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Paradise Lost.

John Milton.



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About the author



John Milton (December 9, 1608 - November 8, 1674) was an English poet, most famous for his blank verse epic *Paradise Lost*.

His father, John Milton Sr., was a well-off scrivener, and his grandfather a wealthy landowner in Oxfordshire who, hewing to the old faith, had disinherited Milton's father after finding an English Bible in his possession. Milton père, from all indications, encouraged Milton's writerly ambitions, which developed early; he was writing poetry by the age of nine. "When he was young," Christopher, his younger brother, recalled to an early biographer after John's death, "he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night." He was educated at St Paul's School, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge (1625-32). While still at Cambridge he wrote some fine poems, among them the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" and the octosyllabics *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. While at Cambridge he developed a reputation for poetic skill and general erudition, although due to his hair, which he wore long, and his general delicacy of manner, he was known as the "Lady of Christ's", an epithet perhaps applied with some degree of scorn.

He was originally destined to a ministerial career, but his independent spirit led him to "prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." He spent five quiet years at Horton in Buckinghamshire, reading and writing. To this period belong "*Arcades*", "*Comus*", and "*Lycidas*", all breathing the lofty spirit of his religious convictions.

In 1638 and 1639 he traveled on the continent, coming into contact with such men as Grotius, Galileo, and Lucas Holoete, but was recalled by a rumor of the outbreak of the armed struggle for liberty at home.

The next twenty years of his life were devoted almost entirely to prose work in the service of the Puritan cause. In 1641 and 1642 appeared his tractates *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline* in England, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, the two defenses of Smectymnuus (an organization of protestant divines named after their initials), and *The Reason of Church Government Urged against Prelaty*. With frequent passages of real eloquence lighting up the rough controversial style of the period, and with a wide knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity, he struck weighty blows at the intolerant High-church party which seemed to dominate the Church of England.

In 1642 Milton married a sixteen-year-old girl, Mary Powell, who left a month later to return to her family. In the next three years Milton published a series of pamphlets arguing for the legality and morality of divorce, the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. In it Milton attacked the English marriage law as it had been taken over almost unchanged from medieval Catholicism, and sanctioning divorce on the ground of incompatibility or childlessness. In 1645, however, Mary returned. She died in 1652 from complications following childbirth—a death that may have affected Milton deeply, as evidenced by his twenty-third sonnet. (To be accurate, though, we don't know whether the sonnet concerns Mary's death in 1652, or the death



of Milton's second wife, also following childbirth, in 1658.)

His intercourse with Hartlib and Comenius led him to write in 1644 a short tract on Education, urging a reform of the national universities; and in the same year appeared the most popular of his prose writings, *Areopagitica*, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

The *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (1649) announced his adhesion to the cause of the Commonwealth, to which he was made Latin secretary in March. As part of his duties in this post, he wrote his *Eikonoklastes* (1649) in reply to the *Eikon Basilike* popularly attributed to Charles I, the first *Pro populo Anglicano defensio* (1651) against Salmasius, and in 1654 his *Defensio secunda* and *Pro se defensio*; and his fine Latin style was of great avail for the drafting of the state papers which passed between Oliver Cromwell's government and the continent.

His incessant labours cost him his eyesight, but he retained his office until the Restoration. He then lived in retirement, devoting himself once more to poetical work, and publishing *Paradise Lost* in 1667, the epic by which he attained universal fame (blind and impoverished he sold the copyright to this work on April 27th that year for £10), to be followed by the much inferior *Paradise Regained*, together with *Samson Agonistes*, a drama on the Greek model, in 1671.

Milton's religious position, partially expressed in the treatises named above and in his *Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes and Considerations touching the Likeliest Means to Remove Hirelings out of the Church* (1659), is most clearly seen in his posthumous *De doctrina Christiana*, the manuscript of which, long lost, was discovered only in 1823.

His point of view is entirely subjective and individualistic; his faith

is deduced from Scripture by the inner illumination of the Spirit, not tied to human traditions. It is not therefore surprising to find him taking his own view on the Trinity, the divinity of Christ and the Holy Ghost, predestination, the creation of the world, etc., as also in regard to practical questions such as marriage, infant baptism, and the observance of Sunday.

What he attempts to give is not a complete scientific treatment in the modern sense but an exposition of the clear and universally acceptable teaching of scripture. In many points he is the prophet and herald of a new era, a Protestant individualist and idealist, as well as a typical figure for the revolutionary cause to which he devoted the best powers of his life.



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Paradise Lost.

Book 1.

Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of EDEN, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of OREB, or of SINAI, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of CHAOS: Or if SION Hill
Delight thee more, and SILOA'S Brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar

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Above th' AONIAN Mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
 Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
 And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That to the highth of this great Argument
 I may assert th' Eternal Providence,
 And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his Will
 For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
 Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers,



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

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in PALESTINE, and nam'd
 BEELZEBUB. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightnes didst outshine
 Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd



In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger provd
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods

And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
 Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

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

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
 Can Perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,



Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Then such could hav' orepow'rd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of Warr, what e're his business be
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;

Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
 The seat of desolation, 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,
 And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
 If not what resolution from 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
 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,
 BRIARIOS or TYPHON, whom the Den
 By ancient TARSUS held, or that Sea-beast
 LEVIATHAN, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
 Him haply slumbring on the NORWAY foam
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see

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



Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best
 Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less then hee
 Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part

In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?

So SATAN spake, and him BEELZEBUB
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
 If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lye
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the TUSCAN Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the top of FESOLE,
 Or in VALDARNO, to descry new Lands,
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.



His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on NORWEGIAN hills, to be the Mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In VALLOMBROSA, where th' ETRURIAN shades
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds ORION arm'd
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
 BUSIRIS and his MEMPHIAN Chivalrie,
 VVhile with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of GOSHEN, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating Carkases
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can sieze

Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toyl of Battel to repose
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
 Of AMRAMS Son in EGYPTS evill day
 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of LOCUSTS, warping on the Eastern Wind,
 That ore the Realm of impious PHAROAH hung



Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of NILE:
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
 RHENE or the DANAW, when her barbarous Sons
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath GIBRALTAR to the LYBIAN sands.
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
 Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
 Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of EVE
 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake

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



Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
 To his grim Idol. Him the AMMONITE
 Worshipt in RABBA and her watry Plain,
 In ARGOB and in BASAN, to the stream
 Of utmost ARNON. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
 Of SOLOMON he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of HINNOM, TOPHET thence
 And black GEHENNA call'd, the Type of Hell.
 Next CHEMOS, th' obscene dread of MOABS Sons,
 From AROER to NEBO, and the wild
 Of Southmost ABARIM; in HESEBON
 And HERONAIM, SEONS Realm, beyond
 The flowry Dale of SIBMA clad with Vines,
 And ELEALE to th' ASPHALTICK Pool.
 PEOR his other Name, when he entic'd
 ISRAEL in SITTIM on their march from NILE
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
 Of MOLOCH homicide, lust hard by hate;
 Till good JOSIAH drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bordring flood
 Of old EUPHRATES to the Brook that parts

EGYPT from SYRIAN ground, had general Names
 Of BAALIM and ASHTAROTH, those male,
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
 Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
 Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their aerie purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.
 For those the Race of ISRAEL oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came ASTORETH, whom the PHOENICIANS call'd
 ASTARTE, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
 SIDONIAN Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
 In SION also not unsung, where stood
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
 To Idols foul. THAMMUZ came next behind,



Whose annual wound in LEBANON allur'd
 The SYRIAN Damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
 While smooth ADONIS from his native Rock
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of THAMMUZ yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected SIONS daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
 EZEKIEL saw, when by the Vision led
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated JUDAH. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:
 DAGON his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
 Rear'd in AZOTUS, dreaded through the Coast
 Of PALESTINE, in GATH and ASCALON,
 And ACCARON and GAZA's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd RIMMON, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair DAMASCUS, on the fertile Banks
 Of ABBANA and PHARPHAR, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold:
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
 AHAZ his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew

Gods Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of SYRIAN mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
 OSIRIS, ISIS, ORUS and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic EGYPT and her Priests, to seek
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did ISRAEL scape
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in OREB: and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in BETHEL and in DAN,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
 JEHOVAH, who in one Night when he pass'd
 From EGYPT marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
 BELIAL came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
 Turns Atheist, as did ELY'S Sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God.
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse



Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
 And injury and outrage: And when Night
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
 Of BELIAL, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the Streets of SODOM, and that night
 In GIBEAH, when hospitable Does
 Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
 Th' IONIAN Gods, of JAVANS Issue held
 Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
 Thir boasted Parents; TITAN Heav'ns first born
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
 By younger SATURN, he from mightier JOVE
 His own and RHEA'S Son like measure found;
 So JOVE usurping reign'd: these first in CREET
 And IDA known, thence on the Snowy top
 Of cold OLYMPUS rul'd the middle Air
 Thir highest Heav'n; or on the DELPHIAN Cliff,
 Or in DODONA, and through all the bounds
 Of DORIC Land; or who with SATURN old
 Fled over ADRIA to th' HESPERIAN Fields,
 And ore the CELTIC roam'd the utmost Isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief

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



Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
 To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
 Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods,
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
 Glories: For never since created man,
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more then that small infantry
 Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood

