

# The Poetical Works of John Milton

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The Poetical Works of John Milton

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The Poetical Works of John Milton  
Scanned and proofed by Donal O'Danachair,  
kodak\_seaside@hotmail.com

Transcriber's Notes:

This e-text contains all of Milton's poems in English and Italian. Poems in Latin have been ommitted.  
The original spelling, capitalisation and punctuation have been

retained as far as possible. Characters not in the ANSI standard set have been replaced by their nearest equivalent. The AE & OE digraphs have been transcribed as two letters. Accented letters in the Italian poems have been replaced by the unaccented letter.

No italics have been retained.

Footnotes have been moved to the end of the poem to which they refer; in *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* they have been moved to the end of the book.

## The Poetical Works of John Milton

PREFACE by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M. A.

This edition of Milton's Poetry is a reprint, as careful as Editor and Printers have been able to make it, from the earliest printed copies of the several poems. First the 1645 volume of the *Minor Poems* has been printed entire; then follow in order the poems added in the reissue of 1673; the *Paradise Lost*, from the edition of 1667; and the *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* from the edition of 1671.

The most interesting portion of the book must be reckoned the first section of it, which reproduces for the first time the scarce small octavo of 1645. The only reprint of the *Minor Poems* in the old spelling, so far as I know, is the one edited by Mitford, but that followed the edition of 1673, which is comparatively uninteresting since it could not have had Milton's oversight as it passed through the press. We know that it was set up from a copy of the 1645 edition, because it reproduces some pointless eccentricities such as the varying form of the chorus to Psalm cxxxvi; but while it corrects the errata tabulated in that edition it commits many more blunders of its own. It is valuable, however, as the *editio princeps* of ten of the sonnets and it contains one important alteration in the *Ode on the Nativity*. This and all other alterations will be found noted where they occur. I have not thought it necessary to note mere differences of spelling between the two editions but a word may find place here upon their general character. Generally it may be said that, where the two editions differ, the later spelling is that now in use. Thus words like goddess, darkness, usually written in the first edition with one final s, have two, while on the other hand words like vernall, youthfull, and monosyllables like hugg, farr, lose their double letter. Many monosyllables, e.g. som, cours, glimps, wher, vers, aw, els, don, ey, ly, so written in 1645, take on in 1673 an e mute, while words like harpe, windes, onely, lose it. By a reciprocal change ayr and cipress become air and cypress; and the vowels in daign, vail, neer, beleeve, sheild, boosom, eeven, battail, travailer, and many other words are similarly modernized. On the other hand there are a few cases where the 1645 edition exhibits the spelling which has

succeeded in fixing itself, as travail (1673, travel) in the sense of labour; and rob'd, profane, human, flood and bloody, forest, triple, alas, huddling, are found where the 1673 edition has roab'd, prophane, humane, floud and bloudy, forrest, tripple, alass and hudling. Indeed the spelling in this later edition is not untouched by seventeenth century inconsistency. It retains here and there forms like shameles, cateres, (where 1645 reads cateress), and occasionally reverts to the older-fashioned spelling of monosyllables without the mute e. In the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, it reads --' And som flowers and some bays.' But undoubtedly the impression on the whole is of a much more modern text.

In the matter of small or capital letters I have followed the old copy, except in one or two places where a personification seemed not plainly enough marked to a modern reader without a capital. Thus in *Il Penseroso*, l. 49, I print Leasure, although both editions read leasure; and in the *Vacation Exercise*, l. 71, Times for times. Also where the employment or omission of a capital is plainly due to misprinting, as too frequently in the 1673 edition, I silently make the correction. Examples are, notes for Notes in *Sonnet xvii*. l. 13; Anointed for anointed in *Psalm ii*. l. 12.

In regard to punctuation I have followed the old printers except in obvious misprints, and followed them also, as far as possible, in their distribution of roman and italic type and in the grouping of words and lines in the various titles. To follow them exactly was impossible, as the books are so very different in size.

At this point the candid reader may perhaps ask what advantage is gained by presenting these poems to modern readers in the dress of a bygone age. If the question were put to me I should probably evade it by pointing out that Mr. Frowde is issuing an edition based upon this, in which the spelling is frankly that of to-day. But if the question were pressed, I think a sufficient answer might be found. To begin with, I should point out that even Prof. Masson, who in his excellent edition argues the point and decides in favour of modern spelling, allows that there are peculiarities of Milton's spelling which are really significant, and ought therefore to be noted or preserved. But who is to determine exactly which words are spelt according to the poet's own instructions, and which according to the printer's whim? It is notorious that in *Paradise Lost* some words were spelt upon a deliberate system, and it may very well happen that in the volume of minor poems which the poet saw through the press in 1645, there were spellings no less systematic. Prof. Masson makes a great point of the fact that Milton's own spelling, exhibited in the autograph manuscript of some of the minor poems preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, does not correspond with that of the printed copy. [Note: This manuscript, invaluable to all students of Milton, has lately been facsimiled under the superintendence of Dr. Aldis Wright, and published at the Cambridge University press]. This is certainly true, as the reader may see for himself by comparing the passage from the manuscript given in the appendix with the corresponding place in the text. Milton's own spelling revels in



redundant e's, while the printer of the 1645 book is very sparing of them. But in cases where the spelling affects the metre, we find that the printed text and Milton's manuscript closely correspond; and it is upon its value in determining the metre, quite as much as its antiquarian interest, that I should base a justification of this reprint. Take, for instance, such a line as the eleventh of Comus, which Prof. Masson gives as:-

Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

A reader not learned in Miltonic rhythms will certainly read this

Amongst th' enthroned gods

But the 1645 edition reads:

Amongst the enthron'd gods

and so does Milton's manuscript. Again, in line 597, Prof. Masson reads:

It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness, &c.

But the 1645 text and Milton's manuscript read self-consum'd; after which word there is to be understood a metrical pause to mark the violent transition of the thought.

Again in the second line of the Sonnet to a Nightingale Prof. Masson has:

Warblest at eve when all the woods are still

but the early edition, which probably follows Milton's spelling though in this case we have no manuscript to compare, reads 'Warbl'st.' So the original text of Samson, l. 670, has 'temper'st.'

The retention of the old system of punctuation may be less defensible, but I have retained it because it may now and then be of use in determining a point of syntax. The absence of a comma, for example, after the word hearse in the 58th line of the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, printed by Prof. Masson thus:--

And some flowers, and some bays  
For thy hearse to strew thy ways,

but in the 1645 edition:--

And som Flowers, and som Bays,  
For thy Hears to strew the ways,

goes to prove that for here must be taken as 'fore.

Of the Paradise Lost there were two editions issued during Milton's lifetime, and while the first has been taken as our text,

all the variants in the second, not being simple misprints, have been recorded in the notes. In one respect, however, in the distribution of the poem into twelve books instead of ten, it has seemed best, for the sake of practical convenience, to follow the second edition. A word may be allowed here on the famous correction among the Errata prefixed to the first edition: 'Lib. 2. v. 414, for we read wee.' This correction shows not only that Milton had theories about spelling, but also that he found means, though his sight was gone, to ascertain whether his rules had been carried out by his printer; and in itself this fact justifies a facsimile reprint. What the principle in the use of the double vowel exactly was (and it is found to affect the other monosyllabic pronouns) it is not so easy to discover, though roughly it is clear the reduplication was intended to mark emphasis. For example, in the speech of the Divine Son after the battle in heaven (vi. 810-817) the pronouns which the voice would naturally emphasize are spelt with the double vowel:

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 assign'd.

In the Son's speech offering himself as Redeemer (iii. 227-249) where the pronoun all through is markedly emphasized, it is printed mee the first four times, and afterwards me; but it is noticeable that these first four times the emphatic word does not stand in the stressed place of the verse, so that a careless reader might not emphasize it, unless his attention were specially led by some such sign:

Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
 I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
 Account mee man.

In the Hymn of Creation (v. 160-209) where ye occurs fourteen times, the emphasis and the metric stress six times out of seven coincide, and the pronoun is spelt yee; where it is unemphatic, and in an unstressed place, it is spelt ye. Two lines are especially instructive:

Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light (l. 160);

and

Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise (l. 195).

In v. 694 it marks, as the voice by its emphasis would mark in reading, a change of subject:

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
 Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
 Of his Associate; hee (i. e. the associate) together calls,

&c.

An examination of other passages, where there is no antithesis, goes to show that the lengthened form of the pronoun is most frequent before a pause (as vii. 95); or at the end of a line (i. 245, 257); or when a foot is inverted (v. 133); or when as object it precedes its verb (v. 612; vii. 747), or as subject follows it (ix. 1109; x. 4). But as we might expect under circumstances where a purist could not correct his own proofs, there are not a few inconsistencies. There does not seem, for example, any special emphasis in the second wee of the following passage:

Freely we serve.  
Because wee freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall (v. 538).

On the other hand, in the passage (iii. 41) in which the poet speaks of his own blindness:

Thus with the Year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, &c.

where, if anywhere, we should expect mee, we do not find it, though it occurs in the speech eight lines below. It should be added that this differentiation of the pronouns is not found in any printed poem of Milton's before *Paradise Lost*, nor is it found in the Cambridge autograph. In that manuscript the constant forms are me, wee, yee. There is one place where there is a difference in the spelling of she, and it is just possible that this may not be due to accident. In the first verse of the song in *Arcades*, the MS. reads:

This, this is shee;

and in the third verse:

This, this is she alone.

This use of the double vowel is found a few times in *Paradise Regain'd*: in ii. 259 and iv. 486, 497 where mee begins a line, and in iv. 638 where hee is specially emphatic in the concluding lines of the poem. In *Samson Agonistes* it is more frequent (e.g. lines 124, 178, 193, 220, 252, 290, 1125). Another word the spelling of which in *Paradise Lost* will be observed to vary is the pronoun their, which is spelt sometimes thir. The spelling in the Cambridge manuscript is uniformly thire, except once when it is thir; and where their once occurs in the writing of an amanuensis the e is struck through. That the difference is not merely a printer's device to accommodate his line may be seen by a comparison of lines 358 and 363 in the First Book, where the shorter word comes in the shorter line. It is probable that the lighter form of the word was intended to be used when it was quite unemphatic. Contrast, for example, in Book iii. l. 59: His own works and their works at once to view with line 113:

Thir maker and thir making and thir Fate. But the use is not consistent, and the form thir is not found at all till the 349th line of the First Book. The distinction is kept up in the Paradise Regain'd and Samson Agonistes, but, if possible, with even less consistency. Such passages, however, as Paradise Regain'd, iii. 414-440; Samson Agonistes, 880-890, are certainly spelt upon a method, and it is noticeable that in the choruses the lighter form is universal.

Paradise Regain'd and Samson Agonistes were published in 1671, and no further edition was called for in the remaining three years of the poet's lifetime, so that in the case of these poems there are no new readings to record; and the texts were so carefully revised, that only one fault (Paradise Regain'd, ii. 309) was left for correction later. In these and the other poems I have corrected the misprints catalogued in the tables of Errata, and I have silently corrected any other unless it might be mistaken for a various reading, when I have called attention to it in a note. Thus I have not recorded such blunders as Letbian for Lesbian in the 1645 text of Lycidas, line 63; or hallow for hollow in Paradise Lost, vi. 484; but I have noted content for concent, in At a Solemn Musick, line 6.

In conclusion I have to offer my sincere thanks to all who have collaborated with me in preparing this Edition; to the Delegates of the Oxford Press for allowing me to undertake it and decorate it with so many facsimiles; to the Controller of the Press for his unfailing courtesy; to the printers and printer's reader for their care and pains. Coming nearer home I cannot but acknowledge the help I have received in looking over proof-sheets from my sister, Mrs. P. A. Barnett, who has ungrudgingly put at the service of this book both time and eyesight. In taking leave of it, I may be permitted to say that it has cost more of both these inestimable treasures than I had anticipated. The last proof reaches me just a year after the first, and the progress of the work has not in the interval been interrupted. In tenui labor et tenuis gloria. Nevertheless I cannot be sorry it was undertaken.

H. C. B.

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November 8, 1899.

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of 1645 edition follows:

POEMS  
OF  
Mr John Milton,  
BOTH  
ENGLISH and LATIN  
Compos'd at several times.

---

Printed by his true copies.

-----  
The SONGS were set in Musick by  
Mr. HENRY LAWES Gentleman of  
the KINGS Chappel, and one  
of His MAIESTIES  
Private Musick.

-----Baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vace noceat mala lingua futuro,  
Virgil, Eclog. 7.

-----  
Printed, and Publish'd according to  
ORDER.

-----  
LONDON,  
Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley,  
and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes  
Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1645.

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of 1673 edition  
follows:

POEMS, &c.  
UPON  
Several Occasions.

-----  
BY  
Mr. John Milton:

-----  
Both ENGLISH and LATIN &c.  
Composed at several times.

-----  
With a small tractate of  
EDUCATION  
To Mr. HARTLIB

-----  
LONDON.  
Printed for Tho. Dring at the Blew Anchor  
next Mitre Court over against Fetter  
Lane in Fleet-street. 1673.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

It is not any Private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the  
slightest Pamphlet is now adayes more vendible then the Works  
of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language  
that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such Peeces  
in Prose and Vers as may renew the wonted honour and esteem  
of our tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin

poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest Commendations and Applause of the learnedst Academicks, both domestic and forrein: And amongst those of our own Countrey, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that incouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Wallers late choice Peeeces, hath once more made me adventure into the World, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted Laurels. The Authors more peculiar excellency in these studies, was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to sollicit them from him. Let the event guide it self which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the Light as true a Birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art Eagle-eied to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to Command

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

#### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRISTS NATIVITY.  
Compos'd 1629.

I

This is the Month, and this the happy morn  
Wherin the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,  
Wherwith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel-Table,  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,  
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

10

III

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strein,  
To welcom him to this his new abode,  
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

#### IV

See how from far upon the Eastern rode  
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,  
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
>From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

#### The Hymn.

##### I

IT was the Winter wilde,  
While the Heav'n-born-childe, 30  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in aw to him  
Had doff't her gawdy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

##### II

Only with speeches fair  
She woo'd the gentle Air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,  
And on her naked shame, 40  
Pollute with sinfull blame,  
The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Makers eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

##### III

But he her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,  
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning speare  
His ready Harbinger,  
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50  
And waving wide her mirtle wand,  
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

##### IV

No War, or Battails sound

Was heard the World around,  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked Chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V

But peacefull was the night  
Wherin the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The Windes with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI

The Stars with deep amaze  
Stand fit in steadfast gaze, 70  
Bending one way their pretious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame, 80  
As his inferior flame,  
The new enlightened world no more should need;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII

The Shepherds on the Lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they than,  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly com to live with them below; 90  
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX

When such Musick sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook,



Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:  
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close. 100

X

Nature that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round  
of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was don  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light, 110  
That with long beams the shame faced night arrayed  
The helmed Cherubim  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII

Such Musick (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator Great  
His constellations set, 120  
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII

Ring out ye Crystall spears,  
Once bless our human ears,  
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow, 130  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th'Angelike symphony.

XIV

For if such holy Song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckl'd vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And Hell it self will pass away  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

XV

Yea Truth, and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Th'enameld Arras of the Rain-bow wearing,  
And Mercy set between  
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n as at som festivall,  
Will open wide the gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate sayes no,  
This must not yet be so, 150  
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both himself and us to glorifie:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The Wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang  
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:  
The aged Earth agast 160  
With terrour of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
When at the worlds last session,  
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for from this happy day  
Th'old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound, 170  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his fouled tail.

XIX

The Oracles are dumm,  
No voice or hideous humm  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shreik the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,

Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

180

XX

The lonely mountains o're,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
>From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,  
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI

In consecrated Earth,  
And on the holy Hearth, 190  
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,  
In Urns, and Altars round,  
A drear, and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint;  
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII

Peor, and Baalim,  
Forsake their Temples dim,  
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine,  
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200  
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,  
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dred,  
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,  
In vain with Cymbals ring,  
They call the grisly king, 210  
In dismall dance about the furnace Blue;  
And Brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis hast.

THE PASSION.

I

ERE-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,  
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,  
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,  
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;

But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,  
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long, 10  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo.  
Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a Mask was there, what a disguise! 20  
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,  
To this Horizon is my Phoebus bound,  
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings other where are found;  
Loud o're the rest Cremona's Trump doth sound;  
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Note: 22 latter] latest 1673.

V

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,  
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30  
And work my flatterd fancy to belief,  
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:  
The leaves should all be black wheron I write,  
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

VI

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,  
My spirit som transporting Cherub feels,  
To bear me where the Towers of Salem stood, 40  
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock  
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,  
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score  
My plaining vers as lively as before;  
For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
They would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

### VIII

I thence hurried on viewles wing, 50  
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unboosom all their Echoes milde,  
And I (for grief is easily beguild)  
Might think th'infection of my sorrows bound,  
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

Note: This subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had,  
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun,  
left it unfinish'd.

On Time.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;  
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more then what is false and vain,  
And meerly mortal dross;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.  
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd, 10  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine  
About the supreme Throne  
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,  
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit, 20  
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Note: See the appendix for the manuscript version.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,  
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song  
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,  
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along  
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,  
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whileare 10  
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
Alas, how soon our sin  
Sore doth begin  
His Infancy to sease!

O more exceeding love or law more just?  
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !  
For we by rightfull doom remediles  
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust 20  
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;  
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress  
Intirely satisfi'd,  
And the full wrath beside  
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,  
And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
This day, but O ere long  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more neer his heart.

AT A SOLEMN MUSICK.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy,  
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ  
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
And to our high-rai's'd phantasie present,  
That undisturbed Song of pure content,  
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne  
To him that sits theron  
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily, 10  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,  
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,  
Hymns devout and holy Psalms  
Singing everlastingly;  
That we on Earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din 20  
The fair musick that all creatures made

To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

Note: 6 content] Manuscript reads concert as does the Second Edition; so that content is probably a misprint.

#### AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich Marble doth enterr  
 The honour'd Wife of Winchester,  
 A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,  
 Besides what her vertues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More then she could own from Earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told, alas too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darknes, and with death. 10  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,  
 Nature and fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
 Quickly found a lover meet;  
 The Virgin quire for her request  
 The God that sits at marriage feast;  
 He at their invoking came  
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame; 20  
 And in his Garland as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a Cipress bud.  
 Once had the early Matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes,  
 And calls Lucina to her throws;  
 But whether by mischance or blame  
 Atropos for Lucina came;  
 And with remorsles cruelty,  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30  
 The haples Babe before his birth  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
 And the languisht Mothers Womb  
 Was not long a living Tomb.  
 So have I seen som tender slip  
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,  
 Who onely thought to crop the flowr  
 New shot up from vernall showr; 40

But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,  
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,  
 Prove to be presaging tears  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hast'ning funerall.  
 Gentle Lady may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have;  
 After this thy travail sore  
 Sweet rest sease thee evermore, 50  
 That to give the world encrease,  
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease;  
 Here besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble House doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Weept for thee in Helicon,  
 And som Flowers, and som Bays,  
 For thy Hears to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy vertuous name; 60  
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian Shepherdess,  
 Who after yeers of barrennes,  
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the boosom bright  
 of blazing Majesty and Light, 70  
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
 The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire,  
 Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,  
 And welcom thee, and wish thee long. 10

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd Bones,



The labour of an age in piled Stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.  
 For whilst to th'sharne of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart 10  
 Hath from the Leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,  
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,  
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;  
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

Notes: On Shakespear. Reprinted 1632 in the second folio  
 Shakespeare:

Title] An epitaph on the admirable dramaticke poet W.

Shakespeare

1 needs] neede

6 weak] dull

8 live-long] lasting

10 heart] part

13 it] her

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER WHO SICKN'D IN THE TIME OF HIS  
 VACANCY, BEING FORBID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON OF THE  
 PLAGUE.

