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R4.

R. Finch.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

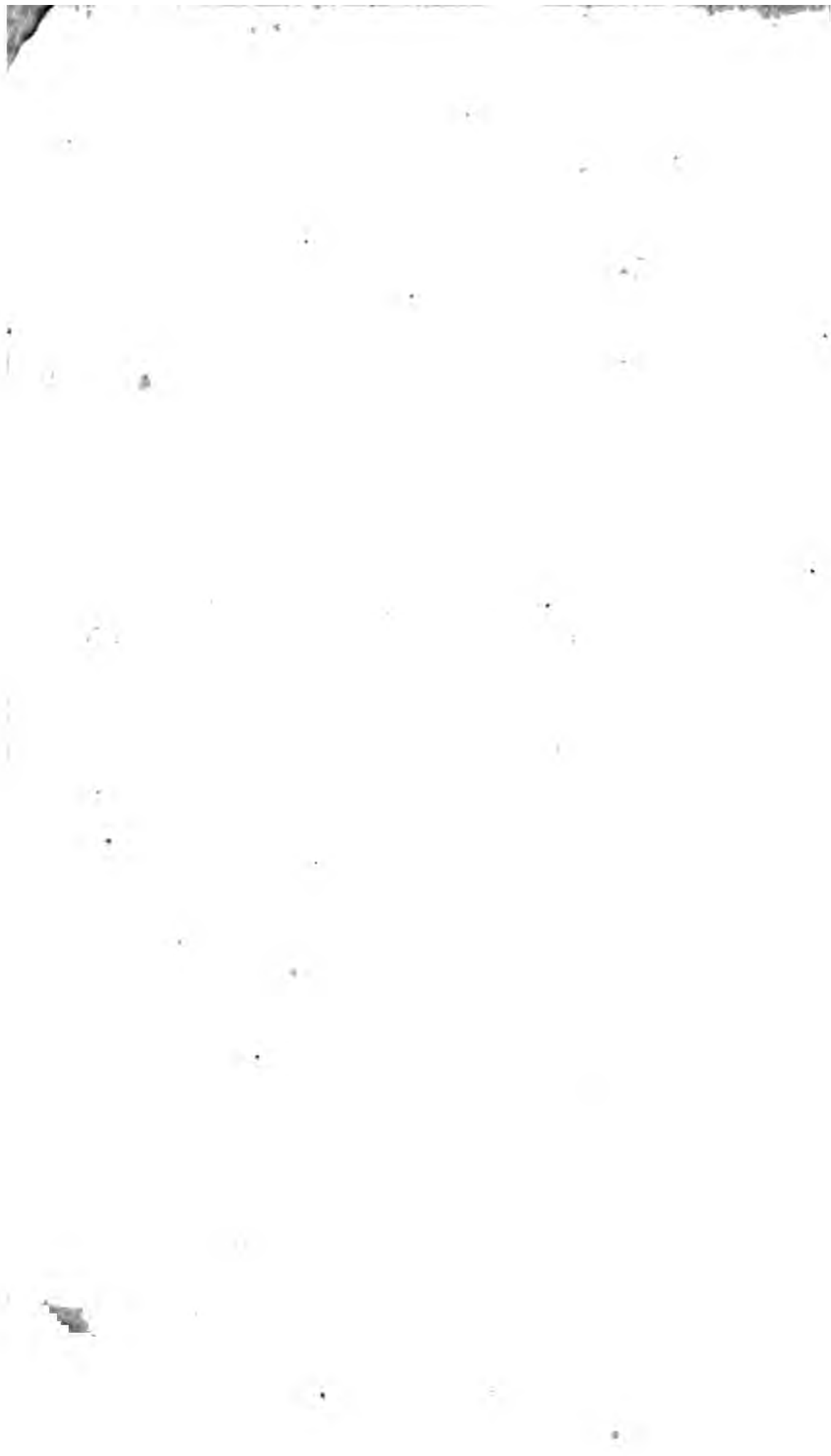
BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

ROBERT FINCH, M. A.

Thos





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*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 could no farther go:
To make a Third she joynd the former Two.*

Dryden

PARADISE LOST.

A

POEM,

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

L O N D O N :

*Printed for J. and R. Tonson and S. Draper, A. Ward,
S. Birt, C. Hitch, B. Dod, J. Hutton, R. Wel-
lington, J. Brindley, J. Oswald, and J. New.*

M DCC XLVI,





To the Right Honorable

John Lord Sommers,

Baron of *Evesham.*

MY LORD,

IT was Your LORD-
SHIP's opinion and en-
couragement that occa-
sion'd the first appear-
ing of this Poem in the *Folio* Edi-
tion, which from thence has been
so well receiv'd, that notwith-
standing the price of it was four

times greater than before, the sale increas'd double the number every year. The Work is now generally known and esteem'd; and I having the honor 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,

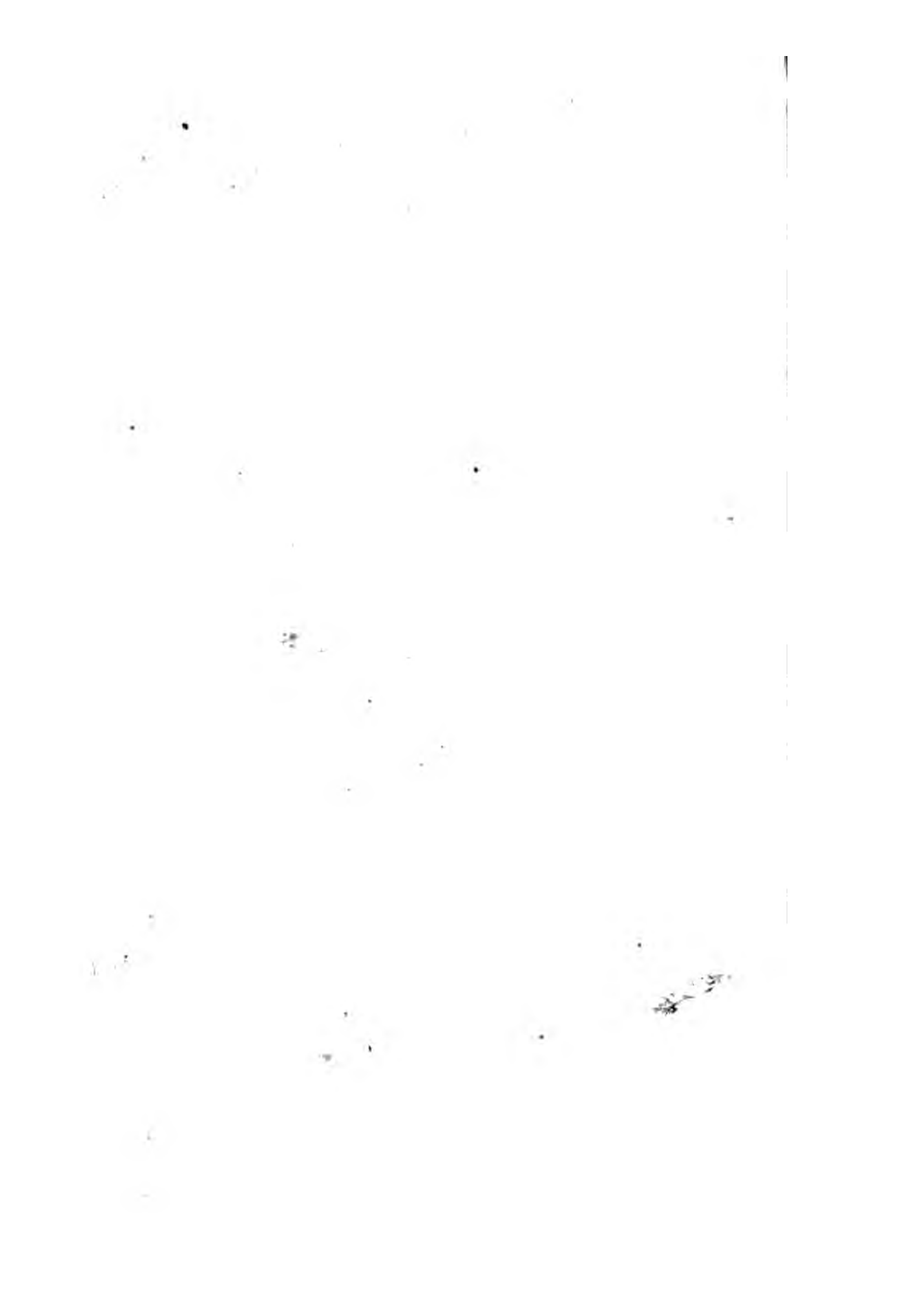
Your Lordship's

ever obliged servant.



THE LIFE OF
Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*







THE
L I F E
O F
Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

FROM a family, and town of his name in *Oxfordshire*, our Author deriv'd his descent; but He was born at *London* in the Year 1608. The Publisher of his Works in Prose (on whose veracity some part of this narrative must entirely depend) dates his birth two years earlier than this: but contradicting himself afterwards in his own computation, I reduce it to the time that Monsieur *Bayle* hath assign'd; and for the same Reason which prevail'd with him to assign it. His father, *John Milton*, by profession a scrivener, liv'd in a reputable manner on a competent estate,

entirely his own acquisition; having been early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the Church of *Rome*, to which they were zealously devoted. By his wife *Sarah Caston* he had likewise one daughter, nam'd *Anna*; and another son, *Christopher*, whom he train'd to the practice of the Common Law; who in the Great Rebellion adher'd to the royal cause: and in the reign of King *James II.* by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the Court, both religious and civil, he attain'd to the dignity of being made a Judge of the Common Pleas; of which he dy'd devested not long after the Revolution.

But *JOHN*, the subject of the present essay, was the favorite of his father's hopes; who, to cultivate the great genius which early display'd itself, was at the expense of a domestic Tutor: whose care and capacity his Pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin Elegy; the fourth in the present collection. At his initiation He is said to have apply'd himself to Letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevail'd with to quit his studies before midnight: which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head; but like-

wise occasion'd that weaknefs in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of fight. From a domestic education He was remov'd to St. *Paul's* School, to complete his acquaintance with the Classics under the care of Dr. *Gill*: and after a short stay there, was transplanted to *Christ's* College

in *Cambridge*, where He distinguish'd himself in all kinds of

An. Ætat. 15.

Academical Exercises. Of this Society He continued a Member 'till He commenc'd Master of Arts: and then leaving the University, He return'd to his father; who had quitted the town, and liv'd

at *Horton* in *Buckinghamshire*; where He pursu'd his studies

An. Ætat. 23.

with unparallel'd assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement, his mother dy'd: and then he prevail'd with his father to gratify an inclination He had long entertain'd of seeing foreign countries. Sir *Henry Wotton*, at that time Provost of *Eaton* College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels: but by

An. Ætat. 30.

not observing * an excellent Maxim in it, He incur'd great danger by disputing against

* *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.*

the superstition of the Church of *Rome*, within the verge of the *Vatican*. Having employ'd his curiosity about † two years in *France* and *Italy*, on the news of a civil war breaking out in *England*, He return'd; without taking a survey of *Greece* and *Sicily*, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. ‡ At *Paris* the Lord Viscount *Scudamore*, Ambassador from King *Charles* I. at the Court of *France*, introduc'd him to the acquaintance of *Grotius*; who at that time was honor'd with the same character there by *Christina* Queen of *Sweden*. In *Rome*, *Genoa*, *Florence*, and other cities of *Italy*, He contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning: several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship, and esteem, which are printed before his Latin Poems. The first of them was written by *Manso* Marquis of *Villa*, a great patron of *Tasso*, by whom he is celebrated in his * Poem on

† *Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, ----
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis: pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor. Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.*

Epitaph. *Damo*

‡ *Defensio Secunda*, Pag. 96. Fol.

