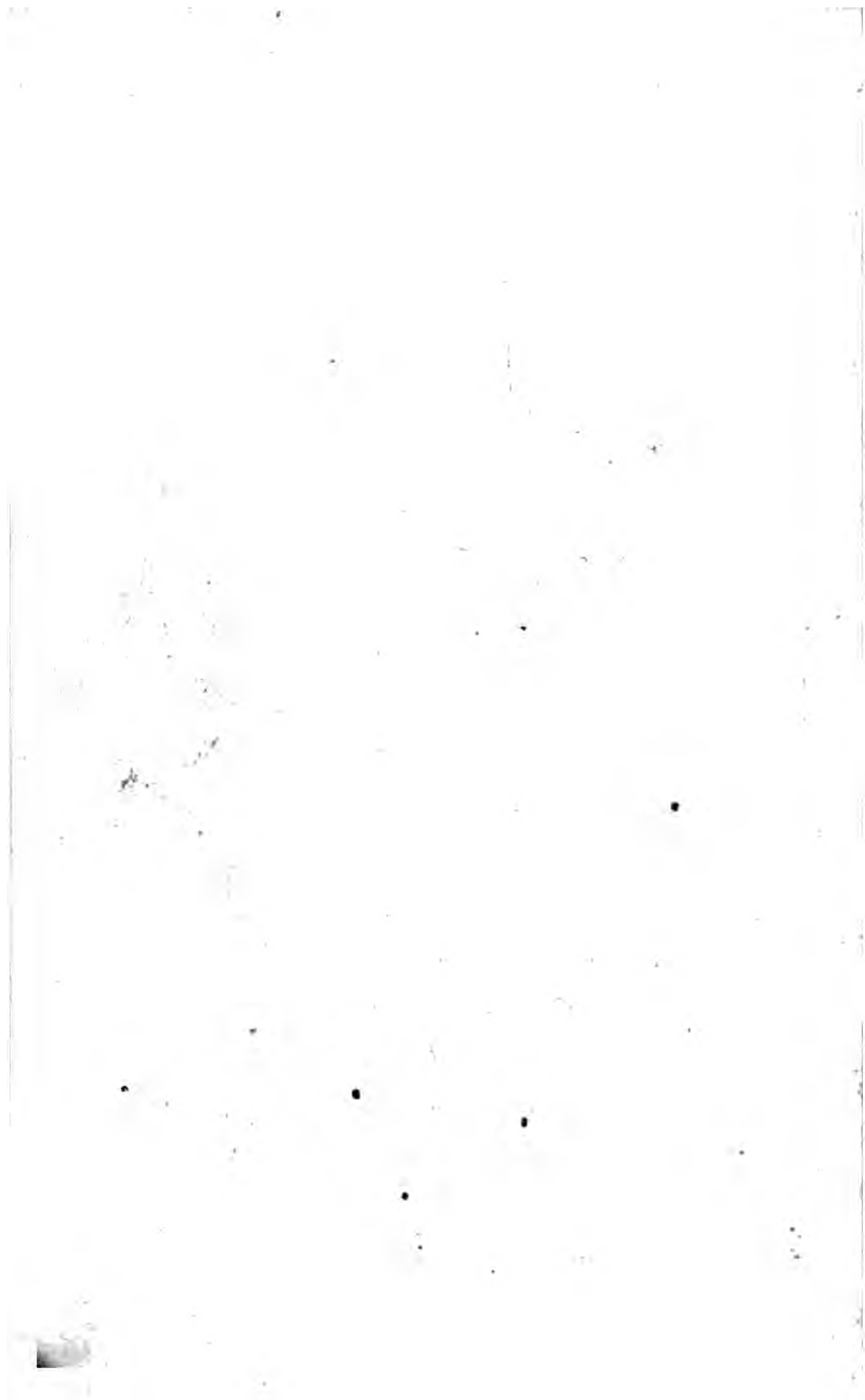
Paradise Lost.

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 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 *Adam's* Ear
 So Charming left his voice, that he a while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
 Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence 5
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator; something yet of doubt remains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve.
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World 15
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
 Their magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a grain,
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
 And all her number'd Stars, that seem to rowl
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all their vast survey
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire, 25
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler Bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,

For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose 30
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble than her self, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives, 35
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number fails.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve* 40
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
 Her Nursery; 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 ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; he, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 223

Not unattended, for on her as Queen 60

A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.

And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learn
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Years:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70

Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try 75

Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Stars, how they will weild 80

The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o'er,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85

Who art to lead thy off-spring, 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 receives

The benefit: consider first, that Great 20
 Or Bright infers not Excellence: the Earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on it self works no effect, 25
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
 Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so far;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost Spiritual; me thou thinkst not slow, 110
 Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
 Where God resides, and e'er 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 115
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth,
 God to remove his ways from human sense,

BOOK VIII. PARADISE LOST. 225

Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high. 121

And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Stars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125

Their wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move? 130

Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all Stars, the Wheel 135

Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
Sent from her through the wide transpicious 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 145
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd Soil, for some to eat
Alotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With their attendant Moons thou wilt descry

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Communicating Male and Female Light, 150
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd
 By living Soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155
 Each Orb a glimpse of Light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n 160
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 He from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or She from West her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n, 165
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
 Where-ever plac'd, let him dispose : joy thou 170
 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 lowly wife :
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition or degree, 176
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth only but of highest Heav'n.
 To whom thus *Adam* clear'd of doubt, reply'd,

BOOK VIII. PARADISE LOST. 227

How fully hast thou fatisfy'd me, pure 180
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to rove
Uncheckt, and of her roving is no end ;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and futtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise, 200
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
E'er my remembrance: now hear me relate
My Story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205
And Day is yet not spent, till then thou seest
How futtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :

228 PARADISE LOST. Book VIII.

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
 Tho' pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine 215
 Imbu'd, bring to their sweetnesss no satiety.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms,
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
 Than of our fellow servant, and inquire 225
 Gladly into the ways of God and 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 beset,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
 Far 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 spy,
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,
 Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold, 235
 Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 state, as Sov'reign King, and to enure.

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 229

Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong; 241

But long e'er our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light 245
E'er Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.

But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began 250

Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep

Soft on the flourey herb I found me laid

In Balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun 255

Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.

Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,

And gaz'd a while the ample Sky, till rais'd

By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,

As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260

Stood on my feet; about me round I saw

Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,

And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these

Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,

Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd, 265

With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb

Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran

With supple joints and lively vigour led;

230 PARADISE LOST. BOOK VIII.

But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake,
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
 What e'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell, 276
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power præminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
 This happy Light, when answer none return'd, 285
 On a green shady Bank profuse of Flours
 Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
 My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state 290
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being, 294
 And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape Divine
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
 To the Garden of blifs, thy seat prepar'd

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 231

So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody Mountain; whose high top was plain,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees 304
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each Tree
Load'n with fairest Fruit that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadow'd: Here had new begun
My wandring, had not he who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd
Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with awe
In adoration at his feet I fell 315
Submits: he rear'd me, and whom thou soughtst I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat: 320
Of every Tree that in the Garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith, 325
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste
And shun the bitter consequence, for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command

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Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt die; 330
 From that day mortal, and this happy State
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a World
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
 To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
 In sign whereof each Bird and Beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their Names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection; understand the same 345
 Of Fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their Element to draw the thinner Aire.
 As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low 350
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd; and understood
 Their Nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still; 355
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I

BOOK VIII. PARADISE LOST. 233

Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360

And all this good to man, for whose well being

So amply, and with hands so liberal

Thou hast provided all things : but with me

I see not who partakes. In solitude

What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365

Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,

As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Aire 370

Replenisht, and all these at thy command

To come and play before thee, know'st thou not

Their language and their ways, they also know,

And reason not contemptibly ; with these

Find pastime, and bear rule ; thy Realm is large. 375

So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd

So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,

And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,

And these inferiour far beneath me set ?

Among unequals what society

Can sort, what harmony or true delight ?

Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385

Giv'n and receiv'd ; but in disparity

The one intense, the other still remiss

Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove

Tedious alike : Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate 390

All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human comfort; they rejoyce

Each with their kind, Lion with Lioness;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd; 394

Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle

So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;

Worse than can Man with Beast, and least of all.

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

A nice and futtle happiness I see

Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice 400

Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.

What think'st thou then of me, and this my State,

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess

Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405

From all Eternity, for none I know

Second to me or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse

Save with the Creatures which I made, and those

To me inferiour, infinite descents 410

Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain

The heighth and depth of thy Eternal ways

All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;

Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee 415

Is no deficiency 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

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 235

Shouldst propagate, already infinite ; 420

And through all numbers absolute, though One;

But Man by number is to manifest

His single imperfection, and beget

Like of his like, his Image multiply'd,

In unity defective, which requires 425

Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou in thy secrecie although alone,

Best with thy self accompany'd, seek'st not

Social communication, yet so pleas'd,

Canst raise thy Creature to what heighth thou wilt

Of Union or Communion, deify'd ; 430

I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd

Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd 435

This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

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

And find thee knowing not of Beasts alone,

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

Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440

My Image, not imparted to the Brute,

Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,

And be so minded still ; I, e'er thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for Man to be alone, 445

And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended thee, for trial only brought,

To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet :

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

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Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 452
 Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strein'd to the height
 In that celestial Colloquy sublime, 455

As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine Eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the Cell 460
 Of Fancy my internal sight, by which

Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:

The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew, 470
 Manlike, but different Sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475

And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark, I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 237

Her loss, and other pleasures to abjure : 480

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,

Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd

With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow

To make her amiable: On she came,

Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial Sanctity and marriage Rites:

Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this

Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self 495

Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man

Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo

Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;

And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soul.

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought, 500

Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty,

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,

The more desirable, or to say all, 505

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 Majesty approv'd

238 PARADISE LOST. BOOK VIII.

My pleas'd reason. To the Nuptial Bowre 510
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
 And happy Constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires 515
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from their wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eev'ning Star
 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp. 520
 Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought
 My Story to the sum of earthly blifs
 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, 525
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
 I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flours,
 Walks, and the melody of Birds; but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch; her passion first I felt, 530
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
 Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such Object to sustain, 535
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 239

For well I understand in the prime end 540

Of Nature her th'inferiour, in the mind

And inward Faculties, which most excel,

In outward also her resembling less

His Image who made both, and less expressing

The character of that Dominion giv'n 545

O'er other Creatures; yet when I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems

And in her self compleat, so well to know

Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; 550

All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her

Looses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews;

Authority and Reason on her wait,

As one intended first, not after made 555

Occasionally; and to consummare all,

Greatness of mind and nobleness their feat

Build in her loveliest, and create an awe

About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident

Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou

Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,

By attributing overmuch to things 565

Less excellent, as thou thy self perceiv'st.

