

John Milton's
Paradise Lost Simplified!

Includes Modern Edition of the Text, Study Guide, Historical Context, Biography, and Character Index



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Introduction

There are but a few epic poems in literary history that hope to match the scope of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Milton, after suffering great personal tragedies in his own life (more about that below), wanted to write an epic tragedy, a poem about loss and redemption. While so many epics in history, like those of Homer or Virgil, celebrated military men and their victories in war, Milton chose to write about a different kind of heroism—a spiritual one. And so was born the spiritual epic called *Paradise Lost*. Before we launch into details, let's get an overview of the poem, a general summary.

Plot Summary

Paradise Lost opens with Satan and his fellow fallen angels waking up in Hell. They've recently fallen there after defeat in Heaven. They gather together and build a fortress, a council they call Pandemonium. Inside the council, they plan how they can fight back and defeat God. Some want to escape Hell and demand a rematch, but others are afraid to fight God again, knowing they will only lose and be punished more. Satan ends up deciding to use cunning and deceit to win against God. Rumor has it God has created a New World, with Man as a new creation there. If they can cause ruin in this new race of beings, they'll deliver a massive blow to God's plans.

Satan volunteers to escape Hell and investigate this new creation. At the gates of Hell, he meets Sin and Death. He discovers that Sin is his daughter/bride, and Death is their child. Satan promises to return and allow Sin and Death to roam free on Earth. He escapes out into Chaos and, after talking to Chaos himself, finds his way to the World, which hangs from Heaven by a golden chain. Satan enters the World and starts looking for Man.

Meanwhile, in Heaven, God knows what Satan is doing and planning. He knows that Adam and Eve will fall prey to Satan's tricks and eat of the Forbidden Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. This will cause great problems for Mankind, so God asks for a volunteer—someone willing to intervene in man's behalf and help fix the problems Satan is about to cause. God's own Son volunteers, and all of Heaven rejoices at this.

We jump back down to Earth. We see Adam and Eve through Satan's eyes. They work together in the garden and then they go back home and make love. God sends angels down to the garden to find Satan. Satan is forced to flee the scene.

God sends Raphael to talk to Adam and warn him of Satan's plans. He tells Adam about the war in Heaven, how Satan lost and was thrown down to Hell. Adam shares his first memories after being created. Raphael ends off by warning Adam about Satan.

Satan returns after being gone from the garden for about a week. He takes the form of a serpent and looks for Eve, who has decided to work apart from Adam today. Satan convinces her to eat the fruit. She does, and then she brings some of the forbidden fruit to Adam. He eats as well, and they make love right there on the ground.

After the sin in Paradise, Satan returns to Hell to celebrate. Sin and Death are let loose on Earth. When Satan gets back to Pandemonium, he and his followers are temporarily turned to snakes as punishment. Back on Earth, Adam and Eve are forced to leave Paradise because they have eaten the fruit. Before leaving, though, Adam is given a vision of the future, in which he sees all the suffering his mistakes will cause. On the other hand, he also sees that salvation will come through God's Son, who will take the form of a man named Jesus.

Paradise Lost – Original and Modern Translation

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 darkness, fittest 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 regaining 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 Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.

This first book introduces, briefly at first, the whole subject of Man's disobedience, and the loss of Paradise in which he had been placed. Then it touches on the main cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan disguised as a serpent. He rebelled against God, and with the many regiments of Angels he had drawn to his side he was banished from Heaven by God into the great Deep. Passing over this action, the Poem goes straight to the center of things, showing Satan and his Angels fallen into Hell, which is described here, not in the Center of Earth (for it should be imagined that Heaven and Earth have not yet been made, and certainly not cursed) but in a place of utter darkness which has the appropriate name of Chaos. Here Satan and his Angels lie on the burning lake, astonished and stunned. After a while Satan recovers and calls up his leaders and they discuss their miserable fall. Satan wakes his armies, who had been in the same state. They rise up, and their numbers, battle order and the names of their chief leaders (those by which they were known in Canaan and neighboring lands) are listed. Satan speaks to them and comforts them with the hope of recapturing Heaven, but also tells them of a new world and a new kind of Creature which will be created according to an ancient prophesy and rumors in Heaven (because the opinion of many wise men is that Angels existed long before the creation of Earth). To find out the truth of this prophesy, and to decide what to do about it, he calls a full council, which all his confederates attend. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, is suddenly built out of the pit, and the Lords of Hell meet there in debate.