Of PHLEGRA with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
 That fought at THEB'S and ILIUM, on each side
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In Fable or ROMANCE of UTHERS Son
 Begirt with BRITISH and ARMORIC Knights;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in ASPRAMONT or MONTALBAN,
 DAMASCO, or MAROCCO, or TREBISOND,
 Or whom BISERTA sent from AFRIC shore
 When CHARLEMAIN with all his Peerage fell
 By FONTARABBIA. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Thir dread Commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes



Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers 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't
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
 From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth

Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet beleave, though after loss,
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat.
 For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
 If counsels different, or danger shun'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custome, and his Regal State
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New warr, provok't; our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard



Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
 Caelestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyссе
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
 For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

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

There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
 Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands
 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,

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



Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boyling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple, where PILASTERS round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not BABILON,
 Nor great ALCAIRO such magnificence
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
 BELUS or SERAPIS thir Gods, or seat
 Thir Kings, when AEGYPT with ASSYRIA strove
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendant by suttle Magic many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
 With Naphtha and ASPHALTUS yeilded light

As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient Greece; and in AUSONIAN land
 Men call'd him MULCIBER; and how he fell
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry JOVE
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On LEMNOS th' AEGAEAN Ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
 And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held



At PANDAEMONIUM, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
 From every and Band 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
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
 Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dewes and flowers
 Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
 The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
 New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer
 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race
 Beyond the INDIAN Mount, or Faerie Elves,

Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
 Or Fountain fume belated Peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon
 Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth
 Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance
 Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,
 Though without number still amidst the Hall
 Of that infernal Court. But far within
 And in thir own dimensions like themselves
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.



Book 2.

High on a Throne of Royal State, which far
 Outshon the wealth of ORMUS and of IND,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showrs on her Kings BARBARIC Pearl & Gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence; and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,

I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial vertues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
 Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,
 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
 Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish't in a safe unenvied Throne
 Yeilded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
 More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper then prosperity



Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

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

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
 The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
 Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
 The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
 O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms

Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
 Mixt with TARTAREAN Sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end



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

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
 BELIAL, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,
 And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
 Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
 Did not 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
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
 With Armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound
 Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould



Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook

With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
 The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
 And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
 Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
 Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
 Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
 Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice 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'ns highth
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides;



Not more Almighty to resist our might
 Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
 Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
 Chains & these Torments? better these then worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
 The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
 With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
 Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd

In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus BELIAL with words cloath'd in reasons garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
 Not peace: and after him thus MAMMON spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild
 To fickle Chance, and CHAOS judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us
 Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supream
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent
 And publish Grace to all, on promise made
 Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne



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

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

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
 Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay
 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard
 As MAMMON ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another Field



They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear
 Of Thunder and the Sword of MICHAEL
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise
 By pollicy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
 Which when BEELZEBUB perceiv'd, then whom,
 SATAN except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
 Deliberation sat and publick care;
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
 Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood
 With ATLANTEAN shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as Night
 Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n,
 Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat

Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude: For he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
 Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
 Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,



Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy seat
 Of som new Race call'd MAN, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole Creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
 May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand

Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
 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,
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
 Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view



Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

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

The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & each
 In others count'nance red his own dismay
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
 So hardie as to proffer or accept
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
 SATAN, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Emphyreal Thrones,
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr
 Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into what ever world,
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.



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

And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
 Thir rising all at once was as the sound
 Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
 Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.
 Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread
 Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element
 Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd



Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction waite.

The STYGIAN Council thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,
 Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,
 And God-like imitated State; him round
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
 By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian Games or PYTHIAN fields;
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
 Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast TYPHOEAN rage more fell
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
 As when ALCIDES from OEALIA Crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots THESSALIAN Pines,
 And LICHAS from the top of OETA threw
 Into th' EUBOIC Sea. Others more milde,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing



With notes Angelical to many a Harp
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Thir song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
 Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yeild them easier habitation, bend

Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
 Abhorred STYX the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad ACHERON of sorrow, black and deep;
 COCYTUS, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce PHLEGETON
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
 LETHE the River of Oblivion rouses
 Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that SERBONIAN Bog
 Betwixt DAMIATA and mount CASIUS old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,



From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this LETHEAN Sound
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
 MEDUSA with GORGONIAN terror guards
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of TANTALUS. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
 A Universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,

Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 GORGONS and HYDRA'S, and CHIMERA'S dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
 SATAN with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; som times
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
 Up to the fiery concave touring high.
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by AEQUINOCTIAL Winds
 Close sailing from BENGALA, or the Iles
 Of TERNATE and TIDORE, whence Merchants bring
 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood
 Through the wide ETHIOPIAN to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
 Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
 Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,



But ended foul in many a scaly fould
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide CERBEREAN mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these
 Vex'd SCYLLA bathing in the Sea that parts
 CALABRIA from the hoarce TRINACRIAN shore:
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With LAPLAND Witches, while the labouring Moon
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
 SATAN was now at hand, and from his seat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast,
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.

Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
 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 wrauth reply'd,
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
 Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,



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

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
 Incenc't with indignation SATAN stood
 Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of OPHIUCUS huge
 In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
 Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
 With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the CASPIAN, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
 To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
 So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,

Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

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

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her SATAN return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem



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

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



My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim DEATH my Son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his Parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
 When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the suttle Fiend his lore
 Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.
 Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
 And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
 I come no enemie, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host

Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
 To search with wandring quest a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the Purlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
 A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
 Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
 Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
 He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.



The key of this infernal Pit by due,
 And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.
 But what ow I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of TARTARUS profound,
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass't round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,

Which but her self not all the STYGIAN powers
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
 Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie
 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
 Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of EREBUS. She op'nd, but to shut
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
 That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And CHAOS, Ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal ANARCHIE, amidst the noise
 Of endless warrs and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag



Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
 Of BARCA or CYRENE'S torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 Hee rules a moment; CHAOS Umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
 CHANCE governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) then when BELLONA storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to rase
 Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In mutinie had from her Axle torn

The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuitie: all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggie SYRTIS, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
 Pursues the ARIMASPIAN, who by stelh
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
 Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
 At length a universal hubbub wilde
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd



Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lyes
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
 Of CHAOS, and his dark Pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
 Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his Reign; and by them stood
 ORCUS and ADES, and the dreaded name
 Of DEMOGORGON; Rumor next and Chance,
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom SATAN turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
 CHAOS and ANCIENT NIGHT, I come no Spie,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place

From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course;
 Directed, no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the Standerd there of ANCIENT NIGHT;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus SATAN; and him thus the Anarch old
 With faulting speech and visage incompos'd
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrow'n.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
 Weakening the Scepter of old Night: first Hell



Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
 So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and SATAN staid not to reply,
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more endanger'd, then when ARGO pass'd
 Through BOSPORUS betwixt the justling Rocks:
 Or when ULYSSES on the Larbord shunn'd
 CHARYBDIS, and by th' other whirlpool steard.
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf

Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her fardest verge, and CHAOS to retire
 As from her outmost works a brok'n foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,
 That SATAN with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
 Farr off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd
 Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat;
 And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
 This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.



Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

Book 3.

Hail holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
 Escap't the STYGIAN Pool, though long detain'd



In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne
 With other notes then to th' ORPHEAN Lyre
 I sung of CHAOS and ETERNAL NIGHT,
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee SION and the flowrie Brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind THAMYRIS and blind MAEONIDES,
 And TIRESIAS and PHINEUS Prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year

Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledg fair
 Presented with a Universal blanc
 Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou Celestial light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure Emphyrean where he sits
 High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view:
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
 Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,
 His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two



Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and SATAN there
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
 On desperat revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay

If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
 Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
 And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
 Made passive both, had servd necessitie,
 Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed



Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,
 Or aught by me immutable foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I formd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
 Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.
 The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd, and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appeard,

Love without end, and without measure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.



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

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



He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf
 Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
 Happie for man, so coming; he her aide
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
 Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
 I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
 Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;

Under his gloomie power I shall not long
 Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
 My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeemed
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
 And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect



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

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
 Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;
 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: Be thou in ADAMS room
 The Head of all mankind, though ADAMS Son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee
 As from a second root shall be restor'd,
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce

Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransomd with his own dear life.
 So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoyeing
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
 Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King; all Power



I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
 Thrones, Princesdoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
 Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
 Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
 To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
 And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
 And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn
 Rowls o're ELISIAN Flours her Amber stream;
 With these that never fade the Spirits Elect
 Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
 Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
 Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
 Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like Quivers hung, and with Praeamble sweet
 Of charming symphonie they introduce



Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
 Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,

Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
 Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die
 For mans offence. O unexempl'd love,
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe



Of this round World, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
 From CHAOS and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 SATAN alighted walks: a Globe farr off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
 Of CHAOS blustering round, inclement skie;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant farr som small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a Vultur on IMAUS bred,
 Whose snowie ridge the roving TARTAR bounds,
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
 Of GANGES or HYDASPES, INDIAN streams;
 But in his way lights on the barren plaines
 Of SERICANA, where CHINESES drive
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other Creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth

Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
 Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
 With vanity had filld the works of men:
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life;
 All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
 Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
 First from the ancient World those Giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
 The builders next of BABEL on the Plain
 Of SENNAAR, and still with vain designe
 New BABELS, had they wherewithall, would build:
 Others came single; hee who to be deemd
 A God, leap'd fondly into AETNA flames,



EMPEDOCLES, and hee who to enjoy
 PLATO'S ELYSIUM, leap'd into the Sea,
 CLEOMBROTUS, and many more too long,
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek
 In GOLGOTHA him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
 And they who to be sure of Paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of DOMINIC,
 Or in FRANCISCAN think to pass disguis'd;
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;
 And now Saint PETER at Heav'ns Wicket seems
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
 A violent cross wind from either Coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see
 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost
 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
 Into a LIMBO large and broad, since calld
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee describes
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
 The Stairs were such as whereon JACOB saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of Guardians bright, when he from ESAU fled
 To PADAN-ARAM in the field of LUZ,
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
 And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.



