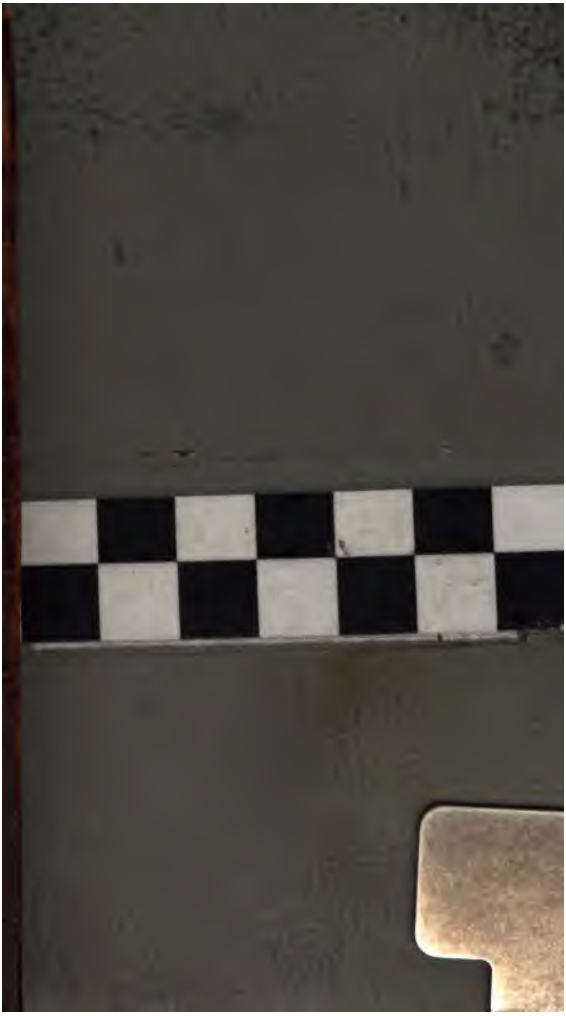

Thos

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 further go:*
To make a Third *she joyn'd the former* Two.

Dryden.

PARADISE LOST.

A

POEM,

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

LONDON:

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

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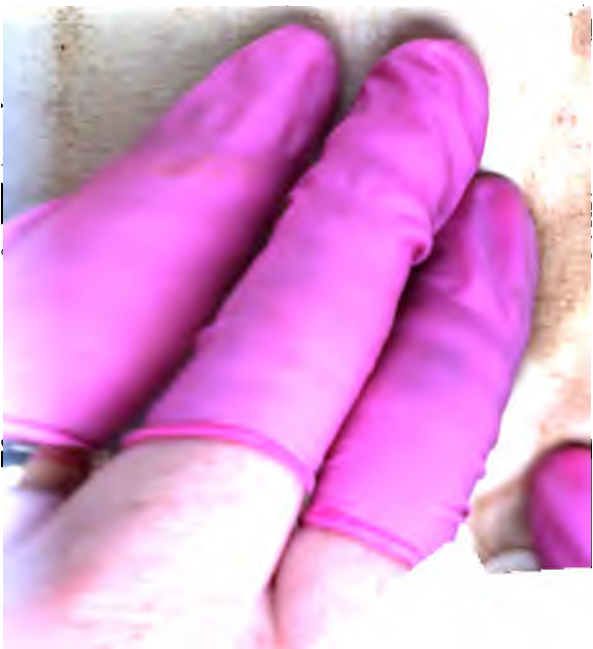


THE LIFE OF Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

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-

An Ætat. 12.

wise occasion'd that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of sight. 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 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 with unparallel'd assiduity and success.

An. Ætat. 15.

An. Ætat. 23.

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

An. Ætat. 30.

* *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. Dam.

‡ *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 *Manso*, 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-hill* *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 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?

An. Ætat. 41.

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.

An. Ætat. 42. A Commission to constitute 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-hall*; 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.

An. Ætat. 52.

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 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 *Shakespear* when he slept, after having † formally declar'd war against it, wanted courage to

Æt. 61.

* 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. *Philips*, 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 aveo: 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!