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

*Of the first disobedience of Man, and the fruit
Of the forbidden tree, the taste of which*

*Brought Death and sorrow into the world
And barred us from Paradise, until a greater Man
Led us back to the Heavenly lands,
Sing, sacred Inspiration, you who on the secret mountain
Of Oreb, or in the Sinai Desert, inspired
The Shepherd who first taught the chosen people
How in the beginning Heaven and Earth
Was created from disorder. Or if Sion Hill,
Is your chosen spot, or Siloa's stream which flowed
Swiftly past God's messenger; from there
I call you to help me as I sing my ambitious song,
Which I don't intend to take the easy way
Above the mountain of inspiration, while it tries
Things never yet seen in either prose or poetry.*

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

*And chiefly, Spirit, which values
More than temples the pure and honest heart,
Guide me, for you have the wisdom; from the start
You were there, and with your great wings spread out
Sat like a dove, perched over the great gorge
And bred life from it: shine a light
Into the darkness inside me, lift up what is low,
So that I can do justice to this great subject
And show the actions of God,
And explain the ways of God to men.*

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

If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
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.

*Firstly, because you see all that is in Heaven
And in the deep pit of Hell, say what made
Our grandparents, living that happy existence,
So much blessed by Heaven, break away
From their Creator, and disobey his orders,
His one law, apart from which they were Lords of the World.
Who led them into that awful rebellion?
The hellish snake; it was he whose cunning
Driven by envy and revenge, tricked
The Mother of Mankind, after his pride
Caused him to be thrown out of heaven, with his army
Of rebel Angels, with whose help he had planned
To set himself up in heaven as the highest,
Thinking he could even take on the role of God
If he fought Him; and driven by ambition
Against the throne and kingship of God
Started a blasphemous war in heaven and fought proudly
But in vain. The Almighty Power threw him
Down in flames from the skies of Heaven
With terrible flame and destruction, down
To the bottomless pit of hell, to live there
Bound in unbreakable chains, burned with punishing fire,
For having dared challenge the Almighty to battle.*

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes

That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.

*For nine days, as they are measured
By men, he and his terrible gang
Lay beaten, thrashing in the fiery sea,
Defeated though still immortal: But his fate
Raised further anger in him; for now the thought
Of the happiness he had lost and the pain he now faces
Tortures him: he cast around his hate filled eyes
Which showed great pain and terror
Mixed with unyielding pride and unmoving hate:
As far as Angels can see he sees
The terrible place, bleak and wild,
A horrible dungeon, whose walls all around
Burned like one great oven, but from those flames
There is no light, but a visible darkness
Which only showed things of sadness,
Lands of sorrow, miserable shadows, where peace
And rest are unknown, where the hope that comes to all
Never comes; endless torture
Drives on forever, and there is a fiery storm, fed
By sulphur which burns forever and never runs out:
This was the place God's justice had made
For these rebels, here he had ordered their prison built
In total darkness, and their allotted place
Was to be as far away from God and Heaven's light
As three times distance from the equator to the Poles.*

O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in PALESTINE, and nam'd
BEELZEBUB. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightnes didst outshine
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd

In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth 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
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
 Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

*Oh, how different it was to their former home!
 There those who fell with him, beaten down
 With floods and whirlwinds of stormy flames,
 He soon makes out, and in turmoil by his side
 Is one almost equal in power, as bad in crime,
 Who in later times appeared in Palestine, and his name
 Was Beelzebub. The Arch Enemy,
 Who was now called Satan in Heaven, with bold words
 Breaking through the ghastly silence, spoke to him:
 "Is that you? How you have fallen, how changed you are
 From the one who in the happy Lands of Light,
 Dressed in heavenly brightness outshone
 So many others, though bright themselves. If it's you
 Who joined with me in thought, plans, hope
 And risk in our great adventure,
 Then now we're joined again in suffering,*