For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,

An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well

Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self; 570
 Then value: Oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
 And to realities yield all her Shows: 575
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
 To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
 To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The Soul of Man, or passion in him move. 585
 What higher in her society thou findest
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav'nly Love thou mayst ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.
 To whom thus half abash'd *Adam* reply'd. 595
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)

So much delights me as those graceful acts, 600
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions mixt with Love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free 610
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask; 614
 Are not the heav'nly Spirits, and how their Love
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rose red, Love's proper hue,
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
 Us happy, and without Love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive bars; 625
 Easier than Aire with Aire, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul,

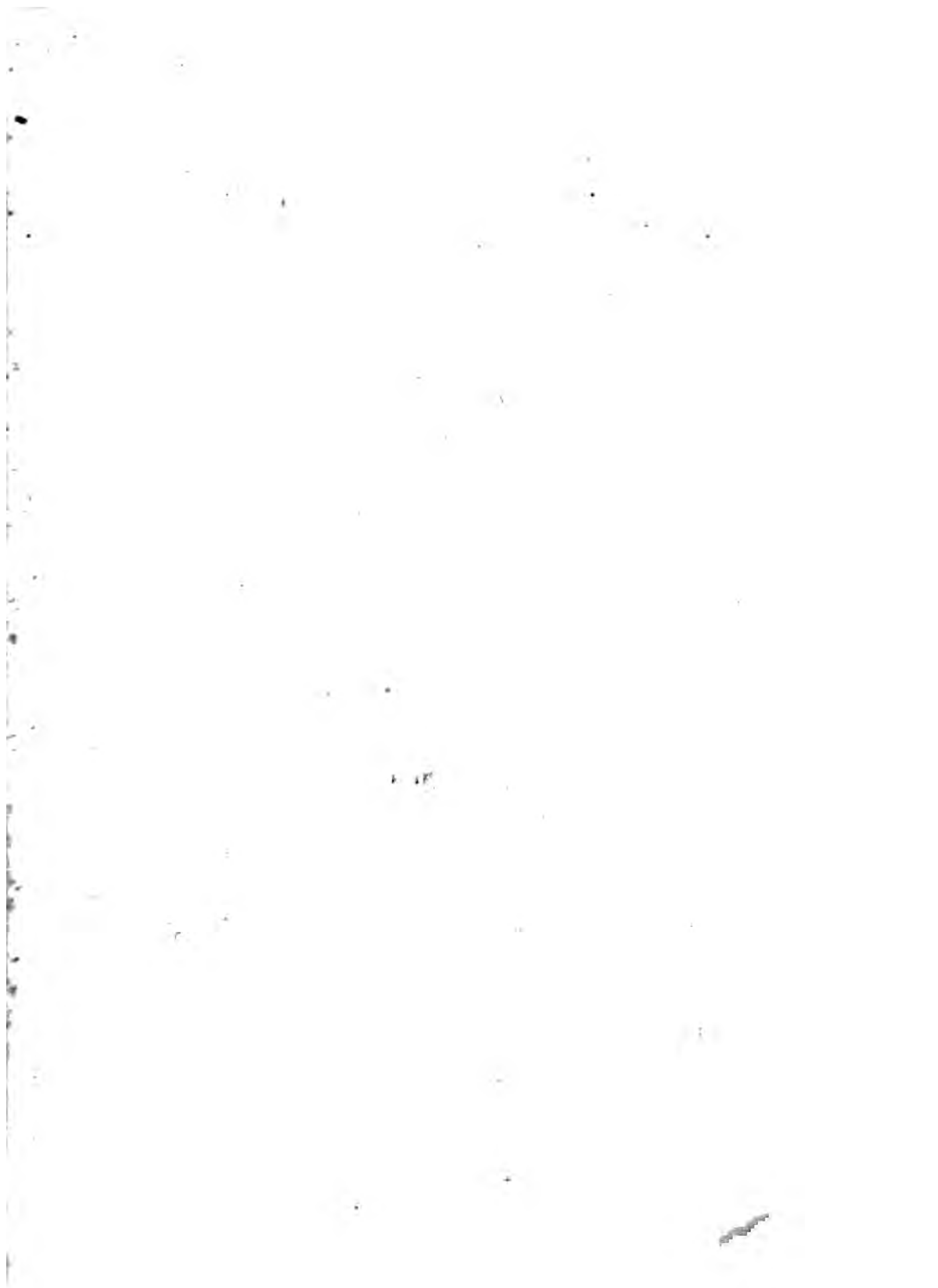
But I can now no more; the parting Sun 630
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperian sets, my Signal to depart.

Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him who to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest Passion sway 635
 Thy Judgment to do ought, which else free Will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;
 And all temptation to transgresses repel.

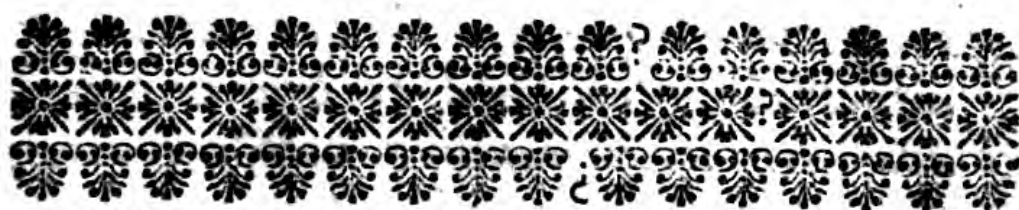
So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
 Go heav'nly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
 Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore,
 Gentle to me and affable hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind 650
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

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

The End of the Eighth Book.







Paradise Lost.

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Satan having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, 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 ex-

tolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not 'till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, 'till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest
 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change 5
 Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Dissoyal on the part of Man, revolt,
 And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
 That brought into this World a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery
 Death's Harbinger : Sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more Heroic than the wrath
 Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd 15
 Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage
 Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,
 Or *Neptune's* ire or *Juno's*, that so long
 Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son ;
 If answerable style I can obtain 20
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse :
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song 25
 Pleas'd me long chusing, and beginning late ;
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only Argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect

246 PARADISE LOST. BOOK IX.

With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights 30
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
 Unfung; or to describe Races and Games,
 Of tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
 Impresses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds; 35
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40
 To Person or to Poem. Me of these
 Not skill'd nor studious, higher Argument
 Remains, sufficient of it self to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or Years damp my intended wing 45
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star
 Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbitrator 50
 'Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
 Night's Hemisphere had veil'd the Horizon round:
 When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
 Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
 On man's 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,

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 247

Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descry'd. 60
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
 That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n;
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Car of Night 65
 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, 69
 Now not, tho' Sin, not Time, first wrought the change,
 Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought 75
 Where to lye hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
 From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Maotis, up beyond the River *Ob*;
 Downward as far Antarctic; and in length
 West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd 80
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flows
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. 86
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90

From sharpest sight: for in the wily Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,

As from his wit and native suttlety
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd

Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r 95

Active within beyond the sense of brute.

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief

His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built 100

With second thoughts, reforming what was old!

For what God after better worse would build?

Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns

That shine, yet bear their bright officious Lamps,

Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems, 105

In thee concentring all their precious beams

Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n

Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou

Centring receiv'st from all those Orbs; in thee,

Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth 110

Of Creatures animate with gradual life

Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.

With what delight could I have walkt thee round,

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange 115

Of Hill, and Valley, Rivers, Woods and Plains,

Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crown'd,

Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these

Find place or refuge; and the more I see

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 249

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120

Torment within me, as from the hateful siege

Of contraries; all good to me becomes

Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.

But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n

To dwell, unless by mastering Heav'n's Supream; 125

Nor hope to be my self less miserable

By what I seek, but others to make such

As I, though thereby worse to me redound:

For only in destroying I find ease

To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130

Or won to what may work his utter loss,

For whom all this was made, all this will soon

Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,

In woe then; that destruction wide may range:

To me shall be the glory sole among 135

The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd

What he Almighty styl'd, six Nights and Days

Continu'd making, and who knows how long

Before had been contriving, though perhaps

Not longer than since I in one Night freed 140

From servitude inglorious well nigh half

Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng

Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,

And to reparaire his numbers thus impair'd,

Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145

More Angels to Create, if they at least

Are his Created, or to spite us more,

Determin'd to advance into our room

A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,

250 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Exalted from so base original, 150
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings, 155
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Their earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may find 160
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy foulds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime, 165
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the heighth of Deity aspir'd;
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last 170
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter e'er 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 envy, this new Favourite 175
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.
 So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Dry,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 251

Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den, 185
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herb
Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With aēt intelligential; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of Morn.
Now when as sacred Light began to dawn
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breath,
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent praise 195
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And join'd their vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest Scents and Aires: 200
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress 205
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day

Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
 One night or two with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
 Or heare 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 his Arbour, or direct 216
 The clasping Ivy where to climb, while I
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
 With Myrtle, find what to redrefs till Noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day 220
 Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our days work brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd. 225
 To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.
 Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures dear,
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
 How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me sha't pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In Woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her Husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 f looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 253

To brute deny'd, and are of Love the food, 240
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.
The paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk, till younger hands e'er long
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joyn'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need; 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal Love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her Husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majesty of *Eve*, 270
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Off-spring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
 That such an Enemy we have, who seeks

Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275

And from the parting Angel over-heard
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,

Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours:

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe 280

May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His violence thou fearst not, being such

As we, not capable of death or pain,

Can either not receive, or can repel.

His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers 285

Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love

Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc'd;

Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast

Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd. 290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid

Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe. 295

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges

The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd

Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof

Against temptation: thou thy self with scorn

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 255

And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong, 300
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then
If such affront I labour to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305

Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.

I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every Virtue, in thy sight 310

More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht

Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.

Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315

When I am present, and thy trial chuse

With me, best witness of thy Virtue try'd.

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
And Matrimonial Love; but *Eve*, who thought
Less attributed to her Faith sincere, 320

Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a Foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, where-ever met, 325

How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem

256 PARADISE LOST. BOOK IX:

Sticks no dishonour on our Front, but turns 330
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shun'd or fear'd
 By us? who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
 Favour from Heav'n, our witnesses from th' event.
 And what is Faith, Love, Virtue unassay'd 335
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
 Let us not then suspect our happy State
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd,
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340
 And *Eden* were to *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently reply'd.
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left 345
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,
 Or aught that might his happy State secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lyes, yet lyes within his power:
 Against his will he can receive no harm, 350
 But God left free the Will, for what obeys
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinform the Will 355
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoyns,
 That I should mind thee off, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 257

Since Reason not impossibly may meet 360
Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me 365

Thou sever not: Trial will come unfought.
Wouldst thou improve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th'other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest;
But if thou think, trial unfought may find 370
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind, but *Eve* 376
Persisted, yet submits, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him, his repulse.
Thus saying, from her Husband's hand her hand 385
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Train,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
In gate surpass'd, and Goddess like deport,

258 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Though not as she with Bow and Quiver arm'd, 390
 But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.

To *Pales*, or *Pomona* thus adorn'd,

Likeliest she seem'd, *Pomona* when she fled

Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime, 395

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 return

Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd ● 400

To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,

And all things in best order to invite

Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.

O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,

Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! 405

Thou never from that hour in Paradise

Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;

Such ambush laid among sweet Flours and Shades

Waited with hellish rancour imminent

To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410

Despoil'd of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.

For now, and since first break of dawn the Fiend,

Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,

And on his Quest, where likeliest he might find

The only two of Mankind, but in them 415

The whole included Race, his purpos'd prey.

In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft

Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,

Their tendance or Plantation for delight,

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 259

By Fountain or by shady Rivulet 420

He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find

Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope

Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,

Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,

Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood, 425

Half spy'd, so thick the Roses bushing round

About her glow'd, half stooping to support

Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay

Carnation, Purple, Azure, or speck with Gold,

Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays 430

Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,

Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,

From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.

Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd

Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palm, 435

Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen

Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours

Imborder'd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:

Spot more delicious than those Gardens feign'd

Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd 440

Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,

Or that, not *Mythic*, where the Sapiant King

Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* Spouse.

Much he the Place admir'd, the Person more.