HERE lies old Hobson, Death hath broke his girt,  
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,  
 Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had any time this ten yeers full,  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd; 10  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journeys end was come,  
 And that he had tane up his latest Inne,  
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin  
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:  
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,  
 Hobson has supt, and 's newly gon to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,  
 That he could never die while he could move,  
 So hung his destiny never to rot  
 While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphear-metal, never to decay  
 Untill his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight, 10  
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait.  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hastned on his term.  
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;  
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
 If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,  
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers. 20  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He di'd for heavines that his Cart went light,  
 His leasure told him that his time was com,  
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom  
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)  
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had bin an immortall Carrier.  
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date  
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate 30  
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,  
 Onely remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian Cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out som uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-Raven sings;  
 There under Ebon shades and low-brow'd Rocks,  
 As ragged as thy Locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But com thou Goddes fair and free,  
 In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more  
 To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as som Sager sing)

The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,  
 Zephir with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a Maying, 20  
 There on Beds of Violets blew,  
 And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair.  
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Com, and trip it as ye go  
 On the light fantastick toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasures free; 40  
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 >From his watch-towre in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,  
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,  
 Or the twisted Eglantine.  
 While the Cock with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin, 50  
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,  
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
 >From the side of som Hoar Hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
 Som time walking not unseen  
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
 Right against the Eastern gate,  
 Wher the great Sun begins his state, 60  
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.  
 While the Plowman neer at hand,  
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,  
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the Mower whets his sithe,  
 And every Shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures, 70  
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren brest  
 The labouring clouds do often rest:

Meadows trim with Daisies pide,  
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
 Towers, and Battlements it sees  
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80  
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
 >From betwixt two aged Okes,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;  
 Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead, 90  
 Som times with secure delight  
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry Bells ring round,  
 And the jocond rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old com forth to play  
 On a Sunshine Holyday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail,  
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale, 100  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat,  
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,  
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,  
 His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend. 110  
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.  
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.  
 Towred Cities please us then,  
 And the busie humm of men,  
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120  
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies  
 Rain influence, and judge the prise  
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream  
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If Jonsons learned Sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,  
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,  
 And ever against eating Cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,  
 Married to immortal verse  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out, 140  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running;  
 Untwisting all the chains that ty  
 The hidden soul of harmony.  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 >From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear  
 Such streins as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice. 150  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Notes:

33 Ye] You 1673

104 And he by] And by the 1673

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence vain deluding joyes,  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;  
 Dwell in som idle brain  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
 The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train. 10  
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy  
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the Sense of human sight;  
 And therefore to our weaker view,  
 Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.  
 Black, but such as in esteem,  
 Prince Memnons sister might beseem,  
 Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove  
 To set her beauties praise above 20  
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended,  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she (in Saturns raing,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)

Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30  
 Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestick train,  
 And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With eev'n step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thy self to Marble, till  
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring,  
 Ay round about Joves Altar sing.  
 And adde to these retired Leasure,  
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure; 50  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation,  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will daign a Song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,  
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke; 60  
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly  
 Most musical!, most melancholy!  
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among  
 I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
 To behold the wandring Moon,  
 Riding neer her highest noon,  
 Like one that had bin led astray  
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way; 70  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,  
 Over som wide-water'd shoar,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,  
 Som still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing Embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom 80  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the Belmans drowsie charm,

To bless the doers from nightly harm:  
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely Tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unspeak  
 The spirit of Plato to unfold  
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold 90  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
 And of those Daemons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with Element.  
 Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy  
 In Scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine. 100  
 Or what (though rare) of later age,  
 Ennobled hath the Buskin stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as warbled to the string,  
 Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass,  
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,  
 On which the Tartar King did ride;  
 And if ought else, great Bards beside,  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;  
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120  
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trickt and frownt as she was wont,  
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,  
 But Chercheft in a comely Cloud,  
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling Leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the Eaves. 130  
 And when the Sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me Goddess bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,  
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some Brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140

Hide me from Day's garish eie,  
While the Bee with Honied thie,  
That at her flowry work doth sing,  
And the Waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
And let som strange mysterious dream,  
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,  
Of lively portrature display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150

And as I wake, sweet musick breath  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by som spirit to mortals good,  
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.  
But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed Roof  
With antick Pillars massy proof,  
And storied Windows richly dight,  
Casting a dimm religious light. 160

There let the pealing Organ blow,  
To the full voic'd Quire below,  
In Service high, and Anthems clear,  
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peacefull hermitage,  
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170  
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And every Herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures Melancholy give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

## SONNETS.

I

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray  
Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,  
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill  
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will  
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate  
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny: 10  
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late  
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,  
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,



Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## II

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
Ben e colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora  
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, O lieta canti  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi ed a gli orecchi  
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

10

## III

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
Cosi Amor meco insu la lingua snella  
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno  
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

10

Canzone.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi  
M' occostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
Verseggiando d'amor, e conie t'osi ?  
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana  
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;  
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi  
Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde  
Nelle cui verdi sponde  
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore  
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

10

## IV

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,

Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea  
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea  
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una, 10  
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
E degil occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco  
Che l'incerar gli oreechi mi fia poco.

V

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia  
Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole  
Si mi percuoton forte, come ci suole  
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
Che forsi amanti nelle lor parole  
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:  
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10  
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;  
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante  
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante  
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,  
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,  
Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10  
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,  
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:  
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
Ove amor mise l' insanabil ago.

VII

How soon hath Time the suttle thief of youth,  
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer !  
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th,  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,  
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow.  
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n, 10  
To that same lot, however mean, or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

### VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,  
If ever deed of honour did thee please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,  
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,  
And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,  
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,  
The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare 10  
The house of Pindarus, when Temple and Towre  
Went to the ground: And the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power  
To save th' Athenian Walls from ruine bare.

#### Notes:

Camb. autograph supplies title, When the assault was intended to the city.

3 If deed of honour did thee ever please, 1673.

### IX

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,  
Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,  
And with those few art eminently seen,  
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,  
The better part with Mary and with Ruth,  
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,  
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,  
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,  
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends  
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

Note: 5 with Ruth] the Ruth 1645.

### X

Daughter to that good Earl, once President  
Of Englands Counsel, and her Treasury,  
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
And left them both, more in himself content,  
Till the sad breaking of that Parlament  
Broke him, as that dishonest victory

At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty  
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,  
Though later born, then to have known the dayes  
Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you 10  
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;  
So well your words his noble vertues praise,  
That all both judge you to relate them true,  
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

Note: Camb. autograph supplies title, To the Lady Margaret  
Ley.

ARCADES.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of  
Darby at Harefield, by som Noble persons of her Family, who  
appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat  
of State with this Song.

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry  
Too divine to be mistook:  
This this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend,  
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse 10  
Of detraction from her praise,  
Less then half we find exprest,  
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threds,  
This this is she alone,  
Sitting like a Goddes bright,  
In the center of her light. 20  
Might she the wise Latona be,  
Or the towred Cybele,  
Mother of a hunderd gods;  
Juno dare's not give her odds;  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparalel'd?

As they com forward, the genius of the Wood appears, and  
turning toward them, speaks.

GEN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluse, 30  
 Stole under Seas to meet his Arethuse;  
 And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,  
 Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,  
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
 Was all in honour and devotion ment  
 To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this nights glad solemnity;  
 And lead ye where ye may more neer behold 40  
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
 Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
 For know by lot from Jove I am the powr  
 Of this fair wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,  
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,  
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.  
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew, 50  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,  
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.  
 When Eev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,  
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless, 60  
 But els in deep of night when drowsines  
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, 70  
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;  
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,  
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.

O're the smooth enameld green  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me as I sing,  
And touch the warbled string.  
Under the shady roof  
Of branching Elm Star-proof,  
Follow me,  
I will bring you where she sits  
Clad in splendor as befits  
Her deity.  
Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

90

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more  
By sandy Ladons Lillied banks.  
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though Erynanth your loss deplore,  
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.  
>From the stony Maenalus,  
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.  
Though Syrinx your Pans Mistres were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

100

Note: 22 hunderd] Milton's own spelling here is hundred. But in the Errata to Paradise Lost (i. 760) he corrects hundred to hunderd.

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of Lycidas follows:

JUSTA  
EDOVARDO KING  
naufrago,  
ab  
Amicis Moerentibus,  
amoris  
&  
mneias chaein

-----  
-----  
Sirecte calculam ponas, ubique naufragium est.  
Pet. Arb.

-----  
-----  
CANTABRIGIAE:

Apud Thomam Buck, & Rogerum Daniel, celeberrimae  
Academiae typographos. 1638.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend,  
unfortunatly drown'd in his Passage from Chester on the Irish  
Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our  
corrupted Clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,  
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. 10  
He must not flote upon his watry bear  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may som gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn, 20  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.  
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a field and both together heard  
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright 30  
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.  
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute;  
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,  
>From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Damoetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,  
Now thou art gon, and never must return!  
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,  
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown, 40  
And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.  
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,  
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,  
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,  
When first the White thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep 50  
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids ly,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:  
Ay me, I fondly dream!  
Had ye bin there -- for what could that have don?  
What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse her self, for her enchanting son 60  
Whom Universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,  
Were it not better don as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70  
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes:  
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze.  
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,  
Phoebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfet witnes of all judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd floud,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocall reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my Oate proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea 90  
That came in Neptune's plea,  
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked Promontory,  
They knew not of his story,



And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark 100  
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,  
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.  
Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,  
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain, 110  
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)  
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,  
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,  
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least 120  
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!  
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed, 130  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,  
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,  
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes, 140  
That on the green terf suck the honied showres,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.  
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.  
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,  
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,  
The glowing Violet.  
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.  
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150

And strew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas  
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides.  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,                     160  
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.  
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,  
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,                     170  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves  
 Where other groves, and other streams along,  
 With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,  
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,                     180  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more;  
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:  
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,                     190  
 And now was dropt into the Western bay;  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:  
 To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

Notes:

64 uncessant] Manuscript reads incessant, so that uncessant is probably a misprint; though that spelling is retained in the Second Edition.

82 perfet] So in Comus, line 203. In both these places the manuscript has perfect, as elsewhere where the word occurs. In the Solemn Music, line 23, where the First Edition reads perfect, the second reads perfet.

149 Amaranthus] Amarantus

Transcriber's note: Facsimile of Title page of Comus follows:

A MASKE  
PRESENTED  
At Ludlow Castle,  
1634:

On Michalemasse night, before the  
RIGHT HONORABLE,  
IOHN Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackly,  
Lord President of WALES, and one of  
His MAIESTIES most honorable  
Privie Counsell.

-----  
Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum  
Perditus -----  
-----

LONDON  
Printed for HYMPHREY ROBINSON  
at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in  
Pauls Church-yard. 1637.

To the Right Honourable, John Lord Vicount Bracly, Son and  
Heir apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

My LORD,

This Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of Birth from your  
Self, and others of your Noble Family, and much honour from  
your own Person in the performance, now returns again to  
make a finall Dedication of it self to you. Although not openly  
acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so  
lovely, and so much desired, that the often Copying of it hath  
tired my Pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought  
me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view; and now  
to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and  
rare endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a  
full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live  
sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as  
your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours  
been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this  
representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall  
expression

Your faithfull, and most humble Servant

H. LAWES.

Note: Dedication to Vicount Bracly: Omitted in 1673.

The Copy of a Letter writt'n by Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the Author, upon the following Poem.

>From the Colledge, this 13. of April, 1638.

SIR,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together som good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherin I may challenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice som time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having bin Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled

save this onely man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest:  
With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he  
took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour: and at my  
departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his  
experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice,  
how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of  
mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (sayes he) I pensieri  
stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of  
which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement  
doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you  
with it to the best of all securities, Gods dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

Postscript.

SIR, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your  
departure without som acknowledgement from me of the  
receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself through som  
busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance.  
In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad,  
and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for  
som fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the  
Cradle.

Note: Letter from Sir Henry Wootton: Omitted in 1673

A MASK PRESENTED At LUDLOW-Castle, 1634. &c.

The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.  
Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The cheif persons which presented, were

The Lord Bracly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother,

The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Spir: Before the starry threshold of Joves Court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aereal Spirits live inspear'd  
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,

Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,  
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care  
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being  
 Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives  
 After this mortal change, to her true Servants 10  
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.  
 Yet som there he that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key  
 That ope's the Palace of Eternity:  
 To such my errand is, and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,  
 With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.  
 But to my task. Neptune besides the sway  
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream, 20  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather Jove,  
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles  
 That like to rich, and various gemms inlay  
 The unadorned boosom of the Deep,  
 Which he to grace his tributary gods  
 By course commits to severall government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire crowns,  
 And weild their little tridents, but this Ile  
 The greatest, and the best of all the main  
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:  
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,  
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way  
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.  
 And here their tender age might suffer perill, 40  
 But that by quick command from Soveran Jove  
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;  
 And listen why, for I will tell ye now  
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song  
 >From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.  
 Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,  
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine  
 After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circes Hand fell (who knows not Circe 50  
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)  
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,  
 With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son  
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,  
 Whom therfore she brought up and Comus named,  
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic, and Iberian fields, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,

And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,  
 Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,  
 Offring to every weary Travailer,  
 His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,  
 To quench the drouth of Phoebus, which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst )  
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
 Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear, 70  
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were,  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely then before  
 And all their friends, and native home forget  
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.  
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove,  
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,  
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star, 80  
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: But first I must put off  
 These my skie robes spun out of Iris Wooff,  
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,  
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,  
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd 90  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in  
 the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts  
 of wilde Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their  
 Apparel glistring, they come in making a riotous and unruly  
 noise, with Torches in their hands.

Co: The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded Car of Day,  
 His glowing Axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantick stream,  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,  
 Pacing toward the other gole 100  
 Of his Chamber in the East.  
 Meanwhile welcom Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Tipsie dance, and Jollity.  
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine  
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.  
 Rigor now is gon to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sowre Severity,  
 With their grave Saws in slumber ly. 110  
 We that are of purer fire

Imitate the Starry Quire,  
Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,  
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.  
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove  
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,  
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,  
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;  
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,  
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim, 120  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove,  
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.

Com let us our rights begin,  
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin  
Which these dun shades will ne're report.  
Hail Goddesses of Nocturnal sport  
Dark vaild Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame 130  
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame  
That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom  
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,  
And makes one blot of all the ayr,  
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,  
Wherin thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend  
Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end  
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
The nice Morn on th' Indian steep  
>From her cabin'd loop hole peep, 140  
And to the tel-tale Sun discry  
Our conceal'd Solemnity.  
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,  
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off; break off, I feel the different pace,  
Of som chast footing neer about this ground.  
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,  
Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)  
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms, 150  
And to my wily trains, I shall e're long  
Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd  
About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
My dazzling Spells into the spungy ayr,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,  
Which must not be, for that's against my course;  
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
And well plac't words of glozing courtesie  
Baited with reasons not unplausible  
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,  
And hugg him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,



I shall appear som harmles Villager  
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,  
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, if I may, her busines here.

The Lady enters.

La: This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170  
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound  
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,

Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,  
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss. I should he loath  
To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence  
of such late Wassailers; yet O where els 180  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet

In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?  
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,  
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side  
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.

They left me then. when the gray-hooded Eev'n  
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed 190  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,

Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest  
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,  
And envious darknes, e're they could return,  
Had stole them from me, els O theevisch Night  
Why shouldst thou, but for som felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,  
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely Travailer? 200

This is the place as well as I may guess,  
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth  
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.  
What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory  
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names  
On Sands and Shoars and desert Wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210  
The vertuous mind that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion Conscience.--  
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings.  
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,  
I see ye visibly and now beleeve  
That he, the Supreme good t'whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistring Guardian if need were

To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220  
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.  
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits  
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen 230  
Within thy airy shell  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet imbroider'd vale  
Where the love-lorn Nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair  
That likest thy Narcissus are?  
O if thou have  
Hid them in som flowry Cave,  
Tell me but where 240  
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,  
So maist thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Co: Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould  
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that brest,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testifie his hidd'n residence;  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings 250  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night  
At every fall smoothing the Raven doune  
Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard  
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades  
Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs.  
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into attention.  
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260  
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,  
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
I never heard till now. Ile speak to her  
And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder  
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed  
Unlesse the Goddes that in rurall shrine  
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song  
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood. 270

La: Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise

That is address to unattending Ears,  
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
How to regain my sever'd company  
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co: What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La: Dim darknes, and this heavy Labyrinth.

Co: Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?

La: They left me weary on a grassie terf. 280

Co: By falshood. or discourtesie, or why?

La: To seek in vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co: And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

La: They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co: Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La: How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Co: Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La: No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Co: Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La: As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

Co: Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe  
In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;  
I saw them under a green mantling vine  
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,  
Their port was more then human, as they stood;  
I took it for a faery vision

Of som gay creatures of the element  
That in the colours of the Rainbow live 300  
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,  
And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek  
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
To help you find them. La: Gentle villager  
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co: Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La: To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,  
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet, 310

Co: I know each lane, and every alley green  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,  
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark  
>From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise  
I can conduct you Lady to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320  
Till further quest.

La: Shepherd I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls  
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,  
And yet is most pretended: In a place  
Less warranted then this, or less secure  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall  
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.-- 330

The Two Brothers.

Eld. Bro: Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon  
That wontst to love the travailers benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that raigns here  
In double night of darknes, and of shades;  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, som gentle taper  
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole  
Of som clay habitation visit us  
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light. 340  
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2. Bro: Or if our eyes  
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear  
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,  
'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing  
In this close dungeon of innumerous bowes.  
But O that haples virgin our lost sister 350  
Where may she wander now, whether betake her  
>From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?  
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.  
What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
Or while we speak within the direfull grasp  
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro: Peace brother, be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,  
 How bitter is such self delusion?  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincip'l'd in vertues book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.  
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would  
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon  
 Were in the salt sea sunk. And Wisdoms self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
 She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled and sometimes impaired. 380  
 He that has light within his own deer brest  
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro: Tis most true  
 That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house,  
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds, 390  
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with unincharnted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 >From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spred out the unsun'd heaps  
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.  
 Of night, or lonelines it recks me not,  
 I fear the dred events that dog them both,  
 Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro: I do not, brother,  
 Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversie:  
 Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear 410  
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is  
 That I encline to hope, rather then fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left

As you imagine, she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not.

2. Bro: What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELD Bro: I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength  
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity: 420

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,  
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen  
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,  
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,  
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,  
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer  
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,

Yea there, where very desolation dwels  
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench't majesty, 430  
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.

Som say no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time,  
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.

Do ye beleeve me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece  
To testifie the arms of Chastity? 440

Hence had the huntress Dian her dred bow  
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,  
Wherwith she tam'd the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon sheild  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin,  
Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?  
But rigid looks of Chast austerity, 450

And noble grace that dash't brute violence  
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.

So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape, 460  
The unpolluted temple of the mind.

And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,  
Till all be made immortal: but when lust  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose

The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470  
Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers  
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,  
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,  
And link't it self by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro: How charming is divine Philosophy !  
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfet raigns.  
Eld. Bro: List, list, I hear 480  
Som far off hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro: Me thought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro: For certain  
Either som one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,  
Som roaving robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro: Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro: Ile hallow,  
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

[Enter] The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak; 490  
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir: What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. Bro: O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro: Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delaid  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,  
How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any ram  
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,  
Or stragging weather the pen't flock forsook?  
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

Spir: O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro: To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spir: Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro: What fears good Thyrsis? Prethee briefly shew.

Spir: Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)  
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
Storied of old in high immortal vers  
Of dire Chimera's and enchanted Iles,  
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood, 520  
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels  
Of Bacchus, and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,  
And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,  
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likenes of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage  
Character'd in the Face; this have I learn't 530  
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.  
Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells  
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late by then the chewing flocks 540  
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb  
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sate me down to watch upon a bank

With Ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy  
To meditate my rural minstrelsie,  
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,  
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance, 550

At which I ceas' t, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsie frighted steeds  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.  
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,  
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence  
Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more

Still to be so displac't. I was all eare, 560  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice



Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.  
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare!  
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast  
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,  
Till guided by mine ear I found the place 570  
Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise  
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met  
Already, ere my best speed could praevent,  
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,  
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him som neighbour villager;  
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't  
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung  
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
But funder know I not.

2. Bro: O night and shades, 580  
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot  
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin  
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me Brother?

Eld. Bro: Yes, and keep it still,  
Lean on it safely, not a period  
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd, 590  
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,  
And earths base built on stubble. But corn let's on.  
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 600  
May never this just sword be lifted up,  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the greisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpyies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twixt Africa and Inde, Ile find him out,  
And force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life.

Spir: Alas good ventrous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise, 610  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,  
Farr other arms, and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,  
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro: Why prethee Shepherd  
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer  
As to make this relation?

Spir: Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620  
In every vertuous plant and healing herb  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,  
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,  
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,  
And shew me simples of a thousand names  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root, 630  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another Countrey, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,  
And yet more med'cinal is it then that Moly  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He call'd it Haemony, and gave it me,  
And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use  
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp 640  
Or gastly furies apparition;  
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,  
Till now that this extremity compell'd,  
But now I find it true; for by this means  
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,  
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off: if you have this about you  
(As I will give you when we go) you may  
Boldly assault the necromancers hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650  
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,  
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew  
Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoak,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro: Thyrsis lead on apace, Ile follow thee,  
And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

The scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of  
deliciousness; Soft Musick, Tables spred with all dainties.  
Comus appears with his rabble. and the Lady set in an enchanted  
Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes  
about to rise.

COMUS: Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster, 660  
And you a statue; or as Daphne was

Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

La: Fool do not boast,  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde  
Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co: Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown  
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates  
Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures  
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670  
Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial Julep here  
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds  
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.  
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone,  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
Why should you be so cruel to your self,  
And to those dainty limms which nature lent 680  
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,  
And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin  
This will restore all soon.

La: 'Twill not false traitor, 690  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies  
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these  
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!  
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceit  
Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence  
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,  
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 700  
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,  
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
But such as are good men can give good things,  
And that which is not good, is not delicious  
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co: O foolishnes of men ! that lend their ears  
To those budge doctors of the Stoick Furr,  
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,  
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth, 710  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,

Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her Sons, and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns  
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with; if all the world                   720  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,  
 Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility;  
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes.           730  
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,  
 The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,  
 And so bested with Stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last  
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.  
 List Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginity,  
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be currant, and the good thereof                   740  
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,  
 Unsavoury in th'injoyment of it self  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.  
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; course complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply                   750  
 The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts,  
 Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La: I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler  
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,                   760  
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:  
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance, she good cateress  
 Means her provision onely to the good  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:  
 If every just man that now pines with want

Had but a moderate and heseeming share  
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770  
Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,  
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't  
In unsuperfluous eeven proportion,  
And she no whit encomber'd with her store,  
And then the giver would he better thank't,  
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony  
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
But with besotted base ingratitude  
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780  
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,  
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend  
The sublime notion, and high mystery  
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
More happiness then this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick 790  
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,  
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;  
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits  
To such a flame of sacred vehemence  
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co: She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800  
Her words set off by som superior power;  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew  
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
To som of Saturns crew. I must dissemble,  
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,  
This is meer moral babble, and direct  
Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
And setlings of a melancholy blood; 810  
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this  
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.--

The brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of  
his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make signe of  
resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir: What, have you let the false enchanter scape?  
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand  
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;

Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me 820  
 Som other means I have which may he us'd  
 Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt  
 The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.  
 There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
 Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,  
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loocrine,  
 That had the Scepter from his father Brute.  
 The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen, 830  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,  
 The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,  
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus Hall,  
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with Asphodil,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd, 840  
 And underwent a quick immortal change  
 Made Goddess of the River; still she retains  
 Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes  
 That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,  
 Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.  
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals  
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850  
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.  
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charms, and thaw the numming spell,  
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,  
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a Virgin, such as was her self  
 In hard besetting need, this will I try  
 And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair  
 Listen when thou art sitting 860  
 Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of Lillies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys grave majestick pace, 870  
 By hoary Nereus wrinckled look,  
 And the Carpathian wisards hook,

By scaly Tritons winding shell,  
And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880  
Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head  
>From thy coral-pav'n bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answered have.  
Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings.