*In our destruction: you see the pit,
 How low we have fallen, which shows how much stronger
 God's thunder was: but before we fought Him who knew
 Just how strong He was? But for all his strength
 And anything else the winner might do in his anger,
 I have no regret, I won't change my mind,
 Even though my appearance has changed: I am staying
 True to my hatred, caused by my sense of injustice,
 Which led me to take on the Mighty in battle,
 And to bring along to the fight
 A numberless force of Spirits
 Who also hated His rule, and preferred me.
 We took on the ultimate power with the power of our own,
 In a hard fought battle on the fields of Heaven
 And shook his throne. So what if we lost the battle?
 All is not lost: we shall keep our unquenchable ambition,
 And look out for revenge, hating forever,
 And be brave enough never to give in,
 And so what has He truly won?
 All His strength and anger will never
 Take that away from me. To bow and beg for pardon
 On bended knee, and worship the power
 That so recently feared for his rule in the face
 Of my own power, that would be too low,
 That would be a disgrace and shame far worse
 Than this fall: the Eternal Laws state that our strength
 And this stuff we're made of cannot be destroyed,
 So our experience in this great battle hasn't
 Taken our strength and has increased our cunning,
 So we can hope for greater success as we set out
 To fight an everlasting war with strength or cunning,
 Never giving in to our great enemy,
 Who has won, for now, and with great happiness
 Has sole possession of the title of Tyrant of Heaven."*

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despaire:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.
 O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 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,

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

*So the rebel Angel spoke, although he was in pain,
Boasting out loud, but inside torn with despair,
And soon his arrogant comrade replied:
"Oh Prince, the ruler over many thrones,
Who led the Angels in armor to war
Under your orders, and with terrible deeds, without
Fear, challenged the power of Heaven's eternal King,
And tested his mighty rule.
Whether he won through strength, or luck, or fate,
I can see and regret the terrible result all too well.
Our terrible loss and casting down
Has barred us from Heaven, and all this great army
Has been thrown down in ruin,
As close to death as Gods and Heavenly forms
Can come, for the mind and spirit
Cannot be beaten, and strength will come back, even if
All our light has been extinguished, and our happiness
Is drowned here in this endless suffering.
But what if he who beat us (who I now
Must acknowledge as Almighty in strength, since only
Such a one could have beaten our armies)
Has left our spirit and strength intact
So that we can better feel pain,
So He can go on taking his revenge,
Or carry on serving him as slaves,
His by right of victory: to order us, whatever he's up to,
To work in the fire here in the heart of Hell,
To do his errands in these gloomy depths;
In that case how will it help us to feel
Undiminished strength, or eternal life?
It'll just help us to suffer eternal punishment."*

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,

To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
 The seat of desolation, 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,
 If not what resolution from despare.

The leader of the demons swiftly replied:
"Fallen Angel, weakness is a miserable thing,
In action or in suffering: but I can promise you,
We will never do anything good.
To always do harm will be our only pleasure,
Because it will go against the desires
Of him we are fighting. If God tries
To create good from our evil
Then we must work to twist his goal
And make sure that evil comes out of good;
This might happen often, and perhaps
Cause him grief, if my plans work, and knock
His most cherished plans off course.
But look, the furious winner has called back
His agents of revenge who chased us,
To the Gates of Heaven: the fiery hail
That stormed after us has blown out now.

*The wave of fire that followed us
 As we fell from the edge of Heaven, and the thunder,
 Accompanied by red lightning and furious anger
 Has perhaps been exhausted, and has stopped
 Bellowing through this huge and bottomless pit.
 Let's not miss our chance, whether it is contempt
 Or the end of his anger that makes our enemy give it to us.
 Do you see that miserable plain, abandoned and wild,
 Desolate, without light
 Apart from the flicker which these angry flames
 Give, pale and horrid? Let us go there,
 Away from these waves of fire,
 And rest, if there is any rest to be had there,
 And gather up our damaged forces,
 Debate how from now on we can do most damage
 To our enemy, how we can make up for our loss,
 How we can overcome this terrible disaster,
 How we can get strength from hope,
 Or at least how we can gain determination from despair."*

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
 TITANIAN, or EARTH-BORN, that warr'd on JOVE,
 BRIARIOS or TYPHON, whom the Den
 By ancient TARSUS held, or that Sea-beast
 LEVIATHAN, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
 Him haply slumbring on the NORWAY foam
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On Man by him seduc't, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames

Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld
In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
Torn from PELORUS, or the shatter'd side
Of thundring AETNA, whose combustible
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,
Both glorying to have scap't the STYGIAN flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

