



**The Poetical Works of John Milton**

**By**

**John Milton**

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ON TIME

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 bloody, 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. 1.59: 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 Lethian 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.

YATTENDON RECTORY,

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 encouragement 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,

10



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 spear  
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 raign 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



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 sphears,  
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 dreadful 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,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170  
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 twise-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,  
In dismall dance about the furnace Blue; 210  
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,  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,                   10  
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!  
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,                   20

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,  
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood; 40  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatomic 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  
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes; 20  
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-rais'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,  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10  
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 concent 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.  
Yet had the number of her days  
Bin as compleat as was her praise,  
Nature and fate had had no strife

10

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 cease 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  
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.

10

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,  
His principles being ceast, he ended strait.  
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,

10

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 wrinckled 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 toys;  
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 raign,  
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 gate,  
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 joy 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 dores from nightly harm:

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear  
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.

Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy  
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine.

100

Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the Buskind 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 vertuous Ring and Glass,

And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,

On which the Tartar King did ride;

And if ought els, great Bards beside,

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,

Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;

Of Forests, and inchantments drear,

Where more is meant then meets the ear. 120  
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,  
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,  
With the Attick Boy to hunt,  
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,  
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the russling Leaves,  
With minute drops from off the Eaves. 130

And when the Sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me Goddes 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 som 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 cleer,  
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 eeven, 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 10  
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.

Canzone.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi  
M' occostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
Verseggiando d'amor, e come 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 10  
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.

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 trecchie 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,  
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.

10

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 Sun's 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 Parliament  
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.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20  
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.

100

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.

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  
Whom Universal nature did lament, 60  
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 glistering 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  
That came in Neptune's plea, 90

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,

But that two-handed engine at the door, 130  
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,  
That on the green terf suck the honied showres, 140  
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 floor,  
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 nuptial 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 aerial Spirits live insphear'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  
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.

10

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,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather Jove, 20  
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 therefore 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 imbowr'd,  
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,

Offering 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 glistening, 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 dect 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 Goddessse of Nocturnal sport  
Dark vaild Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame 130  
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 unplaussible  
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 be loath  
To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence  
of such late Wassailers; yet O where els  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180

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  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus wain. 190  
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 fellonious 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 beleave  
That he, the Supreme good t'whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistening 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 inchanting ravishment?

Sure somthing 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

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night 250

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 adrest 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 rains 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 innumeros 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 boulster 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 unenchanted 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 rains.

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 straggling 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 furder 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,

But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630

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;



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 Alablaster, 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 hoorded,  
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 be 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 dazzling fence,  
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;  
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled 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 Locrine,  
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  
Wherewith 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 Loocrine  
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 sensualty] sensuality 1673. Manuscript also reads sensualtie,  
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 anough] 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 20



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 roofe  
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 50  
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.

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 trimming 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 Spherse 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 Faiery 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 enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,

Who always vacant, always 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  
Raid 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,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free. 10  
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,  
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise 10  
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  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10  
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 enclin'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 Consciences 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  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul 10  
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 repelld  
The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spelld,  
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 up 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.  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10  
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 least 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.

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 disintrall  
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 bidding 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,  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And fre'd my foe for naught;

10

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  
In him who both just and wise  
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

40

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  
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.

50

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  
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

60

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



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	*Bagnadath-el
	Of Kings and lordly States,	
	Among the gods* on both his hands.	*Bekerev.
	He judges and debates.	
2	How long will ye *pervert the right	*Tishphetu
	With *judgment false and wrong	gnavel.
	Favouring the wicked by your might,	
	Who thence grow bold and strong?	
3	*Regard the *weak and fatherless	*Shiphtu-dal.
	*Dispatch the *poor mans cause,	10
	And **raise the man in deep distress	
	By **just and equal Lawes.	**Hatzdiku.

- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.
- 5 They know not nor will understand,  
In darkness they walk on,  
The Earths foundations all are \*mov'd \*Jimmotu.  
And \*out of order gon. 20
- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all  
The Sons of God most high
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other Princes die.
- 8 Rise God, \*judge thou the earth in might,  
This wicked earth \*redress, \*Shipta.  
For thou art he who shalt by right  
The Nations all possess.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent now at length  
O God hold not thy peace,  
Sit not thou still O God of strength  
We cry and do not cease.

- 2 For lo thy furious foes now \*swell  
And \*storm outrageously, \*Jehemajun.  
And they that hate thee proud and fill  
Exalt their heads full hie.
- 3 Against thy people they \*contrive \*Jagnarimu.  
\*Their Plots and Counsels deep, \*Sod. 10  
\*Them to ensnare they chiefly strive \*Jithjagnatsu gnal.  
\*Whom thou dost hide and keep. \*Tsephuneca.
- 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, \*Lev jachdau.  
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 Hagars 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,  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, and scape it never.

60

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 raigh '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 10  
From thy \*fierce wrath which we had prov'd \*Heb. The burning  
Far worse then fire to burn. heat of thy
- 4 God of our saving health and peace, wrath.  
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 \* Heb. Turn to  
And us again \* revive, quicken us.  
That so thy people may rejoyce  
By thee preserv'd alive.
- 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 flower  
Shall bud and blossom then,  
And Justice from her heavenly bow  
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 \*Heb. He will set his  
His footsteps cannot err. 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                      Heb. I am good, loving,  
Thy waies, and love the just,                      a doer of good and  
Save thou thy servant O my God                      holy things  
Who still in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me Lord for daily thee  
I call; 4 O make rejoyce                      10  
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee  
I lift my soul and voice,
- 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 30

To bow them low before thee Lord,

And glorifie thy name.

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 twise 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 bruis'd, and \*shake

\*Heb. Prae Concussione.

With terror sent from thee;

60

Bruz'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, Orl. 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 oft 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 neer 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'rewelming 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 horroure 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 Prophetie 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, trivial and of no true musical delight: which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault 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 councill. 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  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20  
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 justify 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 Mankind, what time his Pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 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'rewhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side

One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80  
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
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 despare:

And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,

That led th' imbattelld 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, voyd 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 despare.

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  
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence 210  
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
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 scap't 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 extreame, 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  
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd 300  
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  
From the safe shore their floating Carkases 310  
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can sieze  
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toyl of Battel to repose  
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320  
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
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 fertile 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 Does  
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.  
These were the prime in order and in might;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javans Issue held  
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth  
Thir boasted Parents; Titan Heav'ns first born 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  
Sonerous 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 Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Thir dread Commander: he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 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 believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend  
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat.  
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custome, and his Regal State 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  
Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother Earth  
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound  
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire 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

Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat 720

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  
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent 750  
With his industrious crew to build in hell.  
Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim

A solemn Council forthwith to be held  
At Pandaemonium, the high Capital  
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
From every and Band squared Regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 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 carreer with Lance)  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770  
In clusters; they among fresh dews 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 employments, 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. 10  
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 disswade 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 tramp'l'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 conformd  
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 appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to our selves more woe.  
Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reasons garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.  
Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n  
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain 230  
Our own right lost: him to unthrone 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 Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes  
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 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 Desart 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 suttlety: 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 advantagious act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 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 read 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, Empyrean 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;  
Thir rising all at once was as the sound  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast  
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread  
Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element 490  
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;

If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree  
Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife 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 anow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction waite.  
The Stygian Council thus dissolv'd; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd  
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream, 510  
And God-like imitated State; him round  
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.  
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry  
With Trumpets regal sound the great result:  
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie

By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss  
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell  
With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520

Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.

Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at th' Olympian Games or Pythian fields; 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,  
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560  
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and 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 frore, 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' adventrous Bands  
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe, 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 soares  
Up to the fiery concave touring high.  
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd  
Hangs in the Clouds, by Aequinoctial Winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Iles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring  
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood 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 terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death my Son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his Parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine invold; 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 suttle Fiend his lore  
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820  
Befalln 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 wandring 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 seemd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinnd 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'ns all-powerful King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.