* *Fra Cavalier' magnanimi, e cortesi,
Resplende il Manso, ---- Lib. 20.*

the Conquest of *Jerusalem*. It is highly probable that to his conversation with this noble *Neapolitan* we owe the first design which MILTON conceiv'd of writing an Epic Poem: and it appears by some Latin verses address'd to the Marquis with the title of *Mansus*, that He intended to fix on King *Arthur* for his heroe: but *Arthur* was reserv'd to another destiny!

Returning from his travels *An. Ætat. 32.*
He found *England* on the point of being involv'd in blood and confusion. It seems wonderful that one of so warm, and daring a spirit, as his certainly was, shou'd be restrain'd from the camp in those unnatural commotions. I suppose we may impute it wholly to the great deference He paid to paternal authority, that He retired to lodgings provided for him in the city: which being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons, and some other young Gentlemen, He undertook their education: and is said to have form'd them on the same plan which He afterwards publish'd, in a short tractate inscrib'd to his friend Mr. *Hartlib*.

In this philosophical course He continued without a wife to the year 1643; when He marry'd *Mary* the Daughter of *Richard Powell* of *Forest-bill* *An. Ætat. 35.*

in *Oxfordshire*: a Gentleman of estate and reputation in that county; and of principles so very opposite to his Son-in-Law, that the marriage is more to be wonder'd at, than the separation which ensu'd, in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in *London*. Her desertion provok'd him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine, and discipline, of Divorce; and also to make his addresses to a young Lady of great wit and beauty: but before he had engag'd her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty, in a visit at one of his relations He found his Wife prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him: and perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting of that pathetic Scene in * PARADISE LOST, in which *Eve* addresseth herself to *Adam* for pardon, and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance He generously sacrific'd all his resentment to her tears.

* Book X. ver. 909.

— *Soon his heart relented*

*Tow'rds her, his life so late, and sole delight:
Now, at his feet submissive in distress!*

And after this re-union, so far was He from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which He had receiv'd from her ill conduct, that when the King's cause was entirely oppress'd, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was expos'd to sequestration; MILTON receiv'd both him and his family to protection, and free entertainment, in his own house, till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious faction.

For He was now grown famous by his polemical writings of various kinds, and held, in great favor, and esteem, by those who had power to dispose of all preferments in the State. 'Tis in vain to dissemble, and far be it from me to defend, his engaging with a Party combin'd in the destruction of our Church and Monarchy. Yet, leaving the justification of a mis-guided sincerity to be debated in the Schools, may I presume to observe in his favor, that his zeal, distemper'd and furious as it was, does not appear to have been inspirited by self-interested views?

For it is affirm'd, that though He liv'd always in a frugal retirement, and before his death had dispos'd of his library (which we may suppose to have been a valuable collection) He left no more than fifteen hundred pounds behind him for the support of his family: and whoever considers the Posts to which He was advanc'd, and the times in which He enjoy'd them, will I believe confess He might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune: in a dispassionate mind it will not require any extraordinary measure of candor to conclude, that though He abode in *the heritage of Oppressors*, and the spoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conscience, nor his honor, cou'd stoop to gather them.

A Commission to constitute *An. Ætat. 42.* him Adjutant-General to Sir *William Waller* was promis'd; but soon superseded by *Waller's* being laid aside, when his Masters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenness of his Pen had so effectually recommended him to *Cromwell's* esteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanc'd him to be Latin Secretary, both to himself and the Parliament: the former of these preferments He enjoy'd

both under the Usurper, and his Son; the other, 'till King *Charles II.* was restor'd. For some time He had an apartment for his family in *White-ball*; but his health requiring a freer accession of air, He was oblig'd to remove from thence to lodgings which open'd into *St. James's Park*. Not long after his settlement there, his wife dy'd in child-bed: and much about the time of her death, a *Gutta Serena*, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguish'd his sight. In this melancholic condition he was easily prevail'd with to think of taking another wife; who was *Catharine* the daughter of Captain *Woodcock* of *Hackney*: and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, dy'd in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty third Sonnet He does honor to her memory.

These private calamities were much heighten'd, by the different figure he was likely to make in the new scene of affairs, which was going to be acted in the State. For, all things now conspiring to promote the King's Restoration, He was too conscious of his own activity during the Usurpation, to expect any favor from the Crown: and therefore He

prudently absconded 'till the Act of Oblivion was publish'd; by which He was only render'd incapable of bearing any office in the Nation. Many had a very just esteem of his admirable parts and learning, who detested his principles; by whose intercession his Pardon pass'd the Seals: and I wish the laws of Civil History could have extended the benefit of that oblivion to the memory of his guilt, which was indulg'd to his person; *nè tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitisse, aut non vindicata fuisse, videatur.*

Having thus gain'd a full protection from the Government, (which was in truth more than he cou'd have reasonably hop'd) He appear'd as much in public as he formerly us'd to do; and employing his friend *Dr. Paget* to make choice of a third consort, on his recommendation He married *Elizabeth* the Daughter of *Mr. Minshul* a *Cheshire* Gentleman, by whom He had no issue. Three daughters by his first wife were then living; the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies. For, having been instructed to pronounce not only the Modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; they read in their respective originals whatever Authors He wanted to consult; though they understood none

but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleasant to be continued for any long process of time; and therefore He dismiss'd them to receive an education more agreeable to their sex, and temper.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view, in which He will be look'd on by all succeeding ages with equal delight, and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elaps'd since He wrote the Mask of * *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and † *Lycidas*; all in such an exquisite strain! that though He had left no other monuments of his Genius behind him, his name had been immortal. But, neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, cou'd depress the vigor of his mind; or divert it from executing a design He had * long conceiv'd of writing an Heroic Poem. The Fall of Man was a subject which He had some years before fix'd on for a Tragedy, which He intended to form by the models of Antiquity: and some, not without probability, say the Play open'd with that Speech in the fourth Book of PARADISE LOST, ver 32, which is address'd

An. Æt. * 26.
† 29.

* *Par. Lost. B. 9. V. 26.*

by *Satan* to the Sun. Were it material, I believe I cou'd produce other passages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that He did not begin to mold his Subject in the form which it bears now, before He had concluded his controversy with *Salmasius* and *More*; when He had wholly lost the use of his eyes; and was forc'd to employ in the office of an Amanuensis any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements, and various interruptions, in the * Year 1669 He

An. Ætat. 61. publish'd his PARADISE LOST; the noblest Poem, next to those of *Homer* and *Virgil*, that ever the wit of man produc'd in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest Geniuses who have succeeded him have ever esteem'd it a merit to relish, and illustrate its beauties? Whilst the Critic who gaz'd, with so much wanton malice, on the nakedness of *Shakespeare* when he slept, after having † formally declar'd war against it, wanted courage to

* Milton's *Contract* with his Bookseller S. Simmons for the Copy bears Date April 27, 1667.

† *The Tragedies of the last age consider'd*, p. 143.

make his attack; flush'd though he was with his conquests over *Julius Cæsar*, and *The Moor*: which insolence his Muse, like the other assassines of *Cæsar*, * severely revenged on herself; and not long after her triumph became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our observation, that though, perhaps, no One of our *English* Poets hath excited so many admirers to imitate his Manner, yet I think never any was known to aspire to emulation: even the late ingenious Mr. *Phillips*, who, in the colors of style, came the nearest of all the Copiers to resemble the great Original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence; and restrain'd his ambition within the same bounds which *Lucretius* prescrib'd to his own imitation:

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem
Quòd TE imitari aveau: quid enim contendat
hirundo*

Cycnis? ———

And now perhaps it may pass for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that MILTON, after having with much difficulty prevail'd to have this Divine Poem li-

* *Vide* EDGAR.

cens'd for the Press, cou'd sell the Copy for no more than Fifteen Pounds: the payment of which *valuable consideration* depended on the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About * two years after, together with SAMSON AGONISTES (a Tragedy not unworthy the Grecian Stage when Athens was in her glory) He publish'd PARADISE REGAIN'D. But, *Oh! what a falling-off was there! ----* Of which I will say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason, than our Author gave in preferring this Poem to PARADISE LOST; nor a more instructive caution to the best writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

And thus having attended him to the Sixty Sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of Letters, and retirement, usually leave to guide our inquiry wou'd allow; it now only remains to be recorded, that in the Year
An. Aetat. 66-7. 1674 the Gout put a period to his life at *Bunhill*

* They were Licensed July 2, 1670, but not printed before the year ensuing.

near *London*; from whence his body was convey'd to *St. Giles's Church* by *Cripplegate*, where it lyes interr'd in the Chancel; but neither has, nor wants, a Monument to perpetuate his memory.

In his youth he is said to have been extremely handsome: the color of his hair was a light-brown; the symmetry of his features exact; enliven'd with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy: which occasion'd the Marquis of *Villa* to give his * Epigram the same Turn of Thought, which *Gregory Arch-Deacon* of *Rome* had employ'd above a thousand years before, in praising the amiable complexions of some *English* Youths, before their conversion to Christianity. His stature († as we find it measur'd by himself) did not exceed the middle-size; neither too lean, nor corpulent: his limbs well proportion'd, nervous, and active: serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which He much delighted; and wanted neither skill, nor courage, to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet He was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds

* *Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.*

† *Defensio secunda, p. 87. Fol.*

were his aversion. Being too sadly convinc'd how much his health had suffer'd by night-studies in his younger years, He us'd to go early (seldom later than Nine) to rest; and rose commonly before Five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a passage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition) that his fancy made the happiest flights in the Spring: but one of his Nephews us'd to deliver it as MILTON's own observation, that his Invention was in its highest perfection from September to the Vernal Æquinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his compositions are incontestable proofs, that in some seasons He was but one of the people. When blindness restrain'd him from other exercises, He had a machine to swing in, for the preservation of his health; and diverted himself in his chamber with playing on an Organ. His Deportment was erect, open, affable; his Conversation easy, chearful, instructive; his Wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject requir'd. His Judgment, when dis-engag'd from religious and political speculations, was just and penetrating; his Apprehension, quick; his Memory, tenacious of what He read; his Reading, only not so extensive as his Genius, for
That

Mr. JOHN MILTON. XXV

That was universal. And having treasur'd up such immense stores of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after He was depriv'd of his sight: and his Imagination (naturally sublime, and enlarg'd by reading Romances, * of which He was much inamor'd in his youth,) when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the Ideal world, when in composing his Divine Work He was tempted to range

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere.

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults, and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with the fame, and felicity, of writing PARADISE LOST, wou'd have been too great a portion for humanity.

* *His Apology for Smectymnus*, p. 177. Fol.

ELIJAH FENTON.



POSTSCRIPT.

THE works of inferior Geniuses have their infancy, and often receive additions of strength and beauty, in the several Impressions they undergo whilst their authors live: but the following Poem came into the world, like the Persons whom it celebrates, in a state of maturity. However, though in the first Edition it was dispos'd into Ten Books only, MILTON thought proper in the Second to make a new division of it into Twelve: not, I suppose, with respect to the *Æneis* (for He was, in both senses of the phrase, above Imitation) but more probably, because the length of the Seventh and Tenth requir'd a Pause in the Narration, He divided them, each into Two: on which distribution, to the beginning of those Books which are now the Eighth and Twelfth, He added the following Verses, which were necessary to make a connection.

Book VIII. ver. 1.

*The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a-while*

P O S T S C R I P T.

*Thought him still speaking; still stood fix'd to
bear:*

Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

The latter half of the verse was taken from this in the first Edition.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd.

Book XII. ver. 1.

*As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed: so here th' Arch-Angel
pau's'd,*

*Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restor'd;
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose:
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.*

At the same time the Author made some few additions in other places of the Poem, which are here inserted for the satisfaction of the curious.

Book V. ver. 637.

“ They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
“ Are fill'd, before th'all-bounteous King, &c.

were thus enlarg'd in the Second Edition.

P O S T S C R I P T.

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, &c.

Book XI. ver. 484. after,

“ Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,

these three verses were added.

Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.

And ver. 551. of the same Book (which was originally thus,

“ Of rend'ring up. *Michael* to him reply'd)

receiv'd this addition,

Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. *Michael* reply'd.