*Thus Satan spoke to his lieutenant,
With his head lifted above the waves, and his eyes
Burning with fire, the rest of him
Laid out on the lake of fire, stretching far and wide
Over many acres, as huge
As the one named in legends as being of monstrous size,
Titan, or "The one born of earth", who battled Jupiter,
Briaros and Typhon, who lurked in his cave
By ancient Tarsus, or the sea monster
Leviathan, the biggest thing God created
Which swims in the oceans' currents:
When he might be sleeping in the Norwegian Sea
The sailors say often the pilot of some small craft,
Caught out at night, thinks that he's an island
And fixes an anchor in his scaly skin,
Ties up in the shelter of his side while night
Rules the sea and keeps off the hoped for morning:
So the chief demon lay, his great length stretched out,
Chained to the burning lake from which
He could never have arisen, except that the will
And permission of all powerful Heaven
Left him to carry on his own evil plans,
So that by repeating his crimes he might
Draw further punishment down on himself as he tried
To do wrong to others, and to his fury he would see
How his evil only brought out
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy given
To the Man he tried to pervert, but on himself
A triple dose of horror, anger and vengeance was poured.
He pulls his great bulk upright from the pool;
On either side the flames,*

*With their leaping points blown backwards,
Rolled away in waves, leaving a horrid valley in the center.
Then with his wings outstretched he took off
Into the dark air,
Which felt unusually heavy, until he came to dry land
And landed, if it could be called land that burned
With a solid fire just as the lake burned with liquid fire.
In color it was like a hill when
The force of underground winds move it,
Tears it away from Pelorus, or from the broken slopes
Of thunderous Mount Etna, whose burning
And powerful innards kindle fire,
Fuelled by dissolved minerals, and leave
The lands around burnt
And wrapped in stench and smoke; such was the land
The soles of the cursed feet found. His lieutenant followed,
Both of them happy to have escaped the hellish flood
Like Gods, and having done it under their own steam.
Not with the permission of the Divine Power.*

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

“Is this the country, the land, the atmosphere,”

*Said the fallen Archangel, "Is this the place
That we must swap for Heaven, this mournful gloom
For that heavenly light? So be it, because he
Who rules can now order
Things as He wishes. It's best to be farthest from Him
Whose genius is equal to, and whose force is greater
Than, others. Farewell to the happy fields,
Where joy lives forever: welcome horrors, welcome
The world of devils, and you, deepest Hell,
Welcome your new Master: One who brings
A mind that will not be changed by its place or by time.
The mind is a place in itself, and inside it one
Can turn Heaven into Hell or Hell into Heaven.
Who cares where I am, if I'm still the same,
And why should I be any different just because
He was made greater by force? Here we will
Be free at least: God didn't build this place for himself,
He won't make us leave:
Here we shall rule undisturbed, and in my opinion,
To rule is something worth wanting, even in Hell:
It's better to rule in Hell than be a servant in Heaven.
But why are we letting our trusty friends,
Our comrades and sharers in our loss,
Lie so shocked on the uncaring lake,
Why are we not calling them to take their place
In this cursed house, and telling them
To gather up their strength and see what might still
Be taken back from Heaven, or lost in Hell?"*

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

*This was how Satan spoke, and Beelzebub answered him:
"Leader of those bright armies,
Which only the Almighty could have beaten,
If they could just hear that voice
Which gave them hope in fear and danger, heard so often
When things were blackest, and on the fearful edge
Of the raging battle, in all their attacks
It was their greatest hope, if they hear it now they will soon
Get new hope and rise up, even though at the moment*

*They're lying groveling on that lake of fire,
As we were a short while ago, stunned and shocked,
And no wonder, after falling from such a terrible height. "*

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the TUSCAN Artist views
At Ev'ning from the top of FESOLE,
Or in VALDARNO, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on NORWEGIAN hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In VALLOMBROSA, where th' ETRURIAN shades
High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds ORION arm'd
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
BUSIRIS and his MEMPHIAN Chivalrie,
VVhile with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of GOSHEN, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

*He'd hardly finished when the senior Devil
Started off to the shore, his great shield,
Forged in Heaven, heavy, large and round.
Slung on his back: the great circle
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, the ball
Which Galileo watches through his telescope
In the evening from the hill town of Fesole,
Or from the Arno Valley, seeking out new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotted globe.
His spear, which was equal in height to the tallest pine
Cut down in the hills of Norway to make a mast
For the ship of some great Admiral, was just a stick
He leaned on to help his cautious steps
Over the burning clay, not like the steps he took
In the blue of Heaven, and the oppressive atmosphere*