An. Ætat. 63. 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 prefering 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. Ætat. 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 Marquiſs 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 hercle Angelus ipſe foret.*

† *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 used 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 used 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 composures 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

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 inlarg'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

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 paus'd,
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restor'd;
If Adam *aught 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.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

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.

IN
Paradisum Amissam
Summi Poetæ
JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, *grandia Magni*
Carmina Miltoni, *quid nisi cuncta legis?*
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines, continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque 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, (si quid magis est sine fine)
In CHRISTO *erga homines conciliatus amor.*
Hæc qui speraret, quis crederet esse futura?
Et tamen hæc hodiè terra Britanna *legit.*
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quantâ prælia dira tubâ!

Cæleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cæleſtes 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 pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis MESSIÆ *inſignia fulgent,*
Et currus animes, armaque digna DEO;
Horrendúmque 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 panas fugiunt, & (ceu foret Orcus *aſylum!)*
Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani *Scriptores, cedite* Graii,
Et quos Fama *recens, vel celebravit annus:*
Hæc quicunque leget, tantùm cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem *Ranas*, Virgilium *Culices*.

SAM. BARROW. M.D.

ON

PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book His vaſt deſign unfold:
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All! the argument
Held me a-while miſdoubting His intent;
That He would 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 ſight.
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;
Left 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 miſs'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 deteſt 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 ſeiſe,
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 prophecy 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.

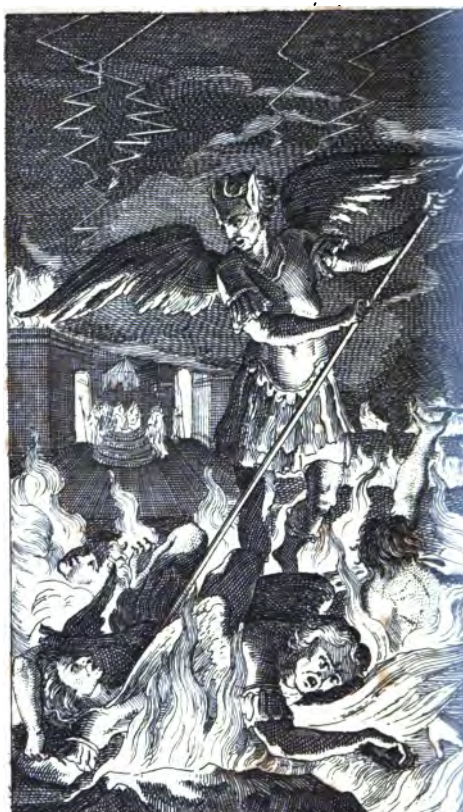
THE

VERSE.

THE *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*

place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos: *Here* Satan *with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their 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 justifie the ways of God to men.
Say first, (for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell) say first what cause
Mov'd our grand Parents, in that happy state

Favour'd of heav'n so highly; to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that 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 adamantine 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

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 welt'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 seest,
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 downfal! 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,)

We may, with more ſucceſsful hope, reſolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe:
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heav'n.
So ſpake th' apoſtate Angel, though in pain; 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 surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.

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
Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling heaven,
Left him at large to his own dark designs:
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might see,
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shewn
On man by him seduc'd: but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
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
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 appeard in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unbless'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 cœleſtial 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
Grov'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 glaſs 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 uneaſie ſteps
Over the burning marle (not like thoſe ſteps 295
On heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire.
Nathleſs he ſo inder'd; till on the beach

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 *Memphian* 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 seize
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 *Pharaoh* 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
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath *Gibralter* 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,

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 last,
Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
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 *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the type of hell. 405
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moab*'s sons,
From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the Wild
Of southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
And *Horonaim*, *Seon*'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 inlarg'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

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 unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart, tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* damsels, to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;

While ſmooth *Adonis* from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected *Sion*'s daughters with like heat;
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when, by the viſion led, 455
His eyes ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive Ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands 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,
Ahaz, 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 ſorceries abus'd

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 *Bethel*, and in *Dan*, 485
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah! 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 *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape. 505

These were the prime, in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan*'s issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,