To what I have said in the Life, of our Author's having no Monument, it may not be improper to add; that I desir'd a Friend

P O S T S C R I P T.

to inquire at *St. Giles's Church*; where the Sexton shew'd him a small Monument, which he said was suppos'd to be *MILTON's*; but the inscription had never been legible since he was employ'd in that office, which he has possess'd about Forty Years. This, sure, cou'd never have happen'd in so short a space of time, unless the Epitaph had been industriously eras'd: and that supposition carries with it so much inhumanity, that I think we ought to believe it was not erected to his Memory.





I N

Paradisum Amiffam

Summi Poetæ

JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amiffam Paradifum, grandia Magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nifi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines, continet ifte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terraëque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,
Sulphureusque Erebi, flammivomusque specus.
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca;
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli.
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam;
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine DEUS:
Et sine fine magis, (fi quid magis est sine fine)
In CHRISTO erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret, quis crederet effe futura?
Et tamen hæc bodiè terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quantâ prælia dira tubâ!

*Cœlestes acies ! atque in certamine cœlum !
 Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros !
 Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis !
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michaele minor !
 Quantis, & quàm 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 pugnae non superesse suæ.
 At simul in cœlis MESSIÆ insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animes, armaque digna DEO ;
 Horrendùmque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus ;
 Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitura rauco
 Admistis flammis insonuere polo :
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
 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 quicunque leget, tantùm cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem Ranas, Virgilium Culices.*

SAM. BARROW. M. D.





O N

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 ruin (for I saw Him strong)
The Sacred Truths to fable, and old song ;
(So *Sampson* grop'd the temple's 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 easy, 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 shew 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 labors 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 human 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 could'st Thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just Heav'n Thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
Rewards with prophesy Thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of Thy own sense secure;
While the *Town-Bays* writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

I too transported by the mode commend ;
And while I mean to praise Thee, must offend.
Thy verse created like Thy Theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL.





T H E
V E R S E.

T H E *measure is English Heroic Verse without Rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rhyme 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 metre: grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets carried 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 exprest them. Not without cause therefore some (both Italian and Spanish) Poets of prime note have rejected Rhyme, both in longer and shorter works; as have also long since*

our best English Tragedies; as a thing of itself, 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 Antients both in Poetry, and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rhyme 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 antient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rhyming.



PARA-





Lib. I



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 placed.* 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 hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, describ'd here, not in the centre (for heav'n and earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a

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place of utter darknes, 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 miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, 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 known afterwards in Canaan, and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven: but tells them lastly of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created; according to an antient 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 refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, 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 advent'rous song:
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' *Aonian* mount, while it pursues 15
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

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 Creator, and transgress His will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal serpent! he it was, whose guile,
 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 Pow'r
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition: there to dwell
 In adamantinè chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling 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 centre 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 *Palæstine*, 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,

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 pow'r with adverse pow'r 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 pow'r,
 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 downfall! since (by fate) the strength of Gods,
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
 Since through experience of this great event,
 (In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'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, indanger'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 vigor 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
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire, 146
Strongly to suffer and support our pains ;

That we may so suffice His vengeful ire,
Or do Him mightier service, as His thralls

By right of 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 labor 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 sulph'rous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
 The fiery furge, 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 pow'rs,
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 sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large 195
Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge,
As whom the fables name, of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareus, or *Typhon*, whom the den
By ancient *Tarsus* held; or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
(Him, haply slumb'ring on the *Norway* foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the Lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.)
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,

Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence 210
 Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven,
 Left him at large to his own dark designs:
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he fought 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 rowl'd
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
 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 *Ætna*, whose combustibile
 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 smoke: such resting found the sole
 Of unblest'd feet! Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* flood,

As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength; 240
 Not by the suff'rance of supernal pow'r.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 (Said then the lost Arch-Angel) this the seat,
 That we must change for heav'n? this mournful gloom
 For that coelestial light? be it so! since He 245

Who now is Sov'reign can dispose, and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail 250
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor! One, who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n. 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

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 extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults

Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage, and revive, tho' now they lye
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280

(As we erewhile,) astounded and amaz'd ;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height !

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend
Was moving tow'rd the shore : 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' optic 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
Over the burning marle (not like those steps 295

On heaven's azure !) and the torrid clime
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so indur'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 intrans'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades,
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds *Orion* arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Buſiris, and his *Mempbian* chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
From the safe shoar their floating carcases, 310
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n! once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can feize
Eternal spirits: or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon 325
His swift pursuers from heav'n-gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping; or with linked thunder-bolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulph.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n ! 330
 They heard, and were abash'd, 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 ere 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 *Ægypt'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 *Pbaraoh* hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of *Nile*:
 So numberless were those bad Angels, seen
 Hov'ring 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 loins, to pass
Rbene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Libyan* sands. 355
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron, and each band,
 The Heads and Leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 15

And Pow'rs! 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 tryal of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of Him that made them, to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols thro' the heathen world. 375
Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who
Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood, on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof? 380
The chief were those who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within His sanctu'ry it self their shrines,
Abominations! and with cursed things.

His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First *Moloch*, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears;
 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*
 Worship'd in *Rabba*, and her wat'ry 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 valley of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gebenna* call'd, the type of hell. 405
 Next *Chemosh*, th' obscene dread of *Moab's* sons,
 From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the Wild
 Of southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
 And *Horonaim*, *Scor*'s realm, beyond
 The flow'ry dale of *Sibma*, clad with vines; 410
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltic* 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 flood

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 17

Of old *Euphrates*, to the brook that parts 420
Ægypt 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 manacled 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 heaven, 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. *Tammuz* 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;

While smooth *Adonis* from his native rock 450
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of *Tbammuz* 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 eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated *Judab*. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lop'd off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers;
Dagon his Name; Sea-Monster! upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the coast
 Of *Palæstine*, 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 *Abbana*, and *Pharphar*, lucid streams!
 He also against the house of God was bold: 470
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a King,
Abaz, his sottish conqueror, 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

Fanatic *Ægypt*, 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
Doubled that sin in *Betbel*, and in *Dan*, 485
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehouab! Who in one night when he pass'd
From *Ægypt* marching, equal'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 smok'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 tow'rs,
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 *Gibeab*, 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 512
 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 *Dodona*, and thro' all the bounds
 Of *Doric* land; or who with *Saturn* old
 Fled over *Adria* to th' *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 honor 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 ferried 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 Heroes old

Arming to battle; and instead of rage,

Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd

With dread of death to flight, or foul retreat; 555

Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage,

With solemn touches, 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 soil: 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'd eye, and soon traverse

The whole battalion views their order due;

Their visages and stature as of Gods; 570
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories: for never since created, man
 Met such imbodied 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 *Pblegra* with th' Heroic race were join'd,
 That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium* on each side,
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods: and what resounds
 In fable or romance of *Utber's* son, 580
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Jousted in *Aspramont*, or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Morocco*, 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

Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face 600
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of 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'd
 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 forest 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 doubled 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 Pow'rs
 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 pow'r of mind,
 Foreseeing, or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such

As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, tho' after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes: but he who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
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'd. 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 rise 650
There went a fame in heav'n, that He ere-long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of heav'n:
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

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 25

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

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumin'd Hell; highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rowling smoke; the rest entire,
Shone with a glossy scurf; (undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid 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,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a Rampart: *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n: for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts,
Were always downward bent; admiring more 681
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy else, enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ransack'd the centre, 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 soil 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 toil,
 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 scumm'd the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mold; 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 fabric 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 inshrine

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 27

Belus, or *Serapis*, their Gods; or seat 720
Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Affyria* strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately height: and strait 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 pow'r, 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 fabled, 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
Drop'd from the Zenith like a falling star, 745
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he scape

By all his engins, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets found, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755

At *Pandæmonium*, 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 wings. 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 flow'r's,

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 (The suburb of their straw-built cittadel,)
 New rub'd with baulm, expatiate, and confer
 Their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd 775

Swarm'd, and were streighten'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 *Pygmean* race 780
Beyond the *Indian* mount; or Fairy 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 Seraphic Lords, and Cherubim,
In close recess, and secret conclave sat; 795
A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full! After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

The end of the first Book.

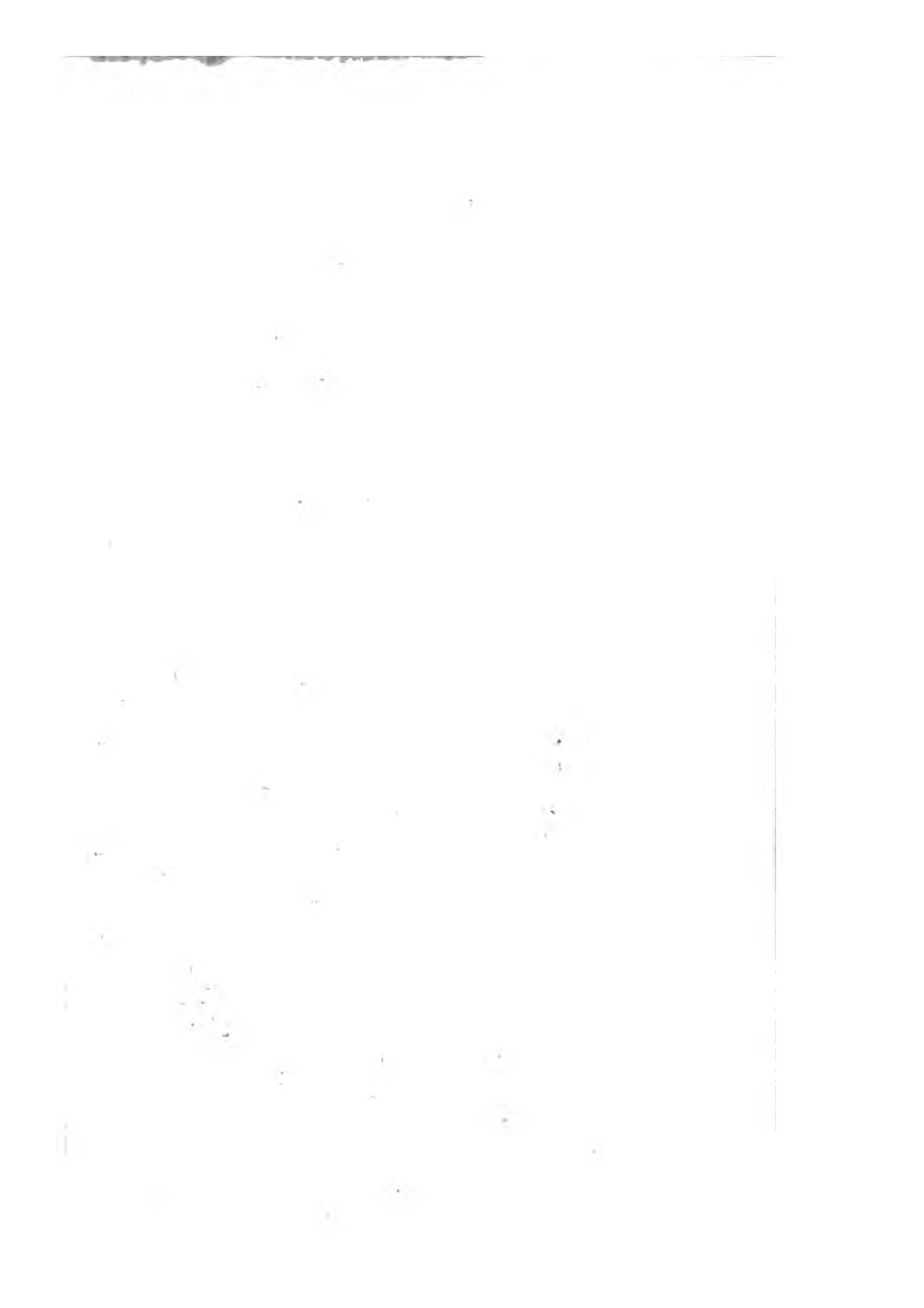


PARADISE LOST.