As one who long in populous City pent, 445

Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,

Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe

Among the pleasant Villages and Farms

Adjoyn'd, from each thing met conceives delight,

260 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

The smell of Grain, or tedded Grasse, or Kine, 450
 Or Dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look sums all Delight.

Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455

This Floury Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
 Thus early, thus alone; her Heav'nly form
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,

Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire

Of gesture or least action overaw'd 460

His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:

That space the Evil one abstracted stood

From his own evil, and for the time remain'd

Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465

Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;

But the hot Hell that always in him burns,

Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,

And tortures him now more, the more he sees

Of pleasure not for him ordain'd; then soon 470

Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget

What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope

Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476

Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,

Save what is in destroying, other joy

To me is lost. Then let me not let pass

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 261

Occasion which now smiles, behold alone 480

The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould, 485

Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.

She fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in Love 490
And beauty, 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 Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd
In Serpent, inmate bad, and toward *Eve* 495

Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising foulds, that tower'd
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes; 500

With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd 505
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God

In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen,
He with *Olympias*, this with her who bore

Scipio the height of *Rome*, With tract oblique 510
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Sail: 515
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,
 To lure her Eye; she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the Field, 520
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
 Than at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood;
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bow'd
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck, 525
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal Aire, 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign 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 535
 Infatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 263

By gift, and thy Celestial Beauty adore 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc'd
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?

The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555
To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound;

The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.

Thee, Serpent, fittest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How can'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight? 565

Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
Easie to me it is to tell thee all

What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be
 I was at first as other Beasts that graze [obey'd:
 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 575
 A goodly Tree far distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
 Ruddy and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
 Than smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
 Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd 585
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
 About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
 For high from ground the branches would require 590
 Thy utmost reach or *Adam's*: 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 plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, e'er long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 265

Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech 600
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turn'd my Thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good; 605
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 compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sov'reign of Creatures, universal Dame.

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

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue 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 lyes our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her Birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad. 625
Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
Of blowing Myrrh and Balm; if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said *Eve*. He leading swiftly rowl'd
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire,
 Compact and unctuous vapor, which the Night 635
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
 Misleads th'amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way 640
 Through Bogs and Mires, and oft thro' Pond or Pool,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe; 645

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650

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

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

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit

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Of each Tree in the Garden we may eat, 660
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeal and Love 665
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,

New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuats disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some Orator renown'd 670

In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience e'er the tongue,
Sometimes in heighth began, as no delay 675

Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.

So standing, moving, or to heighth up grown
The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Sciences, Now I feel thy Power 680

Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their Causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest Agents, deem'd however wise.

Queen of this Universe, do not believe

Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not die: 685

How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge? By the Threatner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate

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Meant me, by ventring higher than my Lot. 690
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Of Death denounc'd, whatever thing Death be, 695
 Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead
 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 shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
 Your fear it self of Death removes the fear.
 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 705
 Ye Eat thereof, your Eyes that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both Good and Evil, as they know.
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
 I of brute human, ye of human Gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht, 714
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
 And what are Gods that Man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;

I question it, for this fair Earth I see, 720
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
 That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lyes 725
 Th'offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
 Impart againſt his will if all be his?
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
 In heav'nly breasts? theſe, theſe and many more 730
 Cauſes import your need of this fair Fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too eaſie entrance won:
 Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold 735
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
 Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
 With Reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with Truth;
 Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell 740
 So favoury of that Fruit, which wiſh deſire,
 Inclivable now grown to touch or taſte,
 Sollicit'd her longing Eye; yet firſt
 Pauſing a while, thus to her ſelf ſhe mus'd.

Great are thy Virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of Fruits, 745
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,
 Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The Tongue not made for Speech to ſpeak thy praiſe:

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750
 Conceals 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 infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want: 755
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if Death 760
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
 How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns, 765
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd
 This intellectual food, for Beasts reserv'd?
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
 The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then, rather what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penalty? 775
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
 Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both Body and Mind?

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So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for *Eve* 785
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought,
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint, 791
And knew not eating Death: Sate at length,
And heighten'd as with Wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all Trees 795
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care, 799
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 envy what they cannot give; 805
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,

* And giv'ſt access, though ſecret ſhe retire. 810.

And I perhaps am ſecret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, ſafe with all his Spies 815

About him. But to *Adam* in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power 820

Without Copartner? ſo to add what wants
In Female Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undefirable, ſometime
Superior; for inferior who is free? 825

This may be well: but what if God have ſeen,
And Death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,

Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve; 830
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So ſaying, from the Tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd,
But firſt low reverence done, as to the power 835
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſciential ſap, deriv'd
From Nect̄ar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 273

Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorn 840
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
Mistake him; he the faulting measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand 850
A bough of fairest fruit that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came Prologue and Apology to prompt, 854
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.
Hast thou not wonder'd, *Adam*, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way; but of divine effect 865
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such: the Serpent wife,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become.

Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense, 871
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th'effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes, 875
 Dim erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
 May joyn us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoyn us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit. 885

Thus *Eve* with Count'nance blithe her story told;
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On th'other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard
 The fatal Trespas done by *Eve*, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of Creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 275

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
Defac'd, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! some cursed fraud
Of Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, 905
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy sweet Converse and Love, so dearly joyn'd,
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn? 910
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State 915
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his Words to *Eve* he turn'd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,
And peril great provok'd, who thus hath dar'd
Had it been only coveting to Eye
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under bane to touch. 925
But past who can recal, or done undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the Fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted Fruit,

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Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first 930
 Made common and unhallow'd e'er our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaine to live as Man
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
 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, dignify'd so high, 940
 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who tho' his Power 945
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
 Most Favours; who can please him long; Me first
 He ruin'd, now Mankind; whom will he next? 950
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the Foe.
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom, if Death
 Confort with thee, Death is to me as Life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel 955
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our State cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 Flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 277

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him reply'd. 960
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung, 965
And gladly of our Union hear thee speak,
One heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather than Death or aught than Death more dread
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so dear, 970
To undergo with me one Guilt, one Crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion hath presented
This happy trial of thy Love, which else 975
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought Death menac'd would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful Love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th'event, not Death, but Life
Augmented, open'd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joys, 985
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Winds,

278 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
 In recompence (for such compliance bad
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough 995
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
 With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome with Female charm.
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
 Sky lowr'd and muttering Thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
 Original; while *Adam* took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate 1005
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth
 Him with her lov'd society, that now
 As with new Wine intoxicated both
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire enflaming, he on *Eve*
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn 1015
 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 favour we apply,

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And Palate call judicious; I the praise 1020
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd, 1025
For this one Tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beauty since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood 1035
Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely; of their mutual guilt the Seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit, 1045
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
 Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their Eyes how open'd, and their minds
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness 1055
 And honour from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame he cover'd, but his Robe
 Uncover'd more: so rose the *Danite* strong
Herculean Sampson from the Harlot-lap 1060
 Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd
 Shorn of his strength; They destitute and bare
 Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
 Confounded long they fate, as struck'n mute,
 Till *Adam*, though no less than *Eve* abash'd, 1065
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give ear
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our Fall,
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes 1070
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Purity, 1075
 Our wonted Ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
 And in our Faces evident the signs
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 281

Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazle now this earthly, with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. O might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
 To Star or Sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sow'd,
 And girded on our loyns may cover round 1096
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
 There fit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsell'd he, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose 1100
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to *Indians* known
 In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Arms
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade 1106
 High overarch'd, and echoing Walks between;
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heat
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing Herds

At Loopholes cut thro' thickest shade: Those Leaves

They gather'd broad as *Amazonian* Targe, 1111

And with what skill they had, together sow'd,

To gird their waste, vain Covering if to hide

Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike

To that first naked Glory. Such of late 1115

Columbus found th' *American* so girt

With feather'd Cinſture, naked else and wild

Among the Trees on Isles and woody Shores.

Thus fenc'd, and as they thought their shame in part

Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120

They fate them down to weep, nor only Tears

Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within

Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,

Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook fore

Their inward State of Mind, calm Region once 1125

And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:

For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will

Heard not her lore, but in subjection now

To sensual Appetite, who from beneath

Usurping over Sov'reign Reason claim'd 1130

Superior sway: from thus distemper'd Breast,

Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,

Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renew'd.

Would thou hadst harken'd to my words, and stay'd

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange

Desire of wandring this unhappy Morn, 1136

I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then

Remain'd still happy, not as now, dispoil'd

Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 283

Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The Faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek 1140
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

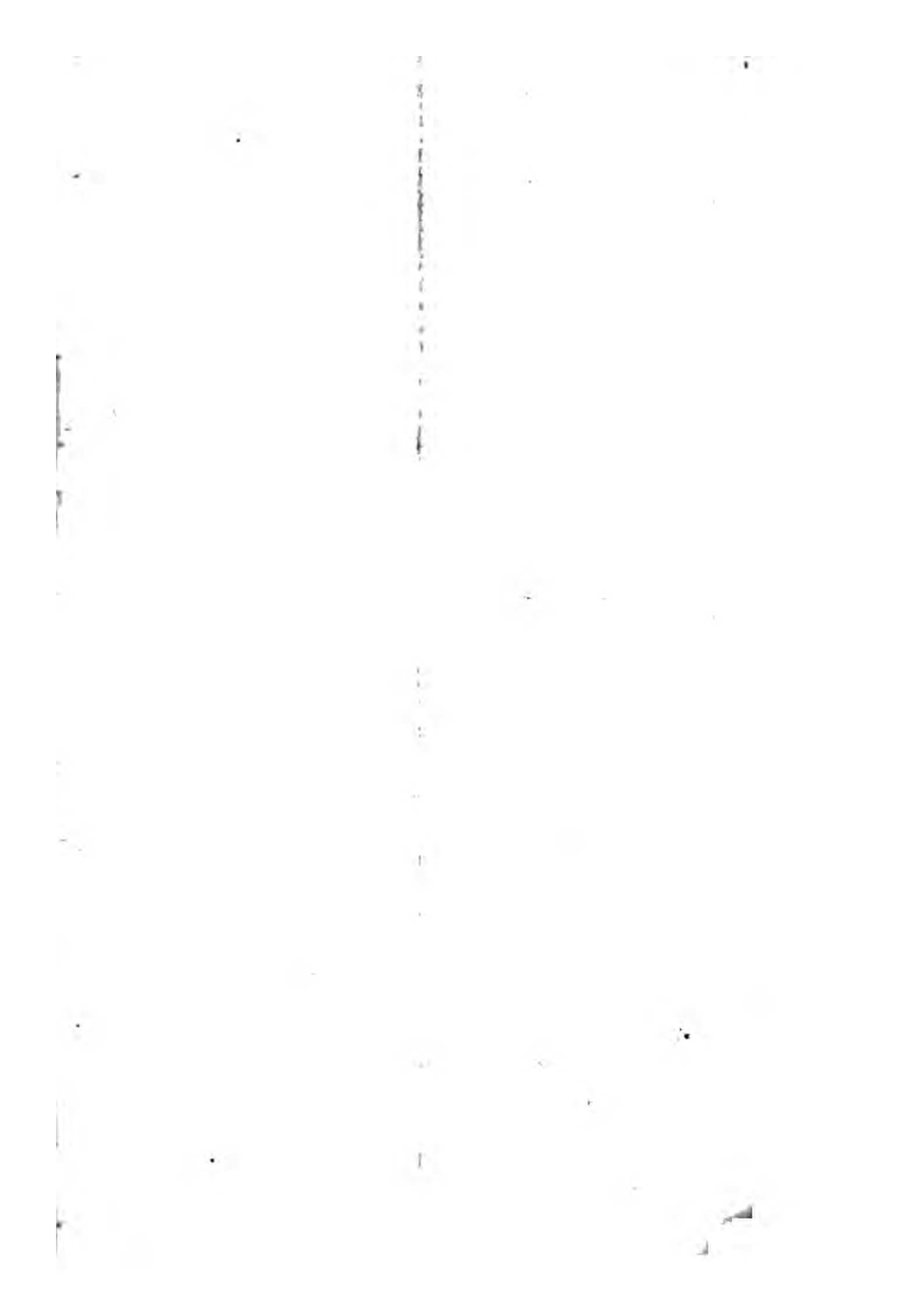
To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve* ·
What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe,
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
Or here th'attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head 1155
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fixt in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* reply'd,
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, 1165
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal blifs,
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,

It seems, in my restraint : what could I more? 1170
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking Enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue 1180
 That error now, which is become my crime,
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
 Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
 Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
 And left to her self, if evil thence ensue, 1185
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
 And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.