Their boasted parents. *Titan*, (heav'n's first-born,)
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd 510
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

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds; 540
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave; and beyond
Frighted the reign of *Chaos* and old *Night*.
All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 545
With orient Colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect Phalanx, to the *Dorian* mood 550
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper Heroes old
Arming to battel; 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 dazling 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 *Phlegra* 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 *Uther*'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 conſid'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 bliſs!) 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 rife 650
There went a fame in heav'n, that He ere-long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should 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

Fall 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 instrine

Belus, or *Serapis*, their Gods; or seat 720
Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* 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 cresset, 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 sound, 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 *Paynim* 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 flowr'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

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.

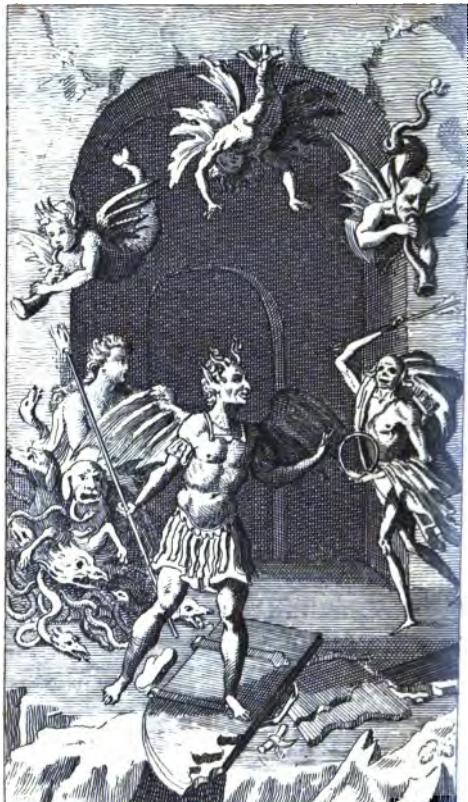
The end of the first Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan *debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is prefer'd, 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 imployments, 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

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 *Moloc*, 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 bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe!
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us, without hope of end,

The vassals of His anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd 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 inrodes 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 towr's 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

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! threatning 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 endure 206
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqu'ror: This is now
Our doom! which if we can sustain and bear,

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 endur'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 220
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 disinthrone the King of heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost: Him to unthrone 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 soe'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

Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems, and gold:
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires 275
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the 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
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd 300
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,
With *Atlantean* ſhoulders fit to bear 305
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 ſit we then projecting peace and war?

War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs 330
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd, or ſought: for what peace will be giv'n
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return? 335
But, to our 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

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 bliss: 375
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.----Thus *Beelzebub*
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great 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.

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 seat; perhaps in view 394
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring [arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
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

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

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 sits? 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'rds 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 480
His own: (for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; left 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 landſchape ſnow, or ſhow'r:
If chance the radiant ſun with farewel 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

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 imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then, of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
Tow'rds the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By herald's voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
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 *Typhœan* 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 *Lichas* 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 inthrall 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 sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish; and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.

Another part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands, 570
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world (if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation) bend
Four ways 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 frore, 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 aghast,
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 death;
A universe of death! which God by curse
Created evil; for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
Abominable, inutterable; and worse
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'rds 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 665
(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,

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 ſons,
Conjur'd againſt the Higheſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And 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 grieſly 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 sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy 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 phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him, and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd:
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heav'n! when at th' assembly, and in sight

Of all the Seraphim, with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and 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 sees't,
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 resounded, *Death!*
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and, swifter far!
Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd:
And in embraces forcible, and foul,
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters; that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou saw'st; hourly conceiv'd,
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me! For, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return; and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast: then bursting forth, 800
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest, or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim *Death*, my son and foe: who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd: and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.