*Beat him down as well, surrounded by fire.
Nonetheless he suffered it, until upon the shore
Of the burning sea he stood, and called
His armies, the angelic forms which lay unconscious,
As thick as the leaves of autumn which lie on the streams
Of Vallambrosa, where the Tuscan shade
Covers over all; or like the scattered seaweed
Floating, when the storms of Orion
Has attacked the Red Sea coast with the waves
Which overthrew the Pharaoh and his Egyptian cavalry,
Who with wicked hatred chased
The Israelites, who saw from the safety of the shore
Their floating corpses
And broken chariot wheels. This was how thick they lay,
The pitiful and lost who covered the surface,
Stunned by the terrible thing that had happened to them.*

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can sieze
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

*He called out so loudly that the whole pit
Of Hell echoed with it: "Princes, Rulers,
Warriors who were once the pride of the Heaven we've lost,
Can this sort of amazement overcome
Eternal Spirits? Or have you decided this is the place,
After the efforts of battle, to rest
Your tired strength, as if it was as easy
To sleep here as it was in the Vales of Heaven?
Or have you promised to lie down like this
To worship the one who beat you? The one who now sees
Cherubim and Seraphim rolling around in the flood,
With all their weapons and flags scattered, so that soon
Those who chased us from Heaven's gate will see
They have the upper hand, and coming closer smash us
As we rest here, or with bolts of lightning
Pin us to the floor of this pit.*

Wake up, get up, or you'll be lost forever."

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men went to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of AMRAMS Son in EGYPTS evill day
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of LOCUSTS, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious PHAROAH hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of NILE:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
RHENE or the DANAW, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath GIBRALTAR to the LYBIAN sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.

*They heard and were ashamed, and they leapt up
Into the air, like men on Sentry duty,
Caught sleeping by their Sergeant,
Who get moving before they're properly awake.
It was not as though they were blind to the terrible
Situation they were in, or not feel the awful pains,
But they obeyed their commander's voice,
Flocking in their multitudes. Like when the wand
Of Moses, in the bad times in Eygpt,
Waved round the shores and summoned a dark cloud
Of locusts, sailing on the east wind,
That hung over the kingdom of the unholy Pharoah
Like night, and darkened all the lands of the Nile:
This was how numberless was the crowd of fallen angels,
Hovering on their wings under the roof of Hell,*

*Between the fires above, below and all around,
Until, like a beacon, the upraised spear
Of their great ruler led them
On their journey, and they landed
On the firm brimstone, and covered the plain;
Such a crowd the well populated Northern lands
Never poured from her frozen loins,
Crossing the Rhine or the Danube, when her barbarian sons
Crashed like a flood upon Southern Europe, spreading
From Gibraltar to the Libyan deserts.
At once every platoon and company
Sent their leaders quickly up to where
Their great Commander stood; they were shaped like Gods,
Far grander than humans and their princes,
These powers that had sat on thrones in Heaven;
Though in the records of Heaven their names
Were not remembered now, scratched and erased
From the Books of Life by their rebellion.*

Nor had they yet among the Sons of EVE
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
By falsities and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him, that made them, to transform
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?

*Nor had they from Mankind
Yet been given new names, until, as they roamed the Earth,
By great God's allowance, in order to test Mankind,
With lies and deceit they managed, with most
Of Mankind, to corrupt them and persuade them
To abandon God their creator, and the invisible
Glory of the one who made them, to change
Ofien into animals, dressed up
With bright Religions full of ceremony and luxury,
Worshipping Devils as their Gods:
Then the devils were known to men by various names,
And worshipped as idols throughout the Godless world.
Divine inspiration, what are their names, first and last,
Who awoke from that bed of fire*

*At the call of their great Emperor and came to him
Where he stood on the bare shore as the next in rank
While the thronging crowd stood back?*

The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide
JEHOVAH thundring out of SION, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First MOLOCH, horrid King besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim Idol. Him the AMMONITE
Worshipt in RABBA and her watry Plain,
In ARGOB and in BASAN, to the stream
Of utmost ARNON. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of SOLOMON he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of HINNOM, TOPHET thence
And black GEHENNA call'd, the Type of Hell.
Next CHEMOS, th' obscene dread of MOABS Sons,
From AROER to NEBO, and the wild
Of Southmost ABARIM; in HESEBON
And HERONAIM, SEONS Realm, beyond
The flowry Dale of SIBMA clad with Vines,
And ELEALE to th' ASPHALTICK Pool.
PEOR his other Name, when he entic'd
ISRAEL in SITTIM on their march from NILE
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