Paradise Lost.

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their 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 Sympathy 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 their Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad High-way or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then pre-

paring for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full of assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertain'd with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of 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 bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on their Off-spring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEAN while the hainous and despiteful act
 Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how
 He in the Serpent, had perverted *Eve*,
 Her Husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
 Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye 5
 Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart
 Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
 Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the mind
 Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd,
 Compleat to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
 Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
 The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd, what could they less, the Penalty, 15
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
 Th'Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln 20
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th'unwelcome news
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
 With pity, violated not their blifs. 25
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th'ethereal People ran, to hear and know
 How all beset: they towards the Throne Supream
 Accountable made haste to make appear

With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance, 30
 And easily approv'd; when the most High
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
 On this bad Errand, Man should be seduc'd
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
 His free Will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass
 On his transgression Death denounc'd that day,
 Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance e'er day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee 55
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
 All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell
 Easie it might be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with Justice sending thee

Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his Glory, on the Son
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full 65
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
 Supream, that thou in me thy Son belov'd 70
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain 75
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none
 Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg'd, 81
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose 85
 Of high collateral glory: him Thrones and Powers,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant,
 Accompany'd to Heaven Gate, from whence
 Eden, and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
 Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
 From Noon, and gentle Aires due at their hour
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The Eevning cool, when he from wrath more cool
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both 96
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard,
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their Ears, while day declin'd, they heard.
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
 Where obvious duty e'er while appear'd unfaught:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
 He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, tho' first
 To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd;
 Love was not in their looks, either to God 111
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whence *Adam* fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief.

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

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,

But still rejoyc'd, how is it now become 120

So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* sore beset reply'd.

O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125

Before my Judge, either to undergo
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130

By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Left on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all 134

Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

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, 140

And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145

Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,

And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
Hers in all real dignity? 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 bear rule, which was thy part 155
And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.

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

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht reply'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th'accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer 165

The Guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,

As vitiated in Nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no farther knew) 170
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last

To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst 175
Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between thee and the Woman I will put

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 293

Enmity; and between thine and her Seed; 130

Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd

When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,

Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,

Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave 185

Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumpht

In open shew, and with ascention bright

Captivity led captive through the Aire,

The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,

Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190

Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,

And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy Sorrow I will-greatly multiply

By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring

In sorrow forth, and to thy Husband's will 195

Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.

Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy Wife,

And eaten of the Tree, concerning which

I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof; 200

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow

Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;

Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth

Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of th' Field.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat Bread, 205

Till thou return unto the ground, for thou

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,

For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent.

294 PARADISE LOST. Book X.

And th' instant stroke of Death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood 211
Before him naked to the aire, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet so now 215

As Father of his Family he clad
Their nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coat repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:

Nor he their outward only with the Skins 220

Of Beasts, but inward nakedness much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover'd from his Father's sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blisful bosom reassum'd 225

In glory as of old, to him appeas'd,
All, tho' all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while e'er thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell fate Sin and Death, 230

In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 235

Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his Off-spring dear? It cannot be
But this success attends him; if mishap,

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 295

E'er this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
By his Avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge:
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on, 245
Or sympathy, or some connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secret conveyance. Thou my Shade
Impart must with me along? 250
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But let the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine 355
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Main from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevails, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answer'd soon,
Go whither Fate and inclination strong 265
Leads thee, I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favour of Death from all things there that live :

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field, 275
Where Armies lye encampt, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living Carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight.
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostrils wide into the murky Aire, 280
Sagacious of his Quarry from so far.

Then both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchy of *Chaos* damp and dark
Flew divers, and with Power (their Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met 285
Solid or slimy, as in raging Sea

Toft up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive 290
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Petsora* Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a Trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
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

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 297

They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on 300

Over the foaming deep high Arch, a Bridge

Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall

Immovable of this now fenceless world

Forfeit to Death; from hence a Passage broad,

Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell. 305

So, if great things to small may be compar'd,

Xerxes, the Liberty of *Greece* to yoke,

From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high

Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*

Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, 310

And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art

Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock

Over the vext Abyss, following the track

Of *Satan*, to the self same place where he 315

First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe

From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare

Of this round World: with Pins of Adamant

And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made

And durable; and now in little space 320

The confines met of *Empyrean* Heav'n

And of this World, and on the left hand Hell.

With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral ways

In sight, to each of these three places led.

And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325

To Paradise first tending, when behold

Satan in likeness of an Angel bright

Betwixt the *Centaur* and the *Scorpion* steering

His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:

278 PARADISE LOST. Book X.

Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear 330
 Their Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 He after *Eve* seduc'd, unminded slunk
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded 335
 Upon her Husband, saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them terrify'd
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listening where the hapless Pair
 Sate in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy 345
 And tidings fraught to Hell he now return'd,
 And to the brink of *Chaos*, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop'd
 Met who to meet him came, his Off-spring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy increas'd.
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 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 their Author and prime Architect: 356
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
 My Heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 299

That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt 361

Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy Son,

Such fatal consequence unites us three:

Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365

Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Detain from following thy illustrious track.

Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd

Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impower'd

To fortifie thus far, and overlay 370

With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.

Thine now is all this World, thy virtue hath won

What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd

With odds what War 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, 376

As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World

Retiring, by his own doom alienated,

And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide

Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds, 380

His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,

Or try thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darknes answer'd glad.

Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,

High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race 385

Of *Satan* (for I glory in the name,

Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)

Amply have merited of me, of all

Th' infernal Empire, that so near Heav'ns door

Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
 Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm
 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
 Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
 Descend through Darknes, on your Rode with ease
 To my affociate Powers, them to acquaint 395
 With these succeses, and with them rejoyce,
 You two this way, among these numerous Orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
 There dwell and Reign in blifs, thence on the Earth
 Dominion exercise, and in the Aire, 400
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me: on your joynt vigor now 405
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
 If your joynt power prevailes, th' affairs of Hell
 No detriment need fear, go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed 410
 Their course through thickest Constellations held
 Spreading their bane; the blasted Stars lookt wan,
 And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
 Then suffer'd. Th' other way *Satan* went down
 The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side 415
 Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaim'd,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,

Book x. PARADISE LOST. 301

And all about found desolate; for those 420
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandemonium*, City and proud seat
Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion call'd, 425
Of that bright Star to *Satan* paragond.
There kept their watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council fate, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their Emperor sent, so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
By *African* over the Snowy Plains
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophy from the horns
Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The Realm of *Aladule*, in his retreat 435
To *Taurus* or *Casbeen*. So these the late
Heav'n-banish'd Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduc'd in careful Watch
Round their Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
Of Foreign Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew Plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the door
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible
Ascended his high Throne, which under state 445
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head



And shape Star bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall 451
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld.
 Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th'acclaim:
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers, 456
 Rais'd from their Dark *Divan*, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 For in possession such, not only of right, 460
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
 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 done, what suffer'd, with what pain
 Voyag'd th'unreal, vast, unbounded deep 471
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
 Th'untractable Abyſs, plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wild,
 That jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 303

Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found 480
The new created World, which fume in Heaven
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: Him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
From his Creator, and the more t' increase
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man, and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape 495
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me 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, 500
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full blifs.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause 505
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long

Had leisure, wondring at himself now more; 510
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His Arms clung to his Ribs, his Legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power. 515
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories 520
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,
Ceraſter horn'd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear, 525
 And *Dipsas* (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
 Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle
Ophiuſa) but still greatest he the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
 Ingender'd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime, 530
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n-falln, in station stood or just array, 535
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 305

And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
They felt themselves now changing; down their 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, 544
As in their crime. Thus was th'applaufe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame [stood
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their patience, laden with Fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest Eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame; 555
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the Trees
Climbing, fate thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd *Magara*: greedily they pluck'd 560
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of Fruit 565
Chew'd bitter Ashes, which th'offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefullest distrelish writh'd their jaws

306 PARADISE LOST. Book X.

With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570

Into the same illusion, not as Man

Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they [plagu'd

And worn with Famine, long and ceaseless hiss,

Till their lost shape permitted, they resum'd,

Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo 575

This annual humbling certain number'd days,

To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc'd.

However some tradition they dispers'd

Among the Heathen of their purchase got,

And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd 580

Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide

Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule

Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n

And *Ops*, e'er yet *Disdaan* *Jove* was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585

Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell

Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*

Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began. 590

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,

What thinkst thou of our Empire now, tho' earn'd

With travel difficult, not better far

Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have safe watch,

Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd? 595

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answer'd soon.

To me, who with eternal Famine pine,

Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,

There best, where most with ravin I may meet;

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 307

Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

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

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice. 615

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in the State, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful Furies, who impute 620
Folly to me; so doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies, 625
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither

My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son, 634
 Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last
 Through *Chaos* hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.

Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
 Till then the Curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640

He ended; and the heav'nly Audience loud
 Sung *Halleluja*, as the sound of Seas,
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son, 645
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song,
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mighty Angels gave them several charge, 650
 As sort'd best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring 655
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moon
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects.

In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 309

Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
In Synod unbenign, and taught the fixt
Their influence malignant when to showre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turn ascense
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the Centric Globe: Some say the Sun
Was bid turn Reins from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amain 675
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow 685
From cold *Estotiland*, and South as 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 than now, 690
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on Sea and Land, sidereal blast,
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North 695
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
 Bursting their brazen Dungeon, arm'd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Cacias* and *Argestes* loud
 And *Thrafcias* rend the Woods and Seas up-turn; 700
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
 From *Serrationa*; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Winds
Eurus and *Zephir* with their lateral noise, 705
Sirocco, and *Libeccio*. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first
 Daughter of Sin; among th'irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy: 709
 Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle,
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw 715
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburd'n fought with sad complaint,

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 311

O miserable of happy ! is this the end 720
Of this new glorious World, and me so late
The Glory of that Glory, who now become
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness, yet well, if here would end 725
The misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve ;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply,* 730
Now Death to hear ! for what can I encrease
Or multiply, but curses on my head ?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, ill fare our Ancestor impure, 735
For this we may thank *Adam* ; but his thanks
Shall be the execration ; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural center light 740
Heavy, though in their place. Oh fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, dear 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 745
In this delicious Garden ? as my Will
Concur'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back

All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
 Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late, 755
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
 These terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son 760
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Whereof didst thou beget me? I fought it not:
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
 But natural necessity begot. 765
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
 Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his Decree
 Fixt on this day? why do I overlive,
 Why am I mockt with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775
 Mortality my sentence, and be Earth
 Insensible, how glad would lay me down
 As in my Mother's lap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more

Would

BOOK X. PARADISE LOST. 313

Would Thunder in my ears, no' fear of worse 780
 To me and to my off-spring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
 With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
 Or in some other dismal place who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790
 And sin? the Body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die; let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so, 795
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as Argument 800
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he draw out,
 For angers sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfy'd never; that were to extend
 His Sentence beyond dust and Nature's Law, 805
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Nor to th' extent of their own Sphear. But say
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,

Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I 815
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curst! Fair Patrimony
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd, 825
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, tho' thro' Mazes, lead me still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier than the Earth to bear 835
 Than all the World much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fearst, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 315

Beyond all past example and future, 840

To *Satan* only like both crime and doom.