But thou O father! I forewarn thee, ſhun 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invuln'rable 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 ſire,
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,
Leſt heav'n ſurcharg'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 eafe, and up and down unfeen 841
Wing filently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors: there ye fhall be fed, and fill'd
Immeafurably, all things fhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both feem'd highly pleas'd, and *Death*
Grinn'd horrible a ghaftly fmile, to hear 846
His famine fhould be fill'd; and bleft his maw
Deftin'd to that good hour: no left rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus befpake 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
Thefe adamantine gates; againft all force
Death ready ftands to interpofe his dart,
Fearlefs to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
But what owe I to His commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruft me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To fit 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 compafs'd round,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My Being gav'ft me; whom fhould I obey 865
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me foon
To that new world of light and blifs, among
The Gods who live at eafe, where I fhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befeems

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'rds 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 abyss, 910
(The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave)
Of neither sea, nor shoar, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes 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 abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a-while,
Pond'ring his voyage; (for no narrow frith
He had to cross): nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud, and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,
With all her batt'ring engins bent to raze
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,

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 enthron'd
Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign: and by them stood
Orcus, and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon*: *Rumor* next, and *Chance*, 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 desart, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your 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 is 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!

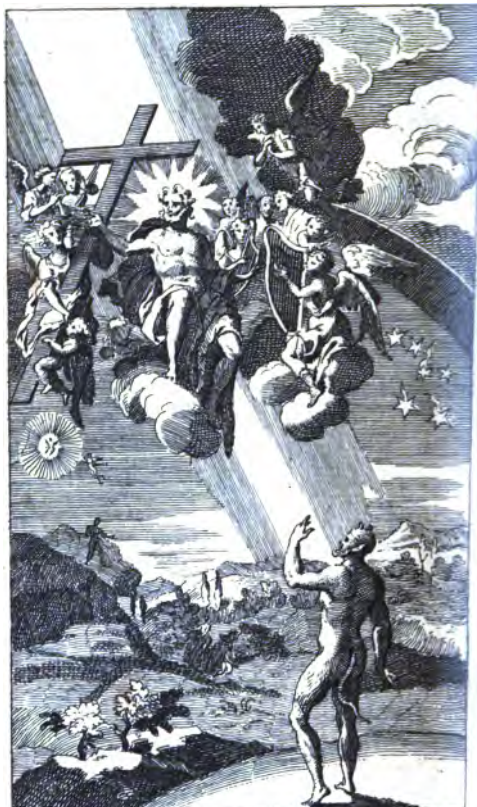
Thus *Satan*; and him thus the anarch old,
With fault'ring speech, and visage incompos'd,

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 juſtling 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 fartherst 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

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 cursed hour he hies. 1055

The End of the Second Book.



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 unapproached 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

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 *Phineus*, Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or 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 utt'rance: on His right
The radiant image of His glory sat,
His only Son. On earth He first beheld
Our two first parents (yet the only two 65
Of mankind) in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell, and the gulf between, and *Satan* there 70
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament; 75
Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.
Him God beholding from His prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future He beholds,
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake.
"Only begotten Son! seest 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.

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 defenſe.

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 lapſed pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'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' incensed 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;

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 sight
Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down, and smile;
While by Thee rais'd I ruin all My foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of My 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 reconcilement: 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

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'st how dear
To Me are all My works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from My bosom, and right hand, to save
(By losing Thee a-while) the whole race lost. 280
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to Thy nature join;
And be Thy self Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-seed,
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 satisfie for man, be judg'd, and die; 295
And dying rise, and rising with Him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with His own dear life.
So, heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,

So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt Thou by descending to assume
Man's nature, 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!

Then all thy saints assembled, 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'rds 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 bliss 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.

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 sphear,
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-threatning storms 425
Of *Chaos* blustring 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,

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 ſaints, 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 *Ætna* 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 475
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 *Franciscus* 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.

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 behefts his Angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From *Paneas*, the fount of *Jordan*'s flood, 535
To *Beerſaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt*, 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
Andromada 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;

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'rds his all-chearing 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 ſought,
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 ſunny 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.