Sab: By the rushy-fringed bank, 890  
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,  
My sliding Chariot stayes,  
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen  
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green  
That in the channell strayes,  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread,  
Gentle swain at thy request 900  
I am here.

Spir: Goddess dear  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true Virgin here distrest,  
Through the force, and through the wile  
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab: Shepherd 'tis my office best  
To help insnared chastity;  
Brightest Lady look on me, 910  
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest  
Drops that from my fountain pure,  
I have kept of pretious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,  
Next this marble venom'd seat  
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,  
Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste ere morning hour 920  
To wait in Amphitrite's bowr.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spir: Virgin, daughter of Lochrine  
Sprung of old Anchises line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
>From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:  
Summer drouth, or singed air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet Octobers torrent flood 930  
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,  
May thy billows rowl ashoar  
The beryl, and the golden ore,  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terrass round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the Sorcerer us intice 940  
With som other new device.  
Not a waste, or needless sound  
Till we com to holier ground,  
I shall be your faithfull guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your Fathers residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wish't presence, and beside 950  
All the Swains that there abide,  
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and chere;  
Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President  
Castle, then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant  
Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir: Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,  
Till next Sun-shine holiday,  
Here be without duck or nod 960  
Other trippings to be trod  
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise  
As Mercury did first devise  
With the mincing Dryades  
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight,



Here behold so goodly grown  
Three fair branches of your own,  
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth. 970  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth  
And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless Praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance  
O're sensual folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir: To the Ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that ly  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
There I suck the liquid ayr 980  
All amidst the Gardens fair  
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree:  
Along the crisped shades and bowres  
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,  
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,  
Thither all their bounties bring,  
That there eternal Summer dwels,  
And West winds, with musky wing  
About the cedar'n alleys fling 990  
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smels.  
Iris there with humid bow,  
Waters the odorous banks that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hew  
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(List mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen;  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc't,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc't  
After her wandring labours long,  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal Bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn. 1010  
But now my task is smoothly don,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earths end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the Moon.  
Mortals that would follow me,  
Love vertue, she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to clime 1020  
Higher then the Spheary chime;

Or if Vertue feeble were,  
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

Notes:

43 ye] you 1673

167 omitted 1673

168, 9 Thus 1637. Manuscript reads --  
but heere she comes I fairly step aside  
& hearken, if I may, her buisnesse heere.

1673 reads --

And hearken, if I may her business hear.

But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

474 sensuality] sensuality 1673. Manuscript also reads sensualitie,  
as the metre requires.

493 father] So also 1673. Manuscript reads father's

547 meditate] meditate upon 1673

553 drowsie frighted] Manuscript reads drowsie flighted.

556 steam] stream 1673

580 furder] further 1673

743 In the manuscript, which reads--

If you let slip time like an neglected rose

a circle has been drawn round the an, but probably not by Milton.

780 enough] anow 1673

POEMS ADDED IN THE 1673 EDITION.

Anno aetatis 17. On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I

O FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,  
Summers chief honour if thou hadst outlasted  
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;  
For he being amorous on that lovely die  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss  
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

II

For since grim Aquilo his charioter  
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer, 10  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,  
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,

Through middle empire of the freezing aire  
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,  
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care  
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,  
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair hiding place. 20

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand  
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate  
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;  
But then transform'd him to a purple flower  
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead  
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;  
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?  
O no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine. 30

VI

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)  
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest  
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare  
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.) 40  
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd rooffe  
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
Which carefull Jove in natures true behoofe  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall  
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head

VIII

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth  
And cam'st again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!  
Or that c[r]own'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?  
Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good. 50

Note: 53 Or wert thou] Or wert thou Mercy -- conjectured by John Heskin Ch. Ch. Oxon. from Ode on Nativity, st. 15.

IX

Or wert thou of the golden-winged boast,  
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,  
To earth from thy praefixed seat didst poast,  
And after short abode flie back with speed, 60  
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe  
To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art. 70

XI

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent;  
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,  
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

Anno Aetatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,  
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,  
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,  
Where he had mutely sate two years before:  
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee: 10  
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide  
For this same small neglect that I have made:  
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,

And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;  
 Not those new fangled toys, and triming slight  
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20  
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;  
 And wearie of their place do only stay  
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;  
 Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round  
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:  
 Such where the deep transported mind may scare  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore  
 Look in, and see each blissful Deitie  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To th'touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:  
 Then passing through the Sphere of watchful fire, 40  
 And mistie Regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,  
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
 And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn Songs at King Alcinous feast,  
 While sad Ulisses soul and all the rest 50  
 Are held with his melodious harmonie  
 In willing chains and sweet captivitie.  
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray !  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my Roome

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten  
 Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons,  
 which Ens thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth  
 The Faery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth; 60  
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie  
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;  
 And sweetly singing round about thy Bed  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still  
 >From eyes of mortals walk invisible,  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,

That far events full wisely could presage,  
 And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass  
 Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,  
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.  
 O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80  
 >From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.  
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roare;  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose, then Relation was call'd by his Name.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphie Dun,  
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads  
 His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,  
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of Maidens death,  
 Or Rockie Avon, or of Sedgie Lee,  
 Or Coaly Tine, or antient hallowed Dee,  
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians Name,  
 Or Medway smooth, or Royal Towred Thame. 100

The rest was Prose.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE. LIB. I. --

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa  
 Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the  
 Latin Measure, as near as the Language permit.

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,  
 Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he  
 On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas  
 Rough with black winds and storms  
 Unwonted shall admire:  
 Who now enjoyes thee credulous, all Gold,  
 Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable 10  
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales  
 Unmindfull. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern God of Sea.  
[The Latin text follows.]

## SONNETS.

### XI

A Book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon;  
And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;  
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,  
Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on  
A title page is this! and some in file  
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek 10  
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp;  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward Greek.

Note: Camb. Autograph supplies title, On the Detraction which followed my writing certain Treatises.

### XII. On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs  
By the known rules of antient libertie,  
When strait a barbarous noise environs me  
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.  
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs  
Raild at Latona's twin-born progenie  
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;  
That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood, 10  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;  
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
But from that mark how far they roave we see  
For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

### XIII

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song  
First taught our English Musick how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan

With Midas Ears, committing short and long;  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue  
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing  
To honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus Quire 10  
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn or Story  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Then his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

Note: 9 send] lend Cambridge Autograph MS.

#### XIV

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load  
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever  
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour  
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams 10  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams  
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

Note: Camb. Autograph supplies title, On the Religious  
Memory of Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased  
16 Decemb., 1646.

#### XV

##### ON THE LATE MASSACHER IN PIEMONT.

Avenge O lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old  
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes  
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold  
Slayn by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd  
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans  
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they  
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10  
O're all th'Italian fields where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow  
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way  
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.



XVI

When I consider how my light is spent,  
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, least he returning chide,  
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best 10  
Bear his milde yoaik, they serve him best, his State  
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and waite.

XVII

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,  
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help wast a sullen day; what may be Won  
>From the hard Season gaining: time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire  
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice, 10  
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice  
Warble immortal Notes and Tuskan Ayre?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench  
Of Brittish Themis, with no mean applause  
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,  
Which others at their Barr so often wrench:  
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;  
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.  
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know 10  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
That with superfluous burden loads the day,

And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XIX

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
Whom Joves great Son to her glad Husband gave,  
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.  
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,  
Purification in the old Law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight, 10  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd  
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

On the new forcers of Conscience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,  
And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie  
To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie  
>From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,  
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword  
To force our Consciencs that Christ set free,  
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy  
Taught ye by meer A. S. and Rotherford?  
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent 10  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul  
Must now he nam'd and printed Hereticks  
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing wors then those of Trent,  
That so the Parliament  
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears  
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,  
And succour our just Fears  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest Writ Large. 20

The four following sonnets were not published until 1694, and then in a mangled form by Phillips, in his Life of Milton; they are here printed from the Cambridge MS., where that to Fairfax is in Milton's autograph.

ON THE LORD GEN. FAIRFAX AT THE SEIGE OF COLCHESTER.

Fairfax, whose name in armes through Europe rings  
 Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshak'n vertue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, & the fals North displaies  
 Her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,  
 O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand;  
 Yet what can Warr, but endless warr still breed, 10  
 Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,  
 And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand  
 Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed  
 While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

To the Lord Generall Cromwell May 1652.  
 ON THE PROPOSALLS OF CERTAINE MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR  
 PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPELL.

Cromwell, our cheif of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude  
 To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast reard Gods Trophies, & his work pursu'd,  
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,  
 And Dunbarr field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worsters laureat wreath; yet much remains  
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10  
 No less renown'd then warr, new foes aries  
 Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:  
 Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

TO SR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,  
 Then whome a better Senatour nere held  
 The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repell'd  
 The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd,  
 Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,  
 Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold  
 In all her equipage: besides to know  
 Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes 10  
 What severs each thou hast learnt, which few have don  
 The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow.  
 Therefore on thy firme hand religion leanes

In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son.

TO MR. CYRIACK SKINNER UPON HIS BLINDNESS.

Cyriack, this three years day these eys, though clear  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot;  
Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot,  
Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year,  
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against heavns hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear vp and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd 10  
In libertyes defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

PSAL. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and ith'way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorners hath not sate. But in the great  
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watry streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall. 10  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their tryal then  
Nor sinners in th'assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th'upright way of the just  
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

PSAL. II Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations  
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth upstand  
With power, and Princes in their Congregations  
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,  
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear.  
Let us break off; say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)  
 On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd  
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee  
 This day, ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 Th'Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
 Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
 With Iron Sceptir bruis'd, and them disperse 20  
 Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averse  
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; Kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger and ye perish in the way  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III. Aug. 9. 1653  
 WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD how many are my foes  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise  
 Many are they  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou Lord art my shield my glory,  
 Thee through my story  
 Th' exalter of my head I count  
 Aloud I cry'd 10  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not though incamping round about  
 They pitch against me their Pavillions.  
 Rise Lord, save me my God for thou  
 Hast smote ere now 20  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men abhor'd  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10.1653.

ANSWER me when I call  
God of my righteousness;  
In straits and in distress  
Thou didst me disinthral  
And set at large; now spare,  
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.

Great ones how long will ye  
My glory have in scorn  
How long be thus forlorn  
Still to love vanity, 10  
To love, to seek, to prize  
Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose  
Chose to himself a part  
The good and meek of heart  
(For whom to chuse he knows)  
Jehovah from on high  
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,  
Speak to your hearts alone, 20  
Upon your beds, each one,  
And be at peace within.  
Offer the offerings just  
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say  
Who yet will shew us good?  
Talking like this worlds brood;  
But Lord, thus let me pray,  
On us lift up the light  
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put  
Then when a year of glut  
Their stores doth over-cloy  
And from their plenteous grounds  
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep  
For thou alone dost keep  
Me safe where ere I lie 40  
As in a rocky Cell  
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12.1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear  
My meditation waigh  
The voyce of my complaining hear

My King and God for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah thou my early voyce  
 Shalt in the morning hear  
 Ith'morning I to thee with choyce  
 Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight 10  
 Evil with thee no biding makes  
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly  
 The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear  
 Thy numerous mercies go  
 Into thy house; I in thy fear  
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20  
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress,  
 Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.  
 For in his faltring mouth unstable  
 No word is firm or sooth  
 Their inside, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
 God, find them guilty, let them fall  
 By their own counsels quell'd; 30  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
 Their joy, while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
 To bless the just man still,  
 As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

PSAL. VI Aug. 13. 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject  
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore  
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes.  
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;  
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.

Depart all ye that work iniquitie.  
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r  
My supplication with acceptance fair  
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20  
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't  
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,  
They shall return in hast the way they came  
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.  
UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM.

Lord my God to thee I flie  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I crie  
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)  
He hast to tear my Soul asunder  
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought  
Or done this, if wickedness  
Be in my hands, if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace, 10  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And fre'd my foe for naught;

Let th'enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth and roul  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust and there out spread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire  
Rouze thy self amidst the rage 20  
Of my foes that urge like fire;  
And wake for me, their furi' asswage;  
Judgment here thou didst ingage  
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the worlds foundation. 30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this  
According to my righteousness  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me: cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness  
And their power that do amiss.



But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies 40  
In him who both just and wise  
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If th' unjust will not forbear,  
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold 50  
He travels big with vanitie,  
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old  
As in a womb, and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made,  
His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd 60  
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise  
And sing the Name and Deitie  
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?  
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes  
To stint th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,  
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set, 10  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O What is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot  
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;  
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,

With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,  
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet. 20

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet  
Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.  
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is  
in a different Character, are the very words of the Text,  
translated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep  
Give ear in time of need,  
Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
Thy loved Josephs seed,  
That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright  
Between their wings out-spread  
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,  
And in Manasse's sight 10  
Awake\* thy strength, come, and be seen \*Gnorera.  
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, thy grace divine  
To us O God vouchsafe;  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine  
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy \*smoking wrath, and angry brow \*Gnashanta.  
Against thy peoples praire. 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat,  
And mak'st them\* largely drink the tears  
Wherewith their cheeks are wet. \*Shalish.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey  
To every neighbour foe,  
Among themselves they \*laugh, they \*play, \*Jilgnagu.  
And \*flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, and thy grace divine,  
O God of Hosts vouchsafe 30  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Aegypt thou hast brought,  
 Thy free love made it thine,  
 And drov'st out Nations proud and haut  
 To plant this lovely Vine.  
 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place  
 And root it deep and fast  
 That it began to grow apace,  
 And fill'd the land at last. 40  
 10 With her green shade that cover'd all,  
 The Hills were over-spread  
 Her Bows as high as Cedars tall  
 Advanc'd their lofty head.  
 11 Her branches on the western side  
 Down to the Sea she sent,  
 And upward to that river wide  
 Her other branches went.  
 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low  
 And brok'n down her Fence, 50  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
 With rudest violence?  
 13 The tusked Boar out of the wood  
 Up turns it by the roots,  
 Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food  
 Her Grapes and tender Shoots.  
 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
 From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,  
 Behold us, but without a frown,  
 And visit this thy Vine. 60  
 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted long,  
 And the young branch, that for thy self  
 Thou hast made firm and strong.  
 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
 And cut with Axes down,  
 They perish at thy dreadfull ire,  
 At thy rebuke and frown.  
 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
 Let thy good hand be laid, 70  
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made.  
 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
 To wayes of sin and shame,  
 Quick'n us thou, then gladly wee  
 Shall call upon thy Name.  
 Return us, and thy grace divine  
 Lord God of Hosts voutsafe,  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe. 80

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, and clear,  
 Sing loud to God our King,  
 To Jacobs God, that all may hear

- Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song  
The Timbrel hither bring  
The cheerfull Psaltry bring along  
And Harp with pleasant string.
- 3 Blow, as is wont, in the new Moon  
With Trumpets lofty sound, 10  
Th'appointed time, the day wheron  
Our solemn Feast comes round.
- 4 This was a Statute giv'n of old  
For Israel to observe  
A Law of Jacobs God, to hold  
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, not to change,  
When as he pass'd through Aegypt land;  
The Tongue I heard, was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, and from slavish toyle  
I set his shoulder free;  
His hands from pots, and mirie soyle  
Deliver'd were by me.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,  
On me then didst thou call,  
And I to free thee did not faile,  
And led thee out of thrall.  
I answer'd thee in \*thunder deep \*Be Sether ragnam.  
With clouds encompass'd round; 30  
I tri'd thee at the water steep  
Of Meriba renown'd.
- 8 Hear O my people, heark'n well,  
I testifie to thee  
Thou antient flock of Israel,  
If thou wilt list to mee,
- 9 Through out the land of thy abode  
No alien God shall be  
Nor shalt thou to a forein God  
In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
Thee out of Aegypt land  
Ask large enough, and I, besought,  
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not hear,  
Nor hearken to my voice;  
And Israel whom I lov'd so dear  
Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will  
And to their wandring mind; 50  
Their own conceits they follow'd still  
Their own devises blind
- 13 O that my people would be wise  
To serve me all their daies,  
And O that Israel would advise  
To walk my righteous waies.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes  
That now so proudly rise,  
And turn my hand against all those  
That are their enemies. 60

- 15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain  
 To bow to him and bend,  
 But they, His should remain,  
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would free them from the shock  
 With flower of finest wheat,  
 And satisfie them from the rock  
 With Honey for their Meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

- |   |  |                                    |
|---|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 | GOD in the *great *assembly stands<br>Of Kings and lordly States,<br>Among the gods* on both his hands.<br>He judges and debates.                | *Bagnadath-el<br>*Bekerev.         |
| 2 | How long will ye *pervert the right<br>With *judgment false and wrong<br>Favouring the wicked by your might,<br>Who thence grow bold and strong? | *Tishphetu<br>gnavel.              |
| 3 | *Regard the *weak and fatherless<br>*Dispatch the *poor mans cause,<br>And **raise the man in deep distress<br>By **just and equal Lawes.        | *Shiphtu-dal.<br>10<br>**Hatzdiku. |
| 4 | Defend the poor and desolate,<br>And rescue from the hands<br>Of wicked men the low estate<br>Of him that help demands.                          |                                    |
| 5 | They know not nor will understand,<br>In darkness they walk on,<br>The Earths foundations all are *mov'd<br>And *out of order gon.               | *Jimmotu.<br>20                    |
| 6 | I said that ye were Gods, yea all<br>The Sons of God most high   |                                    |
| 7 | But ye shall die like men, and fall<br>As other Princes die.   |                                    |
| 8 | Rise God, *judge thou the earth in might,<br>This wicked earth *redress,<br>For thou art he who shalt by right<br>The Nations all possess.       | *Shiphta.                          |

PSAL. LXXXIII.

- |   |   |             |
|---|---|-------------|
| 1 | BE not thou silent now at length<br>O God hold not thy peace,<br>Sit not thou still O God of strength<br>We cry and do not cease.       |             |
| 2 | For lo thy furious foes now *swell<br>And *storm outrageously,<br>And they that hate thee proud and fill<br>Exalt their heads full hie. | *Jehemajun. |
| 3 | Against thy people they *contrive   | *Jagnarimu. |

- \*Their Plots and Counsels deep,  
 \*Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
 \*Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come let us cut them off say they,  
 Till they no Nation be  
 That Israels name for ever may  
 Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult \*with all their might,  
 And all as one in mind  
 Themselves against thee they unite  
 And in firm union bind. 20
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of scornful Ishmael,  
 Moab, with them of Hagers blood  
 That in the Desart dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,  
 And hateful Amalec,  
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre  
 Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Asshur also bands  
 And doth confirm the knot, 30  
 All these have lent their armed hands  
 To aid the Sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold  
 That wasted all the Coast.  
 To Sisera, and as is told  
 Thou didst to Jabins hoast,  
 When at the brook of Kishon old  
 They were repulst and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd  
 As dung upon the plain. 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped  
 So let their Princes speed  
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled  
 So let their Princes bleed.
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said  
 By right now shall we seize  
 Gods houses, and will now invade  
 \*Their stately Palaces. \*Neoth Elohim bears both.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel  
 No quiet let them find, 50  
 Giddy and restless let them reel  
 Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As when an aged wood takes fire  
 Which on a sudden straiies,  
 The greedy flame runs hier and hier  
 Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
 And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 \*And till they \*yield thee honour due,  
 Lord fill with shame their face. \*They seek thy  
 Name. Heb.
- 17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,  
 Troubl'd and sham'd for ever, 60  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, and scape it never.
- 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name  
 Jehova is alone,

Art the most high, and thou the same  
O're all the earth art one.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
O Lord of Hoasts, how dear  
The pleasant Tabernacles are!  
Where thou do'st dwell so near.
- 2 My Soul doth long and almost die  
Thy Courts O Lord to see,  
My heart and flesh aloud do crie,  
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow freed from wrong  
Hath found a house of rest, 10  
The Swallow there, to lay her young  
Hath built her brooding nest,  
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hoasts  
They find their safe abode,  
And home they fly from round the Coasts  
Toward thee, My King, my God
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside  
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy waies. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's thirstie Vale,  
That dry and barren ground  
As through a fruitfull watry Dale  
Where Springs and Showrs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
With joy and gladsom cheer  
Till all before our God at length  
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hoasts hear now my praier  
O Jacobs God give ear, 30
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face  
Of thy anointed dear.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts to be  
Is better, and mere blest  
Then in the joyes of Vanity,  
A thousand daies at best.  
I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a dore,  
Then dwell in Tents, and rich abode  
With Sin for evermore 40
- 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield  
Gives grace and glory bright,  
No good from him shall be with-held  
Whose waies are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hoasts that raign 'st on high,  
That man is truly blest  
Who only on thee doth relie.  
And in thee only rest.

PSAL LXXXV.