The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.
 Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
 Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by farr then that of after-times
 Over Mount SION, and, though that were large,
 Over the PROMIS'D LAND to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From PANEAS the fount of JORDANS flood
 To BEERSABA, where the HOLY LAND
 Borders on AEGYPT and the ARABIAN shoare;
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
 SATAN from hence now on the lower stair
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
 Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some forein land

First-seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopie
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
 Of LIBRA to the fleecie Starr that bears
 ANDROMEDA farr off ATLANTICK Seas
 Beyond th' HORIZON; then from Pole to Pole
 He views in bredth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
 Like those HESPERIAN Gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
 He stayd not to enquire: above them all
 The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe



By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move
 Thir Sarry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering Lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The Univers, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw.
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
 If mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
 In AARONS Brest-plate, and a stone besides
 Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that which here below

Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
 Volatil HERMES, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old PROTEUS from the Sea,
 Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth ELIXIR pure, and Rivers run
 Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th' AEQUATOR, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom JOHN saw also in the Sun:
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind



Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd
 Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
 His journies end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay:
 And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
 Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire
 In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
 Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel URIEL, one of the seav'n
 Who in Gods presence, nearest to his Throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,

O're Sea and Land: him SATAN thus accostes;

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



To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
 Created this new happie Race of Men
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.

So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
 URIEL, though Regent of the Sun, and held
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
 Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
 In his uprightness answer thus returnd.
 Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorifie
 The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
 Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,

Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.
 I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
 This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
 Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,
 The rest in circuit walles this Universe.
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round



Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;
 With borrowd light her countenance triform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is PARADISE,
 ADAMS abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turnd, and SATAN bowing low,
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
 Throws his steep flight with many an Aerie wheele,
 Nor staid, till on NIPHATES top he lights.

Book 4.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw
 Th' APOCALYPS, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
 WO TO THE INHABITANTS ON EARTH! that now,
 While time was, our first Parents had bin warn'd
 The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
 SATAN, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
 The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
 Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,



Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
 Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
 And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
 His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
 The Hell within him, for within him Hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more then from himself can fly
 By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
 That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes towards EDEN which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
 Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
 Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
 Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
 Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;

Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
 Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less then to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
 Forgetful what from him I still receivd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and dischargd; what burden then?
 O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
 Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
 Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.



Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie
 Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
 Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 DISDAIN forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
 Under what torments inwardly I groane;
 While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd
 The lower still I fall, onely Supream

In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.
 But say I could repent and could obtaine
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilement grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
 From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this World.
 So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
 Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least
 Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
 By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
 As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd



Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
 Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 URIEL once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down
 The way he went, and on th' ASSYRIAN mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
 Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
 He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of EDEN, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
 With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
 Access deni'd; and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
 And higher then that Wall a circling row
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile
 Beyond the CAPE OF HOPE, and now are past
 MOZAMBIC, off at Sea North-East windes blow
 SABEAN Odours from the spicie shoare
 Of ARABIE the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League
 Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Then ASMODEUS with the fishie fume,



That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse
 Of TOBITS Son, and with a vengeance sent
 From MEDIA post to AEGYPT, there fast bound.

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

Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,
 Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
 Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death
 To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
 Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
 Of immortalitie. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
 Of EDEN planted; EDEN stretchd her Line
 From AURAN Eastward to the Royal Towrs
 Of great SELEUCIA, built by GRECIAN Kings,
 Or where the Sons of EDEN long before
 Dwelt in TELASSAR: in this pleasant soile
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;
 Out of the 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
 Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through EDEN went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
 Which from his darksom passage now appeers,
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
 And Country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
 With mazie error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade

Imbround the noontide Bows: Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
 Hung amiable, HESPERIAN Fables true,
 If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
 Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
 Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
 Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
 Of coole recess, o're which the mantling Vine
 Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
 Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while Universal PAN
 Knit with the GRACES and the HOURS in dance
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
 Of ENNA, where PROSERPIN gathring flours
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie DIS
 Was gatherd, which cost CERES all that pain



To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
 Of DAPHNE by ORONTES, and th' inspir'd
 CASTALIAN Spring might with this Paradise
 Of EDEN strive; nor that NYSEIAN Ile
 Girt with the River TRITON, where old CHAM,
 Whom Gentiles AMMON call and LIBYAN JOVE,
 Hid AMALTHEA and her Florid Son
 Young BACCHUS from his Stepdame RHEA'S eye;
 Nor where ABASSIN Kings thir issue Guard,
 Mount AMARA, though this by som suppos'd
 True Paradise under the ETHIOP Line
 By NILUS head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
 A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
 From this ASSYRIAN Garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,

For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,
 Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
 Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
 Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
 So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
 That ever since in loves imbraces met,
 ADAM the goodliest man of men since borne



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

Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
 Coucht, and now filld with pasture gazing sat,
 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone carrear
 To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
 Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
 When SATAN still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.

O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd.
 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne



Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
 And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,
 To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
 And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
 By conquering this new World, compels me now
 To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
 The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
 Down he alights among the sportful Herd
 Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
 Now other, as thir shape servd best his end
 Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd

To mark what of thir state he more might learn
 By word or action markt: about them round
 A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
 Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
 Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
 Grip't in each paw: when ADAM first of men
 To first of women EVE thus moving speech,
 Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
 Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample World
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite,
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can performe
 Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
 From us no other service then to keep
 This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
 In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that onely Tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,



So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
 Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst
 God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signes of power and rule
 Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
 Over all other Creatures that possesse
 Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His bountie, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,
 Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
 Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep

I first awak't, and found my self repos'd
 Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer
 Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
 Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
 Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy
 Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,



But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
 Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,
 Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair EVE,
 Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excelld by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,
 And meek surrender, half imbracing leand
 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
 Smil'd with superior Love, as JUPITER
 On JUNO smiles, when he impregns the Clouds

That shed MAY Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

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



Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began
 Through wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his roam.
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
 Leveld his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
 Of Alablaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars GABRIEL sat
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;

About him exercis'd Heroic Games

Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
 Thither came URIEL, gliding through the Eeven
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
 In AUTUMN thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
 Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
 From what point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

GABRIEL, to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n
 Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
 No evil thing approach or enter in;
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
 Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
 But in the Mount that lies from EDEN North,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.



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

So promis'd hee, and URIEL to his charge
 Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
 Beneath th' AZORES; whither the prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
 The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
 Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;

Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphirs: HESPERUS that led
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
 Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
 And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When ADAM thus to EVE: Fair Consort, th' hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
 Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;
 While other Animals unactive range,
 And of thir doings God takes no account.
 Tomorrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,



And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
 Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,
 That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus EVE with perfet beauty adorn'd.
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and thir change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:

But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplit EVE,
 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
 By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Least total darkness should by Night regaine
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
 Of various influence foment and warme,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,



Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note
 Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place
 Chos'n by the sovrان Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to mans delightful use; the roofe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 ACANTHUS, and each odorous bushie shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
 IRIS all hues, Roses, and Gessamin
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought

Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
 PAN or SILVANUS never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor FAUNUS haunted. Here in close recess
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
 Espoused EVE deckt first her Nuptial Bed,
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenaeon sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely then PANDORA, whom the Gods
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son
 Of JAPHET brought by HERMES, she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole JOVES authentic fire.

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
 The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
 Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
 And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,



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

This said unanimous, and other Rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
 These troublesom disguises which wee wear,
 Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
 ADAM from his fair Spouse, nor EVE the Rites
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
 Whatever Hypocrites austere talk
 Of puritie and place and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?

Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole proprietie,
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.



Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
 When GABRIEL to his next in power thus spake.

UZZIEL, half these draw off, and coast the South
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
 From these, two strong and suttle Spirits he calld
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

ITHURIEL and ZEPHON, with wingd speed
 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,

Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of EVE;
 Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
 Him thus intent ITHURIEL with his Spear
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King;
 Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.



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

Know ye not then said SATAN, filld with scorn,
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?
 To whom thus ZEPHON, answering scorn with scorn.
 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
 Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
 As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;
 That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.
 But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
 Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
 Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
 His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
 Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said ZEPHON bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can doe
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
 But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
 He held it vain; awe from above had quelld
 His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joint
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
 GABRIEL from the Front thus calld aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way, and now by glimps discerne
 ITHURIEL and ZEPHON through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of Regal port,
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate



And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
 Not likely to part hence without contest;
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
 And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
 How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus GABRIEL spake.
 Why hast thou, SATAN, broke the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus SATAN with contemptuous brow.
 GABRIEL, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee; but this question askt
 Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
 Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
 Torment with ease, & soonest recompence

Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
 To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
 But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer barr
 His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
 The rest is true, they found me where they say;
 But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
 Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since SATAN fell, whom follie overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain
 However, and to scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provok't.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them



Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
 The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
 The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before,
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves
 From hard assaies and ill successes past
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
 Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.
 I therefore, I alone first undertook
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie
 This new created World, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord

High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
SATAN, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?
But mark what I arreedee thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre
Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.