O Conscience, into what Abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus *Adam* to himſelf lamented loud 845

Through the ſtill Night, not now, as e'er man fell,
Wholſom and cool, and mild, but with black Aire
Accompany'd, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conſcience repreſented

All things with double terror: on the Ground 850

Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd

Of tardy execution, ſince denounc'd

The day of his Offence. Why comes not Death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke 855

To end me? ſhall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice Divine not haſten to be juſt?

But Death comes not at call, Juſtice Divine

Mends not her ſloweſt pace for prayers or ories.

O Wood, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowr's,
With other echo late I taught your Shades 861

To answer, and reſound far other Song.

Whom thus afflicted when ſad *Eve* beheld,

Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,

Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd: 865

But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my ſight, thou Serpent, that name beſt
Beſits thee, with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe

And uſeful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,

316 PARADISE LOST: Book x.

Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
 Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
 To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
 I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
 And wandring vanity, when least was safe, 875
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a shew
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a Rib
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last 890
 This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
 With Men as Angels without Feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n, 895
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on Earth through Female snares,
 And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 317

As some misfortune brings him, or mistake, 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or if she love, with-held
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and Wedlock-bound 905
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human Life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
Not so repuls'd, with fears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 910
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
My only strength and stay: for'orn 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 joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
On me already lost, me than thy self.

More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou 930
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
 Me me only just Object of his Ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His Counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid ;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
 His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If Prayers
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited, 955
 Thy frailty 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

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 319

In offices of Love, how we may light'n 960

Each others burthen, in our share of woe;

Since this days Death denounc'd, if ought I see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,

A long days dying to augment our pain,

And to our Seed (O hapless Seed) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, reply'd.

Adam, by sad experiment I know

How little weight my words with thee can find,

Found so erroneous, thence by just event

Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970

Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place

Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain

Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart.

Living or dying, from thee I will not hide.

What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n, 975

Tending to some relief of our extreams,

Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.

If care of our descent perplex us most,

Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980

By Death at last, and miserable it is

To be to others cause of misery,

Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring

Into this cursed World a woful Race,

That after wretched Life must be at last 985

Food for so foul a Monster, in thy power

It lies, yet e'er Conception to prevent.

The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.

Childless thou art, Childless remain:

So Death shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw. 991

But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Love's due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope, 995

Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread.
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000

Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on our selves;
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest chusing, 1005
Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her Cheeks with pale.
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns; 1015
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure over-lov'd.

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 321

Or if thou covet Death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest Death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the highest
To make Death in us live: Then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpent's 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 1035
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By Death brought on our selves, or Childless days
Resolv'd as thou propos'st; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness
That cuts us off from hope, and favours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd.
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought

Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
 Pains only in Child-bearing were foretold, 1051
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc'd with joy,
 Fruit of thy Womb: On me the Curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the Ground, with labour I must earn
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
 My labour will sustain me; and lest Cold 1056
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th'inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
 Which now the Sky with various Face begins
 To shew us in the Mountain, while the Winds 1065
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of those fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, e'er this diurnal Star 1069
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter seer foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Aire attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Juffling or pusht with Winds rude in their shock 1074
 Tine the flant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
 Kindles the gummy bark of Fir and Pine, [down
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure

Book x. PARADISE LOST. 323

To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of Grace 1081

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. 1085

What better can we do, than 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 Aire
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign 1091
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, 1095
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shon?

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

The End of the Tenth Book.



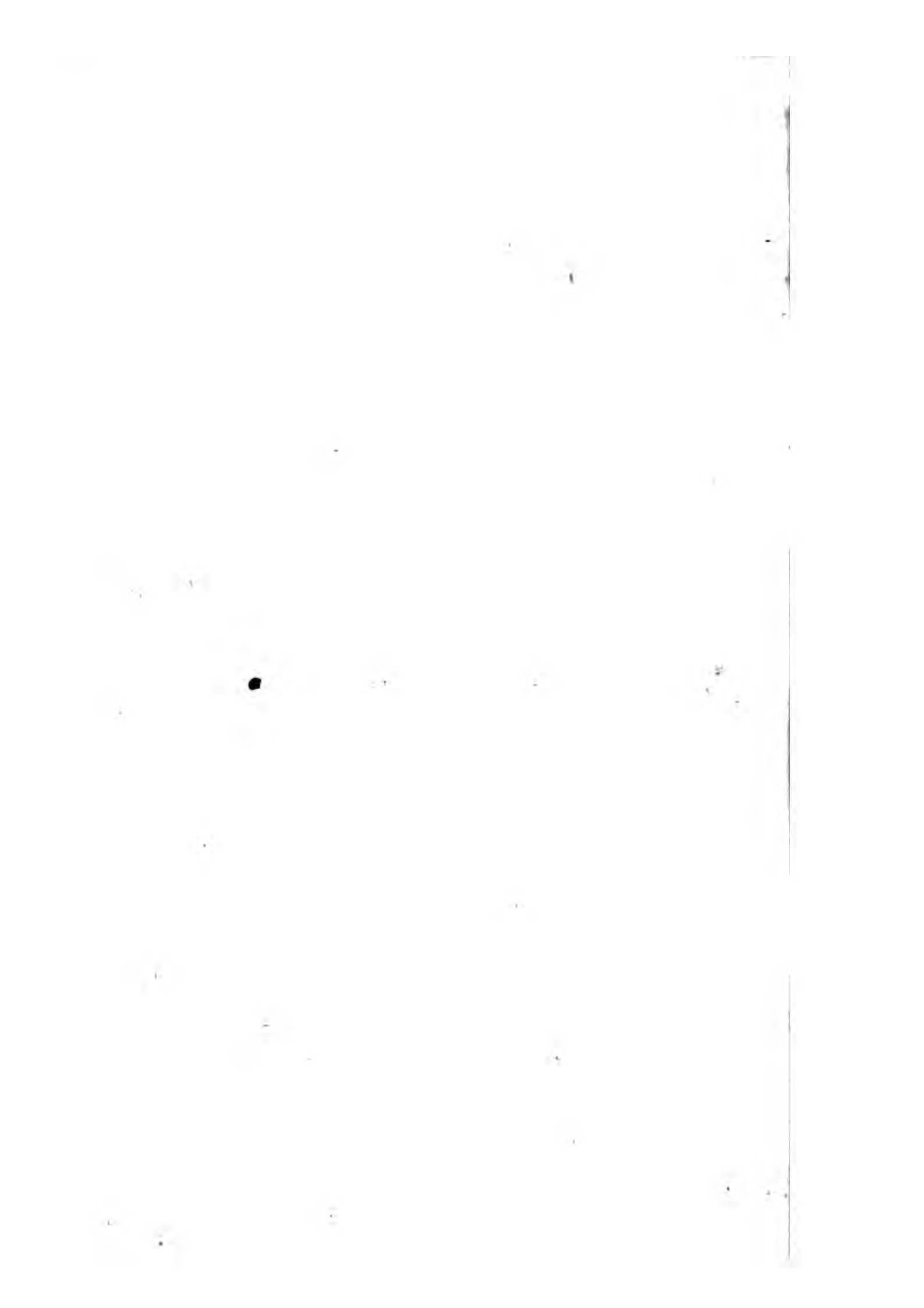
Paradise Lost.

B O O K X I.

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





THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying, for from the Mercy-seat above
 Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
 The stony from their 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
 Than loudest Oratory: yet their port
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less
 Seem'd their Petition, than when th'ancient Pair
 In Fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
 The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine
 Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
 Dimensionless thro' Heav'nly dores; then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Father's 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 favour from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, e'er fall'n

326 PARADISE LOST. BOOK XI.

From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
 To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me his Advocate
 And propitiation, all his works on me
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those 35
 Shall perfect, and for these my Death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Number'd, tho' sad, till Death, his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse) 41
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene. 45
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal Elements that know 50
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a disemper, gross to aire as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first 55
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with Happiness
 And Immortality: that fondly lost,

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 327

This other serv'd but to eternize woe; 60
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedy, and after Life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just, 65
Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to Synod all the Bleft
Thro' Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgements, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw; 70
And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watch'd, he blew
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more 75
To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
Fill'd all the Regions: from their blisful Bow'rs
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where-e'er they fate
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light 80
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
And took their Seats; till from his Throne supream
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste 85
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90
 My motions in him, longer than they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live 95
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till
 The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
 Thy choice of flaming Warriors, lest the Fiend
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession some new trouble raise :
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair, 105
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
 To them and to their Progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I behold them soften'd and with tears 110
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
 To *Adam* what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix 115
 My Cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd ;
 So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace ;
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 329

Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame 129
 Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life :
 Left Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foul, and all my Trees their prey,
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th'Archangelic Pow'r prepar'd 126
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all their shape
 Spangi'd with eyes more numerous than those 130
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful than to drouze,
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Prpe, the Past'ral Reed
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
 To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd 135
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
 Had ended now their Orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linkt ;
 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renew'd. 140

Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends ;
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will, 145
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will Prayer,
 Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I saught
 By Prayer th'offended Deity to appease,

330 PARADISE LOST. Book XI.

Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his eare; persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
 Home to my Breast, and to my memory
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe; 155
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
 Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach 165
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise;
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac'd
 The source of life; next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st, 170
 Far 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, 175
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where-e'er our days work lyes, though now enjoin'd
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
 What can be toilfom in these pleasant Walks?

BOOK XI. PARADISE LOST. 331

Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest

On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd

After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight

The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aery tour, 185

Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:

Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,

First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,

Goodliest of all the Forest, Hart and Hinde;

Direct to th'Eastern Gate was bent their flight. 190

Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase

Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.

○ *Eve*, some further change awaits us nigh,

Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195

Us haply too secure of our discharge

From penalty, because from death releas'd

Some days; how long, and what till then our life,

Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,

And thither must return and be no more. 200

Why else this double object in our sight

Of flight pursu'd in th'Aire and o'er the ground

One way the self-same hour? why in the East

Darkness e'er Days mid-course, and Morning light

More orient in yon Western Clouds that draws 205

O'er the blew Firmament a radiant white,

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands

Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, 210
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adam's* eye.
 Nor that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mabanaim*, where he saw
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright; 215
 Nor that which on the flaming Mount appear'd
 In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
 Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize
 One Man, *Assassine* like, had levied War,
 War unproclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch 220
 In their bright stand, there left his Pow'rs to seize
 Possession of the Garden; he alone,
 To find where *Adam* shelter'd, took his way,
 Not unperceiv'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,
 While the great Visitant approach'd, thus spake. 225
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine, or impose
 New Laws to be observ'd; for I descry
 From yonder Blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
 One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate 230
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majesty
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As *Raphael*, that I should much confide, 235
 But solemn and sublime, whom not t'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

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 333

Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms 240

A military Vest of purple flow'd

Livelier than *Melibœan*, or the grain

Of *Serra*, worn by Kings and Heroes old

In time of truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;

His starry Helm unbuckl'd shew'd him prime 245

In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side

As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.