- 1 THY Land to favour graciously  
Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
Thou hast from hard Captivity  
Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
That wrought thy people woe,  
And all their Sin, that did thee grieve  
Hast hid where none shall know.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
And calmly didst return  
From thy \*fierce wrath which we had prov'd  
Far worse then fire to burn. 10  
\*Heb. The burning  
heat of thy  
wrath.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
Turn us, and us restore,  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Toward us, and chide no more.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
For ever angry thus  
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not \* turn, and hear our voice  
And us again \* revive ,  
That so thy people may rejoyce  
By thee preserv'd alive. \* Heb. Turn to  
quicken us.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,  
To us thy mercy shew  
Thy saving health to us afford  
And lift in us renew.
- 8 And now what God the Lord will speak  
I will go strait and hear, 30  
For to his people he speaks peace  
And to his Saints full dear,  
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, but surcease  
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand  
And glory shall ere long appear  
To dwell within our Land. 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd  
Now joyfully are met  
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd  
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth like to a flowr  
Shall bud and blossom then,  
And Justice from her heavenly bowr  
Look down on mortal men.
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good 50  
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits to be our food.



13 Before him Righteousness shall go  
His Royal Harbinger,  
Then \* will he come, and not be slow  
His footsteps cannot err.

\*Heb. He will set his  
steps to the way.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THY gracious ear, O Lord, encline,  
O hear me I thee pray,  
For I am poor, and almost pine  
With need, and sad decay.

2 Preserve my soul, for \*I have trod  
Thy waies, and love the just,  
Save thou thy servant O my God  
Who still in thee doth trust.

Heb. I am good, loving,  
a doer of good and  
holy things

3 Pity me Lord for daily thee  
I call; 4 O make rejoyce  
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee  
I lift my soul and voice,

10

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone  
To pardon, thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou alone  
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication Lord  
Give ear, and to the crie  
Of my incessant praiers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.

20

7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee for aid;  
For thou wilt grant me free access  
And answer, what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the gods is none  
O Lord, nor any works  
Of all that other Gods have done  
Like to thy glorious works.

9 The Nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before thee Lord,  
And glorifie thy name.

30

10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done,  
Thou in thy everlasting Seat  
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me O Lord thy way most right,  
I in thy truth will hide,  
To fear thy name my heart unite  
So shall it never slide.

40

12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God  
Thee honour, and adore  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for ever more.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast free'd my Soul  
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free

From deepest darkness foul.  
 14 O God the proud against me rise  
 And violent men are met 50  
 To seek my life, and in their eyes  
 No fear of thee have set.  
 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild  
 Readiest thy grace to shew,  
 Slow to be angry, and art stil'd  
 Most mercifull, most true.  
 16 O turn to me thy face at length,  
 And me have mercy on,  
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
 And save thy hand-maids Son. 60  
 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes then see  
 And be asham'd, because thou Lord  
 Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII

1 AMONG the holy Mountains high  
 Is his foundation fast,  
 There Seated in his Sanctuary,  
 His Temple there is plac't.  
 2 Sions fair Gates the Lord loves more  
 Then all the dwellings faire  
 Of Jacobs Land, though there be store,  
 And all within his care.  
 3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee abroad are spoke; 10  
 4 I mention Egypt, where proud Kings  
 Did our forefathers yoke,  
 I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia full of scorn,  
 And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends,  
 Lo this man there was born:  
 5 But wise that praise shall in our ear  
 Be said of Sion last  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall fix her fast. 20  
 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle  
 That ne're shall be out-worn  
 When he the Nations doth enrowle  
 That this man there was born.  
 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance  
 With sacred Songs are there,  
 In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance  
 And all my fountains clear.

PSAL. LXXXVIII

- 1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,  
All day to thee I cry;  
And all night long, before thee weep  
Before thee prostrate lie.
- 2 Into thy presence let my praier  
With sighs devout ascend  
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,  
Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie, 10  
My life at death's uncherful dore  
Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass  
Down to the dismal pit  
I am a \*man, but weak alas \* Heb. A man without manly  
And for that name unfit. strength.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
Among the dead to sleep  
And like the slain in bloody fight  
That in the grave lie deep. 20  
Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard,  
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're  
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit profound'  
Hast set me all forlorn,  
Where thickest darkness hovers round,  
In horrid deeps to mourn.
- 7 Thy wrath from which no shelter saves  
Full sore doth press on me; 30  
\*Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, \*The Heb.  
\*And all thy waves break me bears both.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious,  
Me to them odious, for they change,  
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great  
Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
Lord all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread. 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,  
Shall the deceas'd arise  
And praise thee from their loathsom bed  
With pale and hollow eyes ?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
On whom the grave hath hold,  
Or they who in perdition dwell  
Thy faithfulness unfold?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
Or wondrous acts be known, 50  
Thy justice in the gloomy land  
Of dark oblivion?
- 13 But I to thee O Lord do cry  
E're yet my life be spent,  
And up to thee my praier doth hie  
Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me,  
 15 That am already bruise'd, and \*shake      \*Heb. Prae Concussione.  
     With terror sent from thee;                      60  
     Bruise'd, and afflicted and so low  
     As ready to expire,  
     While I thy terrors undergo  
     Astonish'd with thine ire.  
 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow  
     Thy threatnings cut me through.  
 17 All day they round about me go,  
     Like waves they me persue.  
 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd  
     And sever'd from me far.                      70  
     They fly me now whom I have lov'd,  
     And as in darkness are.

Finis.

#### COLLECTION OF PASSAGES TRANSLATED IN THE PROSE WRITINGS.

[From Of Reformation in England, 1641.]

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause  
 Not thy Conversion, but those rich demains  
 That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee.  
 DANTE, Inf. xix. 115.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,  
 'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,  
 Impudent whoore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?  
 In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?  
 Another Constantine comes not in hast.  
 PETRARCA, Son. 108.

And to be short, at last his guid him brings  
 Into a goodly valley, where he sees  
 A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd  
 Things that on earth were lost or were abus'd.

Then past he to a flowry Mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;  
 This was that gift (if you the truth will have)  
 That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.  
 ARIOSTO, Or. Fur. xxxiv. 80.

[From Reason of Church Government, 1641.]

When I die, let the Earth be roul'd in flames.

[From Apology for Smectymnuus, 1642.]

Laughing to teach the truth  
What hinders? as some teachers give to Boys  
Junkets and knacks, that they may learne apace.  
HORACE, Sat. 1. 24.

Jesting decides great things  
Stronglier, and better off than earnest can.  
IBID. i. 10. 14.

'Tis you that say it, not I: you do the deeds  
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.  
SOPHOCLES, Elec. 624.

[From Areopagitica, 1644.]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men,  
Having to advise the Public, may speak free,  
Which he who can, and will, deserv's high praise;  
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace,  
What can be juster in a state then this?  
EURIPIDES, Supp. 438

[From Tetrachordon, 1645.]

Whom do we count a good man, whom but he  
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the Senate,  
Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood  
See his foul inside through his whited skin.  
HORACE, Ep. i. 16. 40.

[From The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, 1649.]

There can be slaine  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
Than an unjust and wicked king.  
SENECA, Herc. Fur. 922.

[From History of Britain, 1670.]

Brutus thus addresses Diana in the country of Leogecia.

Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will  
Walk'st on the rowling Sphear, and through the deep,  
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell  
What Land, what Seat of rest thou bidst me seek,  
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with Temples vow'd, and Virgin quires.

To whom sleeping before the altar, Diana in a Vision that night  
thus answer'd.

Brutus far to the West, in th' Ocean wide  
Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,  
Now void, it fits thy People; thether bend  
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,  
There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise,  
And Kings be born of thee, whose dredded might  
Shall aw the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of first (1667) edition of  
Paradise Lost follows:

Paradise lost.  
A  
POEM  
Written in  
TEN BOOKS  
By John Milton

---

Licensed and Entred according  
to Order

---

LONDON.  
Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker  
under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by  
Robert Boulter at the Turk's head in Bishopsgate-street  
And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstan's Church  
in Fleet-street, 1667.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of second (1674) edition of  
Paradise Lost follows:

Paradise Lost.  
A  
POEM

IN  
TWELVE BOOKS.

---

The Author  
JOHN MILTON.

---

The Second Edition  
Revised and Augmented by the  
Same Author.

---

LONDON.  
Printed by S. Simmons next door to the  
Golden Lion in Aldergate-street, 1674.

PARADISE LOST.

ON Paradise Lost.

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

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

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

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy Labours to pretend a share,  
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit:  
So that no room is here for Writers left,  
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

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

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

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

A.M.

Note: On Paradise Lost] Added in the second edition 1674.

The Printer to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, there was no Argument at first intended to  
the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I  
have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled  
many others, why the Poem Rimes not.  
S. Simmons.

Notes:

The Printer to the Reader] Added in 1668 to the copies then  
remaining of the first edition, amended in 1669, and omitted in  
1670.

I have procur'd it, and . . . . not. 1669] is procured. 1668.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime as that of  
Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no  
necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in



longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight: which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

Note: The Verse] Added in 1668 to the copies then remaining of the first edition; together with the Argument. In the second edition (1674) the Argument, with the necessary adjustment to the division made in Books vii and x, was distributed through the several books of the poem, as it is here printed.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

determin thereon he refers to a full councell. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel.

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 10  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first 20  
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 30  
>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 Mankinde, 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, 40  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
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 50  
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, 60  
 A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
 As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70  
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 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, 80  
 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 90  
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
 >From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd  
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those  
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100  
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
 And shook his throne. What 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 110  
 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 120  
 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 despaire:  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.  
 O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to Warr  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130  
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns 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, 140  
 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 150  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;  
 What can it then avail though yet we feel  
 Strength 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, 160  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 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 170  
 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, 180  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 >From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 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, 190  
 If not what resolution from despair.  
 Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate  
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large  
 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 200  
 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 210  
 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. 220  
 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 230  
 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 scapt the Stygian flood  
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.  
 Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat  
 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 250  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in it self  
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
 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: 260  
 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? 270  
 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 extrems, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lye  
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280

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, 290  
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;  
Knotholes he so endur'd, till on the Beach 300  
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd

His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't  
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew  
Busiris and his Memphian Chivalrie,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld 310  
>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,  
Warriers, 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 320  
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. 330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
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 340  
 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; 350  
 A multitude, like which the populous North  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous Sons  
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.  
 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; 360  
 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 370  
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various Names,  
 And various Idols 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? 380  
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide  
 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, 390  
 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 400  
 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, 410  
 And Eleale to th' Asphaltick Pool.  
 Peor his other Name, when he entic'd  
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
 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 420  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general Names  
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
 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, 430  
 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 440  
 Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart 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 450  
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood

Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
 Infected Sions daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led  
 His eye survay'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
 Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful Seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertil Banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 He also against the house of God was bold: 470  
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
 Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offrings, and adore the Gods  
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus and their Train  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
 Fanatic Egypt and her Priests, to seek 480  
 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 490  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood  
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft 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 500  
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the Streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when hospitable Dores  
 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 510  
 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, 520  
 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. 530  
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard  
 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: 540  
 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 550  
 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 560  
 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, 570  
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
 Glories: For never since created man,  
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these  
 Could merit more then that small infantry  
 Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
 That fought at Theb's and Ilium, on each side  
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
 In Fable or Romance of Uthers Son 580  
 Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;  
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
 When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Thir dread Commander: he above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590  
 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 600  
 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 610  
 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 620  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.  
 O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers

Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, 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? 630  
 For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend  
 Self-raisd, 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 640  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
 So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New 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 650  
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should 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' Abyesse  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird, 660  
 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 670  
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire  
 Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands  
 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd  
 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
 Or cast a Rampart. Mammon led them on,  
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell

>From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts 680  
 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  
 Rifi'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 690  
 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, 700  
 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 710  
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
 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 720  
 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 suttile Magic many a row  
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus yeilded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 Where 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 740  
 >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' Aegaeon 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 750  
 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 Councel 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 760  
 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 carrear with Lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brusht with the hiss of rusling wings. As Bees  
 In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770  
 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 780  
 Beyond the Indian Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side  
 Or Fountain fome 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, 790  
 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.

Notes:

504, 505 hospitable Dores Yielded thir Matrons] the hospitable  
door Expos'd a Matron 1674.

530 fainted] fa(i)nting 1674.

703 founded] found out 1674.

737 Herarchie] Hierarchie 1674.

The End Of The First Book.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel  
be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it,  
others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before  
by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophesie or Tradition in  
Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature  
equal or much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be  
created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search:  
Satan thir cheif undertakes alone the voyage, is honourd and  
applauded. The Councel thus ended, the rest betake them  
several wayes and to several imployments, as thir inclinations  
lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on  
his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to  
guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to  
him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what  
difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos the Power of  
that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

Note: who shall be sent] who should be sent 1669.

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  
Shows 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, 20  
 Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss  
 Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 >From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 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, 40  
 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. 50  
 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 60  
 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 70  
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful Lake 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 80  
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;  
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
 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 90  
 Inexorably, and the torturing houre  
 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 100  
 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 110  
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue  
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
 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 120  
 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 130  
 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 140  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
 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, 150  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can  
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 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, 160  
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?  
 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
 With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought  
 The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.  
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires 170  
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
 And plunge us in the Flames? or from above  
 Should intermitted 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 180  
 Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
 Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.

Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from heav'ns highth 190  
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 and these Torments? better these then worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200  
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
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 210  
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 conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
This horror will grow milde, this darkness light, 220  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appeers  
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 disenthrone the King of Heav'n  
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain 230  
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 240  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits

Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes  
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250  
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
 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 260  
 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 Desert soile 270  
 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 280  
 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 Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay  
 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard 290  
 As Mammon ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace: for such another Field  
 They dreaded worse 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 300

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, 310  
 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 320  
 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 330  
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none  
 Voutsaft 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? 340  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,  
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
 (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 350  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
 That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,  
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,

By force or subtlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
 And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360  
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
 Som advantageous 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 370  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 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, 380  
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creatour? But 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, 390  
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,  
 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, 400  
 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 410  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less

Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.  
 This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others count'nance 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, Empyreal Thrones, 430  
 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 440  
 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 450  
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty powers,  
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render Hell  
 More tollerable; if there be cure or charm 460  
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
 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; 470  
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand



His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
 Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,                   480  
 That for the general safety he despis'd  
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
 Loose all their virtue; least bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless Chief:  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread  
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the lowering Element                   490  
 Scowls o'er the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;  
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife                   500  
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes now 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 their mighty Paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp Supreme,                   510  
 And God-like imitated State; him round  
 A Globe of fierce Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent Arms.  
 Then of their Session ended they bid cry  
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding Alchymie  
 By Harolds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.                   520  
 Thence more at ease their minds and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplex'd, 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; 530  
 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 540  
 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 550  
 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, 560  
 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, 570  
 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 580  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe the River of Oblivion roules  
 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 590  
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog  
 Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,  
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
 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 600  
 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 610  
 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' adventurous 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, 620  
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,  
 A Universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 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, 630  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight; som times  
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave 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 640  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd

Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,  
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass  
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
 Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide 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 660  
 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, 670  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The Monster moving onward came as fast,  
 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. 680  
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:  
 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 690  
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons  
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?  
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700  
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 710  
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood; 720  
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; 730  
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, 740  
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 deemd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns 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 760  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout 770  
 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. 780  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;  
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
 >From all her Caves, and back resounded Death.  
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790  
 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 800  
 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 810  
 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 subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
 Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
 And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820  
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 >From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host  
 Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd  
 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 wandering quest a place foretold 830  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't  
 A race of upstart Creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
 Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
 Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught  
 Then this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.  
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a 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, 850  
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'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, 860  
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 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. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And towards the Gate rousing her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,  
 Which but her self not all the Stygian powers  
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease  
 Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie  
 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound 880  
 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 890  
 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 900  
 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, 910  
 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 920  
 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 smook  
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League  
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides 930  
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuities: all unawares  
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom 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, 940  
 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 Arimaspien, who by stelth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind  
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend  
 Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950  
 At length a universal hubbub wilde  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,  
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes  
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread 960  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd  
 Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,  
 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, 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
 Wandring this darksome desart, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place  
 >From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course; 980  
 Directed, no mean recompence it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway

(Which is my present journey) and once more  
 Erect the Standerd there of Ancient Night;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.  
 Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old  
 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heav'ns King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
 That little which is left so to defend 1000  
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles  
 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, 1010  
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
 Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset  
 And more endanger'd, then when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling Rocks:  
 Or when Ulysses on the Larbord shunnd  
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard. 1020  
 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 1030  
 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, 1040  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease

Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light  
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold  
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermind square or round,  
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd  
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat; 1050  
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.

Notes:

282 where] were 1674.  
402 breath] misprint for breathe.  
483 thir] her 1674.  
527 his] this 1674.  
542 Oealia] Oechalia 1674.  
631 toward] towards 1674.

The End Of The Second Book.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praises to his father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all in Heaven and Earth, commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, amid hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son.. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The Lympo of Vanity, what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into

the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

Hail holy light, ofspring 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 10  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'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, 20  
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  
Cler Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief 30  
Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor somtimes 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 40  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud 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. 50  
So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.  
 Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 >From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
 High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view:

60

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

70

Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
 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.

80

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,

90

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.

100

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, 110  
 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. 120  
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
 Or aught by me immutablie 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 130  
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,  
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my 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 140  
 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.  
 O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
 Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest. 150  
 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 160  
 Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
 Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy 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, 170  
 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 180  
 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 warn'd  
 Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd 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. 190  
 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, 200  
 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 210  
 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 220  
 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 230  
 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 240  
 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 250  
 My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
 Then with the multitude of my redeemd 260  
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
 And reconcilment; wrauth shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.  
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shon  
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270  
 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. 280



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 enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save

A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt

With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King; all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.

Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell  
And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,

With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need, 340  
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as 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 350  
 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 360  
 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 370  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.  
 Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
 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, 380  
 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 390  
 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'n's 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, 400  
 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, 410  
 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 420  
 >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 gaines  
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430  
 As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,  
 Whose 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 Waggon light:  
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440  
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other Creature in this place  
 Living or liveless to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like 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; 450  
 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, 460  
 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, 470  
 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, 480  
 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 490  
 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 500  
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste  
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth

By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn. 510  
 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, 520  
 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, 530  
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit off 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. 540  
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair  
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
 Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone  
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some forein land  
 First-seen, or some renownd Metropolis 550  
 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 560  
 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 570  
 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 Starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering Lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd  
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The Univers, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:  
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
 Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
 If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
 In Aarons Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below 600  
 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 610  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazl'd, 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 620  
 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 630  
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 640

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, neerest to his Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes 650  
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 660

To visit off this new Creation round;  
Unspeakeable 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; 670  
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. 680  
 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 690  
 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 Empyreal Mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700  
 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 710  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
 Swift to 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, 720  
 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 730  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 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, 740  
Throws his steep flight with many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

The End Of The Third Book.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satans first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work thir fall; overhears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while. to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him out ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ'd; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, least the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd. he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in 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 warnd  
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind, 10  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss

Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet not rejoicing 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 20  
 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: 30  
 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 40  
 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 50  
 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 60  
 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. 70  
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie  
 Infinite wrath, 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? 80  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 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 90  
 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 reconcilment grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100  
 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 110  
 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 betraid  
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule  
 Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme, 120  
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
 That practisd falshood under saintly shew,  
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
 Yet not enough had practisd 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. 130  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides  
 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 140  
 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 150  
 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 160  
 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 170  
 >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 perplext  
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
 One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East  
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw  
 Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt, 180  
 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, 190  
 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 200  
 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 210  
 >From Auran Eastward to the Royal Towrs  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian Kings,  
 Or where the Sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soile  
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;  
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit  
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life 220  
 Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a River large,  
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill  
 Pass'd underneath 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 230  
 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 240  
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art  
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,  
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade  
 Imbound the noontide 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, 250  
 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 260  
 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 270  
 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, 280  
 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, 290  
 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 300  
 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  
 Dissheweld, 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, 310  
 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: 320  
 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 330  
 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 340  
 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, Pard  
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd  
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350  
 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer

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, 360  
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that 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 370  
 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, 380  
 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, 390  
 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 unesp'i'd  
 To mark what of thir state he more might learn 400  
 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. 410



Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power  
That made us, and for us this ample World  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite,  
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 420

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 430  
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 440  
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 450

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, 460  
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 470  
 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, 480  
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair Eve,  
 Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart  
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
 Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelld by manly grace 490  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
 So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
 And meek surrender, half 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 500  
 That shed May Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd  
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plained.  
 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, 510  
 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? 520  
 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 530  
 Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
 Yet 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 540  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
 Leveld his eevning 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; 550  
 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. 560  
 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 570  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.  
 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 580  
 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 590  
 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, 600  
 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 610  
 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; 620  
 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, 630  
 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 adornd.  
 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. 640  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun  
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,  
 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 650  
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,  
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore 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, 660  
 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 regain  
 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, 670  
 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 ceasless praise his works behold 680  
 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 690  
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to mans delightful use; the roofe  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side

Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,  
 Iris all hues, Roses, and Gessamin  
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet, 700  
 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, 710  
 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, 720  
 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 730  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us 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, 740  
 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 750  
 Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,  
 In Paradise of all things common else.

By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
 Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee  
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, 760  
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chast pronounc't,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, 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. 770  
 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, 780  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.  
 Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.  
 >From these, two strong and suttile Spirits he calld  
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
 Ithuriel and Zephon, with wingd speed  
 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, 790  
 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 bars 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; 800  
 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 810  
 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 820  
 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 enemies 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, 830  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
 To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
 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. 840  
 But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.  
 So spake the 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 850  
 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 860  
 His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh  
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind  
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
 Gabriel from the Front thus calld aloud.  
 O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet



Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern  
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate 870  
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
 Not likely to part hence without contest;  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.  
 He scarce had ended, when 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 880  
 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, 890  
 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; 900  
 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 910  
 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, 920  
 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, 930  
 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; 940  
 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, 950  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power 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 960  
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre  
 Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaine,  
 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, 970  
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
 Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
 >From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoak, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.  
 While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
 Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes  
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field 980

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           990  
 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           1000  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
 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,           1010  
 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.