So threatn'd hee, but SATAN to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

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

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of CERES ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side SATAN allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like TENERIFF or ATLAS unremov'd:
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise

In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
 Betwixt ASTREA and the SCORPION signe,
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
 Which GABRIEL spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

SATAN, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
 Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
 To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
 Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
 And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
 Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how weak,
 If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.



Book 5.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime
 Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
 When ADAM wak't, so customd, for his sleep
 Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, AURORA's fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwak'nd EVE
 With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,

Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
 Milde, as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd 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
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
 What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On ADAM, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksom night; methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
 Why sleepest thou EVE? now is the pleasant time,



The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
 Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
 One shap'd & wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?
 Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?
 This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme

He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
 But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant growes,
 The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?
 Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic EVE,
 Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
 But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wondring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly



My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus EVE her Night
 Related, and thus ADAM answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve
 Reason as chief; among these Fansie next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Som such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,

But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more chearful and serene
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
 Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feard to have offended.

So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
 But first from under shadie arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen



With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
 Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
 Of Paradise and EDENS happie Plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,
 More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
 Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,
 Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,
 On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Cirlet, praise him in thy Spheare
 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st
 With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
 And yee five other wandring Fires that move
 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
 His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
 In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncoloured skie,
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,



Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
 Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us onely good; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
 On to thir mornings rural work they haste
 Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
 Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
 Thir pampred boughes, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine

To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her down th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus implor'd beheld
 With pitee Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd
 RAPHAEL, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with TOBIAS, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

RAPHAEL, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
 SATAN from Hell scap't through the darksome Gulf
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with ADAM, in what Bowre or shade
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy
 Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now



The fall of others from like state of bliss;
 By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

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 Celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Vail'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
 Of GALILEO, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:
 Or Pilot from amidst the CYCLADES
 DELOS or SAMOS first appearing kenns

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



Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
 A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
 ADAM discern'd, as in the dore he sat
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then ADAM need;
 And EVE within, due at her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,
 Berrie or Grape: to whom thus ADAM call'd.

Haste hither EVE, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn
 Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
 This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford

Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus EVE. ADAM, earths hallowd mould,
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
 But I will haste and from each bough and break,
 Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice
 To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
 Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds
 In INDIA East or West, or middle shoare
 In PONTUS or the PUNIC Coast, or where



ALCINOUS reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
 She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes
 From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.
 Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
 His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompani'd then with his own compleat
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,
 More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
 Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
 Neerer his presence ADAM though not awd,
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior Nature, bowing low,

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
 None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,
 Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us

Two only, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shade Bowre
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.
 ADAM, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
 To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
 Or shades; for these mid-hours, till Evening rise
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
 They came, that like POMONA'S Arbour smil'd
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but EVE
 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair
 Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three that in Mount IDA naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel HAILE
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest MARIE, second EVE.

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



Then with these various fruits the Trees of God
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
 And on her ample Square from side to side
 All AUTUMN pil'd, though SPRING and AUTUMN here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
 The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require
 As doth your Rational; and both contain
 Within them every lower facultie
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs

To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
 Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
 The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompence
 In humid exhalations, and at Even
 Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
 Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist



Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table EVE
 Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
 In ADAM, not to let th' occasion pass
 Given him by this great Conference to know
 Of things above his World, and of thir being
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech
 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,

Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?

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



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

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 From center to circumference, whereon
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution joind, IF YE BE FOUND
 OBEDIENT? can wee want obedience then

To him, or possibly his love desert
 Who 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 happie, owe to God;
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;
 Our voluntarie service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By Destinie, and can no other choose?
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none; freely we serve.
 Because wee freely love, as in our will



To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
 And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted eare
 Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
 Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our maker, and obey him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
 Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus ADAM made request, and RAPHAEL
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
 This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best, though what if Earth
 Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
 Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and CHAOS wilde
 Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth now rests
 Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future) on such day
 As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreall Host
 Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
 Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright



Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
 Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
 Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whoseop
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
 United as one individual Soule
 For ever happie: him who disobeyes
 Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day

Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
 Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solem dayes, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
 Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare
 Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem:
 And in thir motions harmonie Divine
 So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
 Listens delighted. Eevning approachd
 (For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
 In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
 They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
 Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd



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

Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou Companion dear, what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
 Of Heav'ns Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;
 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
 Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
 And all who under me thir Banners wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we possess
 The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great MESSIAH, and his new commands,



Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
 Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
 Of his Associate; hee together calls,
 Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
 Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
 That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
 Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,
 The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
 His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
 The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:
 Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
 And from within the golden Lamps that burne
 Nightly before him, saw without thir light
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spred
 Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes

Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

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

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event



Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son, but SATAN with his Powers
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
All thy Dominion, ADAM, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and SATAN to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great LUCIFER, (so call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, hee
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
MESSIAH was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,

The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
 For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
 Pretending so commanded to consult
 About the great reception of thir King,
 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
 Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,
 If these magnific Titles yet remain
 Not meerly titular, since by Decree
 Another now hath to himself ingross't
 All Power, and us ecliptst under the name
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
 This onely to consult how we may best
 With what may be devis'd of honours new
 Receive him coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
 Natives and Sons of Heav'n possest before



By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchie over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,
 In freedome equal? or can introduce
 Law and Edict on us, who without law
 Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration to th' abuse
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

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

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
 In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne
 The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,

That to his only Son by right endu'd
 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let Reigne,
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of libertie, who made
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignitie
 How provident he is, how farr from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happie state under one Head more neer
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
 By him created in thir bright degrees,
 Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers



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

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
 Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
 That we were formd then saist thou? & the work
 Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
 Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
 When this creation was? rememberst thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
 Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try

Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

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

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
 Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
 Of Gods MESSIAH; those indulgent Laws
 Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees
 Against thee are gon forth without recall;
 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly



These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
 Then who created thee lamenting learne,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph ABDIEL faithful found,
 Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshak'n, uneduc'd, unterrifi'd
 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
 On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

Book 6.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
 Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
 Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
 Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n
 Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
 Light issues forth, and at the other dore
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
 To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
 Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in Gold
 Empyrean, from before her vanisht Night,



Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
 Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
 Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported: gladly then he mixt
 Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one
 That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
 Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
 From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintaind
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause
 Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
 And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
 Universal reproach, far worse to beare
 Then violence: for this was all thy care
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return

Then scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
 MESSIAH, who by right of merit Reigns.
 Goe MICHAEL of Celestial Armies Prince,
 And thou in Military prowess next
 GABRIEL, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
 Equal in number to that Godless crew
 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
 Of TARTARUS, which ready opens wide
 His fiery CHAOS to receive thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
 To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
 Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
 At which command the Powers Militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joy'n'd
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound



Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
 Of God and his MESSIAH. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
 Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summon'd over EDEN to receive
 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
 The banded Powers of SATAN hasting on
 With furious expedition; for they weend
 That self same day by fight, or by surprize
 To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
 To set the envier of his State, the proud
 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain

In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in Festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate
 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd
 With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
 'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
 On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
 SATAN with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,
 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;
 ABDIEL that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie



Remain not; wherfore should not strength & might
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,
 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
 Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitarie hand

Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
 All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
 Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 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 wisht houre
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
 Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
 From me som Plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswer'd least thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n



To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring Spirits, trair'd up in Feast and Song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,
 Servilitie with freedom to contend,
 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus ABDIEL stern repli'd.
 Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of SERVITUDE to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve
 In Heav'n God ever blessed, and his Divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
 From mee 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
 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 recoild; the tenth on bended knee
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seisd
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,
 Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
 Of Battel: whereat MICHAEL bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
 HOSANNA to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
 The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles
 Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
 And flying vaulted either Host with fire.



Souder fierie Cope together rush'd
 Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
 Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
 Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could weild
 These Elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
 Armie against Armie numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
 Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
 And limited thir might; though numberd such
 As each divided Legion might have seemd
 A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
 A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,
 As onely in his arm the moment lay
 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame

Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread
 That Warr and various; sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then
 Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale
 The Battel hung; till SATAN, who that day
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the Sword of MICHAEL smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
 A vast circumference: At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self



And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
 The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
 Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,

Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd ALMIGHTIE to thy aid,
 I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
 Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth
 Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
 Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
 Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.



Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeate,
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword
 Of MICHAEL from the Armorie of God
 Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of SATAN with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right side; then SATAN first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
 And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of warr; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride

Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd
 Memorial, where the might of GABRIEL fought,
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
 Of MOLOC furious King, who him defi'd,
 And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
 URIEL and RAPHAEL his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
 Vanquish'd ADRAMELEC, and ASMADAI,
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods



Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
 Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile.
 Nor stood unmindful ABDIEL to annoy
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow
 ARIEL and ARIOC, and the violence
 Of RAMIEL scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and thir names
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
 Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
 Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir mightiest quelld, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap
 Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd
 And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld

Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
 Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
 Such high advantages thir innocence
 Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
 Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
 Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field
 MICHAEL and his Angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
 SATAN with his rebellious disappeerd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
 His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;



And in the midst thus undismai'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
 Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
 Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
 Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
 (And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
 What Heavens Lord had powerfulest to send
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
 Since now we find this our Empyreal forme
 Incapable of mortal injurie
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small as easie think
 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
 Or equal what between us made the odds,

In Nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 NISROC, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelld with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfet miserie, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturnes
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme



Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves
 No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd SATAN repli'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright
 Belevst so main to our success, I bring;
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
 Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
 With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
 Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hallow Engins long and round
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaird.
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
 Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
 To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with suttel Art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,



Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
 So all ere day spring, under conscious Night
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.
 Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,
 Each quarter, to descric the distant foe,
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in alt: him soon they met
 Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
 But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
 ZEPHIEL, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.

Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day, fear not his flight; so thicke a Cloud
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each

Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,
 Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,
 But ratling storm of Arrows barb'd with fire.
 So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
 And onward move Embattel'd; when behold
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
 Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
 On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
 SATAN: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open brest
 Stand readie to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
 But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part: yee who appointed stand
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.



So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.
 Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,
 A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
 Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
 With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
 Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce; at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
 Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
 From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar
 Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
 Thir devillish glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host
 Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
 That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,

Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.
 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode thir second tire
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. SATAN beheld thir plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
 To entertain them fair with open Front
 And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
 Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
 For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose



If our proposals once again were heard
 We should compel them to a quick result.

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

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
 Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
 To match with thir inventions they presum'd
 So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
 And all his Host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
 Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
 Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)

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



To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
 To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
 Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son below'd,
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
 And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
 Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
 Since MICHAEL and his Powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;

Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found:
 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
 Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr
 Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
 Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
 Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
 And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
 By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles
 That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
 From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God and MESSIAH his anointed King.



He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seekst
 To glorifie thy Son, I always thee,
 As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
 For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
 Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
 To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
 To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure

Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
 Unfained HALLELUIAHS to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
 So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
 From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
 And the third sacred Morn began to shine
 Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie,
 Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
 Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
 Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
 Of radiant URIM, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,



And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of MESSIAH blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
 Under whose Conduct MICHAEL soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
 They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
 Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
 Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
 Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud

Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
 Against God and MESSIAH, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final Battel drew, disdainig flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

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



Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
 At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
 Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles
 The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
 All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;
 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell

His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
 Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
 Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselvs they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

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



Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine dayes they fell; confounded CHAOS roard,
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
 Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
 Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes
 MESSIAH his triumphal Chariot turnd:
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
 With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
 Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
 On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
 At thy request, and that thou maist beware

By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human Race bin hid;
 The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld
 With SATAN, hee who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
 His punishment, Eternal miserie;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite don against the most High,
 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
 By terrible Example the reward
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.



Book 7.

Descend from Heav'n URANIA, by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
 Following, above th' OLYMPIAN Hill I soare,
 Above the flight of PEGASEAN wing.
 The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
 Of old OLYMPUS dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
 Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
 Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,

Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
 Return me to my Native Element:
 Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
 BELLEROPHON, though from a lower Clime)
 Dismounted, on th' ALEIAN Field I fall
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compast rouud,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,
 URANIA, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
 Of BACCHUS and his Revellers, the Race
 Of that wilde Rout that tore the THRACIAN Bard
 In RHODOPE, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.



Say Goddess, what ensu'd when RAPHAEL,
 The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
 ADAM by dire example to beware
 Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
 To those Apostates, least the like befall
 In Paradise to ADAM or his Race,
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obeyd amid the choice
 Of all tast else to please thir appetite,
 Though wandring. He with his consorted EVE
 The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
 Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
 With such confusion: but the evil soon
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With Blessedness. Whence ADAM soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What neerer might concern him, how this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within EDEN or without was done

Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
 Divine Interpreter, by favour sent
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemne purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avails us known,
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause



Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternitie so late to build
 In CHAOS, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
 To magnifie his works, the more we know.
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.

Thus ADAM his illustrious Guest besought:

And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.
 This also thy request with caution askt
 Obtaine: though to recount Almighty works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?

Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
 Onely Omniscient, hath suppress in Night,
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
 Enough is left besides to search and know.
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain,
 Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.

Know then, that after LUCIFER from Heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
 Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
 Into his place, and the great Son returnd
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
 Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.



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

My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
 Then time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
 Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
 And th' habitations of the just; to him
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, in stead
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring



Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
 On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
 Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
 Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
 And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
 Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into CHAOS, and the World unborn;
For CHAOS heard his voice: him all his Train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd



Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made

The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of CHAOS farr remov'd, least fierce extremes
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
 And Morning CHORUS sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
 Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Satiated with genial moisture, when God said
 Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
 Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low



Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floads: as Armies at the call
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
 Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding Seed,
 And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,

Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
 Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
 Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred
 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd
 Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crownd,
 With tufts the vallies & each fountain side,
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
 Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
 Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights



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

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

And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
 Display'd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.



And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by thir kindes,
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
 Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
 Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
 Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledg
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
 Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods, and spread thir painted wings
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground



Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
 Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up-rose
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung:
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appear'd
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale

Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
 BEHEMOTH biggest born of Earth upheav'd
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
 These as a line thir long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appear'd
 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,



Needlest to thee repeaed; nor unknown
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
 First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
 Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end
 Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
 And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
 With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in Devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee
 Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he formd thee, ADAM, thee O Man
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
 Created thee, in the Image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
 Varietie without end; but of the Tree
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
 Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;



Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, least sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
 Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day:
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Followd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
 The great Creator from his work returnd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men

Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged Messengers
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appear,
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest
 Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh
 Eev'ning arose in EDEN, for the Sun
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne
 Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down
 With his great Father (for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,



All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
 Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
 Great are thy works, JEHOVAH, infinite
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
 Is greater then created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
 On the cleer HYALINE, the Glassie Sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
 Of destind habitation; but thou know'st

Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
 Created in his Image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

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

To whom thus ADAM gratefully repli'd.
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine
 Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't
 This friendly condescention to relate



Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
 VVith wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glorie attributed to the high
 Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,
 VVhich onely thy solution can resolve.
 VVhen I behold this goodly Frame, this VVorld
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
 Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
 And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such
 Thir distance argues and thir swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all thir vast survey
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler Bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,
 For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
 That better might with farr less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
 Her end without least motion, and receives,

As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which EVE
 Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her eare
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
 ADAM relating, she sole Auditress;
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; hee, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen



A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
 And from about her shot Darts of desire
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.
 And RAPHAEL now to ADAM's doubt propos'd
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
 His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares:
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire; or if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
 Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,

Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
 That Bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit: consider first, that Great
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistening, may of solid good containe
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigor find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak
 The Makers high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftnes of those Circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could adde
 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,
 Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n



Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
 In EDEN, distance inexpressible
 By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
 God to remove his wayes from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might erre in things too high,
 And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
 Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
 By his attractive vertue and thir own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different Motions move?
 Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleeve,
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day

Travelling East, and with her part averse
 From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
 Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
 This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
 Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
 Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie
 Communicating Male and Femal Light,
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in Nature unpossesst
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance



With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy faire EVE; Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,
 Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus ADAM cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we our selves
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vaine.
 But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave

Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and suttle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concerne
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
 Thee I have heard relating what was don
 Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
 My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
 And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
 How suttly to detaine thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
 Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,



Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine
 Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus RAPHAEL answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,
 Inward and outward both, his image faire:
 Speaking or mute all comliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.
 Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
 Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
 On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;
 For I that Day was absent, as befell,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
 Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
 Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
 Or enemie, while God was in his work,
 Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,
 Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 For state, as Sovran King, and to enure

Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
 The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
 But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
 Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
 Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.
 But thy relation now; for I attend,
 Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
 For Man to tell how human Life began
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
 In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
 Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
 And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,
 Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,



Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
 My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
 What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
 And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power praecminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier then I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
 This happie Light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
 Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
 My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state

Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, ADAM, rise,
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
 To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
 A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees
 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree
 Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
 Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
 Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submit: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,



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

After thir kindes; I bring them to receive
 From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
 With low subjection; understand the same
 Of Fish within thir watry residence,
 Not hither summond, since they cannot change
 Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
 As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still;
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
 Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
 And all this good to man, for whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,



As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
 With various living creatures, and the Aire
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
 Among unequals what societie
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
 Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and suttle happiness I see
 Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice
 Of thy Associates, ADAM, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
 What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possesst
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone
 From all Eternitie, for none I know
 Second to mee or like, equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferiour, infinite descents
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine
 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
 All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
 Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee



Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagat, already infinite;
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
 In unitie defective, which requires
 Collateral love, and deerest amitie.
 Thou in thy secresie although alone,
 Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
 Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, ADAM, I was pleas'd,
 And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,

My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
 And no such companie as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
 Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
 In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Daz'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
 Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
 Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took



From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,
 That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformd
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
 In every gesture dignitie and love.
 I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
 Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
 Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all,
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
 And with obsequious Majestie approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
 And happie Constellations on that houre
 Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires



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

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

Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.



For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;
 Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
 Then self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
 And to realities yeild all her shows;
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou maist love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't
 To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
 To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
 What higher in her societie thou findst
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,

Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

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



To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:
Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
HESPEREAN sets, my Signal to depart.
Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed least Passion sway
Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;

And all temptation to transgress repel.

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

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



Book 8.

No more of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth

Of stern ACHILLES on his Foe pursu'd
 Thrice Fugitive about TROY Wall; or rage
 Of TURNUS for LAVINIA disespous'd,
 Or NEPTUN'S ire or JUNO'S, that so long
 Perplex'd the GREEK and CYTHEREA'S Son;
 If answerable style I can obtaine
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
 Since first this subject for Heroic Song
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite
 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name



To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
 Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument
 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
 Of HESPERUS, whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
 Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
 Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
 When SATAN who late fled before the threats
 Of GABRIEL out of EDEN, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
 By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
 From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
 Since URIEL Regent of the Sun descri'd
 His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
 That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night

From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
 On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,
 Where TIGRIS at the foot of Paradise
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought
 Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
 From EDEN over PONTUS, and the Poole
 MAEOTIS, up beyond the River OB;
 Downward as farr Antarctic; and in length
 West from ORANTES to the Ocean barr'd
 At DARIEN, thence to the Land where flowes
 GANGES and INDUS: thus the Orb he roam'd
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
 The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field.
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,



Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native sottletie
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'n's
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentrating all thir precious beams
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walkt thee round
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,

Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crown'd,
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream;
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I though thereby worse to me redound:
 For onely in destroying I finde ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he ALMIGHTIE styl'd, six Nights and Days
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng



Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
 More Angels to Create, if they at least
 Are his Created or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Thir earthlie Charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge

Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd,
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttle wiles:
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential; but his sleep
 Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.
 Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
 In EDEN on the humid Flours, that breathd



Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
 With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
 And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
 And EVE first to her Husband thus began.