But what ow I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born, 860  
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compassst 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 rouling 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 smoak  
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 vacuitie: all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops

Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,  
Quencht in a Boggie Syrtis, neither Sea,  
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares, 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 flyes: 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  
Pourd 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  
Weakning 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 Sapphire, 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  
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks beneath 30  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year 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 Emphyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:

About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60  
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.  
Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80  
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperat revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay 90  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;

For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole Command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers 100

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.  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, 120  
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
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  
Substantially express'd, and in his face 140  
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.

For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150

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 warnd  
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
Th' incensed Deitie, while offerd grace  
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 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; be 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 reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.  
His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 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 290  
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, ransom'd 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 300

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, 310  
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: 320  
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 330  
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'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.

Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n, 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,

Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here,  
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dream'd;  
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 renown'd:  
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 deem'd  
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,  
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480  
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  
Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste 500  
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.

The Stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510

Angels ascending and descending, bands

Of Guardians bright, when he from Esau fled

To Padan-aram in the field of Luz,

Dreaming by night under the open 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 somtimes

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 oft those happy Tribes,

On high behests his Angels to and fro

Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard

From Paneas the fount of Jordans flood  
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Aegypt and the Arabian shoare;  
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
Satan from hence now on the lower stair 540  
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
Through dark and 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  
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd, 550  
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-chearing 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 mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In Aarons Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below 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 oft this new Creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell; 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 simplicities  
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 Empyrean 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 Sunbeam 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, leas't 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 rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth

Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,  
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr  
The Hell within him, for within him Hell 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 deserv'd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher 50  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;  
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?  
O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60  
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 wrauth, and infinite despaire?  
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left? 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 marrd 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 practis'd falshood under saintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
Uriel once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce  
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 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 enamourd, 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  
Imbround the noontide Bowrs: 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  
Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,  
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride, 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  
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330

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, Pardes  
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 embracing 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 unspid;  
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  
Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock  
Of Alablaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
Betwixt these rockie Pillars Gabriel sat  
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night; 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,  
Glistring 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,  
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?  
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht 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 regaine

Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold

Both day and night: how often from the steep 680  
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 rooffe  
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 Hymenaeae 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 austerely 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 barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:

Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.  
So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
In search of whom they sought: him there they found  
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Eve; 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 enemie 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 lovely, saw, and pin'd  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seem'd 850  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,  
Or all at once; more 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 quell'd 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 joint  
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd 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  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
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  
Allegance 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 chaind,  
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne  
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.  
So threatn'd hee, but Satan to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.  
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines, 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

Turn'd 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 choycest 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 customd, for his sleep  
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song

Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve  
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek, 10  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
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,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field 20  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.  
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake.  
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night, 30  
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass'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 confind,

But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes

Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80

What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part

Which he had pluckt; the pleasant 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 Fansie next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful Senses represent,  
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes 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 abhorr 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,  
Almightie, 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 fli'st  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.

Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth 180  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the 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 dour 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 respit 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  
Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240  
The fall of others from like state of bliss;

By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,  
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
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  
Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide  
On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd 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 Towring 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

More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

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 shadie 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  
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair 380

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  
Alterd 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 perfect 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  
Within them every lower facultie 410

Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,

And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements

The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;

Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd. 420

Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.

The Sun that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimetal recompence  
In humid exhalations, and at Even  
Supps with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees  
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn  
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430  
Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate  
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchmist 440  
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 voutsaf't  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?  
To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.  
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return, 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' Empyreal 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, intervold, 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  
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd 660  
Messiah King anointed, could not beare

Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.