Notes:

Argument: promises to find him out] promises to find him 1674  
 627 walks] walk 1674.  
 928 The] Thy 1674.

The End Of The Fourth Book.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome  
 dream: he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir  
 day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower.  
 God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him  
 of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand;  
 who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail  
 Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his

appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off  
sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings  
him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of  
Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael  
performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his  
enemy; relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he  
came to be so, beginning with his first revolt in Heaven and the  
occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the  
parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him,  
perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument  
diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,  
When Adam wak't, so custom'd, 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, 10  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight, 20  
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 30  
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 40  
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 50  
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:  
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;  
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd? 60  
 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: 70  
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant growes,  
 The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?  
 Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic Eve,  
 Partake thou also; happie though thou art,  
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,  
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes 80  
 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 90  
 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 100  
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these Fancie 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 110  
 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, 120  
 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 imployments 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 130  
 >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, 140  
 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, 150  
 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, 160  
 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 Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170  
 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 fl'i'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 180  
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceasless 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 uncolour'd skie,  
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers, 190  
 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 200  
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 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. 210  
 On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
 Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
 Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr  
 Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine  
 To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines

Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dowr th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld  
 With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd 220  
 Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.  
 Raphael, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
 Satan from Hell scap't through the darksom Gulf  
 Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd  
 This night the human pair, how he designes  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what Bowre or shade 230  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,  
 To respite his day-labour with repast,  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happie state,  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,  
 Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall  
 His danger, and from whom, what enemie 240  
 Late falln 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 fulfilld  
 All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint  
 After his charge receivd, but from among  
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood 250  
 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opend 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 crownd 260  
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
 Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades  
 Delos or Samos first appeering kenns  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie  
 Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing  
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann  
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare 270  
 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 280  
 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 guesd him bound. 290  
 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 300  
 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 310  
 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 320  
 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. 330

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 340  
 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 350  
 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, 360  
 Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
 None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
 Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
 Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder 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. 370  
 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  
 Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise  
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's Arbour smil'd  
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but Eve 380  
 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 390  
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf  
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
 And on her ample Square from side to side  
 All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400  
 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 410  
 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 420  
 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 430  
 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 440  
 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. 450  
 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. 460  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaft  
 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 Almightye is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470  
 If not deprav'd from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
 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 480  
 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. 490  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance; time may come when men  
 With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:  
 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; 500  
 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 510  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joind, If Ye Be Found  
 Obedient? can wee want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert  
 Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?  
 To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God; 520  
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfet, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
 Our voluntarie service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated, such with him 530  
 Findes 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: 540  
 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 550  
 Our maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou 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. 560  
 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 570  
 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 580  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future) on such day  
 As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Emphyreal 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 590  
 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, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.  
 Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, 600  
 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 610  
 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 620  
 Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervov'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 630  
 Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
 With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:  
 In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
 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 640  
 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, 650  
 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 660  
 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 670  
 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 680  
 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. 690  
 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 700  
 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 710  
 Nightly before him, saw without thir light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
 And smiling to his onely Son thus said.  
 Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
 Neerly it now concernes us to be sure  
 Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim 720  
 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 730  
 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 740  
 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 750  
 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 760  
 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 770  
 Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingross't  
 All Power, and us eclips't under the name  
 Of King anointed, for whom 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, 780  
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know your selves

Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist. 790  
 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 800  
 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 810  
 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 820  
 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 near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count, 830  
 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, Princedomes, 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, 840  
 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 850  
 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 860  
 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 870  
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.  
 O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall  
 Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke 880  
 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 890  
 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, 900

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.

Notes:

627: Eevning approachd] Eevning now approachd 1674  
636-639: On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd  
    They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet  
    Quaff immortalitie and joy, secure  
    Of surfet where full measure onely bounds  
    Excess, before th'all bounteous King, who showrd 1674.

The End Of The Fifth Book.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: he calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; But they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory. Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd  
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,  
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave  
Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n  
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other dore  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour       10  
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold  
Empyrean, from before her vanisht Night,  
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain  
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found

Already known what he for news had thought 20  
 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 30  
 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 scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40  
 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 50  
 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: 60  
 At which command the Powers Militant,  
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
 In silence 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 70  
 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground  
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
 Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind  
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
 Came summond over Eden to receive  
 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract

Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd  
 >From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht 80  
 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 90  
 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 100  
 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 trowing, armd in Adamant and Gold; 110  
 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 120  
 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. 130  
 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 140  
 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 150  
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
 >From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand 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 160  
 >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. 170  
 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 depriv'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, 180  
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;  
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let 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 190

On the proud Crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 He back 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 seis'd  
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout, 200  
 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 210  
 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.  
 Sounder 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 220  
 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 230  
 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 240  
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread  
 That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
 Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale  
 The Battel hung; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes



No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250  
 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 260  
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.  
 Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou 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 270  
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here  
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
 >From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
 Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,  
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine. 280  
 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, 290  
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell  
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
 I flie not, but have 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 300  
 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 310  
 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 320  
 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 330  
 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 staind 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 340  
 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, 350  
 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 360  
 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 370  
 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  
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires  
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:  
 Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome.  
 And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
 With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap 390  
 Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd  
 And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld  
 Oreweari'd, 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: 400  
 Such high advantages thir innocence  
 Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,  
 Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood  
 Unweari'd, 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 410  
 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, 420  
 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, 430  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
 Since now we find this our Emyreal forme  
 Incapable of mortal injurie  
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small as easie think  
 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In Nature none: if other hidden cause  
 Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our 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. 450  
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,  
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availles  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460  
 But live content, which is the calmest life:  
 But pain is 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 470  
 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 480  
 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 disarmd 490  
 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 500  
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race  
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With dev'lish machination might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,  
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
 Were ready, in a moment up they turnd  
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510  
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude  
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
 They found, they mingl'd, and with suttile Art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:  
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth  
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
 Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
 So all ere day spring, under conscious Night  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unespi'd.  
 Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood  
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,  
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,  
 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, 530  
 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 thick a Cloud  
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see 540  
 Sad resolution and secure: let each  
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
 Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,  
 Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,  
 But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
 So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment;  
 Instant without disturb they took Allarm,  
 And onward move Embattelld; when behold 550  
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube  
 Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
 On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
 Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.  
 Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open brest 560  
 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. 570  
 Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,  
 A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid  
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or 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, 580  
 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 outragious noise the Air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
 Thir devillish glut, chaine Thunderbolts and Hail

Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host 590  
 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 600  
 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, 610  
 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  
 Somewhat 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. 620  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand;  
 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 630  
 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 640  
 (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 650  
 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, 660  
 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, 670  
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
 To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
 Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.  
 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd, 680  
 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, 690  
 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 700  
 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, 710  
 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 720  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.  
 O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst  
 To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
 As is most just; this I my Glorie account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume, 730  
 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, 740  
 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, 750  
 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 760

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: 770  
 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 imbodied all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd; 780  
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face 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? 790  
 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, disdainning flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake. 800  
 Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
 Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
 And as ye have 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 810  
 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 820  
 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 830  
 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 Emphyrean 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 840  
 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, 850  
 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, 860  
 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. 870  
 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 880  
 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 890  
 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, 900  
 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 910  
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

The End Of The Sixth Book.

## BOOK VII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

Descend from Heav'n Urania, by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine

Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,  
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
 The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
 Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play 10  
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
 An 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. 20  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;  
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compast round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song, 30  
 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, 40  
 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 tastes else to please thir appetite,  
 Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve 50  
 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 60  
 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, 70  
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
 Divine Interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the Emphyrean 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  
 Receave with solemne purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovrان will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaft 80  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps availe us known,  
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause 90  
 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, 100  
 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. 110  
 This also thy request with caution askt  
 Obtaine: though to recount Almightye works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorifie the Maker, and inferr

Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
 Onely Omniscient, hath supprest in Night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
 Anough is left besides to search and know.  
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain,  
 Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde. 130  
 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 140  
 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 150  
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another World, out of one man a Race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth, 160  
 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, 170  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almightye, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
 Then time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180  
 When such was heard declar'd the Almightye's will;  
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
 Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
 And th' habitations of the just; to him  
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, in stead  
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring 190  
 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 200  
 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 210  
 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; 220  
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his Traine  
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then staid the fervid 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, 230



This be thy just Circumference, O World.  
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the 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, 240  
 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 250  
 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. 260  
 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 270  
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n  
 And Morning Chorus sung the second Day.  
 The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
 Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth  
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe, 280  
 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 290  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;  
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call  
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,  
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill, 300  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,  
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;  
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
 Stream, and 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, 310  
 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 320  
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
 Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,  
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread  
 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd  
 Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crown'd,  
 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 330  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
 Went up and waterd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:  
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.  
 Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights  
 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide 340  
 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 350  
 In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
 And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,  
 Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
 Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,  
 And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd 360  
 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, 370  
 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 380  
 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 appeer'd  
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adornd  
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
 Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.  
 And God said, let the Waters generate  
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n. 390  
 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 400  
 Of Fish that with thir Finns & 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 410  
 Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
 Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.  
 Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares  
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge 420  
 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 430  
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
 >From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings  
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes  
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit 440  
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.  
 The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said, 450  
 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 fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
 Innumeros living Creatures, perfet formes,  
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up-rose  
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns  
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;

Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green: 460  
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung:  
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould 470  
 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, 480  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept  
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd  
 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone 490  
 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 repeated; nor unknown  
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent somtimes, 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 500  
 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 510  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
 Directed in Devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief

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 520  
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he 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, 530  
 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 540  
 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: 550  
 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 560  
 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 570  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged Messengers

On errands of supernal Grace. So sung  
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led  
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,  
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way  
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580  
 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, 590  
 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. 600  
 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 610  
 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 620  
 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 630  
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.  
 So sung they, and the Emyrean 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. 640

Notes:

451. Bentley's emendation of soul for fowl should be noted.  
 See Genesis i. 30 A. V. margin.  
 563 stations] station 1674

The End of the Seventh Book

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully  
 answer'd and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of  
 knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael,  
 relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his  
 placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and  
 fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse  
 with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated  
 departs.

[THE Angel ended, and in Adams Eare  
 So Charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;  
 Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.]  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
 Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaft  
 This friendly condescention to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glorie attributed to the high  
 Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,  
 Which onely thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
 Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,  
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
 And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20  
 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 30  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
 That better might with farr less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines  
 Her end without least motion, and receaves,  
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.  
 So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve 40  
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 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, 50  
 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 60  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot Darts of desire  
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus 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, 70  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 >From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
 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 80  
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:  
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest  
 That Bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves  
 The benefit: consider first, that Great 90  
 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 100  
 The Makers high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;  
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could adde 110  
 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, 120  
 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? 130  
 Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,

If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
 Travelling East, and with her part averse  
 >From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140  
 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, 150  
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in Nature unpossest  
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
 Down to this habitable, which returnes  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n 160  
 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 170  
 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 180  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell 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, 190  
 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 200  
 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, 210  
 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 220  
 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, 230  
 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 240  
 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 250

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 260  
 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, 270  
 Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
 What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,  
 And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,  
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power praeeminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280  
 >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 290  
 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, 300  
 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 310  
 Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
 Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,  
 Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,  
 Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate: 320  
 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; 330  
 >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 340  
 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 receave  
 >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 350  
 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, 360  
 And all this good to man, for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with 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 370  
 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. 380  
 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 390  
 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 400  
 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 possess  
 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 410  
 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; 420  
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;

But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,  
 In unities defective, which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amitie.  
 Thou in thy secrecie 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                   430  
 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,                   440  
 My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
 And be so minded still; I, 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,                   450  
 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                   460  
 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,                   470  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely 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: 480  
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable: On she came,  
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 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. 490  
 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, 500  
 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 510  
 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. 520  
 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, 530  
 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 540  
 Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
 And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His Image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that Dominion giv'n  
 O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in her self compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best; 550  
 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. 560  
 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; 570  
 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 580  
 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 590  
 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, 600  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 >From all her words and actions, mixt with Love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of Mind, or in us both one 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 610  
 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 620  
 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 630  
 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 640  
 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.

650

Notes:

1-4 These lines were added in the second edition (1674) when Book VII was divided into two at line 640. Line 641 had read 'To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd'. 269 as] and 1674.

The End Of The Eighth Book.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

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

10

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 20  
 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 30  
 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, gorgeous Knights  
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;  
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40  
 To Person or to Poem. 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 50  
 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 60  
 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, 70  
 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 Antartic; and in length  
 West from Orantes to the Ocean barr'd 80  
 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 suttlest Beast of all the Field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts resolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90  
 >From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native suttletie  
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferd  
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built 100  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better worse would build?  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all thir precious beams  
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers 110  
 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 crownd,  
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supreame;  
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable

By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For onely in destroying I finde ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd, 130  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he Almightye styl'd, six Nights and Days  
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed 140  
 >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, 150  
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed  
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O 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 160  
 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 170  
 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 180  
 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 subtle 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 190  
 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: 200  
 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, 210  
 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 220  
 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 230  
 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, 240



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. 250  
 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; 260  
 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, 270  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd.  
 Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
 That such an enemie we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,  
 Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe 280  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fearst not, being such,  
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
 Can either not receave, or can repell.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs  
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy Brest,  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?  
 To whom with healing words Adam reply'd. 290  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.  
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd

Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff  
 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong, 300  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 >From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
 Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight 310  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.  
 So spake domestick Adam in his care  
 And Matrimonial Love, but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere, 320  
 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 330  
 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, 340  
 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. 350  
 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,

360

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

370

On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
So spake the Patriarch of Mankind, 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

380

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 adornd,  
Likest she seemd, Pomona when she fled  
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,  
Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

390

Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne,  
Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd  
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.

400

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.

410

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 420  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 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 430  
 Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
 >From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
 Neerer he drew, and many a walk 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 440  
 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, 450  
 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 460  
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
 >From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
 Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;  
 But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,

And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470  
 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 480  
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
 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 490  
 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; 500  
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
 Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique 510  
 At first, as one who sought access, but feard  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought  
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine  
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
 Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the Field, 520  
 >From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Then at Circean call the Herd disguis'd.  
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,

Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression 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, 530  
 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 540  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd; but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 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, 550  
 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 appeers.  
 Thee, Serpent, sottlest beast of all the field 560  
 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: 570  
 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 580  
 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 590  
 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 600  
 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 610  
 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 620  
 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. 630  
 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,  
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,

Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way 640  
 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. 650  
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
 God so commanded, and left that Command  
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.  
 To whom the Tempter guilefully 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, 660  
 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 670  
 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 680  
 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. 690  
 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 shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700  
 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, 710  
 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, 720  
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd  
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein 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 730  
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.  
 He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:  
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
 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 740  
 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, 750  
 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 760  
 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 770  
 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 780  
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
 The 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. 790  
 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, 800  
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
 Though others envie what they cannot give;  
 For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind  
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810

And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appeer? 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 820  
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, 830  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure; without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she 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 840

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,  
Mishap'd him; hee the faulting measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand 850  
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.

To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.  
Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought, 860  
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 restrained as wee, or not obeying,  
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth 870  
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
 Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,  
 Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
 Least thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.  
 Thus Eve with Countnance blithe her storie told;  
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill 890  
 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, 900  
 Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yeilded 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? 910  
 Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
 The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
 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. 920  
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,  
 And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd  
 Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,

Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
 Not God omnipotent, 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 930  
 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, 940  
 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? 950  
 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. 960  
 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 heare 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, 970  
 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 980  
 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 990  
 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 1000  
 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 1010  
 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 1020  
 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 1030  
 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, 1040  
 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 1050  
 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 1060  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,  
 Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.  
 O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give 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 1070  
 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 1080  
 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. 1090  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowl,

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 1100  
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to Indians known  
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her 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 1110  
 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, 1120  
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
 Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
 Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once  
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:  
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd 1130  
 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 1140  
 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; 1150  
 No ground of enmitie between us known,  
 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.





Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly;  
 then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death  
 sitting till then at the Gates of Hell by wondrous sympathie feeling  
 the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there  
 committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow  
 Satan thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier  
 from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or  
 Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made;  
 then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success  
 returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at  
 Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success  
 against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss  
 by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into  
 Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded  
 with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they  
 greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter  
 ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final  
 Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but  
 for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations  
 in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving  
 his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of  
 Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the  
 Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent  
 wayes, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts  
 her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should  
 be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek  
 Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act  
 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
 Hee in the Serpent had perverted Eve,  
 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
 Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
 Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart  
 Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde  
 Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,  
 Complete to have discover'd and repulst 10  
 Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
 The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,  
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast  
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondring how the suttile Fiend had stoln 20  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 >From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
 With 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, 30  
 And easily approv'd; when the most High  
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.  
 Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
 >From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40  
 On 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, 50  
 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 60  
 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 70  
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on 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 80  
 Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.  
 Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,

Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant  
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
 Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90  
 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 100  
 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; 110  
 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 120  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?  
 To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.  
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge, either to undergoe  
 My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130  
 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, 140  
 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 150  
 Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd  
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
 Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
 Unseemly to 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 160  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.  
 The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.  
 Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
 Serpent though brute, unable to transferre  
 The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his Creation; justly then accurst,  
 As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170  
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.  
 Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
 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; 180  
 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 ascension bright  
 Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
 The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190  
 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, 200

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                   210  
 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                   220  
 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,                   230  
 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                   240  
 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:                   250  
 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 prevales, a Monument  
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
 Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse, 260  
 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 270  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.  
 So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
 Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
 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, 280  
 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 290  
 Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
 Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
 Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a Trident smote, and fix'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 300  
 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, 310  
 And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
 Over the vext Abyss, following the track

Of Satan, to the 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 320  
 The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
 With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral 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 330  
 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 wrath 340  
 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 350  
 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 360  
 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 370  
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.



Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
 What thy hands builed not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by th' Empyreal bounds, 380  
 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, 390  
 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, 400  
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create  
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from 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 410  
 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 420  
 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. 430  
 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 440  
 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 450  
 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, 460  
 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 470  
 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 supreme; thence how I found 480  
 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, 490  
 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, 500  
 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; 510  
 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 520  
 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, 530  
 Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain; they all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
 Heav'n-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, 540  
 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,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood  
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that                   550  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange  
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further 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                   560  
 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam'd;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
 With foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell                   570  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd  
 And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
 However some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd                   580  
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictaeon Jove was born.  
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began.                   590  
 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 Hels 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 600  
 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, 610  
 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 World, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
 Let in these wastful Furies, who impute 620  
 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 630  
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one 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. 640  
 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, 650  
 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 660  
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
Thir influence malignant when to showre,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set  
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.

Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense  
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
>From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd 670  
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 680  
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 690  
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; 700  
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South

Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds  
>From Serrationa; thwart of these as fierce  
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes  
Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,  
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began  
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first  
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:  
Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle, 710  
And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,  
Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe  
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim

Glar'd on him passing: these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.  
 O miserable of happie! is this the end 720  
 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, 730  
 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 740  
 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 750  
 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 760  
 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: 770

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 780  
 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 790  
 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 800  
 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 810  
 >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 820  
 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 830  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrauth, Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,  
 Then all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,  
 And what thou fearest, alike destroyes all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future, 840  
 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 850  
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, 860  
 With other echo farr I taught your Shades  
 To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.  
 Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false  
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
 Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended  
 To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
 I had persisted happie, had not thy pride  
 And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880  
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not all was but a shew  
 Rather 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 890  
 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, 900  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind  
 By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
 By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound  
 To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
 To humane life, and houshold peace confound.  
 He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve  
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910  
 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, 920  
 My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,  
 As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie  
 Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
 On me already lost, mee then thy self  
 More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou 930  
 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 940  
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,

Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
 Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking,  
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.  
 Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine 950  
 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 960  
 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, 970  
 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 980  
 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 990  
 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, 1000  
 Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply  
 With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
 That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
 Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.  
 She ended 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, 1010  
 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 somthing 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 1020  
 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 1030  
 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 1040  
 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 1050  
 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 1060  
 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 1070  
 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, 1080  
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, then to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air 1090  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 >From his displeasure; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?  
 So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100  
 Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Notes:

58 may] might 1674.

241 Avenger] Avengers 1674.

397 those] these 1674.

827 they acquitted] they then acquitted 1674.

The End Of The Tenth Book.

## BOOK XI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down, Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in a vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above  
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd  
The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh  
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                 10  
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                 20  
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                 30  
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 40  
 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: 50  
 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; 60  
 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, 70  
 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  
 Filld 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 80  
 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, 90  
 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 100  
 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 110  
 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 120  
 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 130  
 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 dewes 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. 140  
 Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n  
 So prevalent as to 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, 150  
 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 160  
 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 voutsaft, 170  
 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. 180  
 So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd Eve, but Fate  
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest  
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
 The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his 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. 190  
 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. 200  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light  
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws  
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with something 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, 210  
 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 220  
 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 230  
 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 240  
 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  
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250  
 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, 260  
 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, 270  
 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 280  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower World, to this obscure  
 And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire  
 Less pure, accusom'd 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 290  
 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 return'd,  
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd.  
 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 300  
 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: 310  
 But prayer against his absolute Decree  
 No more availles 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, depriv'd  
 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 320  
 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 330  
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.  
 To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.  
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth  
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills  
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:  
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift; surmise not then 340  
 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 350  
 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 beleeeve, 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 360  
 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. 370  
 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. 380

Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second Adam in the Wilderness,  
 To shew him all 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 destind Walls  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinaean Kings, and thence 390  
 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 400  
 Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;  
 Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount  
 The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,  
 Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great Citie Geryons Sons 410  
 Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adams eyes the Filme remov'd  
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue  
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,  
 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: 420  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.  
 Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who 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 430  
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;  
 lth' 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. 440  
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;  
 The others not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.  
 O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450  
 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. 460  
 Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of 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. 470  
 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 480  
 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. 490  
 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 500  
 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, 510  
 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 520  
 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 530  
 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 540  
 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: 550  
 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 560  
 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 570  
 >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: 580  
 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, 590  
 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, 600  
 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 610  
 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 620  
 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. 630  
 >From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
 By wisdome, 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, 640  
 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 650  
 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 660  
 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 670  
 Lamenting turn'd 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 680  
 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 690  
 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 700  
 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, 710  
 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 720  
 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 730  
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 740

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 750  
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 760  
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot  
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispenst  
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
And hee the future evil shall no less 770

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. 780  
 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, 790  
 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 800  
 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, 810  
 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 820  
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
 Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount  
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd  
 Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
 And there take root an Iland salt and bare, 830  
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
 By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.  
 He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,

Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;  
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass 840  
 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 850  
 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 860  
 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. 870  
 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; 880  
 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 890  
 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.