ADAM, well may we labour still to dress
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.
 Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt

With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if no near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer ADAM thus return'd.
 Sole EVE, Associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures deare,
 Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd
 How we might best fulfill the work which here
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, then to studie household good,
 And good workes in her Husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
 To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,
 Love not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksom toile, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to Reason joynd.



These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt
 Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.
 For solitude somtimes is best societie,
 And short retirement urges sweet returne.
 But other doubt possesses me, least harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst
 What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
 To other speedie aide might lend at need;
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of EVE,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel overheard
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then returned at shut of Evening Flours.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fearest not, being such,
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy Breast,
ADAM, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words ADAM reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, immortal EVE,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:



Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach
Would utmost vigor raise, and raised unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tried.

So spake domestick ADAM in his care
 And Matrimonial Love, but EVE, who thought
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
 Single with like defence, wherever met,
 How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns
 Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard
 By us? who rather double honour gaine
 From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?
 Let us not then suspect our happie State
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd.
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,
 And EDEN were no EDEN thus expos'd.



To whom thus ADAM fervently repli'd.
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordaind them, his creating hand
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,
 Or ought that might his happie State secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
 Against his will he can receive no harme.
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will
 To do what God expresly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
 Were better, and most likelie if from mee
 Thou sever not; Trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve

First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
 Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, relie
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but EVE
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
 The willinger I goe, nor much expect
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
 Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
 OREAD or DRYAD, or of DELIA's Traine,
 Betook her to the Groves, but DELIA's self
 In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,
 But with such Gardning Tools as Are yet rude,



Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought,
 To PALES, or POMONA, thus adorn'd,
 Likest she seemd, POMONA when she fled
 VERTUMNUS, or to CERES in her Prime,
 Yet Virgin of PROSERPINA from JOVE.
 Her long with ardent look his EYE pursu'd
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne,
 Repeated, shée to him as oft engag'd
 To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
 O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless EVE,
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that houre in Paradise
 Foundst either sweet repast, or found repose;
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft

Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
 EVE separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, EVE separate he spies,
 Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support
 Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,
 Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies
 Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
 From her best prop so farr, and storn so nigh.
 Neererhe drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
 Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of EVE:
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd ADONIS, or renownd
 ALCINOUS, host of old LAERTES Son,
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
 Held dalliance with his faire EGYPTIAN Spouse.



Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
 As one who long in populous City pent,
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of EVE
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
 Of gesture or lest action overawd
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remaind
 Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
 But the hot Hell that always in him burnes,
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees

Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have he led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeeb'l'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.



So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward EVE
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in ILLYRIA chang'd
HERMIONE and CADMUS, or the God
In EPIDAUROS; nor to which transformd
AMMONIAN JOVE, or CAPITOLINE was seen,
Hee with OLYMPIAS, this with her who bore
SCIPIO the highth of ROME. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feard
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Train
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of EVE,
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd

To such disport before her through the Field,
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
 Then at CIRCEAN call the Herd disguis'd.
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bow'd
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turnd at length
 The Eye of EVE to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single; nor have feard
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
 Thee all living things gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern



Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
 Into the Heart of EVE his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marveling; at length
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
 The first at lest of these I thought deni'd
 To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day
 Created mute to all articulat sound;
 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appears.
 Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
 Empress of this fair World, resplendent EVE,

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



Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
 I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd
 Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and EVE
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
 For many are the Trees of God that grow

In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said EVE. Hee leading swiftly rowld
 In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
 Kind'l'd through agitation to a Flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
 To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.



So glister'd the dire Snake and into fraud
 Led EVE our credulous Mother, to the Tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
 God so commanded, and left that Command
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

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

To whom thus EVE yet sinless. Of the Fruit
 Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
 But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
 The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold

The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
 Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act
 Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.
 As when of old som Orator renound
 In ATHENS or free ROME, where Eloquence
 Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addressd,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
 The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
 Within me cleere, not onely to discern
 Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
 Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
 Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
 Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
 How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
 To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
 Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfet have attaind then Fate



Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a pretty Trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
 Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
 Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
 To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
 Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:
 Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers; he knows that in the day
 Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then
 Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
 I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
 So ye shalt die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring

And what are Gods that Man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds,
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
 Impart against his will if all be his?
 Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
 In heav'nly brests? these, these and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd
 With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;
 Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell



So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
 Inclivable now grown to touch or taste,
 Sollicited her longing eye; yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

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

Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us deni'd
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
 The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then, rather what know to feare
 Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
 The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for EVE
 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
 In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fansied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.



Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
 And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,
 And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
 Though others envie what they cannot give;
 For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
 High and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies

About him. But to ADAM in what sort
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants
 In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps
 A thing not undesireable, sometime
 Superior; for inferior who is free?
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,
 And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And ADAM wedded to another EVE,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
 ADAM shall share with me in bliss or woe:
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure; without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. ADAM the while
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne



Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown
 As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address.

Hast thou not wonderd, ADAM, at my stay?
 Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence, agonie of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
 Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,
 The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:
 This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect

To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath bin tasted such; the Serpent wise,
 Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,
 Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
 Least thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus EVE with Countenance blithe her storie told;
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
 On th' other side, ADAM, soon as he heard
 The fatal Trespass don by EVE, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill



Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for EVE
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

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

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

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

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous EVE,
And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
But past who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God omnipotent, for Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallowd: ere one tastes;
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attaine
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy



Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us must faile,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to abolish, least the Adversary
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So ADAM, and thus EVE to him repli'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Ingaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,

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



So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
 In recompence (for such compliance bad
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
 With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat
 Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
 But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
 Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
 Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
 Original; while ADAM took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor EVE to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her lov'd societie, that now
 As with new Wine intoxicated both
 They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
 Divinitie within them breeding wings
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
 Farr other operation first displaid,
 Carnal desire enflaming, hee on EVE
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:



Till ADAM thus 'gan EVE to dalliance move.

EVE, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And Palate call judicious; I the praise
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beautie since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of EVE, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,

Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the DANITE strong
HERCULEAN SAMSON from the Harlot-lap
Of PHILISTEAN DALILAH, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,
Till ADAM, though not less then EVE abasht,



At length gave utterance to these words constrained.

O EVE, in evil hour thou didst give care
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good lost and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glad
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more.

But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd hee, and both together went
Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to INDIANS known
In MALABAR or DECAN spreads her Armes
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;
There oft the INDIAN Herdsman shunning heate
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves
They gatherd, broad as AMAZONIAN Targe,
And with what skill they had, together sowd,
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late

COLUMBUS found th' AMERICAN to girt
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 Rained at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore
 Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd
 Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
 ADAM, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
 Speech intermitted thus to EVE renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve



The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

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

To whom then first incenst ADAM repli'd.
 Is this the Love, is the recompence
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful EVE, exprest

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

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



Book 9.

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
 Of SATAN done in Paradise, and how
 Hee in the Serpent had perverted EVE,
 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
 Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye
 Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart
 Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
 Hinder'd not SATAN to attempt the minde
 Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,
 Complete to have discover'd and repulst
 Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
 The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,

Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
 With pitie, violated not thir bliss.
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
 How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,
 And easily approv'd; when the most High
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayd,
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,



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

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright

Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

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

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant



Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
EDEN and all the Coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to ADAM call'd aloud.

Where art thou ADAM, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertaind with solitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him EVE, more loth, though first
To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,

And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
 Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
 Whence ADAM faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

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

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus ADAM sore beset repli'd.
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergoe
 My self the total Crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint; but strict necessitie
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Least on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou



Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
 This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And what she did, whatever in it self,
 Her doing seem'd to justifye the deed;
 Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovrán Presence thus repli'd.
 Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
 Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd
 Hers in all real dignitie: Adornd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
 Were such as under Government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
 And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to EVE in few:
 Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad EVE with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transerre
 The Guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his Creation; justly then accurst,
 As vitiated in Nature: more to know
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
 Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field;
 Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.
 Between Thee and the Woman I will put
 Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;
 Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.



So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
 When JESUS son of MARY second EVE,
 Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
 Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave
 Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
 In open shew, and with ascention bright
 Captivity led captive through the Aire,
 The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
 Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
 By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
 Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On ADAM last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
 Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
 And eaten of the Tree concerning which
 I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
 Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
 Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,

In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,



Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into CHAOS, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

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

Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable, to found a path
 Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
 Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,
 Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
 Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.
 Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
 The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
 The savour of Death from all things there that live:
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
 Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
 Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
 With sent of living Carcasses design'd
 For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.