Adam bow'd low, he Kingly from his State

Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no Preface needs:

Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,

Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,

Defeated of his seizure many days 254

Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou mayst repent,

And one bad Act with many Deeds well done

Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd

Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;

But longer in this Paradise to dwell

Permits not; to remove thee I am come, 260

And send thee from the Garden forth to till

The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soil.

He added not, for *Adam* at the news

Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,

That all his senses bound; *Eve*, who unseen 265

Yet all had heard, with audible lament

Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

334 PARADISE LOST. Book XI.

Thee, Native Soile, these happy 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 flow'rs,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last 275
 At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave you Names,
 Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
 Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd 280
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower World, to this obscure
 And wild, how shall we breathe in other Aire
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
 Lament not, *Eve*, but patiently resign
 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 290
 Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd. 295

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
 Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above Princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy Message, which might else in telling wound,

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 337

And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305
Inhospitable appear 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 weary him with my assiduous cries: 310
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree 320
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of grassie Turfe, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gums and Fruits and Flow'rs:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?

For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330
 To life prolong'd and promis'd Race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth.
 Not this Rock only; his Omnipresence fills 336
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
 Perhaps thy Capital Seat, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had thither come
 From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate 345
 And reverence thee their great Progenitor.
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons:
 Yet doubt not but in Valley and in plain
 God is as here, and will be found alike 350
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 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 believe, and be confirm'd 355
 E'er thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy Off-spring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending

With

BOOK XI. PARADISE LOST. 337

With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn 363

True patience, and to temper joy with fear

And pious sorrow, equally enur'd

By moderation either state to bear,

Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead

Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365

Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend

This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)

Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,

As once thou slep'st, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd. 370.

Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path

Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,

However chaff'ning, to the evil turn

My obvious breast, arming to overcome

By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, 375

If so I may attain. So both ascend

In the Visions of God: It was a Hill

Of Paradise the highest, from whose top

The Hemisphere of Earth in clearest Ken

Stretcht out to th'amplest reach of prospect lay. 380

Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,

Whereon for different cause the Tempter set

Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,

To shew him all Earth's Kingdoms and their Glory.

His Eye might there command whatever stood 385

City of old or modern Fame, the Seat

Of mightiest Empire, from the destin'd Walls

Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaiian Can*

And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs Throne*,

To *Paquin* of *Sinaan* Kings, and thence 390
 To *Agra* and *Labor* of great *Mogul*
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* fate, or since
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian* *Ksar*
 In *Mosco*, or the *Sultan* in *Bizance*, 395
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the Iles *Maritim* Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,
 And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realm 400
 Of *Congo*, and *Angola* farthest South;
 Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
 The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez*, and *Sus*,
Morocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;
 On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway 405
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Montezume*,
 And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat
 Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great City *Geryons* Sons 410
 Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights
Michael from *Adam's* eyes the Filme remov'd
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with *Euphrasie* and *Rue*
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see; 415
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
 Even to the Inmost seat of mental sight,
 That *Adam* now enforc'd to close his eyes,

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 339

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

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who nevertouch'd 425
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves 430
New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
I' th' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, and grassie ford; thither anon
A sweaty Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Ear, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next 436
More meek came with the Firflings of his Flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and their Fat, with Incense strew'd,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd. 440
His Off'ring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The others not, for his was not sincere:
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone 445
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out; his Soul with gushing blood effus'd.
Much at the sight was *Adam* in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
 Is Piety thus and pure Devotion paid?

T'whom *Michael* thus, he also mov'd, reply'd
 These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
 Out of thy loyns; th'unjust the just hath slain, 455
 For envy that his Brother's Offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody Fact
 Will be aveng'd, and th'others faith approv'd
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our Sire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at th'entrance than within. 470
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By Fire, Flood, Famine, 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 475
 What misery th'inabstinence of *Eve*
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noysom, dark,
 A Lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 341

Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies 480

Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes

Of heart-sick Agony, all feavorous kinds,

Convullions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,

Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,

Dæmoniac Phrenzy, moaping Melancholy 485

And Moon-struck madness, pining Atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,

Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair

Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch; 490

And over them triumphant Death his Dart

Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd

With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.

Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long

Dry-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept, 495

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 500

Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!

Better end here 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 505

Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,

Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus

Th' Image of God in man created once

So goodly and erect, though faulty since,

To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd 510
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
 Retaining still Divine similitude

In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's Image sake exempt?

Their Maker's Image, answer'd *Michael*, then 515
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilifi'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 their punishment, 520
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd
 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
 God's Image did not reverence in themselves. 525

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

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe 530
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
 Due Nourishment, no gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return:
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop 535
 Into thy Mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for Death mature:
 This is old Age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 343

To wither'd, weak and gray; thy Senses then 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo,
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy Spirits down, and last consume 545
The Balm of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. *Michael* reply'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd and saw a spacious Plain, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of Cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who mov'd 560
Their steps 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 Brasse 565
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had watted Woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To some Caves mouth, or whether wash'd by streams

From underground) the liquid Ore he drein'd 570
 Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
 First his own Tools; then, what might else be wrought
 Fulfil or grav'n in metal. After these,
 But on the hither side a different sort
 From the high neighbouring Hill, which was their Seat,
 Down to the Plain descended: by their guise 576
 Just men they seem'd, and all their 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 580
 Long had not walk'd, when from the Tents behold
 A Beavy of fair Women, richly gay
 In Gems and wanton drefs; to the harp they fung
 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
 The Men tho' grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes 585
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
 First caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
 And now of Love they treat till th'Evening Star
 Love's Harbinger appear'd; then all in heat
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke 590
 Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok'd:
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flow'rs,
 And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart 595
 Of Adam, soon inclin'd t'admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus exprest.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel-blest,
 Much better seems this Vision, and more hope

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 345

Of peaceful days portends, than those two past; 600
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end 605

Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those Tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the Tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother; studious they appear
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare, 610

Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous Off-spring shall beget;
For that fair Female Troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddeses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615
Yet empty of all good wherein consists

Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;
Bred only and compleated to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the Eye.
To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives 621

Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
(E'erlong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world e'erlong a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.
O pity and shame, that they who to live well

Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630

Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint !

But still I see the tenour of Man's woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place 635

By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.

But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He look'd and saw wide Territory spread
Before him, Towns, and Rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Tow'rs, 640

Concourse in Arms, fierce Faces threatening War,

Giants of mighty Bone, and bold emprise;

Part weild their Arms, part curb the foaming Steed,

Single or in Array of Battle rang'd

Both Horse and Foot, nor idlyly mustering stood;

One way a Band select from forage drives 645

A Herd of Beeves, fair Oxen and fair Kine

From a fat Meadow ground; or fleecy Flock,

Ewes and their bleating Lambs over the Plain

Their Booty; scarce with Life the Shepherds fly,

But call in aid, which makes a bloody Fray; 651

With cruel Tournament the Squadrons join;

Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lyes

With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguin'd Field

Deserted: Others to a City strong 655

Lay Siege, encamp'd; by Battery, Scale, and Mine,

Affaulting; others from the wall defend

With Dart and Jay'lin, Stones and sulph'rous Fire;

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other part the scepter'd Heralds call 660
 To Council in the City Gates: anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriors mix'd,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard; but soon
 In factious opposition, till at last
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent 665
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and wrong,
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
 And Judgement from above: him old and young
 Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670
 Unseen amid the throng; so violence
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these, 675
 Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His Brother: for of whom such massacre
 Make they but of their Brethren, men of men? 680
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness been lost?
 To whom thus *Michael*. These are the product
 Of those ill mated marriages thou saw'st:
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
 Abhor to joyn: and by imprudence mix'd, 686
 Produce prodigious Birth of Body or Mind.
 Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
 For in those days Might only shall be admir'd,

And Valour and Heroic Virtue call'd; 690
 To overcome in Battel, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human Glory, and for Glory done
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerors, 695
 Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
 Thus Fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on Earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.

But he the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
 The only righteous in a World perverse, 701
 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 balmy Cloud with winged Steeds 706
 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? 710
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd,
 The brazen Throat of War had ceas'd to roar,
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
 Marrying or prostituting, as beset
 Rape or Adultery, where passing fair
 Allur'd them; thence from Cups to civil Broils.
 At length a Reverend Sire among them came,

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 349

And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
And testify'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their Assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In Prison under Judgements imminent: 725
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his Tents far off;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk, 729
Measur'd by Cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with Pitch, and in the side a door
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For Man and Beast: when lo a wonder strange!
Of every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small 734
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: last the Sire, and his three Sons
With their four Wives; and God made fast the door.
Mean while the Southwind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supply 740
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd Sky
Like a dark Ceiling stood; down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum 745
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp

350 PARADISE LOST. Book XI.

Deep under water roll'd; Sea cover'd Sea;
 Sea without shoar; and in their Palaces 750
 Where luxury late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
 How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
 The end of all thy Off-spring, end so sad, 755
 Depopulation; thee another Flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a Flood thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd
 By th'Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
 Tho' comfortless, as when a Father mourns 760
 His Children, all in view destroy'd at once;
 And scarce to th'Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint,
 O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born
 My part of evil only, each days lot 765
 Enough 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 e'er their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 770
 Him or his Children, evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel 775
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 351

Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wandering that watry Desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and War on Earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have
With length of happy days the race of man; [crown'd
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than War to waste.
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide, 785
And whether here the Race of man will end.
To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst
In Triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void; 790
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing Nations, and atchiev'd thereby
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by War
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of Battel found no aid 800
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd, 806

352 PARADISE LOST. BOOK XI.

Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot ;
 One Man except, the only Son of light
 In a dark Age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a World 810
 Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
 On their impenitence ; and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd
 The one just Man alive ; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and household from amidst 820
 A World devote to universal rack.
 No sooner he with them of Man and Beast
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round, but all the Cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall pour 825
 Rain day and night, all fountains of the Deep
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest Hills : then shall this Mount
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
 And there take root an Island salt and bare, 834
 The haunt of Scales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 353

To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood, 843
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen North-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear Sun on his wide watry Glafs
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew, 845
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, 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 some high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea their furious tyde.

Forthwith from out the Ark a Raven flies, 855
And after him the surer messenger,

A Dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill

An Olive leaf he brings, pacific sign: 860

Anon dry ground appears, and from his Ark
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds

354 PARADISE LOST. BOOK XI.

A dewy Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow 865

Conspicuous with three lifted colours gay,

Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.

Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad

Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent 870

As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive

At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live

With all the Creatures, and their seed preserve.

Far less I now lament for one whole World

Of wicked Sons destroy'd, than I rejoyce 875

For one Man found so perfect and so just,

That God vouchsafes to raise another World

From him, and all his anger to forget.

But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n,

Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd, 880

Or serve they as a flowry verge to bind

The fluid skirts of that same watry Cloud,

Lest it again dissolve and show'r the Earth?