Notes:

484 After this line, 1674 adds:

Daemoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie  
And Moon struck madness, pining Atrophie,  
Marasmus, and wide wasting Pestilence,

548 Of rendring up, and patiently attend

My dissolution. Michael repli'd 1674.

647 tacks] makes 1674.

866 that] who 1674.

The end of the Eleventh Book.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

[As one who in his journey bates at Noone  
Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel' paus'd  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes]  
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave  
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine  
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:  
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,  
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast

10

20

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) 30  
 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 40  
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A 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 50  
 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 60  
 And hear the din; thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
 Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.  
 O execrable Son so to aspire  
 Above his Brethren, to himself 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 70  
 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 80  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational Libertie; yet know withall,  
 Since thy original lapse, true Libertie  
 Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no diuidual being:  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart Passions catch the Government  
 >From Reason, and to seruitude reduce 90  
 Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
 Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
 Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
 Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,  
 Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low  
 >From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But Justice, and some fatal curse annex 100  
 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 heauey 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 110  
 To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;  
 And one peculiar Nation to select  
 >From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,  
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men  
 (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 120  
 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 130  
 Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford  
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train  
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous seruitude;  
 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) 140  
 >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 150  
 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 160  
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that Realme  
 Of Pharao: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claime 170  
 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, 180  
 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 roul's;  
 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 190  
 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 cristal 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, 200  
 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 210  
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
 On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,  
 And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shoar advance  
 Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
 Least entring on the Canaanite allarmd  
 Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet 220  
 Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by thir delay  
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
 Thir government, and thir great Senate choose  
 Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:  
 God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
 Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine 230  
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadowes, of that destind 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 240  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
 And all the Prophets in thir Age the times  
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
 Establisht, such delight hath God in Men  
 Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes  
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein

An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony, 250  
 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, 260  
 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 270  
 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 280  
 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, 290  
 The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
 Some bloud 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 300  
 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 310  
 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 320  
 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, 330  
 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 340  
 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 350  
 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, 360  
 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 squadron 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. 370  
 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 steddier 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 380  
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when  
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.  
 To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thir fight,  
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son  
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemie; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise, 390  
 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. 400  
 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, 410  
 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 420

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, 430  
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal Life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer  
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his Salvation, them who shall beleieve 440  
 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 450  
 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 460  
 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 470  
 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, 480  
 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 490  
 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, 500  
 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 510  
 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 520  
 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 530  
 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 540  
 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 reveald  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted World, then raise  
 >From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss. 550  
 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, 560  
 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; 570  
 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 580  
 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 590  
 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. 600  
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, 610  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.

This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost, 620  
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,  
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.  
So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array  
The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist

Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel 630  
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 640  
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.

Notes:

Argument: The Angel .... seed] Thence from the Flood relates,  
and by degrees explains who that seed 1667.

1-5 These five lines were added in the Second Edition (1674) when  
the original tenth book was divided into an eleventh and twelfth.

The End.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of first edition of Paradise  
Regained follows:

PARADISE  
REGAIN'D.  
A  
POEM.  
In IV BOOKS  
To which is added  
SAMSON AGONISTES

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The Author  
JOHN MILTON

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LONDON.  
Printed by J.M. for John Starkey at the  
Mitre in Fleetstreet, near Temple-Bar.  
MDCLXXI

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The First Book.

I WHO e're while the happy Garden sung,  
By one mans disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one mans firm obedience fully tri'd  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,  
And Eden rais'd in the wast Wilderness.  
Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite  
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field  
Against the Spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,

As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,  
 And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds  
 With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds  
 Above Heroic, though in secret done,  
 And unrecorded left through many an Age,  
 Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.  
 Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice  
 More awful then the sound of Trumpet, cri'd  
 Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand 20  
 To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd  
 With aw the Regions round, and with them came  
 >From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd  
 To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,  
 Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon  
 Descri'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
 To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long  
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd  
 Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove 30  
 The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice  
 >From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son  
 That heard the Adversary, who roving still  
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine  
 Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom  
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd  
 With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage  
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
 To Councel summons all his mighty Peers, 40  
 Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
 A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst  
 With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.  
 O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,  
 For much more willingly I mention Air,  
 This our old Conquest, then remember Hell  
 Our hated habitation; well ye know  
 How many Ages, as the years of men,  
 This Universe we have possest, and rul'd 50  
 In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,  
 Since Adam and his facil consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted by the Seed of Eve  
 Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n  
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;  
 And now too soon for us the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compast, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,  
 At least if so we can, and by the head 60  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infring'd, our freedom and our being  
 In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;  
 For this ill news I bring, the Womans seed  
 Destin'd to this, is late of woman born,  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
 But his growth now to youths full flowr, displaying  
 All vertue, grace and wisdom to atchieve

Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
 Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70  
 His coming is sent Harbinger, who all  
 Invites, and in the Consecrated stream  
 Pretends to wash off sin and fit them so  
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
 To do him honour as their King; all come,  
 And he himself among them was baptiz'd,  
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
 Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw  
 The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80  
 Out of the water, Heav'n above the Clouds  
 Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head  
 A perfect Dove descend, what e're it meant  
 And out of Heav'n the Sov'raign voice I heard,  
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.  
 His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,  
 He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,  
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90  
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face  
 The glimpses of his Fathers glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,  
 Not force, but well couch't fraud, well woven snares,  
 E're in the head of Nations he appear  
 Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruine Adam, and the exploit perform'd  
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
 Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once  
 Induces best to hope of like success.  
 He ended, and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,  
 Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprize  
 To him their great Dictator, whose attempt  
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
 In Adam's overthrow, and led thir march  
 >From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,  
 Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea gods  
 Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.  
 So to the Coast of Jordan he directs  
 His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles, 120  
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
 This man of men, attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
 To end his Raign on Earth so long enjoy'd:

But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
 The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt  
 Of the most High, who in full frequence bright  
 Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.  
 Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130  
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth  
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin  
 To verifie that solemn message late,  
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
 In Galilee, that she should bear a Son  
 Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be  
 To her a Virgin, that on her should come  
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the highest  
 O're-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown, 140  
 To shew him worthy of his birth divine  
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay  
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts  
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
 Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt  
 Less over-weening, since he fail'd in Job,  
 Whose constant perseverance overcame  
 Whate're his cruel malice could invent.  
 He now shall know I can produce a man 150  
 Of female Seed, far abler to resist  
 All his sollicitations, and at length  
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,  
 Winning by Conquest what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the Wilderness,  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, e're I send him forth  
 To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,  
 By Humiliation and strong Sufferance: 160  
 His weakness shall o'recome Satanic strength  
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
 That all the Angels and Aetherial Powers,  
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,  
 >From what consummate vertue I have chose  
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,  
 To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.  
 So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven  
 Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns 170  
 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd,  
 Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand  
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.  
 Victory and Triumph to the Son of God  
 Now entring his great duel, not of arms,  
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.  
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
 Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri'd,  
 Against whate're may tempt, whate're seduce,  
 Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.  
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180  
 And devilish machinations come to nought.  
 So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:

Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,  
Musing and much revolving in his brest,  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his God-like office now mature,  
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190  
With solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He entred now the bordering Desert wild,  
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy Meditations thus persu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awakn'd in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel my self and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd. 200

When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be publick good; my self I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things: therefore above my years,  
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection, that e're yet my age 210  
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast  
I went into the Temple, there to hear

The Teachers of our Law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own;  
And was admir'd by all, yet this not all  
To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds  
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,  
Thence to subdue and quell o're all the earth  
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make perswasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul  
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware  
Misd: the stubborn only to subdue.

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,  
And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts  
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230  
To what highth sacred vertue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,  
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,  
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules  
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,  
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth  
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told

Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's Throne. 240  
 And of thy Kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy Nativity a glorious Quire  
 Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
 To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,  
 And told them the Messiah now was born,  
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came;  
 Directed to the Manger where thou lais't,  
 For in the Inn was left no better room:  
 A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing  
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 250  
 To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heaven,  
 By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and Prophetic Anna, warn'd  
 By Vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake  
 Before the Altar and the vested Priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
 This having heard, strait I again revolv'd  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,  
 E're I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
 Yet neither thus disheartn'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefixt I waited, when behold  
 The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270  
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.  
 I as all others to his Baptism came,  
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he  
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heaven)  
 Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first  
 Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won;  
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280  
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,  
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 The Authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290  
 Into this wilderness, to what intent  
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.  
 So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,  
 And looking round on every side beheld  
 A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;

The way he came not having mark'd, return  
 Was difficult, by humane steps untrod;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come 300  
 Lodg'd in his brest, as well might recommend  
 Such Solitude before choicest Society.  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient Oak,  
 Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;  
 Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt  
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk  
 The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,  
 The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.  
 But now an aged man in Rural weeds,  
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve  
 Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet return'd from field at Eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utt'red spake. 320  
 Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In Troop or Caravan, for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
 His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with droughth?  
 I ask the rather and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late  
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford  
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
 Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330  
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth  
 To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)  
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out.  
 To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither  
 Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek,  
 By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,  
 What other way I see not, for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
 More then the Camel, and to drink go far, 340  
 Men to much misery and hardship born;  
 But if thou be the Son of God, Command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;  
 So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve  
 With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.  
 He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.  
 Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other then thou seem'st)  
 Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed 350  
 Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,  
 And forty days Eliah without food



Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?  
 Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.  
 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,  
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt  
 Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n 360  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,  
 Vet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
 Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,  
 Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the Sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370  
 And when to all his Angels he propos'd  
 To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge.  
 For what he bids I do; though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.  
 What can be then less in me then desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence, by them  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in these Regions of the World,  
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and wo.  
 At first it may be; but long since with wo  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were Man adjoyn'd:  
 This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,  
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.  
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.  
 Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes  
 >From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heav'n of Heavens; thou com'st indeed, 410

As a poor miserable captive thrall,  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,  
 Ejected, emptyed, gaz'd, unpityed, shun'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
 To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
 So never more in Hell then when in Heaven. 420  
 But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.  
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
 What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem  
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
 With all inflictions, but his patience won?  
 The other service was thy chosen task,  
 To be a lyer in four hundred mouths;  
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles 430  
 By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true  
 Among the Nations ? that hath been thy craft,  
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.  
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark  
 Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,  
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
 And not well understood as good not known?  
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
 To flye or follow what concern'd him most, 440  
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
 For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up  
 To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell  
 Idolatrous, but when his purpose is  
 Among them to declare his Providence  
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 But from him or his Angels President  
 In every Province, who themselves disdain  
 To approach thy Temples, give thee in command  
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450  
 To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,  
 Or like a Fawning Parasite obey'st;  
 Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth fore-told.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,  
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice  
 Shalt be enquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his living Oracle 460  
 Into the World, to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know.  
 So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembl'd, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath rested from me; where 470  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lye,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 But thou art plac't above me, thou art Lord;  
 >From thee I can and must submit endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discourst, pleasing to th' ear,  
 And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; 480  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
 Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me  
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)  
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.  
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,  
 Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest  
 To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister  
 About his Altar, handling holy things,  
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490  
 To Balaam reprobate, a Prophet yet  
 Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.  
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow  
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st  
 Permission from above; thou canst not more.  
 He added not; and Satan bowing low  
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
 Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began  
 Night with her sullen wing to double-shade 500  
 The Desert Fowls in thir clay nests were couch't;  
 And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.

The Second Book.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
 Him whom they heard so late expresly call'd  
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,  
 And on that high Authority had believ'd,  
 And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean  
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known  
 With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,  
 Now missing him thir joy so lately found,  
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10  
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd thir doubt:  
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,  
 And for a time caught up to God, as once

Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;  
 And the great Thisbite who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.  
 Therefore as those young Prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these  
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jerico 20  
 The City of Palms, Aenon, and Salem Old,  
 Machaerus and each Town or City wall'd  
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret  
 Or in Perea, but return'd in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a Creek:  
 Where winds with Reeds, and Osiers whisp'ring play  
 Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,  
 Close in a Cottage low together got  
 Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.  
 Alas from what high hope to what relapse 30  
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our Fathers; we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,  
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,  
 The Kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd:  
 Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze:  
 For whither is he gone, what accident  
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire 40  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;  
 Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress  
 Thy chosen, to what highth thir pow'r unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee, arise and vindicate  
 Thy Glory, free thy people from thir yoke,  
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50  
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,  
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd;  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.  
 Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
 But to his Mother Mary, when she saw 60  
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,  
 Nor left at Jordan, tydings of him none;  
 Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
 Some troubl'd thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.  
 O what avails me now that honour high  
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute  
 Hale highly favour'd, among women blest;  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70  
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,

In such a season born when scarce a Shed  
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
 >From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,  
 A Manger his, yet soon enforc't to flye  
 Thence into Egypt, till the Murd'rous King  
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
 With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;  
 >From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life 80  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any King; but now  
 Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,  
 By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,  
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;  
 I look't for some great change; to Honour? no,  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of Many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very Soul 90  
 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,  
 My Exaltation to Afflictions high;  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
 But where delays he now? some great intent  
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,  
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself; but went about  
 His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,  
 Since understand; much more his absence now 100  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.  
 Thus Mary pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:  
 The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,  
 Sole but with holiest Meditations fed, 110  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on Earth, and mission high:  
 For Satan with slye preface to return  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon  
 Up to the middle Region of thick Air,  
 Where all his Potentates in Council sate;  
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Sollicitous and blank he thus began. 120  
 Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Aethereal Thrones,  
 Demonian Spirits now, from the Element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,  
 Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,  
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble; such an Enemy  
 Is ris'n to invade us, who no less  
 Threat'ns then our expulsion down to Hell;

I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequence was impowr'd, 130  
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
 Far other labour to be undergon  
 Then when I dealt with Adam first of Men,  
 Though Adam by his Wives allurements fell,  
 However to this Man inferior far,  
 If he be Man by Mothers side at least,  
 With more then humane gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,  
 Perfections absolute, Graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.  
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to perswasion over-sure  
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst  
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.  
 So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was assur'd thir utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial the dissolutes Spirit that fell 150  
 The sensuallest, and after Asmodai  
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.  
 Set women in his eye and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;  
 Many are in each Region passing fair  
 As the noon Skie; more like to Goddesses  
 Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues  
 Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach, 160  
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute brest,  
 As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.  
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170  
 And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.  
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd  
 Belial in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
 All others by thy self; because of old  
 Thou thy self doat'st on womankind, admiring  
 Thir shape, thir colour, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
 Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,  
 False titl'd Sons of God, roaming the Earth  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180  
 And coupl'd with them, and begot a race.  
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
 In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'st,  
 In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,  
 In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay

Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
 Or Aymone, Syrinx, many more  
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190  
 Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts  
 Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?  
 Remember that Pellean Conquerour,  
 A youth, how all the Beauties of the East  
 He slightly view'd, and slightly over-pass'd;  
 How hee sirnam'd of Africa dismiss'd  
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200  
 For Solomon he liv'd at ease, and full  
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
 Higher design then to enjoy his State;  
 Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;  
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
 Then Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
 Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210  
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,  
 As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauties Throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To enamour, as the Zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so Fables tell;  
 How would one look from his Majestick brow  
 Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,  
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
 All her array; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands 220  
 In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Flumes  
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abasht:  
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
 His constancy, with such as have more shew  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;  
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;  
 Or that which only seems to satisfie 230  
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;  
 And now I know he hungers where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;  
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.  
 He ceas'd, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active Scene 240  
 Of various persons each to know his part;  
 Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;  
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God

After forty days fasting had remain'd,  
 Now hungring first, and to himself thus said.  
 Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd  
 Wandring this woody maze, and humane food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that Fast  
 To Vertue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,  
 Or God support Nature without repast 250  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares,  
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God  
 Can satisfie that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
 Without this bodies wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
 Mee hungring more to do my Fathers will.  
 It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260  
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of Trees thick interwoven; there he slept,  
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, Natures refreshment sweet;  
 Him thought, he by the Brook of Cherith stood  
 And saw the Ravens with thir horny beaks  
 Food to Elijah bringing Even and Morn,  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:  
 He saw the Prophet also how he fled 270  
 Into the Desert, and how there he slept  
 Under a Juniper; then how awakt,  
 He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,  
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,  
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
 Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark 280  
 Left his ground-nest, high trowing to descry  
 The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:  
 As lightly from his grassy Couch up rose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
 >From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;  
 But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he saw,  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,  
 With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud; 290  
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
 To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade  
 High rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown  
 That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,  
 Natures own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)  
 And to a Superstitious eye the haunt  
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,



As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred, 300  
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.  
 With granted leave officious I return,  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide  
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
 As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;  
 The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son  
 Out cast Nebaioth, yet found he relief  
 By a providing Angel; all the race 310  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold  
 Native of Thebes wandring here was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.  
 To whom thus Jesus; what conclud'st thou hence?  
 They all had need, I as thou seest have none.  
 How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,  
 Tell me if Food were now before thee set, 320  
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like  
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,  
 Hast thou not right to all Created things,  
 Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee  
 Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power? nor mention I  
 Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first  
 To Idols, those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who 330  
 Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold  
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,  
 Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd  
 >From all the Elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.  
 He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
 In ample space under the broadest shade  
 A Table richly spread, in regal mode, 340  
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boyl'd,  
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,  
 Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric Coast.  
 Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,  
 Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately side-board by the wine 350  
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew  
 Then Ganymed or Hylas, distant more  
 Under the Trees now trip'd, now solemn stood  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,

And Ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd  
 Fairer then feign'd of old, or fabl'd since  
 Of Fairy Damsels met in Forest wide  
 By Knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360  
 Lancelot or Pelleas, or Pellenore,  
 And all the while Harmonious Aires were heard  
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd  
 >From their soft wings, and flora's earliest smells.  
 Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.  
 What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
 These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure, 370  
 Thir taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
 All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,  
 Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee thir Lord:  
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.  
 To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:  
 Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380  
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a Table in this Wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant  
 Array'd in Glory on my cup to attend:  
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find,  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, 390  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.  
 To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:  
 That I have also power to give thou seest,  
 If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd.  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect;  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose 400  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that  
 Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite  
 With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;  
 Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd.  
 By hunger, that each other Creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;  
 Thy temperance invincible besides,  
 For no allurement yields to appetite,  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410  
 High actions: but wherewith to be atchiev'd?  
 Great acts require great means of enterprise,  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,

A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self  
 Bred up in poverty and streights at home;  
 Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:  
 Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire  
 To greatness? whence Authority deriv'st,  
 What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude, 420  
 Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
 Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;  
 What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his Son Herod plac'd on Juda's Throne;  
 (Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?  
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
 Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,  
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430  
 While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.  
 To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;  
 Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,  
 To gain dominion or to keep it gain'd.  
 Witness those antient Empires of the Earth,  
 In highth of all thir flowing wealth dissolv'd:  
 But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd  
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
 Gideon and Jephtha, and the Shepherd lad,  
 Whose off-spring on the Throne of Juda sat 440  
 So many Ages, and shall yet regain  
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World  
 To me is not unknown what hath been done  
 Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember  
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?  
 For I esteem those names of men so poor  
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings. 450  
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I  
 May also in this poverty as soon  
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
 Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools  
 The wise mans cumbrance if not snare, more apt  
 To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,  
 Then prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
 What if with like aversion I reject  
 Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,  
 Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights 460  
 To him who wears the Regal Diadem,  
 When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;  
 For therein stands the office of a King,  
 His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,  
 That for the Publick all this weight he bears.  
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
 Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;  
 Which every wise and vertuous man attains:  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or head-strong Multitudes, 470

Subject himself to Anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.  
But to guide Nations in the way of truth  
By saving Doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part,  
That other o're the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight.  
Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, then to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a Scepter, ofttest better miss't.

480

Note: 309 he] here 1695.

The End of the Second Book.