B O O K II.

The ARGUMENT.

*The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is prefer'd, mentioned 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 inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their Chief undertakes alone the voyage; is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them
several*





Lib. II.

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 sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulph 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
 Show'rs 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 vigor, 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 atchiev'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 inferior: 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 thereafter 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'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns

By our delay? No! let us rather chuse, 60
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer: when to meet the noise
 Of His Almighty engin He shall hear 65
 Infernal thunder; and for lightning, see
 Black fire, and horror, shot with equal rage
 Among His Angels: and His throne itself
 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 blifs, 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 uprose

Belial, in act more graceful 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

Drop'd Manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low: 115

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Timorous, and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,

And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open 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 tow'rs 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'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on His throne
 Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all His rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure 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 doubtful; that He never will, is sure.

Will He, so wise, let loose at once His ire, 155

Belike through impotence, or unaware,

To give His enemies 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'n's afflicting thunder, and besought

The Deep to shelter us? This hell then seem'd

A refuge from those wounds. Or, when we lay

Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170

Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,

And plunge us in the flames? Or, from above,

Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right hand to plague us? What if all

Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175

Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire?

Impendent horrors! threatening hideous fall

One day upon our heads: while we perhaps

Designing or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds: or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrap'd 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 do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to indure 206
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror: 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, satisfy'd

With what is punish'd : whence these raging fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome 215

Their noxious vapor ; or enur'd, not feel ;

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

In temper, and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain.

This horror will grow mild, this darkness, light :

Besides what hope the never-ending flight 221

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'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme

We over-power ? 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 Hallelujahs? while He lordly sits
 Our envy'd Sov'reign, and His altar breathes
 Ambrosial odors, and Ambrosial flow'rs, 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 ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves; 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'er 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
 Through labor and indurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
 Thick clouds 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 a'fo 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 settled 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 blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rouz'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard 290
As *Mammon* ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace. For, such another field
They dreaded worse 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 princely counsel in his face yet shone,

Majestic though in ruin! sage he stood, 305

With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look

Drew audience, and attention still as night,

Or summer's noon-tide air; while thus he spake.

Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of heav'n,

Ethereal virtues! or these titles now 311

Must we renounce, and changing style, 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 height, 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 sceptre 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 pow'r, 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 pow'r and excellence, but favor'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 mold, 355
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force, or subtilty. 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 lie 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 waste His whole creation; or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive (as we were driv'n)
 The puny 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 Creator? But their spite still serves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled 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 spite of Fate,
Nearer our ancient feat; 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'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the bright'ning 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 wand'ring feet
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite Abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way; or spread his aery flight,
Up-born with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411
Through the strict senteries, and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection; and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage: for, on whom we send, 415
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who 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,
 Astonish'd! 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, empyreal Thrones! 430
 With reason hath deep silence, and demur,
 Seiz'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 pass'd (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 pow'r, 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 honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High-honor'd fits? Go therefore, mighty Pow'rs!
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n! intend at home,
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure, or charm, 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all: this 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. Tow'rd's him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n:

Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
 That for the general safety he despis'd 481
 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'er 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 low'ring element 490
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'r:
 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 heav'nly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait. 505
 The *Stygian* council 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

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 49

Than hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state. Him round 511
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then, of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result : 515
Tow'rd's the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By herald's voice explain'd : the hollow Abyfs
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell 519
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' *Olympian* games, or *Pythian* fields : 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 troubled 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 !

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' invenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* pines ;
 And *Licbas* from the top of *Oeta* threw 545
 Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
 By doom of battel : and complain that fate 550
 Free virtue should intrall 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,
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense) 556
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate ;
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ; 560
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good, and evil, much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness, and final misery,
 Passion, and apathy, 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 579
Heard on the rueful stream : fierce *Phlegeton*,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry 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 *Casius* old,
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce !

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire,
 They ferry over this *Lethæan* Sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
 And wish, and struggle as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink:
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight; as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th' advent'rous bands, 615
 With shudd'ring horror 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 *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire.
 Mean while the adversary of God and man 629

Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left:
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep; then soars
 Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high. 635

As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
 Hangs in the clouds, by *Æquinoctial* winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the isles
 Of *Ternate*, and *Tidore*, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
 Through the wide *Æthiopian*, to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the Pole: so seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear

Hell bounds, high-reaching to the horrid roof; 644
 And thrice threefold the gates: three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;

The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair; 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast! a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round

A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd 654
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
 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
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape 666
 (If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either :) black it stood as night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart : what seem'd his head,
 The likeness of a Kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving, onward came as fast 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 valued 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 mis-created front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee. 685
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born ! not to contend with spirits of heav'n.

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

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 55

Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's fons,
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 reckon'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 ling'ring; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grievous Terror, and in shape,
(So speaking, and so threatning) grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrify'd; and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'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 artil'ry fraught, come rattling on 715
Over the *Caspian*; then stand front to front,
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join 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 atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky forceress that sat
 Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while 731
 At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'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 interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father, and that phanta'm 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 fight

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, afraid
At first; and call'd me *Sin*; and for a sign 760
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
(Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing)
Becam'st inamor'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 heav'n, down
Into this Deep; and in the gen'ral fall
I also: at which time this pow'rful 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,

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 trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back refounded, *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 morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be ; so Fate pronounc'd.

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 59

But thou O father! I forewarn thee, shun 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 subtile fiend his lore 815

Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear daughter! since thou claim'st me for thy fire,

And my fair son here show'st 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 pretenses 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,

Left heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude 836

Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought

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*,
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen 841
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odors: 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 rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire:

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
 And by command of heav'n's all-pow'rful 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 this 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 tow'rs the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew;
 Which but her self, not all the *Stygian* Pow'rs 875

Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron, or solid rock, with ease
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound, 880
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut

Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse, and chariots, rank'd in loose array,
 So wide they stood! and, like a furnace mouth,
 Cast forth redounding smoke, and ruddy flame.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
 The secrets of the hoary Deep; a dark
 Illimitable ocean! without bound, [height,

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

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-number'd as the sands
 Of *Barca*, or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levy'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 arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyfs, 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 mix'd
 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 abyfs 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 batt'ring 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 steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Up-lifted spurns the ground : thence many a league,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 63

As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930

Audacious ; but that seat 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,

Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, 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 moory dale,

Pursues the *Arimaspian*, 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 Pow'r, 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 inthron'd
 Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign: and by them stood
Orchus, 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 Pow'rs,
 And spirits, of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos, and *Ancient Night*! I come no spy
 With purpose to explore, or to disturb, 971
 The secrets of your realm; but by constraint
 Wand'ring 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 gloomy 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 recompense it brings
 To your behoof: if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway, 984
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the standard there of *Ancient Night*;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge!
 Thus *Satan*; and him thus the anarch old,
 With fault'ring speech, and visage incompos'd,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 65

Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
That mighty leading Angel who of late
Made head against heav'n's King, tho' overthrown,
I saw, and heard; for such a num'rous 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
Encroach'd on still through our intestine broiles,
Weak'ning 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!
Havoc, 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 *Bosphorus*, betwixt the jostling rocks:
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larboard shunn'd

Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty, and labor hard
 Mov'd on: with difficulty and labor he;
 But he once past, soon after, when man fell,
 Strange alteration! *Sin*, and *Death*, a-main
 Following his track (such was the will of heav'n!)
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way 1026
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,
 From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb
 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 1035
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
 A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and *Chaos* to retire,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din; 1040
 That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn:
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 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 tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 67

Of living saphir, (once his native seat!) 1050
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curfed hour he hies. 1055

The End of the Second Book.

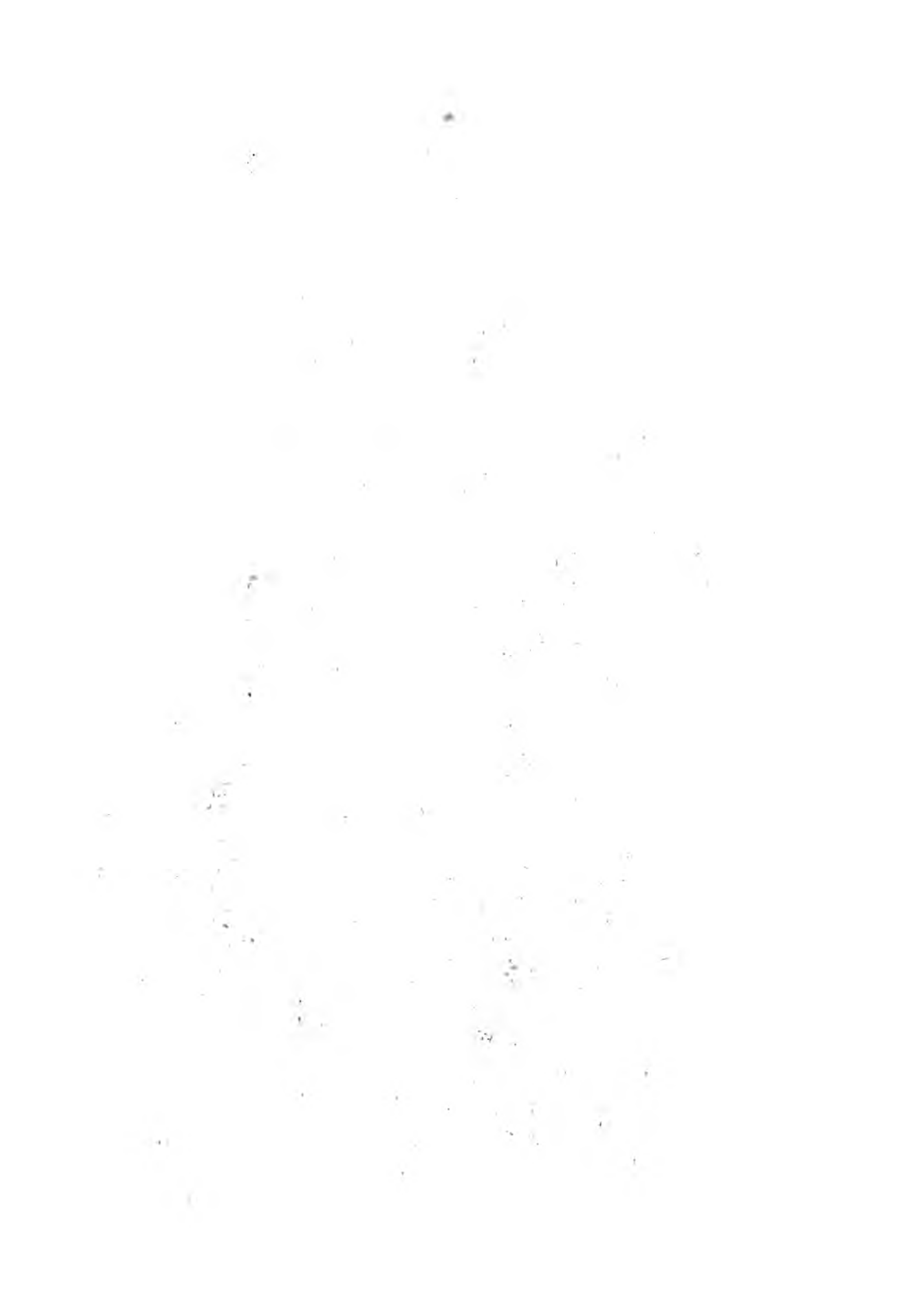


PARADISE LOST.

B O O K 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





Lib. III.

hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offense, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom 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 choir, 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 Limbo 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, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

HAil holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born !
 Or of th' eternal co-eternal 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, tho' long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle darkness born,
 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
 Tho' hard, and rare! Thee I re-visit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp: but thou
 Re-visit'st not these eyes, that rowl in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a *Drop Serene* hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd! Yet not the more 26
 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 the flow'ry 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 *Pbineus*, Prophets old.

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious Numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in shadieft 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 summer's 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 a universal blank

Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out! 50

So much the rather thou, cœlestial light!

Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs

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 th' Almighty Father from above,

(From the pure empyrean where He sits

High thron'd above all height) bent down His eye,

His own works and their works at once to view:

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
 Casting 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 abyss
 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 hearken to his glozing lies,
 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 Pow'rs, 100
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd:
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love, 104
 Where only what they needs must do, appear'd;
 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 fore-knowledge. They themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I: if I fore-knew,
 Fore-knowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.

So without least impulse, or shadow of fate, 120
 Or ought 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 inthrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree 126
 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 th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace;
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect 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
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
 For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol 146
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of hymns, and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompass'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, tho' join'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 fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return (though to his heavier doom,)
Yet, with revenge accomplish'd, 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 Creator 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 laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit, and intrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires:

Upheld by Me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe:

By Me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to Me 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 soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To pray'r, 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 194
 My umpire *Conscience*; whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and My day of grace,
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be 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 nought 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 Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem

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

Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ? 216

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,

And silence was in heav'n : on man's 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 fullness 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 thy 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 undone !) 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 wreak all his rage.
 Under his gloomy pow'r 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 spoil:
 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 Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the fight
 Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down, and smile;
 While by Thee rais'd I ruin all My foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then, with the multitude of My 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: wrath 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

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 79

Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270

Of His great Father. Admiration seiz'd

All heav'n, what this might mean, and 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'ft how dear

To Me are all My works, nor Man the least,

Though laft created ; that for him I spare

Thee from My bosom, and right hand, to save

(By losing Thee a-while) the whole race loft. 280

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,

Their nature also to Thy nature join ;

And be Thy self Man among men on earth,

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-feed,

By wond'rous 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 satisfy 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 outdo hellish hate

Giving to death, and dying to redeem,

SO PARADISE LOST. Book III.

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, lessen or degrade Thine own.
 Because Thou hast (tho' thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying 306
 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; all pow'r
 I give Thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits: under Thee, as head supreme 319
 Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that 'bide
 In heav'n, 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 hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep!

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 81

Then all thy saints affembled, 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 sceptre shalt lay by,
For, regal sceptre 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) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Tow'rd's 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 flow'r which once
In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offense 355
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life;
And where the river of blifs thro' midst of heav'n
Rowls o'er *Elysian* flow'rs her amber stream:

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,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.

'Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
 Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side 366
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt; no voice but well could join 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 thro' 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, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
 Transfus'd on Thee his ample Spirit rests,

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 83

He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein,
By Thee created; and by Thee threw down 391

Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder did'st not spare;
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting Frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid. 396

Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs 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 doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline.

No sooner did Thy dear and only Son,
Perceive Thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'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 offense. 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 disjoin. 415

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean-while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides

The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd 420
 From *Chaos*, and th' inroad of darkness 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* blustering round, inclement sky!
 Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n
 (Tho' distant far) some small reflection gains
 Of glimm'ring air, less vex'd 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 weanling kids, 434
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the springs
 Of *Ganges*, or *Hydaspes*, (*Indian* streams)
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chinese* drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light :
 So on this windy sea of land, the fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey ;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living, or liveless, to be found was none ;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aëreal vapors 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,

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Or happiness in this or th' other life : 450
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds :
All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
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 faints, or middle spirits hold,
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind)
Hither, of ill-join'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 wherewithal, 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,
Embryoes, and idiots, eremits, and friars
White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery :
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek 476
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 sev'n, and pass the Fix'd,
 And that chrystalline sphere whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talk'd, and that First-mov'd :
 And now saint *Peter* at heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet : when lo !
 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 up-whirl'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 gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travel'd steps : far distant he descries,
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heav'n, a structure high ;
 A top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate, 505
 With frontispiece of diamond, and gold
 Imbellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shon, inimitable on earth,
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.

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The stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw 510
Angels, ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, *This 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, sailing arriv'd, 520
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rap'd 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 doors 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 *Beerfaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Aegypt*, and th' *Arabian* shore)
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.

Satan from hence, now on the lower stair, 540
 That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
 Thro' dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn 545
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers un-aware
 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 seiz'd, though after heaven seen,
 The spirit malign; 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 canopy 556
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 Of *Libra*, to the fleecy 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 world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds 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 flow'ry vales;

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Thrice happy isles ! But who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all
The golded sun, in splendor likest heav'n,
Allur'd his eye : thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament : but, up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell ; 575
Or longitude, where the great luminary
Aloft 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, tow'rd his all-cheering Lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
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 optic tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal, 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,
Ruby, or topaz ; or the twelve that shon
In *Aaron's* breast-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 fought,
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his naked 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 mix'd, 610
 Here in the dark so many pretious things
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazled; far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, or shade, 615
 But all sun-shine; as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' *Æquator*; as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air,
 (No where so clear,) sharpen'd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken 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 funny rays a golden tiar 625
 Circled 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.

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Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's 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 Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled 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,
Admonish'd by his ear ; and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the sev'n
Who in God's presence, nearest to His throne,
Stand ready at 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 sev'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 supreme decree

Like honor to obtain; and as his eye, 660
 To visit oft this new creation round:
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these His wondrous works, but chiefly man,
 His chief delight, and favor; him, for whom
 All these His works so wondrous He ordain'd, 665
 Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandring: brightest Seraph! tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs 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 pour'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 rebel foes
 To deepest hell; and, to repair their loss,
 Created this new happy race of men,
 To serve Him better: wise are all His ways! 680
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither man, nor Angel, can discern
 Hypocrisy (the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone, 684
 By His permissive will, through heav'n and earth:
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 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-fighted spirit of all in heav'n :
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightnefs answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel ! thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great work-mafter, leads to no excefs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excefs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal 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 mold, 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 darknefs fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire, 715
And the ethereal quinteffence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;

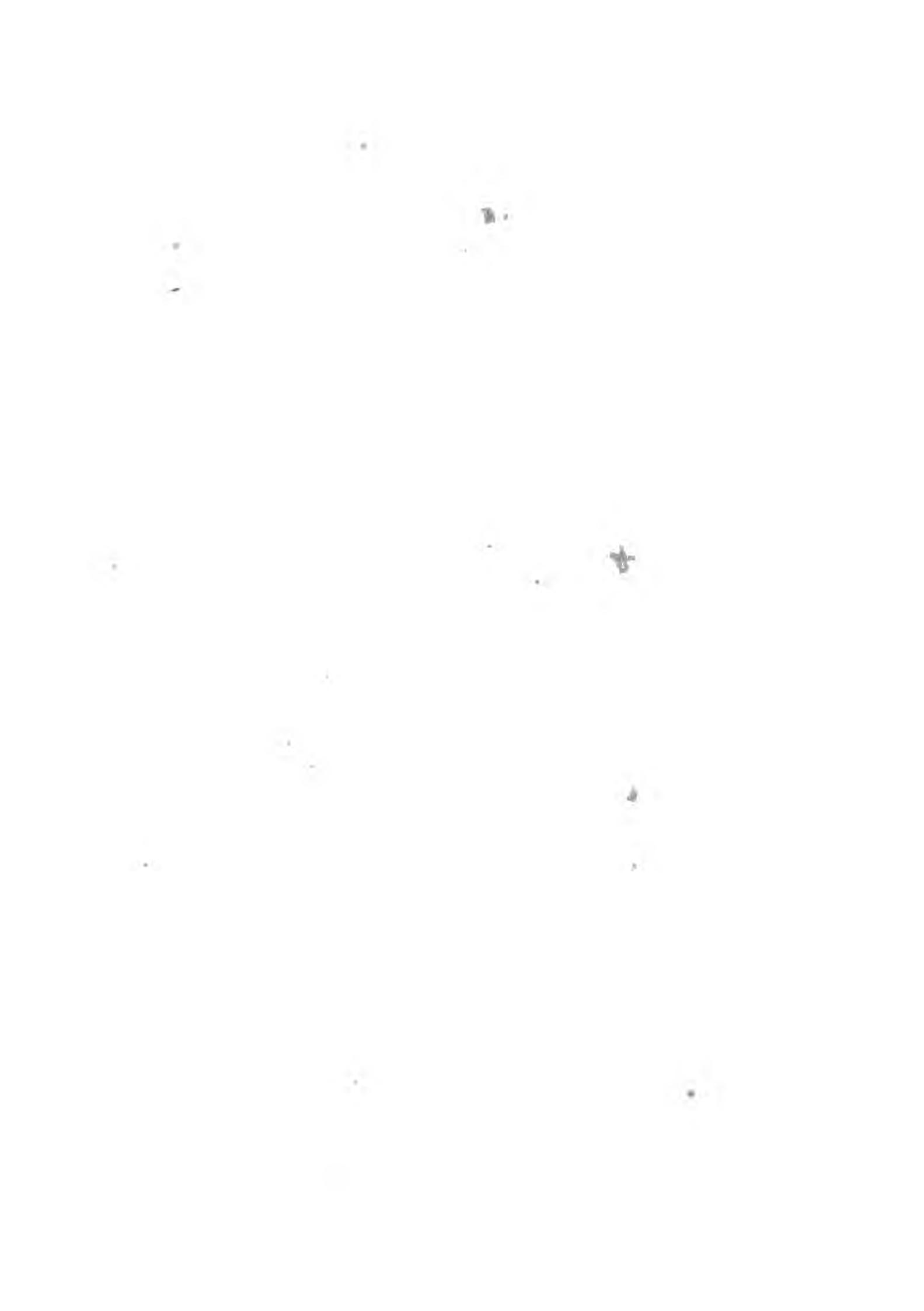
Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720
The rest in circuit walls this universe.

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 neighb'ring 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 lofty shades his bow'r;
Thy way thou can'st 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 honor due, and reverence, none neglects)
Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel;
Nor staid, till on *Niphates'* top he lights.

The end of the third Book.





Lib. IV.



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 despair: but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; 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 dis-

course; 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 escaped 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 out e'er morning. Night comes on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to 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 heav'n, 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 th' 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 wreak 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, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself: horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts; and from the bottom stir
 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 memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be, 25
 Worse! of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes tow'rds *Eden*, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad:
 Sometimes tow'rds heav'n, and the full blazing sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 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 diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell: how glorious once above thy sphere!
 '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 recompense,) and pay him thanks:
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice: lifted up so high
 I 'sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me highest; and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude;
 So burthensome, still paying, still to 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 pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel! I had stood

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Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other Pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part : but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken ; from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Hadst thou the same free will, and pow'r, to stand ?
Thou hadst ! Whom hast thou then, or what, t'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, curst be thou ! since against His thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell ; my self am hell ; 75
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning 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. Ah me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.

With diadem, and sceptre, high advanc'd, 90
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds!
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon 94
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon un-say
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
 (For never can true reconciliation 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!
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost:
 Evil be thou my good! By thee at least 110
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign:
 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, envy, and despair, 115
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 (For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear.) Whereof he soon aware,

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Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
Artificer of fraud! and was the first
That practis'd falshood, under faintly shew
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd, to deceive 124
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Affyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanor, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all un-observ'd, un-seen. 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 hairy sides 135
With thicket overgrown, grotesque, and wild,
Access deny'd: and over head up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan 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 fire gave prospect large
Into his neather empire, neighb'ring round. 145
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms, and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:

On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, 151
 When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That landscape! 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 balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past 160
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabaean odor, from the spicy shore
 Of *Araby* the Blest, with such delay [league
 Well-pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old *Ocean* smiles:
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend, 166
 Who came their bane; though with them better
 Than *Asmodeus* with the fishy fume [pleas'd
 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 perplex'd
 All path of man, or beast, that pass'd that way.
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw,

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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 wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurd'l'd cotes, amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to un-ward the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd, and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
(So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.)
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
(The middle tree, and highest there that grew) 195
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd: 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,
To all delight of human sense expos'd 206
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth! for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east

Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her line 210
 From *Auran* eastward to the royal tow'rs
 Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
 Or where the sons of *Eden* long before
 Dwelt in *Telassar*. In this pleasant soil
 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 shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown 225
 That mountain as His garden mound, high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears:
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, 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 mazy error under pendent shades

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 105

Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds, and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the un-pierc'd shade 245
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. Thus was this
A happy rural seat of various view: [place,
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums, and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
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 palmy hilloc, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store; 255
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean-while murm'ring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her chrystal mirror holds,) unite their streams.
The birds their choire apply: airs, vernal airs,
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 *Proserpine* gathering flow'rs,

Her self 'a fairer flow'r, 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 *Libyan 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 *Æthiop* Line
 By *Nilus'* head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high ; but wide remote
 From this *Assyrian* garden : where the fiend 285
 Saw un-delighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect ! with native honor 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, wisdom, 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 valor form'd ;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
 He, for God only ; she, for God in him.