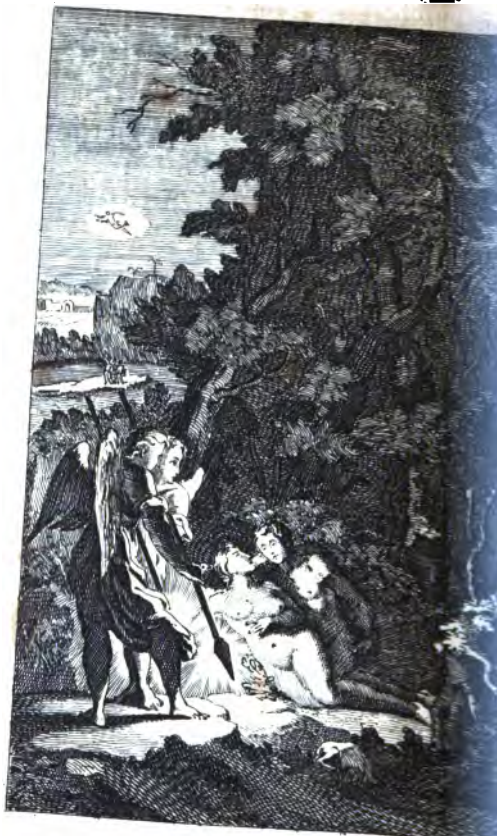
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger, or delay: 635
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd cœlestial, 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 655
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

Uriel, though regent of the ſun, and held 690
The ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpirit of all in heav'n:
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul,
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel! thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy 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 darkneſs 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 quinteſſence 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 awhile 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

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

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 reconcilement 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 farewel hope! and with hope, farewel fear!
Farewel remorſe! all good to me is loſt:
Evil be thou my good! By thee at leaſt 110
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold;
By thee, and more 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,

Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm, 120
Artificer of fraud! and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood, under ſaintly 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' *Aſſyrian* 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 ſire 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
Sabæan 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 *Ægypt*, there faſt bound.

Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journied on, penſive, and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
Of ſhrubs, and tangling buſhes, had 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,

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 hurdl'd cotes, amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to un-hoard 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

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 [place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
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 ſuppoſe'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.

His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd 300
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, 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 beseems
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 sat,
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

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 365
Your change approaches; when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy:
Happy! but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd 370
Long to continue; and this high ſeat your heav'n,
Ill-fenc'd for heav'n, to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus 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 inlarg'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-espy'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

From us no other service than to keep
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:
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
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:
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;
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
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præ-eminent by so much odds; while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep

I first awak'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 seest,
"What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self;
"With thee it came, and goes: but, follow me,
"And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
"Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
"Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
"Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
"Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
"Mother of human race." What could I 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,

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

So ſpake our general mother; and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'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 unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
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 wandring 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
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his [roam.
Mean-while in utmost longitude, where heav'n

With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun 540
Slowly deſcended; and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
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:

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, 611
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 690
Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when He fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe: the roof,
Of thickeſt covert, was inwoven ſhade,
Laurel, and 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 ſire
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'unwiſer 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-endear'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

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.
Ithuriel, and *Zephon!* 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 lift, phantaſms, and dreams:
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal ſpirits, that from pure blood ariſe, 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raiſe
At laſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts;
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.

Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his ſpear 810
Touch'd lightly; (for no falſhood can endure
Touch of cœleſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs) up he ſtarts,
Diſcover'd, and ſurpriz'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
Fit for the tun, ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumor'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So ſtarted up, in his own ſhape, the fiend.
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 *Zephon*, 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

Thy fin, 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 *Zephon* 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
Ithuriel, and *Zephon*, 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 [change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
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.

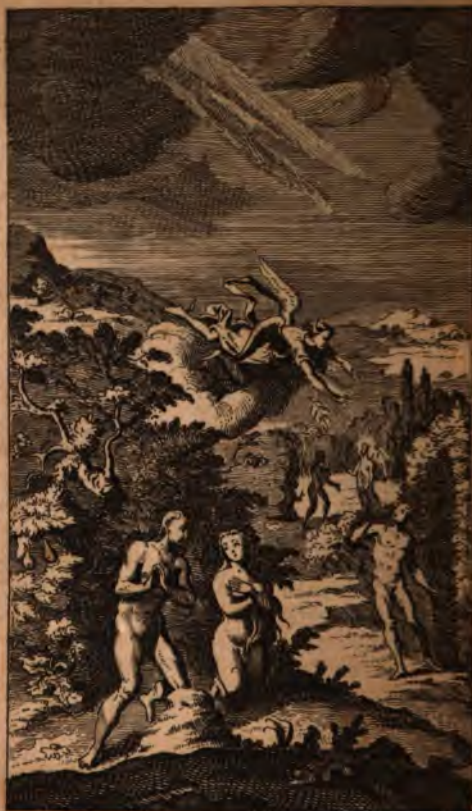
The reſt is true: they found me where they ſay; 900
But that implies not violence, or harm.
Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling, thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since *Satan* fell, whom folly overthrew! 905
And now returns him, from his priſon 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? couragious 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 abyſs, 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, ſly 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 limitary 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, sharpning 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
Attrâcted 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 set 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 savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste! Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth 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