The Third Book.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
A while as mute confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinc't  
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;  
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.  
I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;  
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle  
Urim and Thummin, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast: or tongue of Seers old  
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require th' array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist  
In battel, though against thy few in arms.  
These God-like Vertues wherefore dost thou hide?  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive  
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self  
The fame and glory, glory the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts the flame  
Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure  
Aethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers all but the highest?  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son

10

20

30

Of Macedonian Philip had e're these  
 Won Asia and the Throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose, young Scipio had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell'd  
 The Pontic King and in triumph had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40  
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.  
 To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.  
 Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth  
 For Empires sake, nor Empire to affect  
 For glories sake by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?  
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50  
 Things vulgar, & well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise,  
 They praise and they admire they know not what;  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
 To live upon thir tongues and be thir talk,  
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?  
 His lot who dares be singularly good.  
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few; and glory scarce of few is rais'd. 60  
 This is true glory and renown, when God  
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
 To all his Angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,  
 When to extend his fame through Heaven & Earth,  
 As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,  
 He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?  
 Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;  
 Where glory is false glory, attributed 70  
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
 They err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By Conquest far and wide, to over-run  
 Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,  
 Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,  
 Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those thir Conquerours, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove, 80  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titl'd Gods,  
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worship't with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;  
 One is the Son of Jove, of Mars the other,  
 Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rowling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
 Violent or shameful death thir due reward.  
 But if there be in glory aught of good,

It may by means far different be attain'd  
 Without ambition, war, or violence; 90  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance; I mention still  
 Him whom thy wrongs with Sainly patience born,  
 Made famous in a Land and times obscure;  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
 For truths sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.  
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100  
 Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame  
 His wasted Country freed from Punic rage,  
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek  
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.  
 To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.  
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least,  
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven  
 By all his Angels glorifi'd, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
 Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives  
 Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,  
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;  
 >From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts. 120  
 To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.  
 And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
 Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,  
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence  
 >From them who could return him nothing else,  
 And not returning that would likeliest render 130  
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompence, unsutable return  
 For so much good, so much beneficence.  
 But why should man seek glory? who of his own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
 Who for so many benefits receiv'd  
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140  
 That which to God alone of right belongs;  
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
 That who advance his glory, not thir own,  
 Them he himself to glory will advance.  
 So spake the Son of God; and here again

Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself  
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,  
 Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.  
 Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150  
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:  
 But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
 To sit upon thy Father David's Throne;  
 By Mother's side thy Father, though thy right  
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
 Easily from possession won with arms;  
 Judaea now and all the promis'd land  
 Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,  
 Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd  
 With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160  
 The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather, as did once  
 Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?  
 So did not Machabeus: he indeed  
 Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;  
 And o're a mighty King so oft prevail'd,  
 That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,  
 Though Priests, the Crown, and David's Throne usurp'd,  
 With Modin and her Suburbs once content. 170  
 If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,  
 And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;  
 But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.  
 They themselves rather are occasion best,  
 Zeal of thy Fathers house, Duty to free  
 Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;  
 So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie  
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,  
 The happier reign the sooner it begins,  
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while? 180  
 To whom our saviour answer thus return'd.  
 All things are best fullfil'd in thir due time,  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:  
 If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told  
 That it shall never end, so when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roul.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting  
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best  
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
 Well hath obey'd; just tryal e're I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou  
 Sollicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rackt reply'd.  
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear;  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me then the feeling can.  
 I would be at the worst; worst is my Port.  
 My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd  
 And will alike be punish'd; whether thou  
 Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,  
 >From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather then aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Fathers ire,  
 (Whose ire I dread more then the fire of Hell,) 220  
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition, as a summers cloud.  
 If I then to the worst that can be hast,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 Happiest both to thy self and all the world,  
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be thir King?  
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
 Of the enterprize so hazardous and high;  
 No wonder, for though in thee be united 230  
 What of perfection can in man be found,  
 Or human nature can receive, consider  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce view'd the Gallilean Towns  
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days  
 Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts  
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever 240  
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,  
 (As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The Monarchies of the Earth, thir pomp and state,  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,  
 And regal Mysteries; that thou may'st know 250  
 How best their opposition to withstand.  
 With that (such power was giv'n him then) he took  
 The Son of God up to a Mountain high.  
 It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain out strech't in circuit wide  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
 Th' one winding, the other strait and left between  
 Fair Champain with less rivers interveind,  
 Then meeting joyn'd thir tribute to the Sea:  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,



With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,                   260  
 Huge Cities and high towr'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large  
 The Prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.  
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.  
 Well have we speeded, and o're hill and dale,  
 Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers  
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
 Assyria and her Empires antient bounds,                                 270  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on  
 As far as Indus East, Euphrates West,  
 And oft beyond; to South the Persian Bay,  
 And inaccessible the Arabian drouth:  
 Here Ninevee, of length within her wall  
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
 There Babylon the wonder of all tongues,                                 280  
 As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy Father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis  
 His City there thou seest, and Bactra there;  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,  
 And Hecatompylos her hunderd gates,  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but Kings; of later fame  
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,                                 290  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Teredon, Tesiphon,  
 Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian, now some Ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That Empire, under his dominion holds  
 >From the luxurious Kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power; for now the Parthian King  
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his Host                                 300  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
 He marches now in hast; see, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms  
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
 All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In Rhombs and wedges, and half moons, and wings.  
 He look't and saw what numbers numberless                                 310  
 The City gates out powr'd, light armed Troops  
 In coats of Mail and military pride;  
 In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many Provinces from bound to bound;  
 >From Arachosia, from Candaor East,

And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,  
 >From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the South 320  
 Of Susiana to Balsara's hav'n.  
 He saw them in thir forms of battell rang'd,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowie showers against the face  
 Of thir pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;  
 Chariots or Elephants endorst with Towers  
 Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners 330  
 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,  
 And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his Northern powers  
 Besieg'd Albracca, as Romances tell;  
 The City of Gallaphrone, from thence to win 340  
 The fairest of her Sex Angelica  
 His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,  
 Both Paynim, and the Peers of Charlemane.  
 Such and so numerous was thir Chivalrie;  
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.  
 That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy Vertue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark 350  
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn  
 All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold  
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou  
 Endeavour, as thy Father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means,  
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
 But say thou wer't possess'd of David's Throne  
 By free consent of all, none opposite,  
 Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope 360  
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,  
 Between two such enclosing enemies  
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first  
 By my advice, as nearer and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings  
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,  
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;  
 Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league 370  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true Successour,

Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes  
 Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispers't,  
 Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost  
 Thus long from Israel; serving as of old  
 Thir Fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To thir inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the Throne of David in full glory,  
 >From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond  
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.  
 To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.  
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear 390  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep  
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.  
 Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else  
 Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:  
 My time I told thee, (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come;  
 When that comes think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400  
 Luggage of war there shewn me, argument  
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
 My brethren, as thou call'st them; those Ten Tribes  
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
 David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway  
 To just extent over all Israel's Sons;  
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then  
 For Israel or for David, or his Throne,  
 When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride  
 Of numbring Israel which cost the lives 410  
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
 By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal  
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
 As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they  
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
 >From God to worship Calves, the Deities  
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
 And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,  
 Besides thir other worse than heathenish crimes;  
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
 The God of their fore-fathers; but so dy'd  
 Impenitent, and left a race behind  
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
 >From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,  
 And God with Idols in their worship joyn'd.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,  
 Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
 Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps 430

Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve  
Thir enemies, who serve Idols with God.  
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
Remembring Abraham by some wond'rous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they hast,  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the promis'd land thir Fathers pass'd;  
To his due time and providence I leave them. 440  
So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

The Fourth Book.

PERPLEX'D and troubl'd at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope,  
So oft, and the perswasive Rhetoric  
That sleek't his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,  
This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd  
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own: 10  
But as a man who had been matchless held  
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spight  
Still will be tempting him who foys him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet moust is powr'd,  
Beat off; returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash't, the assault renew,  
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end: 20  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o're though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;  
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men 30  
>From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an Imperial City stood,  
With Towers and Temples proudly elevate  
On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,  
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,

Statues and Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,  
 Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,  
 Above the highth of Mountains interpos'd.  
 By what strange Parallax or Optic skill 40  
 Of vision multiplyed through air or glass  
 Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:  
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.  
 The City which thou seest no other deem  
 Then great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth  
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enricht  
 Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock, her Cittadel  
 Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine 50  
 The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high  
 The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,  
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
 Turrets and Terrases, and glittering Spires.  
 Many a fair Edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd  
 My Aerie Microscope) thou may'st behold  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers  
 In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold. 60  
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,  
 Pretors, Proconsuls to thir Provinces  
 Hasting or on return, in robes of State;  
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of thir power,  
 Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:  
 Or Embassies from Regions far remote  
 In various habits on the Appian road,  
 Or on the Aemilian, some from farthest South,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70  
 Meroe, Nilotic Isle, and more to West,  
 The Realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor Sea;  
 >From the Asian Kings and Parthian among these,  
 >From India 'and the golden Chersoness,  
 And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd:  
 >From Gallia, Gades, and the Brittish West,  
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians North  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool.  
 All Nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80  
 To Rome's great Emperour, whose wide domain  
 In ample Territory, wealth and power,  
 Civility of Manners, Arts, and Arms,  
 And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian; these two Thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;  
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all  
 The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.  
 This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old, 90  
 Old, and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
 To Capreae an Island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there

His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked Favourite  
 All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease  
 Indu'd with Regal Vertues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne 100  
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less then all the world,  
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long  
 On Davids Throne, be prophec'd what will,  
 To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd. 110  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More then of alms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
 Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On Cittron tables or Atlantic stone;  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Creet, and how they quaff in Gold,  
 Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss'd with Gems 120  
 And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst  
 And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st  
 >From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,  
 But tedious wast of time to sit and hear  
 So many hollow complements and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
 Of the Emperour, how easily subdu'd,  
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a Devil who first made him such? 130  
 Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,  
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the Nations under yoke,  
 Peeling thir Provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by thir sports to blood enur'd  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140  
 Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know therefore when my season comes to sit  
 On David's Throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and over-shadowing all the Earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
 All Monarchies besides throughout the world, 150

And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:  
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.  
 To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.  
 I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more then still to contradict:  
 On the other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;  
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
 The Kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,  
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior Lord,  
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?  
 Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain. 170  
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
 The abominable terms, impious condition;  
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,  
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written  
 The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship  
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
 To worship thee accurst, now more accurst  
 For this attempt bolder then that on Eve, 180  
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
 The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp't,  
 Other donation none thou canst produce:  
 If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,  
 God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now  
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
 That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.  
 To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.  
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God;  
 Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,  
 If I to try whether in higher sort  
 Then these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
 What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200  
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
 God of this world invok't and world beneath;  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.  
 The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;

Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210  
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
 Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound dispute,  
 As by that early action may be judg'd,  
 When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'st  
 Alone into the Temple; there was found  
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant  
 On points and questions fitting Moses Chair,  
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man, 220  
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then  
 By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o're all the world,  
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,  
 All knowledge is not couch't in Moses Law,  
 The Pentateuch or what the Prophets wrote,  
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
 To admiration, led by Natures light;  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean'st, 230  
 Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
 Thir Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinc't.  
 Look once more e're we leave this specular Mount  
 Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold  
 Where on the Aegean shore a City stands  
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
 Athens the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts 240  
 And Eloquence, native to famous wits  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;  
 See there the Olive Grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic Bird  
 Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,  
 There flowrie hill Hymettus with the sound  
 Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites  
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rous  
 His whispering stream; within the walls then view 250  
 The schools of antient Sages; his who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:  
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,  
 Aeolian charms and Dorian Lyric Odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose Poem Phoebus challeng'd for his own. 260  
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragoedians taught  
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat



Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;  
 High actions, and high passions best describing;  
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,  
 Those antient, whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce Democratie, 270  
 Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece,  
 To Macedon, and Artaxerxes Throne;  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 >From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house  
 Of Socrates, see there his Tenement,  
 Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd  
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth  
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those  
 Sirnam'd Peripatetics, and the Sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280  
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's waight;  
 These rules will render thee a King compleat  
 Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn'd.  
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli'd.  
 Think not but that I know these things, or think  
 I know them not; not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I aught: he who receives  
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sence;  
 Others in vertue plac'd felicity,  
 But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,  
 The Stoic last in Philosophic pride, 300  
 By him call'd vertue; and his vertuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas what can they teach, and not mislead; 310  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,  
 And in themselves seek vertue, and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320  
 An empty cloud. However many books

Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)  
 Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains  
 Deep verst in books and shallow in himself;  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
 As Children gathering pibles on the shore. 330  
 Or if I would delight my private hours  
 With Music or with Poem, where so soon  
 As in our native Language can I find  
 That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd  
 With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,  
 Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in Babylon,  
 That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these Arts deriv'd;  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of thir Deities, and thir own 340  
 In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating  
 Thir Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid  
 As varnish on a Harlots cheek, the rest,  
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Sion's songs, to all true tasts excelling,  
 Where God is prais'd aright, and Godlike men,  
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;  
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; 350  
 Unless where moral vertue is express't  
 By light of Nature not in all quite lost.  
 Thir Orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
 The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,  
 And lovers of thir Country, as may seem;  
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,  
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of Civil Government  
 In thir majestic unaffected stile  
 Then all the Oratory of Greece and Rome. 360  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;  
 These only with our Law best form a King.  
 So spake the Son of God; but Satan now  
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.  
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me propos'd in life contemplative,  
 Or active, tended on by glory, or fame, 370  
 What dost thou in this World? the Wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee, yet remember  
 What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease

On David's Throne; or Throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380  
 When Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
 Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,  
 Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters,  
 In thir conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows, and labours, Opposition, bate,  
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,  
 A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,  
 Real or Allegoric I discern not, 390  
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
 Without beginning; for no date prefixt  
 Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.  
 So saying he took (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness  
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night  
 Her shadowy off-spring unsubstantial both,  
 Privation meer of light and absent day. 400  
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubl'd mind  
 After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades  
 Whose branching arms thick interwind might shield  
 >From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head  
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the Clouds 410  
 >From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire  
 In ruine reconcil'd: nor slept the winds  
 Within thir stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 >From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks  
 Bow'd thir Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst 420  
 Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,  
 Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,  
 Some bent at thee thir fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair  
 Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd 430  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the Sun with more effectual beams  
 Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet  
 >From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,

After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;  
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440  
 The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,  
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,  
 And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.  
 Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,  
 Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood,  
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;  
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450  
 Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,  
 After a dismal night; I heard the rack  
 As Earth and Skie would mingle; but my self  
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them  
 As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven,  
 Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,  
 And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze  
 To mans less universe, and soon are gone;  
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460  
 On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:  
 This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;  
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfet season offer'd with my aid  
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong 470  
 All to the push of Fate, persue thy way  
 Of gaining David's Throne no man knows when,  
 For both the when and how is no where told,  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
 For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done,  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
 Of dangers, and adversities and pains,  
 E're thou of Israel's Scepter get fast hold; 480  
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies  
 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.  
 So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on  
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.  
 Mee worse then wet thou find'st not; other harm  
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none;  
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
 And threatning nigh; what they can do as signs  
 Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
 Who knowing I shall rain past thy preventing.

Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,  
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie  
 Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd  
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.  
 To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:  
 Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,  
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length  
 Announc't by Gabriel with the first I knew,  
 And of the Angelic Song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
 >From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
 Till at the Ford of Jordan whither all 510  
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
 Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n  
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sence;  
 The Son of God I also am, or was,  
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;  
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520  
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this wast wild;  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek  
 To understand my Adversary, who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent,  
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league  
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation as a rock  
 Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm  
 To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,  
 Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:  
 Therefore to know what more thou art then man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,  
 Another method I must now begin. 540  
 So saying he caught him up, and without wing  
 Of Hippogrif bore through the Air sublime  
 Over the Wilderness and o're the Plain;  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy City lifted high her Towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount  
 Of Alabaster, top't with golden Spires:  
 There on the highest Pinacle he set

The Son of God; and added thus in scorn: 550  
 There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Fathers house  
 Have brought thee, and highest plac't, highest is best,  
 Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,  
 Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his Angels, in thir hands  
 They shall up lift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.  
 To whom thus Jesus: also it is written, 560  
 Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood.  
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell  
 As when Earths Son Antaeus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest) in Iressa strove  
 With Joves Alcides and oft foil'd still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn'd,  
 Thrott'l'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;  
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570  
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.  
 And as that Theban Monster that propos'd  
 Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;  
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight  
 Cast her self headlong from th' Ismenian steep,  
 So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580  
 So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe  
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him soft  
 >From his uneasie station, and upbore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,  
 Then in a flowry valley set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of Celestial Food, Divine,  
 Ambrosial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,  
 And from the fount of life Ambrosial drink, 590  
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,  
 Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires  
 Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.  
 True Image of the Father whether thron'd  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin'd  
 In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,  
 Wandring the Wilderness, whatever place, 600  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd  
 Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,  
 And Thief of Paradise; him long of old  
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heav'n cast  
 With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd

Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
And frustrat'd the conquest fraudulent:  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610  
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen Sons, whom thou  
A Saviour art come down to re-install.  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be  
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.  
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long  
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star  
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down 620  
Under his feet: for proof, e're this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd  
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
>From thy Demoniack holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 630  
Lest he command them down into the deep  
Bound, and to torment sent before thir time.  
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds,  
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.  
Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek  
Sling Victor, and from Heavenly Feast refresht  
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobserv'd  
Home to his Mothers house private return'd.

The End.

Transcriber's Note: Title page of first edition of Samson Agonistes follows:

SAMSON  
AGONISTES,  
A  
DRAMATIC POEM.

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The Author  
JOHN MILTON  
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Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.  
Tragedia mimeis praxeos spadaias, &c.  
Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriae. &c. Per misericordiam &  
metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.  
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MDCLXXI

## SAMSON AGONISTES

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the Text of Holy Scripture, I Cor. 15. 33. and Paraeus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun. left it unfinished. Seneca the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy which he entitl'd, Christ suffering. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that Chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this Poem with good reason, the Antients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses they may be call'd Allaeostropha. Division into Act and Scene



referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fifth Act, of the style and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschulus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

#### The ARGUMENT.

Samson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can ; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick officer with absolute denyal to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

#### The Persons

Samson.

Manoa the father of Samson.

Dalila his wife.

Harapha of Gath.

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

Sam: A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,  
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,  
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholsom draught: but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet, 10  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn Feast the people hold  
To Dagon thir Sea-Idol, and forbid  
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest  
Thir Superstition yields me; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
>From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm 20  
Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended  
>From off the Altar, where an Offring burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His Godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race? 30  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye  
Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,  
Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in Brazen Fetters under task  
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
Put to the labour of a Beast, debas't  
Lower then bondslave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him 40  
Eyeless in Gaza at the Mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine Prediction; what if all foretold  
Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but my self?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the Seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it 50  
O'recome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong !  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensom,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall

By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.  
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know:  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!  
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
 Inferiour to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse 80  
 Without all hope of day!  
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?  
 The Sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the Moon,  
 When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the Soul,  
 She all in every part; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?  
 So obvious and so easie to be quench't,  
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100  
 And buried; but O yet more miserable!  
 My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,  
 Buried, yet not exempt  
 By priviledge of death and burial  
 >From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110  
 The tread of many feet stearing this way;  
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare

At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
Thir daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor: This, this is he; softly a while,  
Let us not break in upon him;  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
With languish't head unpropt,  
As one past hope, abandon'd 120  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O're worn and soild;

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee,  
That Heroic, that Renown'd,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;  
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,  
Ran on embattelld Armies clad in Iron,  
And weaponless himself, 130  
Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,  
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantean Proof;

But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanc't,  
In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold Ascalonite  
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd  
Thir plated backs under his heel; 140

Or grovling soild thir crested helmets in the dust.  
Then with what trivial weapon came to Hand,  
The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,  
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestin  
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day:  
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore  
The Gates of Azza, Post, and massie Bar  
Up to the Hill by Hebron, seat of Giants old,  
No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;  
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n. 150

Which shall I first bewail,  
Thy Bondage or lost Sight,  
Prison within Prison  
Inseparably dark?  
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul  
(Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)  
Imprison'd now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light 160  
To incorporate with gloomy night;  
For inward light alas  
Puts forth no visual beam.  
O mirror of our fickle state,  
Since man on earth unparallel'd!  
The rarer thy example stands,  
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.  
For him I reckon not in high estate 170  
Whom long descent of birth  
Or the spear of fortune raises;  
But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate  
Might have subdu'd the Earth,  
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sam: I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air  
Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

Chor: Hee speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;  
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180  
>From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful Vale  
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
Counsel or Consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage  
The tumors of a troubl'd mind,  
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

Sam: Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn  
Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their Superscription (of the most 190  
I would be understood) in prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head  
Not to be found, though sought. Wee see, O friends.  
How many evils have enclos'd me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwrack't,  
My Vessel trusted to me from above, 200  
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,  
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful Woman : tell me Friends,  
Am I not sung and proverbd for a Fool  
In every street, do they not say, how well  
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me, of wisdom nothing more then mean;  
This with the other should, at least, have paird,  
These two proportiond ill drove me transverse.

Chor: Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men 210  
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;  
And shall again, pretend they ne're so wise.  
Deject not then so overmuch thy self,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;  
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
Then of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sam: The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd  
Mee, not my Parents, that I sought to wed, 220

The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew  
 >From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
 The Marriage on; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's Deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd;  
 She proving false, the next I took to Wife  
 (O that I never had ! fond wish too late)  
 Was in the Vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. 230  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressours: of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self,  
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor: In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy Countries Enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I hear thee witness:  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his Sons. 240

Sam: That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's Governours, and Heads of Tribes,  
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done  
 Singly by me against their Conquerours  
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd  
 Deliverance offerd : I on th' other side  
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250  
 Thir Lords the Philistines with gather'd powers  
 Enterd Judea seeking mee, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,  
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best;  
 Mean while the men of Judah to prevent  
 The harrass of thir Land, beset me round;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260  
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds  
 Toucht with the flame: on thir whole Host I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Thir choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.  
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,  
 They had by this possess'd the Towers of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom now they serve;  
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,  
 And by thir vices brought to servitude,  
 Then to love Bondage more then Liberty, 270  
 Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty;  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
 As thir Deliverer; if he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last

To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor: Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How Succoth and the Fort of Penuel  
Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,  
The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280  
Of Madian and her vanquisht Kings;  
And how ingrateful Ephraim  
Not worse then by his shield and spear  
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride  
In that sore battel when so many dy'd  
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sam: Of such examples adde mee to the roul, 290  
Mee easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But Gods propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor: Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to Men;  
Unless there be who think not God at all,  
If any be, they walk obscure;  
For of such Doctrine never was there School,  
But the heart of the Fool,  
And no man therein Doctor but himself.  
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300  
As to his own edicts, found contradicting,  
Then give the rains to wandring thought,  
Regardless of his glories diminution;  
Till by thir own perplexities involv'd  
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.  
As if they would confine th' interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right to exempt 310  
Whom so it pleases him by choice

>From National obstruction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt;  
For with his own Laws he can best dispence.  
He would not else who never wanted means,  
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause  
To set his people free,  
Have prompted this Heroic Nazarite,  
Against his vow of strictest purity,  
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride, 320  
Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,  
Though Reason here aver  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.  
But see here comes thy reverend Sire  
With careful step, Locks white as doune,  
Old Manoah: advise  
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Sam: Ay me, another inward grief awak't, 330  
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man: Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,  
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd  
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor: As signal now in low dejected state,  
As earst in highest; behold him where he lies.