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, unbey'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 imploy  
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 designs 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  
Affecting all equality with God, 760

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 eclipst 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 possest 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  
With him the points of libertie, who made 820  
Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good, and of our dignitie  
How provident he is, how farr from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happie state under one Head more neer  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count, 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, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers  
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,

But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
One of our number thus reduc't becomes, 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  
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons. 860  
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 spred  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
Of Gods Messiah; those indulgent Laws 880

Will not be now voutsaft, other Decrees  
Against thee are gon forth without recall;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire. 890

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, untterrifi'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 Councel, 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 houre 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  
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms 50  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into 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 towring, 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 finisht thee, and whelmd  
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  
Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent  
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late  
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.  
Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
Thus answerd. 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  
(Unanswerd 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, traird 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 deprav'st it with the name  
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 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 returnd, 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.  
Sunder 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 spred  
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  
Likened 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 wheelles 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:  
Therefore 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  
Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd 390  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld  
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd: 400

Such high advantages thir innocence  
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,  
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.  
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:  
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field 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 Emypreal 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 availes  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quelld with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 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 uninvnted that, which thou aright 470

Beleivst 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 disarm'd 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 despair'd.  
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 suttle 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 descree 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 shaddowing Squadrons Deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.  
Vangard, 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 outrageous noise the Air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
Thir devillish glut, chaine'd 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  
Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose  
If our proposals once again were heard  
We should compel them to a quick result.  
To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood. 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  
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might 630  
To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
And all his Host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640  
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 imbodyed 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 assign'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  
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host. 830  
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles  
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent

Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;  
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode 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 reascension into Heaven.

Descend from Heav'n Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
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 Emyreal 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 remaines unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;

Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

30

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 sovran 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 adornd  
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

Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 190

His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son

On his great Expedition now 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, harness 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 uniform'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 240  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.  
Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure

Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
To journie through the airie gloom began,  
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 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 appear.  
Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
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 sowl 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 keeps  
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines, 380  
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand 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 Aierie 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 fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,  
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up-rose  
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns  
In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green: 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 invol'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 sometimes, with brazen Eyes  
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld  
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand 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  
Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine 610  
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes  
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 Emphyrean 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.

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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 condescension 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 appears, 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  
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse

Delighted, or not capable her eare  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 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 receives  
The benefit: consider first, that Great 90  
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
Nor glistering, 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  
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow, 110  
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 unpossess  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n 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 somthing 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 suddly to detain 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  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 220  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.

Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230

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  
I then was passing to my former state 290  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,  
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  
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340

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 proposet, 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 possesset  
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 unitie defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and deerest 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,  
Dazl'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 lovly faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,  
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd  
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every gesture dignitie and love.  
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud. 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 voutsaft  
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 650  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.  
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

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, 10  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth  
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,  
Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;  
If answerable style I can obtaine 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  
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights 30  
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 Antarctic; 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 subtlest Beast of all the Field.  
Him after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90  
From sharpest sight: for in the wily Snake,  
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native subtletie  
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 prefer'd  
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built 100  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would build?  
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'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 appears 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 Supream;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I finde ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd, 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 mазie 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 suttile 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 houshold 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 joyn'd.

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 austere composure thus reply'd.

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,

That such an enemies 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 receive, 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 aspersion  
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof  
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 missinforme 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 360

Some specious object by the Foe subornd,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
Were better, and most likelie if from mee  
Thou sever not; Trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,

Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde 370  
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve  
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.  
With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought, 380  
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self  
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd, 390  
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.  
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 400  
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that houre in Paradise  
Foundst either sweet repast, or found repose;  
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410  
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,  
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde  
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them  
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet 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 hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
Infeeb'l'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love 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 Stearsman wrought  
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
So varied hee, and of his tortuous 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 glöz'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  
To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620  
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 address,  
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 discerne  
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 attained 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 shunnd?  
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 perfectly 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,  
Inclinable 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:

750

Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,  
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death 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  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770  
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,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise 800

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 appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power 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  
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne 840  
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 somthing ill,  
Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand 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 address.  
Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought, 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  
Perswasively 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 Countenance blithe her storie told;  
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard

The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill 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 yeelded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud  
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? 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 exhilarating 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.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent, 1160  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.  
To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd.  
Is this the Love, is the recompence  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 1170  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking Enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,  
And force upon free Will hath here no place.