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.

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 reſpit 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 bliſs:
By violence? no: for that ſhall be withſtood:
But by deceit, and lies: this let him know,
Leſt 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 glaſs 261
Of *Galileo*, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands, and regions, in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the *Cyclades*,
Delos, or *Samos*, firſt appearing 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 savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry, or grape; to whom thus *Adam* call'd.
Haste hither *Eve!* and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to 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 fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320
To whom thus *Eve. Adam!* earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd! small store will serve, where store
(All seasons) ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes. 325
But I will haste, and from each bough, and 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, unsum'd.
Mean-while our primitive great sire, to meet 350
His god-like guest, walks forth; without more train
Accompany'd than with his own 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 submiss 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'erſhades; 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 Goddeſs 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 lest 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: unsavoury 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
Intelligential 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

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 alimental recompenſe,
In humid exhalations; and at ev'n 425
Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the Trees
Of Life ambroſial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield Neſtar; though from off the boughs each morn
We bruſh melliſluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. ---- So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell: nor ſeemingly
The Angel, nor in miſt, (the common gloſs 435
Of theologians) but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through ſpirits with eaſe: nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal, the empiric alchymiſt 440
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold,
As from the Mine. Mean-while at table *Eve*
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe t'have been
Enamor'd at that ſight: but, in thoſe hearts
Love un-libidinous reign'd, nor jealouſie

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 deprav'd from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life:
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd:
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root

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,
Diſcourſive, or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oftenſt 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

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 bliſs, 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 ſend. Nor knew I not
To be both will, and deed, created free:
Yet, that we never ſhall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey Him, whoſe command
Single, is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me, and ſtill aſſure; though what thou 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 surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms,
As may express them best: though, what if earth
Be but the shadow of heav'n; and things therein
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 bliss 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 disobeys,
Me disobeys, 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 shower'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 globose earth in plain out-spread,
(Such are the courts of God!) th' angelic throng
Dispers'd in bands, and files, their camp extend 652
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 sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
Friendliest to sleep, and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
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

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 sound,
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great Potentate: (for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n:)
His count'nance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them; and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host. 710
Mean-while th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before Him, saw, without their light,
Rebellion rising; saw, in whom, how spread 715
Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose His high decree;
And smiling, to His only Son thus said.
Son! Thou in whom My glory I behold

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'erect 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'st 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 magnific titles yet remain, [Pow'rs!
Not merely titular! since by decrse
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; poſſeſt 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) 805
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere,
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blaſphemous, falſe, and proud!

Words! which no ear ever to hear in heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from Thee, ingrate!
In place thy self so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd, and sworn:
That to his only Son, by right 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,
Essential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obscur'd,
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
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed 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,
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
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*
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
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled 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
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,

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.