To whom th'Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;

So willingly doth God remit his Ire, 885

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 their way; yet those remov'd,

Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight, 890

That he relents, not to blot out mankind,

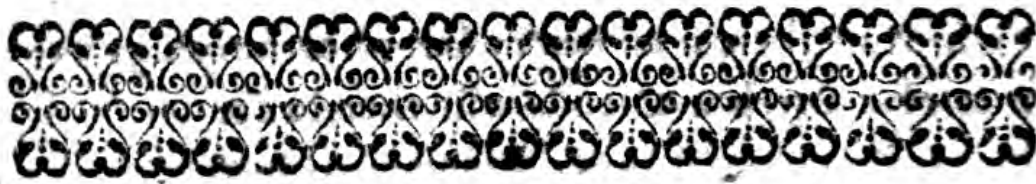
And makes a Covenant never to destroy

The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea

BOOK XI. PARADISE LOST. 355

Surpafs his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings 895
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein fet
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 their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

The End of the Eleventh Book.



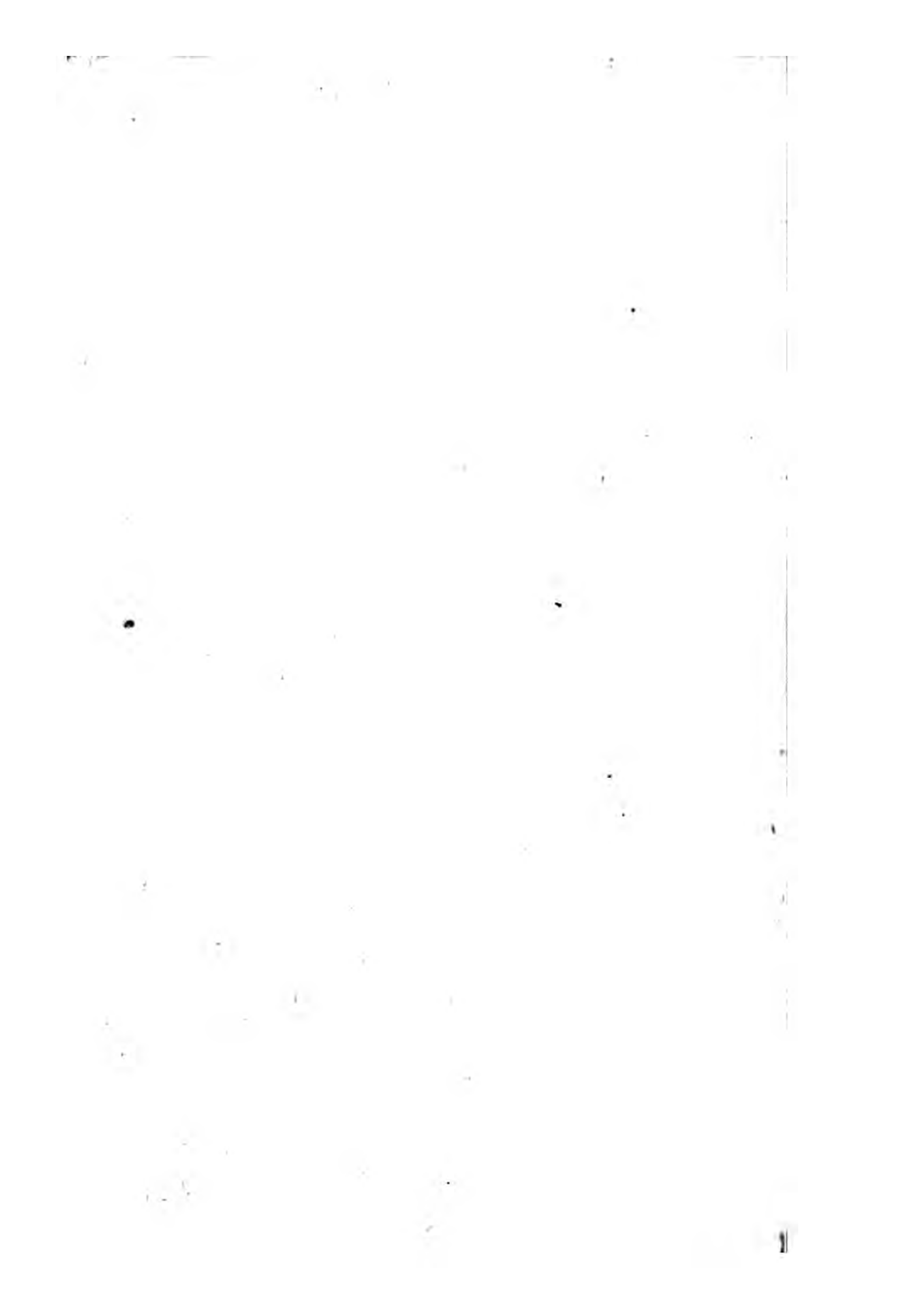
Paradise Lost.

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 Ascension; 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 their Station to guard the Place.





AS one who in his journey bates at Noon,
 Tho' bent on speed, so here the Arch-angel
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd, [paus'd
 If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose;
 Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes. 5

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
 And Man as from a second stock proceed.
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
 Thy mortal fight to fail; objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10

Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 This second course of Men, while yet but few,
 And while the dread of judgement past remains
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15

With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine and oyl; and from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, 20

With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast,
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content 25

With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,

358 PARADISE LOST. BOOK XII.

Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) 30
 With War and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
 A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
 Or from Heav'n claiming second Sov'reignty; 35
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall find 40
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A City and Tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd 45
 In foreign Lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
 Comes down to see their City, e'er the Tow'r
 Obstru&t Heav'n Tow'rs, and in derision sets
 Upon their Tongues a various Spirit to raise
 Quite out their Native Language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: 55
 Forthwith a hidious 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

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 356

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange 60

And hear the din; thus was the building left

Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.

O execrable Son so to aspire

Above his Brethren, to himself assuming 65

Authority usurpt, from God not giv'n:

He gave us only over Beast, Fish, Fowl

Dominion absolute; that right we hold

By his donation; but Man over men

He made not Lord; such title to himself 70

Reserving, human left from human free.

But this Usurper his encroachment proud

Stays not on Man; to God his Tow'r intends

Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food

Will he convey up thither to sustain 75

Himself and his rash Army, where thin Aire

Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,

And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st

That Son, who on the quiet state of men 80

Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue

Rational Liberty; yet know withal,

Since by original lapse, true Liberty

Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells

Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being: 85

Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,

Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart Passions catch the Government

From Reason, and to servitude reduce

Man till then free. Therefore since he permits 90
 Within himself unworthy 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: Tyranny must be, 95
 Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.

Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100

Their inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
 Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
 Done to his Father, heard his heavy curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.

Thus will this latter, as the former World, 105
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert

His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
 And one peculiar Nation to select

From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring:

Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
 Bred up in Idol-worship. O that men 115

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall

To worship their own work in Wood and Stone

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 361

For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes
To call by Vision from his Father's house, 121
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty Nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his Seed 125
All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soil
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford 130
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents 135
Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plain
Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receives
Gift to his Progeny of all that Land;
From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd) 140
From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoar
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons 145
Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise

362 PARADISE LOST. BOOK XII.

The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,
 Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-child leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
 The Grand-child with twelve Sons increast, departs
 From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd 156
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
 Into a Sea: to sojourn in that Land
 He comes invited by a younger Son 160
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that Realm
 Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks 165
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant Males:
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 'Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claim 170
 His people from Enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd Land.
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know their God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signs and Judgements dire;
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turn'd, 175
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattle must of Rot and Murren die,

BOOK XII. PARADISE LOST. 363

Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss, 180
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Hail,
 Hail mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Sky
 And wheel on th'Earth, devouring where it rolls;
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Grain,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down 185
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darknes must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darknes, and blot out three days;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of *Egypt* must lye dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The River-dragon tam'd at length submits 191
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea 195
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
 As on dry land between two christal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shoar:
 Such wondrous pow'r God to his Saint will lend, 200
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go
 Before him in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
 By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while th'obdurate King pursues: 205
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darknes defends between till morning Watch;
 Then through the Fiery Pillar and the Cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host

And craze their Chariot wheels : when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends 211
 Over the Sea ; the Sea his Rod obeys ;
 On their embattl'd ranks the Waves return,
 And overwhelm their War : the Race elect,
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance 215
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way,
 Lest entring on the *Canaanite* alarm'd
 War terrifie them inexpert, and fear
 Return them back to *Egypt*, chusing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude ; for life 220
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in Arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
 Their government, and their great Senate chuse 225
 Thro' the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd :
 God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In Thunder, Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
 Ordain them Laws ; part such as appertain 230
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
 The Serpent, by what means he shall atchieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235
 To mortal ear is dreadful ; they beseech
 That *Moses* might report to them his will,
 And terror cease ; he grants what they besought
 Instructed that to God is no access

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 365

Without Mediator, whose high Office now 240
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the Prophets in their Age the times
Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in Men 245
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
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Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein 250
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
The Records of his Cov'nant, over those
A Mercy-seat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing 255
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Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleam by Night,
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How many Kings destroy'd, and Kingdoms won,
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A Day entire, and Night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand, 265
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third.
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him,
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n, 270
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
 E'er while perplext with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all Mankind; but now I see 276
 His day, in whom all Nations will be blest,
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
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 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; 286
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 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against Law to fight: that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
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 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by Faith imputed, they may find 295
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
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 Perform, and not performing cannot live.

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So Law appears imperfect, and but giv'n 300
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowy Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear 305
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
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Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
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His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
The Adversary Serpent, and bring back
Through the World's wilderness long wander'd Man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest, 315
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Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their publick Peace,
Provoking God to raise them Enemies;
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The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a Promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, That of the Royal Stock 325
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings

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The last, for of his Reign shall be no end. 330

But first a long succession must ensue,

And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,

The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents

Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.

Such follow him, as shall be register'd 335

Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,

Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults

Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense

God, as to leave them, and expose their Land,

Their City, his Temple, and his holy Ark 340

With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey

To that proud City, whose high Walls thou saw'st

Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.

There in Captivity he lets them dwell

The space of seventy years, then brings them back,

Remembering mercy, and his Cov'nant sworn 346

To *David*, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.

Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings

Their Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God

They first re-edifie, and for a while 350

In mean estate live moderate, till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;

But first among the Priests dissention springs,

Men who attend the Altar, and should most

Endeavour Peace: their strife pollution brings 355

Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize

The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons.

Then lose it to a Stranger, that the true

Anointed King *Messiah* might be born

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Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Star 360

Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him come,

And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire

His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh and Gold;

His place of Birth a solemn Angel tells

To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night; 365

They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire

Of Squadron'd Angels hear his Carol sung.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire

The Power of the most High; he shall ascend

The Throne hereditary, and bound his Reign 370

With Earth's wide bounds, his Glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy

Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears

Without the vent of Words, which these he breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375

Of utmost hope! now clear I understand

What oft my stedfast thoughts have search'd in vain;

Why our great expectation should be call'd

The Seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail,

High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loins 380

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son

Of God most High; so God with Man unites.

Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise

Expect with mortal pain: say where and when 384

Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of their fight,

As of a Duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son

Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil

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Thy Enemy, nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be, 395
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400
 So only can high Justice rest appaid.
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfil
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfil the Law; thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the Flesh 405
 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 their own, tho' legal Works. 410
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
 A shameful and accurst, nail'd to the Cross
 By his own Nation, slain for bringing Life;
 But to the Cross he nails thy Enemies, 415
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all Mankind, with him there crucify'd,
 Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
 In this his Satisfaction; so he dies,

But soon revives, Death over him no power 420
 Shall long usurp; e'er the third dawning light
 Return, the Stars of Morn shall see him rise
 Out of his Grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 The Ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
 His death for Man, as many as offer'd Life 425
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
 By Faith not void of Works: this God-like act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
 In sin for ever lost from Life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength 430
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal Life. 435
 Nor after Resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all Nations what of him they learn'd 440
 And his Salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
 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. 445
 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day
 Not only to the Sons of *Abraham's* Loins
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the Sons
 Of *Abraham's* Faith, where-ever thro' the World;

372 PARADISE LOST. BOOK XII.

So in his Seed all Nations shall be blest. 450
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns shall he ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the Aire
 Over his Foes and thine; there shall surprize
 The Serpent, Prince of Aire, and drag in Chains
 Thro' all his Realm, and there confounded leave;
 Then enter into Glory, and resume 456
 His Seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all Names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
 When the World's Dissolution shall be ripe,
 With Glory and Pow'r to judge both quick and dead,
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
 His faithful, and receive them into Blifs,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of *Eden*, and far happier days. 465

So spake th' Arch-angel *Michael*, then paus'd,
 As at the World's great Period; and our Sire
 Repleat with joy and wonder thus reply'd.

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoyce 475
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.
 To God more glory, more good will to Men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound,
 But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n

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Must reascend, what will betide the few 480

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,

The enemies of truth; who then shall guide

His people, who defend? will they not deal

Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n

He to his own a Comforter will send, 486

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell .

His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith

Working thro' love, upon their hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

With spiritual Armour, able to resist

Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,

What men can do against them, not afraid,

Though to the death, against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompenc'd, 495

And oft supported so as shall amaze

Their proudest persecuters: for the Spirit

Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends

To evangelize the Nations, then on all

Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous Gifts endue 500

To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,

As did their Lord before them. Thus they win

Great numbers of each Nation to receive

With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length

Their Ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505

Their doctrine and their story written left,

They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,

Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n

To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left only 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 join 516
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Believers; and from that pretence, 520
 Spiritual Laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall find
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and bind 525
 His comfort Liberty; what, but unbuild
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
 Their own Faith not anothers; for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,
 Well deem in outward Rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfy'd; Truth shall retire 535
 Bestuck with flandrous darts, and works of Faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the World go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,
 Under her own weight groaning till the day.

Appear of respiration to the just, 540
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid
 The Woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 545
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love 550
 To bring forth fruits, Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
 Till time stand fixt: beyond is all Abyss, 555
 Eternity, 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 contain;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend.
 Merciful over all his works, with good 565
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake

Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th'Angel last reply'd:
 This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Stars
 Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n, Aire, Earth, or Sea,
 And all the riches of this World enjoy'dst, 580
 And all the rule, one Empire; only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith;
 Add Virtue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath 585
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A paradise within thee, happier far.
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards, 590
 By me encampt on yonder Hill, expect
 Their motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
 We may no longer stay: go, waken *Eve*;
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd 595
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,

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The great deliverance by her Seed to come 600
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end. 605

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

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise, 611
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep; but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go, 615
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwillingly; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my woful crime art banish'd hence.

This further consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf't,
By me the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh 625
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To their fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist

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Ris'n from a River o'er the marish glides, 630
 And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
 The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
 Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapours as the *Libyan* Air adust, 635
 Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
 Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
 To the subjected Plain; then disappear'd. 640
 They looking back, all th'Eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
 With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms: 644
 Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
 The World was all before them, where to chuse
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
 Through *Eden* took their solitary way.



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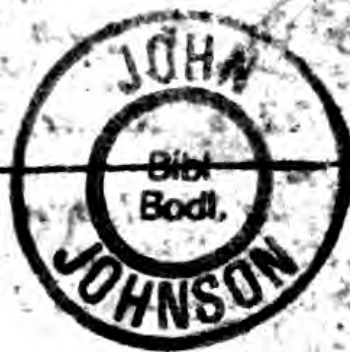
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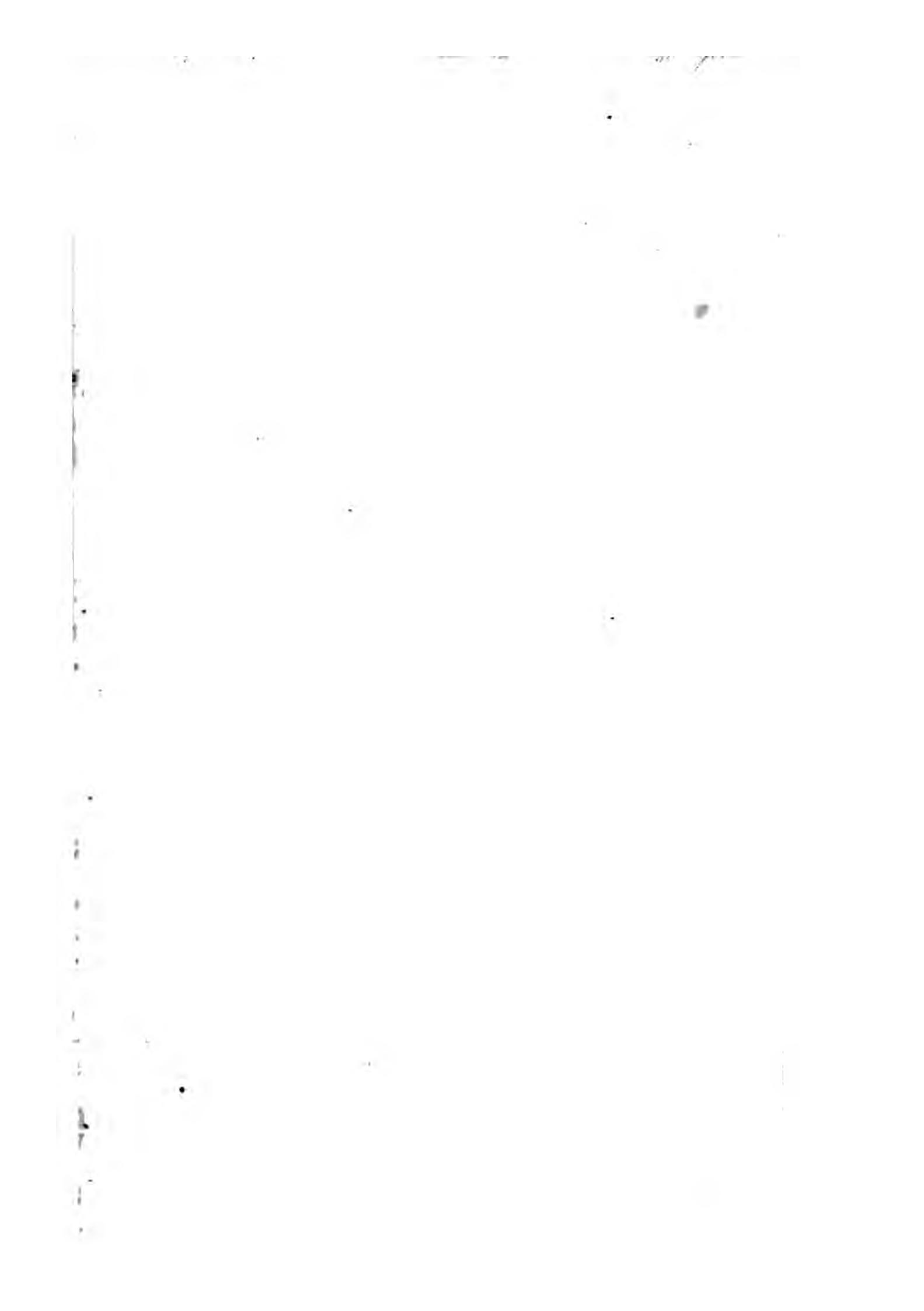
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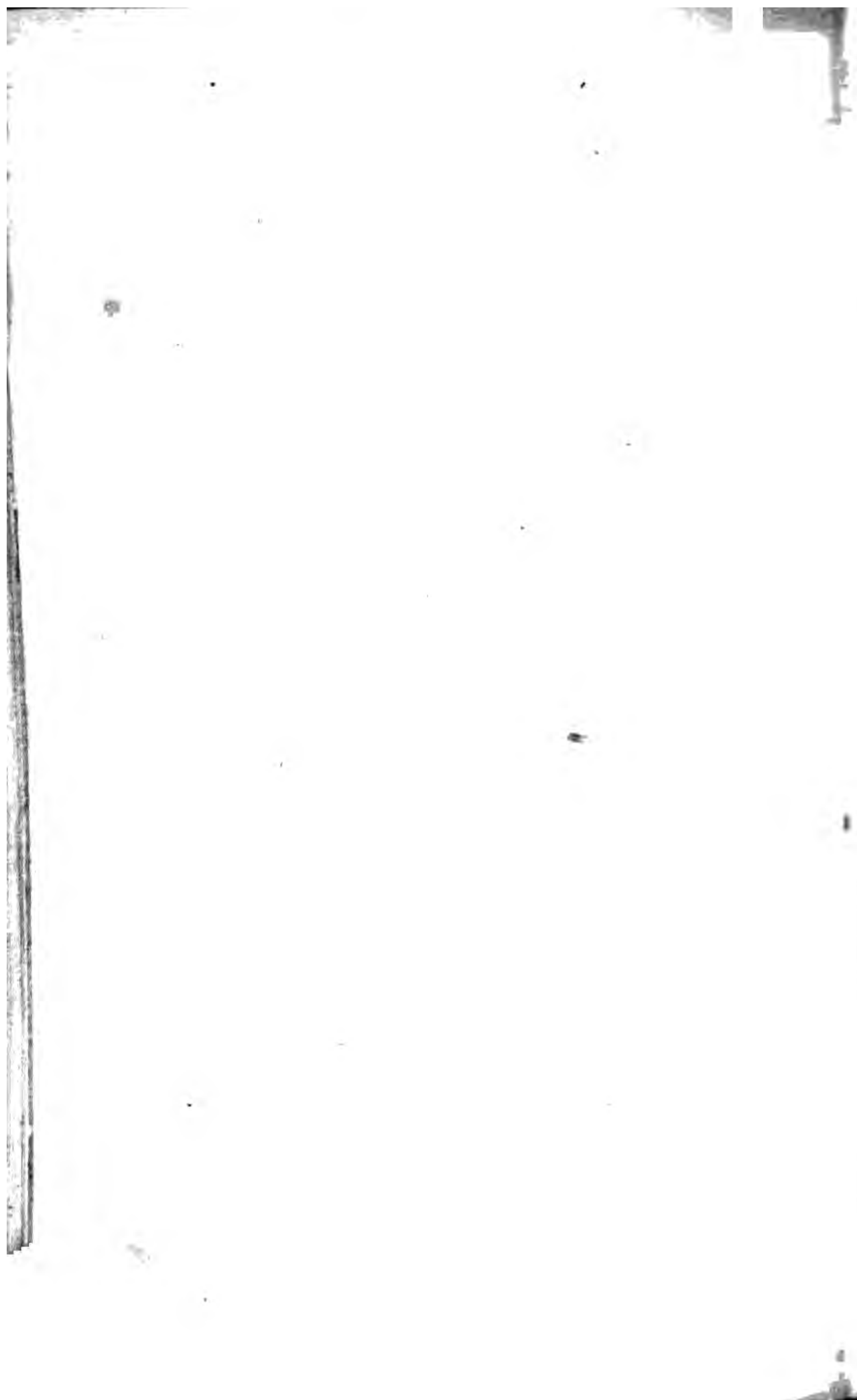
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ERRATA.

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