But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue 1180  
That errour now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.  
Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning  
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

Notes:

186 not] nor 1674.

213 hear] bear 1674.

394 Likest] likeliest 1674.

922 hast] hath 1674.

The End Of The Ninth Book.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that The entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell by wondrous 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 condolement of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

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 deceave 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 suttel 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 dismaid,  
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 evn 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,  
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant  
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 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  
And from his presence hid themselves among 100  
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd, thus 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 remaines,  
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 perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;  
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.  
To whom the sovran 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 ascention bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 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 prevailes, 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 wrauth 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 increas'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 builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by th' 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)  
Amplly 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 supream; 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,  
Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood  
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that 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 furdur 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 calld 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  
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now, 690  
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 Serraliona; 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 delayes

His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fix'd 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  
Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790  
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die: let this appease  
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?

Can he make deathless Death? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
Impossible is held, as Argument 800  
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 perpetuities; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defensless head; both Death and I  
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie  
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none! 820  
So disinherited how would ye bless  
Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,

If guiltless? But from 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 fearst, 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 reconcilement seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.  
Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine 950  
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,  
And my displeasure bearst so ill. If Prayers  
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place

Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of Love, how we may light'n

960

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 ways to die the shortest choosing,

Destruction with destruction to destroy.  
She ended heer, or vehement despaire  
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts  
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.  
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd, 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  
I have in view, calling to minde with heed 1030  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise

The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040  
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 unbesaught 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 doers; 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:  
Those pure immortal Elements that know 50  
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,  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw; 70  
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 Bowrs  
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, 100  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:  
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
To them and to thir Progenie from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint

At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears 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  
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than those 130  
Of Argus, and more wakeful then to drouze,  
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral Reed  
Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Meanwhile  
To resalute the World with sacred Light

Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd  
The Earth, when Adam and first Matron Eve  
Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,  
Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;  
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewd. 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,  
Wherere 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 descric  
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  
Inclin'd 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 respit 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 adornd 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, accustomd 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 returnd,  
To Michael thus his humble words addressd.  
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides 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 availes then breath against the winde,  
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd

His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd  
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree 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 spread  
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 beleeve, 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;  
Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon  
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,  
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next  
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd. 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 than 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 diseases'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 restraind 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  
Obruded 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  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight, 530  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease  
Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:  
This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
To witherd weak & gray; thy Senses then  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,  
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne 540  
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 Toolles; 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

Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles 620

Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,

(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which

The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.

O pittie and shame, that they who to live well

Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread

Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!

But still I see the tenor of Mans woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.  
From Mans effeminate slackness it begins, 630  
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.  
But now prepare thee for another Scene.  
He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread  
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,  
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,  
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;  
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,  
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd 640  
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustering stood;  
One way a Band select from forage drives  
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine  
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,  
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,  
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,  
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;  
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;  
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies  
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field 650  
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong  
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,  
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend  
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the scepter'd Haralds call  
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,  
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
In factious opposition, till at last 660  
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 turnd full sad; O what are these,  
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew  
His Brother; for of whom such massacher  
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?  
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?  
To whom thus Michael; These are the product  
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st; 680

Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves  
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,  
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;  
To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done 690  
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 anough, 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  
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,

820

And there take root an Iland salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.  
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,

830

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  
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde. 850  
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.  
Farr less I now lament for one whole World 870  
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  
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World 890  
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: 10  
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, 20  
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast  
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;  
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) 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  
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, 50  
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  
He made not Lord; such title to himself 70  
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 dividual being:  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce

Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits 90  
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
Deprives them of thir outward libertie, 100  
Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,  
Servant Of Servants, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes; 110  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To-worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes 120  
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
His benediction so, that in his Seed  
All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,  
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile  
Ur of Chaldaeae, passing now the Ford 130  
To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents  
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 enthrallment, 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 compelld 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 rould;  
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 christol 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

Untraine'd in Arms, where rashness leads not on.