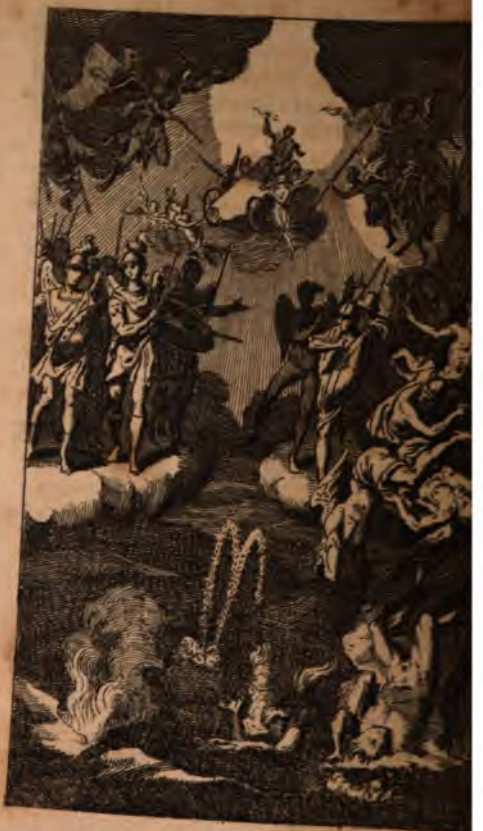
The end of the fifth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Raphael *continues to relate how* Michael *and* Gabriel *were ſent forth to battel againſt* Satan *and his Angels. The firſt fight deſcrib'd:* Satan *and his Powers retire under night: he calls a 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-pursu'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

The better fight, who single hast maintain'd, 30
Against revolted multitudes, the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms:
And for the testimony of truth hast born
Universal reproach; far worse to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care 35
To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds
Judg'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law; and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, *Michael!* of celestial armies Prince;
And thou, in military prowess next, 45
Gabriell 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) moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
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

Aspiring

Aſpire: but their thoughts prov'd fond, and vain, 90
In the mid-way. Though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet; who wont to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy, and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one Great Sire, 95
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but, the ſhout
Of battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of 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 ſight 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
Unsound, 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 so 125
Most reason is that reason overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth-stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have 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,

Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought 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'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behefts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd! 185
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean-while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell 190
On the proud creſt of *Satan*, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth, on bended knee,
His 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,
Preſage 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

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 vollies 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
Resounded; 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 attacks
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of *Michael* smote, and felt'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway 250
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 sought thee far, and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both addrest 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 Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd; in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n!
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the 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 entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then *Satan* firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound

Pafs'd thro' him! But th' ethereal fubftance clos'd,
Not long divifible; and from the gafh 330
A ftream of nectarous humour iffuing flow'd,
Sanguin (fuch as cœleftial fpirits may bleed,)
And all his armor ftain'd, e'er-while fo bright.
Forthwith on all fides to his aid was run 335
By Angels many, and ftrong, who interpos'd
Defenfe; while others bore him on their fhields
Back to his chariot; where it ftood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnafhing for anguifh, and defpite, and fhame, 340
To find himfelf not matchlefs, and his pride
Humbled by fuch rebuke, fo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet foon he heal'd; for, fpirits 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 fenfe; and as they pleafe,
They limb themfelves, and color, fhape, and fize
Affume, as likes them beft, condenfe, or rare.
Mean-while in other parts like deeds deferv'd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce enfigns 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, nor 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 ghastly 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,
Invulnerable, 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 powerfullest to send 425
Against us from about His throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to His will.
But proves not so! ---- then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem Him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we indur'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,
Sore 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 remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine; 460
But live content, which is the calmest life.
But, pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils; and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465
Our yet 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 spatious heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys 475
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 chear
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd 499
Once found, which yet un-found most would have [thought
Impossible. Yet haply of thy race
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

Wide the cœleſtial 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 engins, and their balls
Of miſſive ruin: part, incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all e'er day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection, un-eſpy'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
Zephiel, 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 orbed shield,
Born ev'n, or high; for, this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizling show'r, 545
But ratling 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 composure; 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

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 engins belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outragious 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 serried 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 thoſe 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 cursed engins' triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep:
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air 654
Came shadowing, and oppreſt 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: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd:
For to themſelves I left them; and Thou know'ſt,

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 bliſs.
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

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 imbodied 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
Insensate! hope conceiving from despair:
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But, (to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent!) 790
They harden'd more, by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see His glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to His height,
Stood 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, disdaining 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,

Ner

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 itſelf 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-wing'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 sight
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

Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tun-field 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 bliss.
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 befel, 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 mayʼst 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.