So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,
 Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.
 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
 Wide Anarchie of CHAOS damp and dark
 Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
 Upon the CRONIAN Sea, together drive
 Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond PETSORA Eastward, to the rich
 CATHAIAN Coast. The aggregated Soyle
 Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
 As DELOS floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with GORGONIAN rigor not to move,
 And with ASPHALTIC slime; broad as the Gate,
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on
 Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
 Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world
 Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,

Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
 XERXES, the Libertie of GREECE to yoke,
 From SUSA his MEMNONIAN Palace high
 Came to the Sea, and over HELLESPONT
 Bridging his way, EUROPE with ASIA joyn'd,
 And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
 Over the vext Abyss, following the track
 Of SATAN, to the selfsame place where hee
 First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
 From out of CHAOS to the outside bare
 Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
 And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space
 The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
 With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
 SATAN in likeness of an Angel bright
 Betwixt the CENTAURE and the SCORPION steering
 His ZENITH, while the Sun in ARIES rose:
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear



Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 Hee, after EVE seduc't, unminded slunk
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By EVE, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
 And at the brink of CHAOS, neer the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
 Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,

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



Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
 Of SATAN (for I glorie in the name,
 Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm
 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
 Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
 Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
 You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
 There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
 Dominion exercise and in the Aire,
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,

Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
 If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
 No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

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



By ASTRACAN over the Snowie Plaines
 Retires, or BACTRIAN Sophi from the hornes
 Of TURKISH Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The Realme of ALADULE, in his retreat
 To TAURIS or CASBEEN. So these the late
 Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch
 Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search
 Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
 In shew plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
 Of that PLUTONIAN Hall, invisible
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end
 Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
 And shape Starr bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze the STYGIAN throng
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
 Rais'd from thir dark DIVAN, and with like joy

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
For in possession such, not onely of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine
Voyag'd the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride
Th' untractable Abyesse, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal NIGHT and CHAOS wilde,
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful



Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Thir universal shout and high applause
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues

A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters, head and taile,
 Scorpion and Asp, and AMPHISBAENA dire,
 CERASTES hornd, HYDRUS, and ELLOPS drear,
 And DIPSAS (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle
 OPHIUSA) but still greatest hee the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
 Ingenderd in the PYTHIAN Vale on slime,
 Huge PYTHON, and his Power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,



Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,
 They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
 Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that
 VVhich grew in Paradise, the bait of EVE
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them furdere woe or shame;
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees
 Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks

That curld MEGAERA: greedily they pluck'd
 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Neer that bituminous Lake where SODOM flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 VVith spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
 VVith hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
 VVith foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as Man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd
 And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
 OPHION with EURYNOME, the wide-
 Encroaching EVE perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high OLYMPUS, thence by SATURN driv'n
 And OPS, ere yet DICTAEAN JOVE was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair



Too soon arriv'd, SIN there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her DEATH
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale Horse: to whom SIN thus began.

Second of SATAN sprung, all conquering Death,
 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd
 With travail difficult, not better farr
 Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have sate watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
 To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

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

And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

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

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder VVorld, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yeilded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst



With suckt and glutted offal, at one fling
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both SIN, and DEATH, and yawning GRAVE at last
Through CHAOS hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:
Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.

Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
Sung HALLELUIA, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five

Thir planetarie motions and aspects
 In SEXTILE, SQUARE, and TRINE, and OPPOSITE,
 Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
 Thir influence malignant when to showre,
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
 Like distant breadth to TAURUS with the Seav'n
 ATLANTICK Sisters, and the SPARTAN Twins
 Up to the TROPIC Crab; thence down amaine
 By LEO and the VIRGIN and the SCALES,
 As deep as CAPRICORNE, to bring in change
 Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight



Had rounded still th' HORIZON, and not known
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
 From cold ESTOTILAND, and South as farr
 Beneath MAGELLAN. At that tasted Fruit
 The Sun, as from THYESTEAN Banquet, turn'd
 His course intended; else how had the World
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North
 Of NORUMBEGA, and the SAMOED shoar
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
 BOREAS and CAECIAS and ARGESTES loud
 And THRASCIAS rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
 NOTUS and AFER black with thundrous Clouds
 From SERRALIONA; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the LEVANT and the PONENT VVindes
 EURUS and ZEPHIR with thir lateral noise,
 SIROCCO, and LIBECCHIO. Thus began
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:

Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which ADAM saw
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;
 All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, ENCREASE AND MULTIPLY,
 Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse



My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank ADAM; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
 On mee as on thir natural center light
 Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
 To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will
 Concurd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resigne, and render back
 All I receav'd, unable to performe
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
 Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest; then should have been refusd
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son

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



Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living Death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as Argument
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
 For angers sake, finite to infinite
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of thir matter act,
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last

To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defensless head; both Death and I
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
 Not to do onely, but to will the same
 With me? how can they acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
 Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrauth, Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,
 Then all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope



Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future,
 To SATAN onely like both crime and doom.
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus ADAM to himself lamented loud
 Through the still Night, now now, as ere man fell,
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil Conscience represented
 All things with double terror: On the ground
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowsrs,
 VVith other echo farr I taught your Shades
 To answer, and resound farr other Song.
 VVhom thus afflicted when sad EVE beheld,

Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
And wandering vanitie, when lest was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,



Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To humane life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but EVE
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

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

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,



Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in ADAM wraught
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,
 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine
 His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
 And my displeasure bearest so ill. If Prayers
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
 To me committed and by me expos'd.
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
 In offices of Love, how we may light'n
 Each others burden in our share of woe;
 Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,
 A long days dying to augment our paine,
 And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus EVE, recovering heart, repli'd.
 ADAM, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
 Tending to som relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devourd
 By Death at last, and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
 Into this cursed World a woful Race,
 That after wretched Life must be at last
 Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
 It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent



The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
 So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two
 Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
 From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope,
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be miserie
 And torment less then none of what we dread,
 Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply
 With our own hands his Office on our selves;
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
 That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire
 Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
 Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
 But ADAM with such counsel nothing sway'd,
 To better hopes his more attentive minde
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to EVE repli'd.

EVE, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade
 The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacie will provoke the highest
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek
 Som safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view, calling to minde with heed
 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
 The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
 SATAN, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on our selves, or childless days



Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
 Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
 Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
 My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,

Which now the Skie with various Face begins
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, then to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears



VWatering the ground, and with our sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 VWhen angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 VWhat else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor EVE
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd
 Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
 VWatering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.



Book 10.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
 Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
 The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
 DEUCALION and chaste PYRRHA to restore
 The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
 Of THEMIS stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers

Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious windes
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd
 Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
 And propitiation, all his works on mee
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
 Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days

Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal Elements that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
 Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endowd, with Happiness
 And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
 His final remedie, and after Life
 Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,



Wak't in the renovation of the just,
 Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
 But let us call to Synod all the Blest
 Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
 My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw;
 And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.

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

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known

Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
 My motions in him, longer then they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 Forever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till
 The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

MICHAEL, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
 From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
 To them and to thir Progenie from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I behold them soft'nd and with tears
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale



To ADAM what shall come in future dayes,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from EDEN easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
 Had, like a double JANUS, all thir shape
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those
 Of ARGUS, and more wakeful then to drouze,
 Charm'd with ARCADIAN Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
 Of HERMES, or his opiate Rod. Meanwhile
 To resalute the World with sacred Light
 LEUCOTHEA wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd
 The Earth, when ADAM and first Matron EVE
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring

Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to EVE his welcome words renewd.

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

To whom thus EVE with sad demeanour meek.



Ill worthie I such title should belong
To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
The sourse of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf't,
Farr other name deserving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Whereere our days work lies, though now enjoind
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd EVE, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
The Bird of JOVE, stoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,

First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.
 ADAM observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to EVE thus spake.

O EVE, some furdur change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penaltie, because from death releast
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more.
 VVhy else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
 More orient in yon VVestern Cloud that draws
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with somthing heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
 Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt



And carnal fear that day dimm'd ADAMS eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
 JACOB in MAHANAIM, where he saw
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
 Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
 In DOTHAN, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
 Against the SYRIAN King, who to surprize
 One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
 Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch
 In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
 Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
 To finde where ADAM shelterd, took his way,
 Not unperceav'd of ADAM, who to EVE,
 While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

EVE, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determin, or impose
 New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie
 From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
 One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As RAPHAEL, that I should much confide,
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,

With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
 He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd
 Livelier then MELIBOEAN, or the graine
 Of SARRA, worn by Kings and Hero's old
 In time of Truce; IRIS had dipt the wooff;
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
 As in a glistering ZODIAC hung the Sword,
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
 ADAM bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
 Incl'in'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

ADAM, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claimes;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till



The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for ADAM at the newes
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound; EVE, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
 Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
 Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
 Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower World, to this obscure
 And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
Lament not EVE, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

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

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will



Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolongd and promisd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

To whom thus MICHAEL with regard benigne.
 ADAM, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or EDEN: this had been
 Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
 All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
 But this praeeminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
 God is as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a signe
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal Love, his Face
 Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
 Which that thou mayst beleve, and be confirmd,
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
 To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending



With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
 By moderation either state to beare,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This Hill; let EVE (for I have drencht her eyes)
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
 As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.

To whom thus ADAM gratefully repli'd.
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
 However chast'ning, to the evil turne
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain. So both ascend
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second ADAM in the Wilderness,
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.

His Eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destin'd Walls
 Of CAMBALU, seat of CATHAIAN CAN
 And SAMARCHAND by OXUS, TEMIRS Throne,
 To PAQUIN of SINAEAN Kings, and thence
 To AGRA and LAHOR of great MOGUL
 Down to the golden CHERSONESE, or where
 The PERSIAN in ECBATAN sate, or since
 In HISPAHAN, or where the RUSSIAN KSAR
 In MOSCO, or the Sultan in BIZANCE,
 TURCHESTAN-born; nor could his eye not ken
 Th' Empire of NEGUS to his utmost Port
 ERCOCO and the less Maritime Kings
 MOMBAZA, and QUILOA, and MELIND,
 And SOFALA thought OPHIR, to the Realme
 Of CONGO, and ANGOLA fardest South;
 Or thence from NIGER Flood to ATLAS Mount
 The Kingdoms of ALMANSOR, FEZ, and SUS,
 MAROCCO and ALGIERS, and TREMISEN;
 On EUROPE thence, and where ROME was to sway
 The VVorld: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich MEXICO the seat of MOTEZUME,
 And CUSCO in PERU, the richer seat
 Of ATABALIPA, and yet unspoil'd
 GUIANA, whose great Citie GERYONS Sons



Call EL DORADO: but to nobler sights
 MICHAEL from ADAMS eyes the Filme remov'd
 VVhich that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the VVell of Life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
 Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That ADAM now enforc't to close his eyes,
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst:
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

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

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought

First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
 His Offering soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
 The others not, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.
 Much at that sight was ADAM in his heart
 Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
 Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?

T' whom MICHAEL thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.
 These two are Brethren, ADAM, and to come
 Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,
 For envie that his Brothers Offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
 Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd



Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

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

To whom thus MICHAEL. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
 To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance then within.
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
 In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
 What miserie th' inabstinence of EVE
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,
 A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
 Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
 Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,

Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
 Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
 Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
 Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;
 And over them triumphant Death his Dart
 Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't
 With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
 Drie-ey'd behold? ADAM could not, but wept,
 Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd?
 Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus
 Th' Image of God in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas't



Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
 Retaining still Divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

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

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

There is, said MICHAEL, if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
 In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,

Till many years over thy head return:
 So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
 Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease
 Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To witherd weak & gray; thy Senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry
 To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

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

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

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
 Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds



Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
 Of Instruments that made melodious chime
 Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
 Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions low and high
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part stood one who at the Forge
 Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
 Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
 To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
 From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
 Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
 First his own Tooles; then, what might else be wrought
 Fulfil or grav'n in mettle. After these,
 But on the hether side a different sort
 From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
 Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise
 Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor those things lost which might preserve
 Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
 Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
 A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
 In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung

Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
 The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
 And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
 Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
 And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of ADAM, soon enclin'd to admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.

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

To whom thus MICHAEL. Judg not what is best
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end
 Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
 Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents



Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
 Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
 Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
 Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
 Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
 For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
 Bred onely and completed to the taste
 Of lustful apperence, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
 Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
 (Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which
 The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus ADAM of short joy bereft.
 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
 Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
 But still I see the tenor of Mans woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

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

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;
One way a Band select from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,



Assaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle Age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgement from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
ADAM was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
His Brother; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?

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



High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
 Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;
 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,
 To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
 Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
 Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
 At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
 And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
 And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft
 Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
 In prison under Judgements imminent:
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
 Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large

For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!
 Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
 Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
 Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons
 With thir four Wives, and God made fast the dore.
 Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings
 Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
 From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie
 Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
 Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
 No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
 Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
 Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
 Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces
 Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.
 How didst thou grieve then, ADAM, to behold
 The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation; thee another Floud,
 Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard



By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
 His Childern, all in view destroyd at once;
 And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.

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

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



Against allurement, custom, and a World
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
 On thir impenitence; and shall returne
 Of them derided, but of God observd
 The one just Man alive; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and houshold from amidst
 A World devote to universal rack.
 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
 Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd
 Out of his place, pushd by the horned fload,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
 And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.

To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
 By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his Bill
 An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:



Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
 Conspicuous with three lifted colours gay,
 Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
 Whereat the heart of ADAM erst so sad
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou that future things canst represent
 As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
 With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
 Farr less I now lament for one whole World
 Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
 For one Man found so perfet and so just,
 That God voutsafes to raise another World
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
 Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
 Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
 The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
 Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;

So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
 Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
 Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
 Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
 And makes a Covenant never to destroy
 The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
 With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
 Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
 His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
 And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
 Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
 Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.
 Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
 And Man as from a second stock proceed.
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
 Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
 Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
 Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 This second sours of Men, while yet but few,
 And while the dread of judgement past remains



Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
 Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
 With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
 Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
 With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;
 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
 With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
 Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from EDEN towards the West, shall finde

The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
 And get themselves a name, least far disperst
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
 To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
 Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets
 Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
 Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the Builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Where to thus ADAM fatherly displeas'd.
 O execrable Son so to aspire
 Above his Brethren, to himself affirming



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

To whom thus MICHAEL. Justly thou abhorr'st
 That Son, who on the quiet state of men
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
 Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
 Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
 Immediately inordinate desires
 And upstart Passions catch the Government
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits

Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
 Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
 Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
 Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
 From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
 Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
 Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
 Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
 Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
 SERVANT OF SERVANTS, on his vitious Race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former World,
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;
 And one peculiar Nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
 Him on this side EUPHRATES yet residing,
 Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,



While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To-worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
 His benediction so, that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
 UR of CHALDAEA, passing now the Ford
 To HARAN, after him a cumbrous Train
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
 CANAAN he now attains, I see his Tents
 Pitcht about SECHEM, and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of MOREB; there by promise he receaves
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
 From HAMATH Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)
 From HERMON East to the great Western Sea,
 Mount HERMON, yonder Sea, each place behold

In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
 Mount CARMEL; here the double-founted stream
 JORDAN, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
 Shall dwell to SENIR, that long ridge of Hills.
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon
 Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,
 Whom FAITHFUL ABRAHAM due time shall call,
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
 From CANAAN, to a Land hereafter call'd
 EGYPT, divided by the River NILE;
 See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
 Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
 He comes invited by a yonger Son
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that Realm
 Of PHARAO: there he dies, and leaves his Race
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:



Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 MOSES and AARON) sent from God to claime
 His people from enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know thir God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire;
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' EGYPTIAN Skie
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls;
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of EGYPT must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
 This River-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage

Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
 As on drie land between two christal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of MOSES so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
 Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
 Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
 To guide them in thir journey, and remove
 Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
 Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host
 And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command
 MOSES once more his potent Rod extends
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
 On thir imbattell'd ranks the Waves return,
 And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect
 Safe towards CANAAN from the shoar advance
 Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
 Least entring on the CANAANITE allarm'd
 Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
 Return them back to EGYPT, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet



Untrained in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by thir delay
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
 Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
 Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
 God from the Mount of SINAI, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
 Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadowes, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
 The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
 Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
 That MOSES might report to them his will,
 And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without Mediator, whose high Office now
 MOSES in figure beares, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
 And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
 Of great MESSIAH shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
 Establish't, such delight hath God in Men
 Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,

The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these
 A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
 Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
 The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
 Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land
 Promisd to ABRAHAM and his Seed: the rest
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
 How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
 Mans voice commanding, Sun in GIBEON stand,
 And thou Moon in the vale of AIALON,
 Till ISRAEL overcome; so call the third
 From ABRAHAM, Son of ISAAC, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall CANAAN win.

Here ADAM interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne



Just ABRAHAM and his Seed: now first I finde
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
 Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
 Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see
 His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
 So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
 So many Laws argue so many sins
 Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
 And therefore was Law given them to evince
 Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
 Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,
 Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
 The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
 From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
 And therefore shall not MOSES, though of God
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
 Of Law, his people into CANAAN lead;
 But JOSHUA whom the Gentiles JESUS call,
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly CANAAN plac't
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
 National interrupt thir public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
 The second, both for pietie renownd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne



For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
 Of DAVID (so I name this King) shall rise
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to ABRAHAM, as in whom shall trust
 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,
 Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, BABYLON thence call'd.
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
 Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
 To DAVID, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.
 Returnd from BABYLON by leave of Kings
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God

They first re-edifie, and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
 The Scepter, and regard not DAVIDS Sons,
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King MESSIAH might be born
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
 Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend
 The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

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



O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus MICHAEL. Dream not of thir fight,
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
 Thyemie; nor so is overcome
 SATAN, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying SATAN, but his works
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
 On penaltie of death, and suffering death,

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



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

Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the aire
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
 Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Then this of EDEN, and far happier daies.

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

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Then that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin



By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
 To God more glory, more good will to Men
 From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.
 But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
 Must reascend, what will betide the few
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deale
 Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
 Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
 Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth, and also arme
 With spiritual Armour, able to resist
 SATANS assaults, and quench his fierie darts
 What Man can do against them, not affraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompenc't,
 And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit
 Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the Nations, then on all

Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
 To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
 As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each Nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
 Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
 Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
 They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
 To thir own vile advantages shall turne
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left onely in those written Records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places and titles, and with these to joine
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
 Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde



His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
 Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume:
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
 Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes
 Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire
 Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
 Under her own waight groaning, till the day
 Appeer of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 SATAN with his perverted World, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus ADAM last reply'd.
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
 Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
 Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
 Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
 And love with feare the onely God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
 Is fortitude to highest victorie,
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:
 This having learnt, thou hast attaind the summe



Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
 Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
 And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
 And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
 Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier farr.
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of Speculation; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,
 By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
 Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
 We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her Seed to come
 (For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.

That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happie end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;
Descended, ADAM to the Bowre where EVE
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
VVearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
VVho for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother EVE, and ADAM heard



VWell pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the LIBYAN Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Let them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd.
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through EDEN took thir solitarie way.































