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 107

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 veil, down to the slender waist
Her un-adorned golden tresses wore, 305

Dishevel'd; but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'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 nature's works: honor dishonorable!

Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind 315
With shews instead, mere shews, of seeming pure;

And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity, 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 loveliest pair
That ever since in love's 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 whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side

They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labor, than suffic'd.

To recommend cool *Zephyr*, and made ease

More easy; wholsome thirst, and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits! which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs,
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind, 335
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream:
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befits
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking plaid 340
 All beasts of th' earth, (since wild,) and of all chase,
 In wood, or wilderness, forest, or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, 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 sly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass 350
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
 Or bed-ward 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 bliss thus high advanc'd

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 109

Creatures of other mold; earth-born perhaps, 360
Not spirits; yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on 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 feat 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 forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity, so strait, 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 Maker's 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 loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, (as I do) yet public reason just,

Honor, and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do, what else (though damn'd) I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 (The tyrant's plea,) excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree, 395
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape best serv'd his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and un-esp'y'd 399
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,
 By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then, as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd,
 In some purlieu, two gentle fawns 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 joys!
 Dearer thy self than all! needs must the Pow'r
 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
 Ought whereof He hath need: He! who requires

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 111

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 know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of pow'r, and rule,
Confer'd upon us ; and dominion giv'n 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, 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 extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs ;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus *Eve* reply'd. O thou ! for whom,
And from whom I was form'd ; flesh of thy flesh ; 440
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
Præ-eminent by so much odds ; while thou
Like comfort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep

I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade of flow'rs; much wond'ring where,
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd, 455
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n: I thither went,
 With in-experienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 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 fix'd 465
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, "What thou see'st,
 "What there thou see'st, 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 do 475
 But follow strait, 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,

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 113

Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd; 480
 Thou following cry'd'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 another's arms, 506
 (The happier *Eden!*) shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss: while I to hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy, nor love, but fierce desire,

(Among our other torments not the least) * 510
 Still unfill'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,
 Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden? 515
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 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, 526
 They taste, and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first, with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave un-spy'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering spirit of heav'n, by fountain-side 531
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd. 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 sly circumspection; and began [roam.
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his
 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 rays: 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 craggy cliff, that over-hung

Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky 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

Cœlestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,

Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.

Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the ev'n 555

On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd

Impress the air, and shew 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 aery gait:

But, in the mount that lies from *Eden* north,

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

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel! no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the sun's bright circle, where thou sit'st,
 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'er-leap'd these earthy 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, had 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 grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad:

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 117

Silence accompany'd; for beast, and bird, 600
They to their grassy 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, unveil'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, 610
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day-long 616
Rove idle, un-employ'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 labor, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbors; 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.

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
 Un-argu'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 flow'r,
 Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth 645

After soft show'rs: and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful ev'ning mild: then, silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650

With charm of earliest birds: nor rising sun
 On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ring with dew: nor fragrance after show'rs:
 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.

Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd *Eve!* 660

These have their course to finish, round the earth,

By morrow ev'ning; and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Ministring light prepar'd, they set, and rise:

Left 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 warm,

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 un-beheld 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

Un-seen, 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

Cœlestial voices, to the midnight air

(Sole, or responsive each to other's note)

Singing their great Creator? oft in bands

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, 685

With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,

In full harmonic number join'd, their songs

Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd

On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place 698
 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 myrtle; and what higher grew,
 Of firm, and fragrant leaf: on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub,
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic: underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
 Broider'd the ground; more color'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 bow'r 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* deck'd first her nuptial bed: 710
 And heav'nly Choirs the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our fire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely, than *Pandora*; whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too like 715
 In sad event!) when to th'unwifer son
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she insnar'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,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd 721
 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 employ'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 uncrop'd 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 bow'r
 Handed they went; and (eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,) 740
 Strait side by side were laid: nor turn'd, I ween,
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?

Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source 750
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise! of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous 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 un-befitting holiest place;
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets! 760
 Whose bed is undefil'd, and chaste, pronounc'd,
 Present, or past; as saints, and 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 765
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, un-ender'd;
 Casual fruition! nor in Court-amours,
 Mix'd 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, embracing slept;
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair! and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775
 Now had night measur'd, with her shadowy 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

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To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
When *Gabriel* to his next in pow'r 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 subtile spirits he call'd,
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Itburiel, and *Zepbon!* with wing'd speed
Search thro' this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook:
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
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 bow'r direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of *Eve*; 800
Assaying, 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 *Itburiel* with his spear 810
 Touch'd lightly; (for no falshood can endure
 Touch of cœlestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likenefs) 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.
 Back step'd those two fair Angels, half amaz'd, 820
 So sudden to behold the grisly 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 soar:
 Not to know me argues yourselves 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 *Zepbon*, answering scorn with scorn,
 Think not, revolted spirit! thy shape the same, 835
 Or un-diminish'd brightness, to be known
 As when thou stoodst 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 foul. 840
But come! for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845

Invincible: abash'd 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 *Zepbon* bold,
Will save us tryal 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,
Champing his iron curb: to strive, or fly,
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
Itburiel, and *Zepbon*, through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,

But faded splendor wan; who by his gait, 870
 And fierce demeanor, seems the Prince of hell:
 Not likely to part hence without contest:
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

He scarce had ended, when those 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 pow'r, and right,
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel! thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee; but this question ask'd 887
 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 thyself, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place, 891
 Farthest from pain; where thou might'st hope to
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense [change
 Dole with delight; which in this place I sought:
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
 But evil hast not try'd. And wilt object
 His will who bounds us? let Him surer bar
 His iron gates, if He intends our stay
 In that dark durance! thus much what was ask'd.

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
 Un-licens'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 wrath,
 Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

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 know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy in-experience, what behoves,
 (From hard assays, 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 abyfs, and spy
 This new-created world, whereof in hell
 Fame is not silent; here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
 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 warrior Angel soon reply'd:
 To say, and strait unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no Leader, but a liar trac'd,
Satan! and could thou *faithful* add? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd! 951
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew,
 Army of fiends? fit body to fit head!
 Was this your discipline, and faith engag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?
 And thou, fly hypocrite! who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd

Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore? but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reign? 961
 But mark what I aread thee now: avant!
 Fly 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 chains, 970
 Proud liminary Cherub! but e'er then
 Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
 In progress thro' the road 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,
 Left on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On th' other side, *Satan* alarm'd, 985
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood
 Like *Tenerif*, or *Atlas*, un-remov'd:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp

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 wreck, 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 *Astræa*, and the Scorpion Sign,
 (Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'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 kick'd the beam:
 Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the fiend. 1005
 Satan! I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine:
 Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
 Than heav'n permits; nor mine, tho' doubled now
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
 And read thy lot in yon cœlestial Sign; [weak,
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
 If thou resist. --- The fiend look'd up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled 1014
 Murm'ring, 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 daily labors: 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; persuading all but only Abdiel, a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.



NOW Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When *Adam* wak'd: so custom'd; for his sleep
 Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapors bland, which th' only sound
 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 enamor'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'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25
 Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled 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 morrow's next design:
 But, of offense, 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 sleep'st thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now 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 wond'ring look'd, 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 fet here?

This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm

He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd 65

At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.

But he thus, overjoy'd: O fruit divine!

Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crop'd!

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 honor'd more?

Here, happy creature, fair Angelic *Eve!*

Partake thou also: happy though thou art, 75

Happier thou may'st 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,

Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part

Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant favoury 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 outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide,

And various: wond'ring 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 uncooth 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,
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes, 105
 Which Reason joining, or disjoining, 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, mis-joining 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 un-approv'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope

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

Be not dis-hearten'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 flow'rs,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd ;
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130

From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair :
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal 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 shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, (who scarce up-ris'n,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim, 140

Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discov'ring in wide landscape 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 tunable, 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 sitt'st above these heav'ns, 156
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works: yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r 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 join all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, 166
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere
 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 climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies; 176
 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 honor to the world's great Author rise:

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, 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.

Join 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 even,

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 gather'd ought 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 dews, and flow'rs; where any row
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces: or, they led the vine 215
 To wed her elm; she spous'd, about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him call'd
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd 221
 To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seven-times 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 bow'r or shade 230
 Thou find'st him, from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose: and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his pow'r 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 withal
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,

Late fall'n himself from heav'n, is plotting now 240

The fall of others from like state of blifs:

By violence? no: for that shall be withstood:

But by deceit, and lies: this let him know,

Left wilfully transgressing, he pretend

Surprisal, un-admonish'd, un-forewarn'd. 245

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd

All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint,

After his charge receiv'd; but from among

Thousand cœlestial Ardors, where he stood 249

Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light,

Flew thro' the midst of heav'n: th' Angelic Choirs,

On each hand parting, to his speed gave way

Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate

Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-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 cedars crown'd

Above all hills. As when by night the glafs 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 kens 265

A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky

Sails between worlds and worlds: with steddy wing

Now on the polar winds; then, with quick fan

Winnows the buxom air: till within soar 270
 Of tow'ring eagles, t' all the fowls he seems
 A phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
 When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple, to *Ægyptian Thebes* 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 waist, and round
 Skirted his loins, and thighs, with downy gold,
 And colors dip'd in heav'n: the third, his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 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 honor rise; 289
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
 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 bliss!
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat 299

Of his cool bow'r; while now the mounted sun
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, (more warmth than *Adam* needs;
 And *Eve* within, due at her hour, prepar'd
 For dinner favoury 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 honor 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 fertile 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 brake,
 Each plant, and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our Angel-guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth

God hath dispens'd his bounties, as in heav'n. 330
 So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best;
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, in-elegant; but bring 335
 Taste after Taste, upheld with kindliest change:
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
 In *India* east or west; or middle shore
 In *Pontus*, or the *Punic* coast; or where 340
Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers; tribute large! and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand: for drink, the grape
 She crushes, (inoffensive Must!) and meathes 345
 From many a berry: and, from sweet kernels press'd,
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure: then, strews the ground
 With rose, and odors from the shrub, unfum'd.
 Mean-while our primitive great fire, to meet 350
 His god-like guest, walks forth; without more train
 Accompany'd than with his own complete
 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,
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all a-gape.
 Nearer his presence, *Adam*, though not aw'd,
 Yet with submissive approach, and reverence meek,

As

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 honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
 To rest; and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, 'till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' 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 bow'r 375
 O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,
 I have at will. --- So to the sylvan Lodge
 They came, that like *Pomona's* arbor smil'd,
 With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells: but *Eve*
 Undeck'd, save with her self, (more lovely fair 380
 Than *Wood-Nymph*, or the fairest *Godde's* feign'd
 Of three, that in mount *Ida* naked strove!)
 Stood t' entertain her guest from heav'n: no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Hail* 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest *Mary*, second *Eve*.