This also shall they gain by thir delay

In the wide Wilderness, there they shall find

Their government, and thir great Senate choose

Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:

God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top

Shall tremble, he descending, will himself

In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound

Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine

To civil Justice, part religious Rites 230

Of sacrifice, informing them, by types

And shadowes, of that destin'd Seed to bruise

The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve

Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God

To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech

That Moses might report to them his will,

And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,

Instructed that to God is no access

Without Mediator, whose high Office now

Moses in figure beares, to introduce 240

One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,

And all the Prophets in thir Age the times

Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Lawes 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 become  
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,  
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

290

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  
Wandering, 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 squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.  
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign  
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns. 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 steddies 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 beleeve 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 attained 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

---

The Author

JOHN MILTON

---

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 10  
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 Council 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  
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50  
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  
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd, 170  
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  
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast 210  
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, emptied, 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 submiss 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 complaints 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, tidings 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 dissolutest 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,  
Eneve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At will the manliest, resolutest 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 Amymone, 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  
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; 230  
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

Of various persons each to know his part; 240

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

Wandering 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  
Left his ground-nest, high towring to descry 280

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 Airs 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.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450  
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 errour 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. 480

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.

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 10  
Conteins 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. 20  
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  
Aetherial, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers all but the highest? 30  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son  
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.  
This is true glory and renown, when God 60  
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  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70  
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  
Then those thir Conquerours, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80

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 Saintly 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 raign,  
The happier raign the sooner it begins,  
Raigh 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 raigh 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  
What of perfection can in man be found, 230  
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

How best their opposition to withstand. 250

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 stretch'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:

Fertil 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 Waggon's 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  
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn 350  
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  
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360  
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 raign, 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 then 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:  
But as a man who had been matchless held 10  
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spight  
Still will be tempting him who foyls 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 battery, 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 prophecied what will,  
To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.  
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110  
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  
And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst 120  
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?  
Let his tormenter Conscience find him out, 130  
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  
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.

210

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 Democraticie,  
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece, 270

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;  
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310  
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 tastes 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 Propheesies of thee are best fullfill'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  
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way 470  
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 threaten'g 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 reign 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 Pinnacle 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 Irassa 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,  
Throttld 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 plummy 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,  
Wandering 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 frustrated 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 Demoniac 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 distinguisht 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 unbeseeming 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 denial 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

Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20  
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 Off'ring burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His Godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30  
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'rcome 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 then 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 then half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse  
Without all hope of day!

80

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,  
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200  
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,  
Am I not sung and proverb'd 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 pair'd,  
These two proportion'd 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 reins 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 mustring 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.

So Dagon shall be magnifi'd, and God, 440  
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  
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450  
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.  
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460  
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, be 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

Of all these boasted Trophies won on me, 470  
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 off'rings, to avert  
His further ire, with praiera 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 household 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 medcinal 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 wandering 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

Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt 740  
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 reconcilement 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 enjoyning. 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 misdome,  
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 chear'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 perfect thralldom, 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 secrecie, 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 1040  
Draws him awry enslav'd  
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, 1050  
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. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm?

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

1070

I less conjecture then when first I saw

The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

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  
Feigndst 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 Murtherer, 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 appellat 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: Can'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 1240  
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

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, Goliah chief.

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

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 1260  
With no small profit daily to my owners.

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 1270  
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; 1310

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.

Sam: Thou knowst I am an Ebrew, therefore tell them,  
Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites 1320  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

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, 1330  
Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

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 jealousy

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 rouzing 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  
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd: 1420

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 enough 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



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 he 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 horrour, 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 chear, & 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 revolv'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 rouz'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 heroicy 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 Capthor

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 unfortunate 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 heavie plummets pace  
& glut thy selfe wth what thy womb devoures  
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 10  
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 20  
attir'd wth starres wee shall for ever sit  
Triumphing over Death, & Chance, & thee O Time.