Man: O miserable change! is this the man, 340  
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to Angels walk'd thir streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant  
Duell'd thir Armies rank't in proud array,  
Himself an Army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spears length. O ever failing trust  
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man  
Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good 350  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,  
And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;  
Who would be now a Father in my stead?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand  
As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind? 360  
For this did the Angel twice descend? for this  
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;  
Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men: then in an hour  
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor, and Blind  
Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?  
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once  
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
He should not so o'whelm, and as a thrall 370  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

Sam: Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father,  
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
But justly; I my self have brought them on,  
Sole Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380  
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,



But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her highth  
 Of Nuptial Love profest, carrying it strait  
 To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,  
 And Rivals? In this other was there found  
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd 390  
 Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?  
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stor'd in what part summ'd, that she might know:  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly, and with what impudence  
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
 Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt 400  
 She sought to make me Traytor to my self;  
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,  
 With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
 To storm me over-watch't, and wearied out.  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares :  
 But foul effeminacy held me yok't 410  
 Her Bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
 To Honour and Religion! servil mind  
 Rewarded well with servil punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,  
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse then this,  
 That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd.

Man: I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son, 420  
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.  
 I state not that; this I am sure; our Foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Thir Captive, and thir triumph; thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
 Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou hear'st 430  
 Enough, and more the burden of that fault;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
 This day the Philistines a popular Feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim  
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud  
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd

Thee Samson bound and blind into thir hands,  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain. 440  
So Dagon shall be magnifi'd, and God,  
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,  
Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house.

Sam: Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought 450  
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high  
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought  
Dishonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths  
Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal  
To Israel diffidence of God, and doubt  
In feeble hearts, propense anough before  
To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols:  
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not  
Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest. 460  
This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
With me hath end; all the contest is now  
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,  
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
His Deity comparing and preferring  
Before the God of Abraham. He, he sure,  
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,  
But will arise and his great name assert:  
Dagon must stoop, and shall e're long receive  
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him 470  
Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,  
And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man: With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words  
I as a Prophecy receive: for God,  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
Lie in this miserable loathsom plight 480  
Neglected. I already have made way  
To some Philistian Lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom: well they may by this  
Have satisfi'd thir utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse then death inflicted  
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sam: Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble  
Of that sollicitation; let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;  
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490  
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd

Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
How hainous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front?  
But I Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully: A sin  
That Gentiles in thir Parables condemn 500  
To thir abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man: Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,  
But act not in thy own affliction, Son,  
Repent the sin, but if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, selfpreservation bids;  
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thy self; perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
Who evermore approves and more accepts 510  
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
Then who selfrigorous chooses death as due;  
Which argues overjust, and self-displeas'd  
For self-offence, more then for God offended.  
Reject not then what offerd means, who knows  
But God hath set before us, to return thee  
Home to thy countrey and his sacred house,  
Where thou mayst bring thy offrings, to avert  
His further ire, with praiers and vows renew'd. 520

Sam: His pardon I implore; but as for life,  
To what end should I seek it? when in strength  
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,  
Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
The Sons of Anac, famous now and blaz'd,  
Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530  
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
Softn'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful Concubine who shore me  
Like a tame Weather, all my precious fleece,  
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
Shav'n, and disarm'd among my enemies. 540

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous Warriour overturns,  
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Rubie  
Sparkling; out-pow'rd, the flavor, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,

Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

Sam. Where ever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
With touch aetherial of Heav'ns fiery rod  
I drank, from the clear milkie juice allaying 550  
Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbid'n made choice to rear  
His mighty Champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sam. But what avail'd this temperance, not compleat  
Against another object more enticing?  
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560  
And at another to let in the foe  
Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means,  
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,  
But to sit idle on the houshold hearth,  
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,  
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570  
And sedentary numness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure.  
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
Till vermin or the draff of servil food  
Consume me, and oft-invocated death  
Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift  
Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them?  
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580  
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
>From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
After the brunt of battel, can as easie  
Cause light again within thy eies to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better then thou hast;  
And I perswade me so; why else this strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
His might continues in thee not for naught,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sam: All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, 590  
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,

And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
>From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600  
That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
Must not omit a Fathers timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sam. O that torment should not be confin'd  
To the bodies wounds and sores  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, brest, and reins;  
But must secret passage find 610  
To th' inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
'Though void of corporal sense.  
My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingring disease,  
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
Nor less then wounds immedicable 620  
Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb  
Or rnedcinal liquor can asswage,  
Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're  
To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure. 630  
Thence faintings, swounings of despair,  
And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
His destin'd from the womb,  
Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eie  
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies. 640

But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death, 650  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor: Many are the sayings of the wise  
 In antient and in modern books enroll'd;  
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;  
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
 All chances incident to mans frail life  
 Consolatories writ  
 With studied argument, and much perswasion sought  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought,  
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir sound                   680  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above;  
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
 And fainting spirits uphold.  
 God of our Fathers, what is man!  
 That thou towards him with hand so various,  
 Or might I say contrarious,  
 Temperst thy providence through his short course,                   670  
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
 The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute.  
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
 That wandring loose about  
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,  
 Heads without name no more rememberd,  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
 To some great work, thy glory,                   680  
 And peoples safety, which in part they effect:  
 Yet toward these thus dignifi'd, thou oft  
 Amidst thir highth of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard  
 Of highest favours past  
 >From thee on them, or them to thee of service.  
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them high,  
 Unseemly falls in human eie,                   690  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,  
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 Of Heathen and prophane, thir carkasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,                   700  
 In crude old age;  
 Though not disordinate, yet causless suffring  
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,  
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike, both come to evil end.  
 So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,  
 The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn

His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.  
But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land? 710  
Femal of sex it seems,  
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately Ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles  
Of Javan or Gadier  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,  
An Amber sent of odorous perfume 720  
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
Some rich Philistian Matron she may seem,  
And now at nearer view, no other certain  
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sam: My Wife, my Traytress, let her not come near me.

Cho: Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,  
About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd  
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps  
And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,  
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil: 730  
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal: With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
Which to have merited, without excuse,  
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears  
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
In the perverse event then I foresaw)  
My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon  
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection 740  
Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt  
Hath led me on desirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.  
If aught in my ability may serve  
To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease  
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sam: Out, out Hyaena; these are thy wonted arts,  
And arts of every woman false like thee,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750  
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
His vertue or weakness which way to assail:  
Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
Again transgresses, and again submits;  
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd  
With goodness principl'd not to reject 760  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,

Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,  
If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal: Yet hear me Samson; not that I endeavour  
To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd 770  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.

First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults:  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is for naught,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780  
To what I did thou shewdst me first the way.

But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.  
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty  
E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.  
Let weakness then with weakness come to parl  
So near related, or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine  
The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me, then in thy self was found.

And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790  
The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, feard lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
No better way I saw then by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,  
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800  
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:

That made for me, I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
While I at home sate full of cares and fears  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;  
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
Mine and Loves prisoner, not the Philistines,  
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810

These reasons in Loves law have past for good,  
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps:  
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,  
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.  
Be not unlike all others, not austere  
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,



In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sam: How cunningly the sorceress displays  
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820  
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,  
I to my self was false e're thou to me,  
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest  
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,  
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830  
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,  
What Murtherer, what Traytor, Parricide,  
Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore  
With God or Man will gain thee no remission.  
But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage  
To satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;  
My love how couldst thou hope, who tookst the way  
To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ? 840  
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

Dal: Since thou determinst weakness for no plea  
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
What sieges girt me round, e're I consented;  
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
The constantest to have yielded without blame.  
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
That wrought with me: thou know'st the Magistrates 850  
And Princes of my countrey came in person,  
Sollicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,  
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty  
And of Religion, press'd how just it was,  
How honourable, how glorious to entrap  
A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
Such numbers of our Nation : and the Priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860  
Dishonourer of Dagon : what had I  
To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
Only my love of thee held long debate;  
And combated in silence all these reasons  
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim  
So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men; that to the public good  
Private respects must yield; with grave authority'  
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;  
Vertue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoying. 870

Sam: I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;

In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Bin, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe  
 And of my Nation chose thee from among  
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but over-powr'd 880  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?  
 Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest:  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and countrey; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life  
 Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890  
 No more thy countrey, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold thir state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our countrey is a name so dear;  
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be:  
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd, 900  
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

Dal: In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sam: For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal: I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
 Afford me place to shew what recompence 910  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided: only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thy self in vain: though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
 Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920  
 Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 >From forth this loathsom prison-house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age

With all things grateful cheer'd, and so suppli'd,  
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Sam: No, no, of my condition take no care;  
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;  
Nor think me so unwary or accurst 930  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains  
Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toyls;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,  
So much of Adders wisdom I have learn't  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me  
Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me; 940  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceiveable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult  
When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfet thraldom, how again betray me,  
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords  
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?  
This Gaol I count the house of Liberty  
To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal: Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sam: Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;  
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:  
Cherish thy hast'n'd widowhood with the gold  
Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal: I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960  
To prayers, then winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounc't?  
To mix with thy concernments I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970  
Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,  
On both his wings, one black, th' other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.  
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot

Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't.  
 But in my countrey where I most desire, 980  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath  
 I shall be nam'd among the famousest  
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers.  
 Not less renown'd then in Mount Ephraim,  
 Jael who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the Temples nail'd. 990  
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn.  
 At this who ever envies or repines  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor: She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sam: So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly who committed 1000  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secresie, my safety, and my life.

Chor: Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possest, nor can be easily  
 Repuls't, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sam: Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock-trechery endangering life.

Chor: It is not vertue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010  
 Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit  
 That womans love can win or long inherit;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,  
 (Which way soever men refer it)  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or seven, though one should musing sit;  
 If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020  
 Successour in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosly disally'd  
 Thir nuptials, nor this last so trecherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish't on thir Sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for hast unfinish't, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
 Or value what is best  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030

Or was too much of self-love mixt,  
Of constancy no root infixt,  
That either they love nothing, or not long?  
What e're it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestin, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to vertue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
Draws him awry enslav'd

1040

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
Embarqu'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?  
Favour'd of Heav'n who finds  
One vertuous rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines:  
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
But vertue which breaks through all opposition,  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines and most is acceptable above.  
Therefore Gods universal Law  
Gave to the man despotic power  
Over his female in due awe,  
Nor from that right to part an hour,  
Smile she or lowre:  
So shall he least confusion draw  
On his whole life, not sway'd  
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.  
But had we best retire, I see a storm?

1050

1060

Sam: Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor: But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sam: Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor: Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue  
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,  
The Giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither  
I less conjecture then when first I saw  
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

1070

Sam: Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor: His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har: I come not Samson, to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,  
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
As Og or Anak and the Emims old

1080

That Kiriathaim held, thou knowst me now  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd  
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd  
Each others force in camp or listed field:  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Sam: The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har: Dost thou already single me; I thought  
Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd  
To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw;  
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carkass where the Ass lay thrown:  
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
>From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou hear'st 1100  
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sam: Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do  
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har: To combat with a blind man I disdain  
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.

Sam: Such usage as your honourable Lords  
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with thir whole united powers 1110  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes  
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold  
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee.  
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet  
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon. 1120  
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear  
A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield.  
I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,  
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,  
Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,  
That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thy self at Gath to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har: Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms 1130  
Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,

Thir ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some Magicians Art  
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven  
Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaft wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Sam: I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;  
My trust is in the living God who gave me 1140  
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd  
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
Then thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid  
With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells,  
Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,  
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har: Presume not on thy God, what e're he be,  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and delivered up  
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160  
Into the common Prison, there to grind  
Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else, no better service  
With those, thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,  
But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

Sam: All these indignities, for such they are  
>From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon  
Whose ear is ever open; and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;  
In confidence whereof I once again  
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine or whom I with Israel's Sons adore.

Har: Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

Sam: Tongue-doubtie Giant, how dost thou prove me these?

Har: Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?

Thir Magistrates confest it, when they took thee  
As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound  
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At Askalon, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a Robber stripdst them of thir robes?  
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking, 1190  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sam: Among the Daughters of the Philistines  
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;  
And in your City held my Nuptial Feast:  
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,  
Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200

When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,  
I us'd hostility, and took thir spoil  
To pay my underminers in thir coin.  
My Nation was subjected to your Lords.  
It was the force of Conquest; force with force  
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.  
But I a private person, whom my Countrey  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts. 1210

I was no private but a person rais'd  
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n  
To free my Countrey; if their servile minds  
Me their Deliverer sent would not receive,  
But to thir Masters gave me up for nought,  
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,  
And had perform'd it if my known offence  
Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant 1220  
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har: With thee a Man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,  
Due by the Law to capital punishment?  
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sam: Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230  
Har: O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Sam: No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand  
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.



Har: This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sam: Go baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down  
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides. 1240

Har: By Astaroth e're long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor: His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,  
Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultrie chafe.

Sam: I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,  
Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons  
All of Gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Chor: He will directly to the Lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee. 1250

Sam: He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction then already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labours  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners. 1260  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because thir end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor: Oh how comely it is and how reviving  
To the Spirits of just men long opprest!  
When God into the hands of thir deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour Truth;  
He all thir Ammunition  
And feats of War defeats  
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1270  
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition  
Swift as the lightning glance he executes

His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.  
But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,  
Making them each his own Deliverer,  
And Victor over all

1290

That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,  
Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson, with might endu'd  
Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd  
May chance to number thee with those  
Whom Patience finally must crown.

This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest,  
Labouring thy mind  
More then the working day thy hands,  
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind.

1300

For I descry this way  
Some other tending, in his hand  
A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now  
A Public Officer, and now at hand.  
His message will be short and voluble.

Off: Ebrews, the Pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Chor: His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off: Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;  
This day to Dagon is a solemn Feast,  
With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly;  
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad  
To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

1310

Sam: Thou knowst I am an Ebrew, therefore tell them,  
Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

1320

Off: This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Sam: Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort  
Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,  
Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics,  
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
And over-labour'd at thir publick Mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more,  
Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

1330

Off: Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Sam: My self? my conscience and internal peace.  
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
Although thir drudge, to be thir fool or jester,  
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
To shew them feats, and play before thir god, 1340  
The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

Off: My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sam: So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off : I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam: Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor: Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd  
Up to the highth, whether to bold or break;  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
Expect another message more imperious,  
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

Sam: Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to Idols;  
A Nazarite in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honour to thir Dagon? 1360  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor: Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,  
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Sam: Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in thir civil power.

Chor: Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not

Sam: Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:  
But who constrains me to the Temple of Dagon, 1370  
Not dragging? the Philistian Lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely; venturing to displease  
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,  
Set God behind: which in his jealousie  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites  
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

Chor: How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach. 1380

Sam: Be of good courage, I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this Messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor: In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns. 1390

Off: Samson, this second message from our Lords  
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,  
Our Captive, at the public Mill our drudge,  
And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
Or we shall find such Engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmlier fastn'd then a rock.

Sam: I could be well content to try thir Art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious. 1400  
Yet knowing thir advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through thir streets  
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.  
Masters commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off: I praise thy resolution, doff these links: 1410  
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sam: Brethren farewell, your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight  
Of me as of a common Enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
I know not. Lords are Lordliest in thir wine,  
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd 1420  
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:  
No less the people on thir Holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable;  
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor: Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, & spread his name

Great among the Heathen round: 1430  
Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy Fathers field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee  
In the camp of Dan  
Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
For never was from Heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wond'rous actions Hath been seen. 1440  
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such hast  
With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while  
He seems: supposing here to find his Son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man: Peace with you brethren; my inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my Son,  
By order of the Lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at thir Feast.  
I heard all as I came, the City rings  
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450  
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly.  
But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor: That hope would much rejoyce us to partake  
With thee; say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man: I have attempted one by one the Lords  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and Fathers tears  
To accept of ransom for my Son thir pris'ner, 1460  
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his Priests,  
Others more moderate seeming, but thir aim  
Private reward, for which both God and State  
They easily would set to sale, a third  
More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
They had anough reveng'd, having reduc't  
Thir foe to misery beneath thir fears,  
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470  
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.  
What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor: Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Thir once great dread, captive, & blind before them,  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man: His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And numberd down: much rather I shall chuse  
To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480  
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.

For his redemption all my Patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor: Fathers are wont to lay up for thir Sons,  
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;  
Sons wont to nurse thir Parents in old age,  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,  
Made older then thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man: It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490  
And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd  
With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
And I perswade me God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrison'd round about him like a Camp  
Of faithful Souldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service, 1500  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor: Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Fathers love,  
In both which we, as next participate.

Man: I know your friendly minds and -- O what noise!  
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noise was that!  
Horribly loud unlike the former shout. 1510

Chor: Noise call you it or universal groan  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd,  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man: Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise,  
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son.

Chor: Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
>From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man: Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see? 1520

Chor: Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into dangers mouth.  
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n  
>From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
>From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if his eye-sight (for to Israels God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

Man: That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor: Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man: He can I know, but doubt to think be will;  
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor: Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our Tribe. 1540

Mess: O whither shall I run, or which way flie  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle  
Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold;  
For dire imagination still persues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these  
My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man: The accident was loud, & here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,  
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess: It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man: Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess: Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man: Sad, but thou knowst to Israelites not saddest 1560  
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Mess: Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfet.

Man: Relate by whom.  
Mess: By Samson.

Man: That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess: Ah Manoa I refrain, too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man: Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess: Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead. 1570

Man: The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence! but death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost.  
Yet e're I give the rains to grief, say first,  
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1580  
What glorious band gave Samson his deaths wound?

Mess: Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man: Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess: By his own hands.

Man: Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

Mess: Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
The Edifice where all were met to see him  
Upon thir heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man: O lastly over-strong against thy self! 1590  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess: Occasions drew me early to this City,  
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,  
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600  
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious Theatre  
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the Lords and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold,  
The other side was op'n, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand; 1610  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice  
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high cheer, & wine,  
When to thir sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In thir state Livery clad; before him Pipes  
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,



Both horse and foot before him and behind  
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.  
 At sight of him the people with a shout 1620  
 Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,  
 Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall.  
 He patient but undaunted where they led him.  
 Came to the place, and what was set before him  
 Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
 All with incredible, stupendious force,  
 None daring to appear Antagonist.  
 At length for intermission sake they led him  
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630  
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while  
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars  
 That to the arched roof gave main support.  
 He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,  
 And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,  
 Or some great matter in his mind resolv'd.  
 At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,  
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd 1640  
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld.  
 Now of my own accord such other tryal  
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew 1650  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,  
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,  
 Thir choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this but each Philistian City round  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.  
 Samson with these immixt, inevitably  
 Pulld down the same destruction on himself;  
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor: O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel and now ly'st victorious  
 Among thy slain self-kill'd  
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
 Then all thy life had slain before.

Semichor: While thir hearts were jocund and sublime  
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, 1670  
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,  
 Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring

Before our living Dread who dwells  
In Silo his bright Sanctuary:  
Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,  
Who hurt thir minds,  
And urg'd them on with mad desire  
To call in hast for thir destroyer;  
They only set on sport and play  
Unweetingly importun'd 1680  
Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
So fond are mortal men  
Fall'n into wrath divine,  
As thir own ruin on themselves to invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor: But he though blind of sight,  
Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated  
His fierie vertue rous'd 1690  
>From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an ev'ning Dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts,  
And nests in order rang'd  
Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.  
So vertue giv'n for lost,  
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
Like that self-begott'n bird  
In the Arabian woods embost, 1700  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay e're while a Holocaust,  
>From out her ashie womb now teem'd  
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deem'd,  
And though her body die, her fame survives,  
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man: Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause, Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd 1710  
A life Heroic, on his Enemies  
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor  
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,  
To himself and Fathers house eternal fame;  
And which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was feard,  
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream  
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off

The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730  
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequie and funeral train  
Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him  
A Monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,  
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd  
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame thir breasts  
To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740  
The Virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunat in nuptial choice,  
>From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor: All is best, though we oft doubt,  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns 1750  
And to his faithful Champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent,  
His servants he with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
And calm of mind all passion spent.

The End.

## APPENDIX.

Specimen of Milton's spelling, from the Cambridge autograph manuscript.

## ON TIME

set on a clock case

Fly envious Time till thou run out thy race  
call on the lazie leaden-stepping howres  
whose speed is but the heauiie plummets pace  
& glut thy selfe with what thy womb deuoures  
Wch is no more then what is false & vaine  
& meerly mortall drosse  
so little is our losse  
so little is thy gaine  
for when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd

& last of all thy greedie selfe consum'd  
then long Aeternity shall greet our blisse  
wth an individuall kisse  
and Joy shall overtake us as a flood  
when every thing yt is sincerely good  
& pfectly divine  
with Truth, & Peace, & Love shall ever shine  
about the supreme throne  
of him t' whose happy-making sight alone  
when once our heav'nly-guided soule shall clime  
then all this earthie grossnesse quit  
attir'd wth starres wee shall for ever sit  
Triumphing over Death, & Chance, & thee O Time.

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