Hail, Mother of Mankind! whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,

Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this table. ---- Rais'd of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round:
 And on her ample square, from side to side,
 All autumn pil'd; tho' spring, and autumn, here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A-while discourse they hold;
 (No fear left dinner cool) when thus began 396
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger! please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, (from Whom
 All perfect good, un-measur'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 cœlestial 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 ev'ry 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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Vapors, not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent, to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal recompense,
In humid exhalations; and at ev'n 425
Supps with the ocean. Though in heav'n the Trees
Of Life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dew, 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 footy 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 t' have been
Enamor'd at that sight: but, in those hearts
Love un-libidinous reign'd, nor jealousy

Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.— 450

Thus when with meats, and drinks, they had suffic'd,
 Not 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 this 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 pow'r, so far
 Exceeded human; and his wary speech

Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God! now know I well
 Thy favor, in this honor 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 could'st not seem
 At heav'n's high feasts t' have fed: yet what com-

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd. [pare?

O *Adam*! One Almighty is, from Whom
 All things proceed, and up to Him return, 470

If not depriv'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

Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence, the leaves
 More aery; last, the bright consummate flow'r 481
 Spirits odorous breathes; flow'rs, 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;
 Diff'ring 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 favorable spirit, propitious guest!
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set

From centre 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 bliss
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'st such, owe to thy self,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.

This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd!
God made thee perfect, not immutable;

And good He made thee; but to persevere 525

He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will

By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate

In-extricable, 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 in-thron'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

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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 neighb'ring hills

Aereal music fend. 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 in the great zone of heav'n. 560

Thus *Adam* made request; and *Raphael*,

After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou enjoin'st 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 dispens'd: and what furmounts 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
 Each t' 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 centre 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' empyreal host
 Of Angels, by imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's 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 in-expressible they stood, 595
 Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
 By whom in blifs imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst (as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible) thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 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; your Head I Him appoint:
 And by My Self have sworn, to Him shall bow
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess Him Lord.

Under His great Vice-gerent reign abide
 United, as one individual 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 in-gulf'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;
 Mystical dance! (which yonder starry sphere 620

Of Planets, and of Fix'd, 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 God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd

(For we have also our ev'ning, and our morn;
 We ours for change delectable, not need)

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous: all in circles as they stood, 631
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels food, and rubied Nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold;
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n! 635
 On flow'rs repos'd, and with rich flow'rets 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, rejoicing 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 645
 In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globe of earth in plain out-spread,
 (Such are the courts of God!) th' angelic throng
 Dispers'd in bands, and files, their camp extend 651
 By living streams, among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless! and sudden rear'd,
 Cœlestial tabernacles, where they slept [course,
 Fann'd with cool 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
 Is heard no more in heaven) He of the first,

If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660
 In favor, and pre-eminence; yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah, King anointed, could not bear 664
 Thro' pride that fight, 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
 Un-worship'd, un-obey'd, the throne supreme, 670
 Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear! what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids, and remember'st what decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
 Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart:
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd:
 New laws from Him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve; new counsels; to debate 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 685
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste
 (And all who under me their banners wave)
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare.

Which
 Then m
 O thou
 Look'st
 Of this
 Hide thei
 But with
 O Sun!
 That brin
 I fell: how
 'Till pride,
 Warring in
 Ah wherefo
 From me,
 In that brig
 Upbraided
 What could
 (The easiest
 How due!
 And wroug
 I 'sdein'd fu
 Would set
 The debt in
 So burthen
 Forgetful w
 And under
 By owing
 Indebted, a
 O had His
 Me some in

In commandment to receive our King,
 The great Meftai, and his new commands;
 Who quickly through all the hierarchies
 Issued in jub triumphant, and give laws
 To guide the life Arch-Angel, and infuse
 But infuse into th' unwary breast
 Of his officer: he trumpet calls,
 Or herald us by us, the report Pow'rs,
 (Under his open) this, as he was taught,
 That the Most High commanding, now we see the
 Nowe is the night but of December'd hours in,
 The great Merciful standard was to move:
 Tell the suppliant case, and calm between
 Ambiguous words, and jealousies; as found,
 Or was attempty: but all they'd
 The wanted signal, and superior voice
 Of this great Potentate: (but great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in here
 His countenance, as the morning-star that
 The story flock, allur'd them; and with
 Show after him the third part of heav'n's h
 Mean-while th' Eternal Eye, whole sight
 Abstract thoughts, from forth His holy
 And from within the golden lamps that
 Nightly before Him, saw, without their
 Rebellion rising; saw, in whom, how
 Among the Sons of Morn, what mult
 Wern banded to oppose His high decre
 And smiling, to His only Son thus said
 So! Thou in whom My glory I be

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ce, Heir of all My might! 720
cerns Us to be sure
nce; and with what arms
what antiently We claim
re: such a foe
ends t'ereft his throne 725
roughout the fpacious north.
ath in his thought to try
ur pow'r is, or Our right.
l to this hazard draw
orce is left, and all employ 730
ft unawares we lofe
e, Our fanctuary, Our hill.
n, with calm aspect, and clear,
in-effable, ferene!)
ghty Father! Thou Thy foes
on, and secure. 736
ain defigns, and tumults vain:
lory! Whom their hate
hey fee all regal pow'r
their pride; and in event 740
be dext'rous to fubdue
e found the worft in heav'n.
on: but *Satan*, with his Pow'rs,
d on winged fpeed; an hoft
s the ftars of night, 745
(orning) dew-drops, which the fun
very leaf, and ev'ry flow'r,
ld, and mighty regencies
Potentates, and Thrones,

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 Pow'rs,
 (Under him regent) tells, as he was taught,
 That the Most High commanding, now e'er night,
 Now e'er dim night had dis-incumber'd heav'n, 700
 The great hierarchal standard was to move:
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words, and jealousies; to found,
 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

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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 antiently We claim
Of Deity, or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends t'erec't his throne 725
Equal to Ours, throughout the spacious north.
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what Our pow'r is, or Our right.
Let Us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defense: lest unawares we lose
This Our high place, Our sanctuary, Our hill.

To whom the Son, with calm aspect, and clear,
(Light'ning divine, in-effable, serene!)
Made answer. Mighty Father! Thou Thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure. 736
Laugh'ft at their vain designs, and tumults vain:
Matter to Me of glory! Whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
Giv'n Me to quell their pride; and in event 740
Know whether I be dext'rous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the Son: but *Satan*, with his Pow'rs,
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 ev'ry flow'r.
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 entire globose
 Stretch'd 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 tow'rs,
 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 assembled 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,
 If these magnificent titles yet remain, [Pow'rs!
 Not merely titular! since by decree
 Another now hath to Himself ingross'd 775
 All pow'r, 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,

With what may be devis'd of honors new, 780

Receive Him, coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute, yet un-paid : prostration vile !
 Too much to One ! but double, how indur'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 pow'r 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 his 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) 806

Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

○ 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 indu'd 815
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And, equal over equals, to let reign 820
 One over all, with unsucceeded pow'r ----
 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?
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good, 826
 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 830
 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, Pow'rs;
 Effential Pow'rs! 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 honor to Him done
 Returns our own.---Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846
 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'apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
 That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transfer'd 854
 From Father to His Son? Strange point, and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who
 When this creation was? Remember'st 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 pow'r, 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 begird 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 sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause,
 Through the infinite host: nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
 Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
 Forsaken 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 troubled 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 recall. 885
 That golden sceptre 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 un-create thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel*, faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he:
 Among innumerable false, un-mov'd,
 Un-shaken, un-seduc'd, un-terrify'd,

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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 hostile 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 tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd.

The end of the fifth Book.







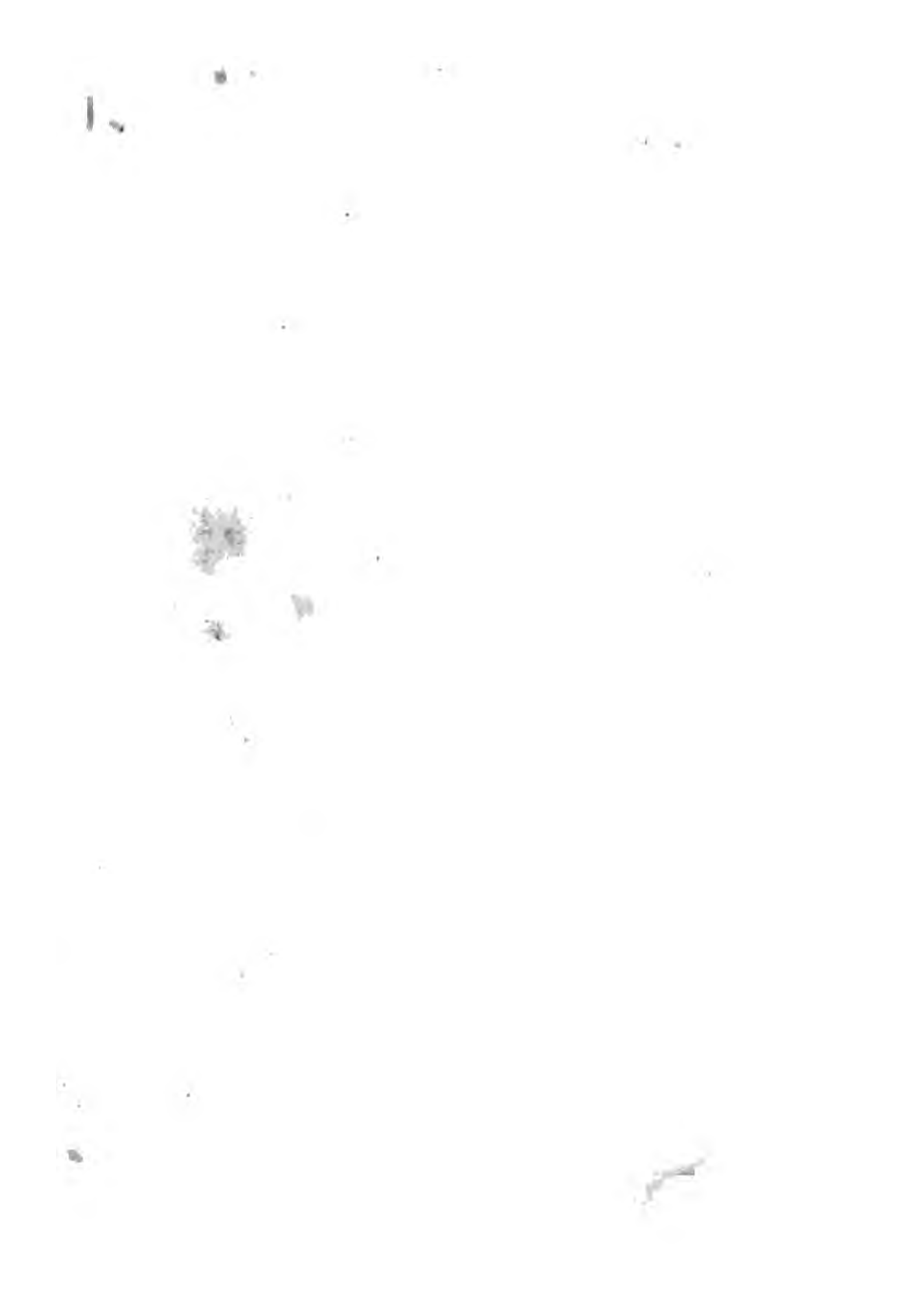


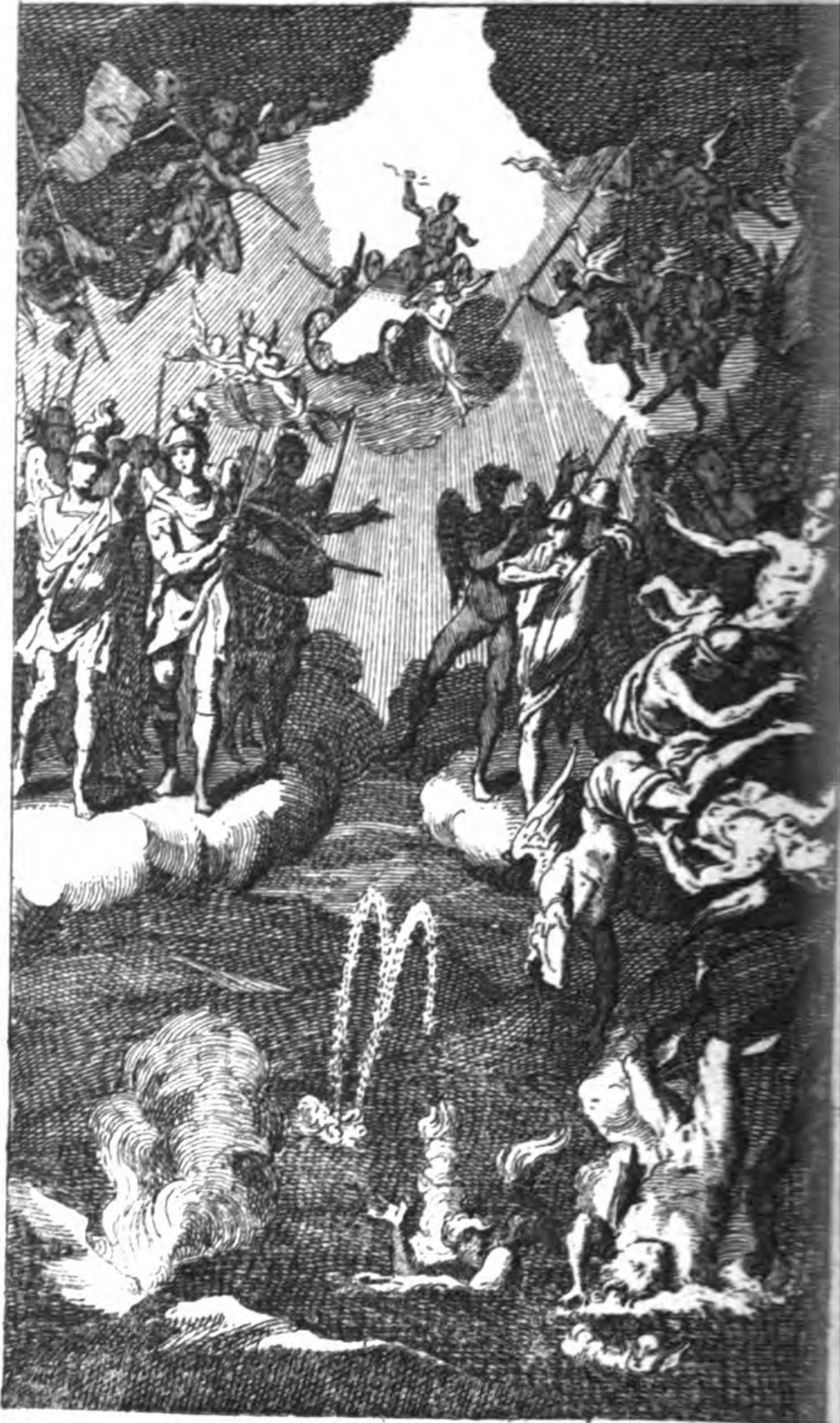
PARADISE LOST.

B O O K VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the force and machines 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





Lib. VI.

coming to the place, and causing all His legions to stand still on either side, with His chariot and thunder driving into the midst of His enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to His Father.



ALL night the dread-less Angel, un-purfu'd,
 Thro' heav'n's wide champain held his way; till
 Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand [Morn,
 Un-barr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
 Within the mount of God, fast by His throne 5
 Where light, and darkness, in perpetual round
 Lodge, and dis-lodge, by turns; which makes thro'
 Grateful vicissitude, like day, and night: [heav'n
 Light issues forth, and at the other door
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
 To veil the heav'n, (tho' darkness there might well
 Seem twilight here) and now went forth the Morn,
 Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
 Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,
 Shot thro' with orient beams: when all the plain 15
 Cover'd with thick imbattled squadrons bright,
 Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met 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 mix'd
 Among those friendly Pow'rs, 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 supreme; from whence a voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought

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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 fight 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 cœlestial armies Prince ;
And thou, in military prowess next, 45
Gabriel! lead forth to battel these my sons
Invincible ; lead forth thy 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 Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to rowl
In dusky wreathes reluctant flames ; the sign
Of wrath awak'd ! Nor with less dread the loud

Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
 At which command, the Powers militant
 That stood for heav'n, (in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible) mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the found
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
 Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,
 Under their God-like Leaders, in the cause
 Of God, and His *Messiah*. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill, 69
 Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
 Their perfect ranks: for, high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air up-bore
 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, stretch'd 80
 In battailous aspect, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portraid,
 The banded Pow'rs 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

Aspicer:

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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 fons of one Great Sire, 95
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but, the shout
Of battel now began, and rushing sound
Of on-set, ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine! inclos'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 join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant, and gold: 110
Abdiel that fight indur'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 ought but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms; in both disputes alike
 Victor: though brutish that contest, and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force: yet fo 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 reach'd
 The height of thy aspiring un-oppos'd,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd, at the terror of thy pow'r,
 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
 Un-aided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness: but, thou seest
 All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
 Prefer, and 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,

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Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
 Of my revenge, first fought for, thou return'st
 From flight, seditious Angel! to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
 Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their Deities t'assert: who, while they feel
 Vigor divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But, well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume; that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between,
 (Un-answer'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 minstrelsy 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.
 Apostate! 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 inthrall'd ;
 Yet leudly dar'ft our miniftring 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 fight,
 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 massy spear up-staid : as if on earth 195
 Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
 Side-long had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see 199
 Thus foil'd their Mightiest : ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Prefage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battel : whereat *Michael* bid sound
 Th' Arch-angel trumpet ; thro' the Vast of heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor, such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never ; arms on armor clashing bray'd

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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 in-extinguishable rage: all heav'n
Refounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre 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 pow'r
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 warrior; 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 pow'r had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal) ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway 251
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting! such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of ten-fold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference! At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his war-like toil
 Surceas'd; and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
 Or captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown, 260
 And visage all inflam'd, first thus began.

Author of evil! un-known 'till thy revolt,
 Un-nam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, (as thou seest)
 These acts of hateful strife; hateful to all,
 Though heaviest (by just measure) on thy self, 265
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, un-created 'till the crime
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd

Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest: heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines: heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence, and 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 broils;
 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 aery 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
 Un-vanquish'd; easier to transact with me
 That thou should'st 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 fly not; but have fought thee far, and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address for fight
 Un-speakable: for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate? or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift

Human imagination to such height 300
 Of God-like pow'r? For likest God, 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 air
 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 nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky, 314
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both, with next t'Almighty arm
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 (As not of pow'r, 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 sheer; nor staid, 325
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering 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

Pass'd thro' him! But th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331

A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguin (such as coelestial spirits may bleed,)
And all his armor 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
Defense; 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
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath

His confidence to equal God in pow'r.

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 fluid air:

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350

All intellect, all sense; and as they please,

They limb themselves, and color, shape, and size

Affume, as likes them best, condense, or rare.

Mean-while in other parts like deeds deserv'd

Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,

And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array 356

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

And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd, not from the Holy One of heav'n

Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous : but anon 360
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms,
 And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel, and *Raphael*, his vaunting foe
 (Tho' 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,
 Mangled with gashly wounds thro' plate, and mail.
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel*, to annoy
 The atheist-crew ; but, with redoubled blow, 370
Ariel, and *Arioc*, and the violence
 Of *Ramiel* scorch'd, 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 memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,
 Illaudable, nought 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 in-rode 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 stood, recoil'd

O'er-wearied, thro' the faint-Satanic host

Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd;

Then first with fear surpriz'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,

Inyulnerable, impenetrably 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

Un-wearied, un-obnoxious 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'd. 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 un-dismay'd began.

O! now in danger try'd, now known in arms

Not to be over-power'd, companions dear!

Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
 (Too mean pretense!) but, what we more affect,
 Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)

What heaven's Lord hath powerfulest to fend 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,
 Some disadvantage we incur'd, and pain, 431
 'Till now not known; but known, as soon contemn'd;
 Since now we find this our empyreal 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 easy 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 superior, 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,
 Scarcely toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn;

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 un-pain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue! for, what avails
 Valor, or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remis 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 un-wounded enemies, or arm
 Our selves with like defense, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look compos'd, *Satan* reply'd.
 Not un-invented 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, flow'r 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 touch'd

With heaven's 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 thund'ring 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 labor; 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
 Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor mis'd, so easy it seem'd 499
 Once found, which yet un-found 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

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Wide the coelestial soil; and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of nature, in their crude
Conception: sulphurous, and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtile art,
Concocted, and adusted, they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515
Part, hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral, and stone;
Whereof to found their engines, 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, un-esp'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 halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
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, warriors, 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

He comes, and settled 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 ev'n, or high; for, this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r, 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, im-pal'd
 On ev'ry 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.

Van-guard! to right, and left, the Front unfold;
 That all may see, who hate us, how we seek
 Peace, and compose; and with open breast 560
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse.
 But, that I doubt: however witness heav'n!
 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

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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 fir,
With branches lop'd, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mold; 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 tip'd 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,
(But soon obscur'd with smoke) all heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore; disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunder-bolts, and hail
Of iron globes, which on the victor host 590
Levell'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 ferried files.

What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow 601
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter, for in view,
 Stood rank'd 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, 611
 And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell, 614
 As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant, and wild: perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result. 619

To whom thus *Belial*, in like gamesome mood:
 Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force, urg'd home;
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbled 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

All doubt of victory: Eternal Might 630

To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, 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 t' oppose. 636

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r
 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, and dale)

Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they flew,
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
 They pluck'd 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 terror, seiz'd the rebel host,

When coming towards them, so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 'Till on those curst engines' 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 air 654
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd:
 Their armor 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 neighb'ring hills up tore:
 So, hills a-mid the air en-counter'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 heap'd
 Upon confusion rose. And now all heav'n
 Had gone to wreck, with ruin over-spread, 670
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where He sits
 Shrin'd in His sanctuary of heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, fore-seen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That His great purpose He might so fulfil, 675
 To honor His Anointed Son, aveng'd
 Upon His enemies, and to declare
 All pow'r 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 Pow'rs, went forth 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 know'st,

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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, [makes
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd; which
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 pow'r above compare:
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus, 706

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!
Ascend My chariot, guide the rapid wheels 711
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 rays direct

Shone full, He all His Father full exprest, 720
Ineffably into His face receiv'd:

And thus the Filial Godhead answ'ring spake.

O Father! O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones!
First, Highest, Holiest, Best! Thou always seek'st
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, declar'st Thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all My blifs.
Sceptre, and pow'r, 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 un-mix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling Thy holy mount
Un-fained hallelujahs to Thee sing, 744
Hymns of high praise, and I among them Chief.

So said, He o'er His sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where He sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirl-
[wind sound

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The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-drawn,
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;
Where on a saphir throne, (in-laid with pure
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch)
He, in cœlestial panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought!
Ascended: at His right hand, *Victory*
Sat 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 smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone,
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime 771
On the chrystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious far, and wide: but by His own
First seen, them un-expected joy surpriz'd,
When the great ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd, 775
Aloft by Angels born, His sign in heav'n:
Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodyed all in one.

Before Him Pow'r Divine His way prepar'd; 780
 At His command th' up-rooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw His hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs, 786
 Infensate! 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 re-embattell'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, disdainning flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the Great Son of God,
 To all His hosts 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 day's work is not ordain'd,

Nor

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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 supreme

Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,) 815

Hath honor'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 terror 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 orbs

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 astonish'd, all resistance lost,

All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:

O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads He rode.
 Of Thrones, and mighty Seraphim prostrate; 841
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from His ire,
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the four-fold-visag'd Four, 845
 Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels,
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd, 851
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet, half His strength He put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid-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 tim'rous 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 fight
 Struck 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
 Burn'd after them, to the bottomless pit.
 Hell heard th' unsufferable noise; hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep

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Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
And felt ten-fold 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

Un-quenchable, the house of woe, and pain.

Dis-burden'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 may'st beware

By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895

What might have else to human race been hid;

The discord which besel, and war in heav'n

Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall

Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd

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 may'st 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, listen 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.