*These were the leaders who, from the pit of Hell,
Roaming the earth to look for their prey on Earth, dared
To set their thrones up next to the throne of God,
Their altars next to his altar and became Gods loved
Amongst all the Nations, and dared defy
Jehovah thundering out of Israel, on his throne
Amongst his angels; they often even put
Their shrines within His holy places,
Foul objects; and with evil things
They polluted His holy ritual and sacred feasts,
Daring to insult His light with their darkness.
First there is Moloch, horrible King covered with the blood*

*Of human sacrifice and also with parents' tears,
 Who through the noise of the drums and tambourines
 Couldn't hear their children's cries as they were burnt
 In front of his foul statue. It was him the Ammonites
 Worshipped in Rabba on her flooded plains,
 In Argob and in Basan, as far as the river
 Of far away Arnon. Not content with such
 A daring invasion he tricked the wisest man,
 Solomon, into building
 His Temple right next to the Temple of God
 On the Hill of Corruption, and invaded
 The lovely valley of Hinnom, which afterwards was called
 Tophet and Gehenna, the Valley of the Damned.
 Next came Chemos, the foul curse of the sons of Moab
 Who stretched his rule from Aroer to Nebo, and the wilds
 Of southerly Abarim; to Hesebon
 And Heronaim in the land of Sihon, beyond
 The fruitful valley of Sibma, dressed in vines,
 And from Eleale to the Dead Sea.
 He was also called Peor, when he tempted
 The Israelites, stopped in Sittim on the march from the Nile,
 To worship him with obscene ceremonies, for which they were punished.*

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

Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
 To Idols foul. THAMMUZ came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in LEBANON allur'd
 The SYRIAN Damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
 While smooth ADONIS from his native Rock
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of THAMMUZ yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected SIONS daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
 EZEKIEL saw, when by the Vision led
 His eye 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,
 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.

*From there he spread his foul orgies
 Even to the Mount of Olives, next to Moloch's
 Murderous valley, putting lust next door to hate,
 Until the good man Josiah drove them back into Hell.
 Along with them came the ones known, in the lands
 Between the Euphrates and the river which separates
 Egypt and Syria, by the general names
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, the one male,
 The other female. For when Spirits wish to they can
 Be either man or woman, or both; their essential substance
 Is so soft and moldable,
 Not chained to joints or limbs
 Or relying on the fragile strength of bones
 And heavy flesh; but choosing whatever shape they wish,
 Expanded or contracted, bright or dark,
 They can carry out their supernatural missions,
 Completing their work of love or evil.
 The people of Israel often rejected
 Him who gave them their power, and left empty
 His true altar, bowing down low
 To these filthy Gods; as punishment they were bowed down just as low
 In battle, sinking under the spears
 Of despicable enemies. Along with these
 Came Astoreth, called by the Phoenicians
 Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with her curved horns;
 Her to whose statue every night under the moonlight*

*Sidonian Virgins gave her their promises and songs,
 Which were also sung in Israel, where she had
 Her temple on the Mount of Olives, built
 By the often married King Solomon, who though he had a great heart,
 Was led astray by beautiful idol worshippers and became
 An idolater himself. Thammuz was the next in line,
 Whose death in Lebanon drew, each year,
 The Syrian ladies to bewail his fate
 With songs of love on a summer's day,
 While the river Adonis ran from his home mountain
 To the sea, colored purple, supposedly with the blood
 Of Thammuz newly wounded each year: the romantic story
 Infected the daughters of Israel with similar desire,
 And their abandoned behaviour in the sacred doorway of the Temple
 Was seen by Ezekiel, when they were under the influence of the vision,
 And he saw with his eyes the evil idolatry
 Of Judah, separated from God. Next came the one
 Who mourned deeply when the captured Ark
 Damaged his brutish statue, with its head and hands broken off
 In his own Temple, on the edge of the threshold,
 Where it fell flat on its face, and embarrassed his worshippers.
 Dagon was his name, a sea monster with a man's torso
 And a fish's tail: but he had his Temple venerated
 In Azotus, he was feared all along the coast
 Of Palestine as well as in Gath and Ascalon,
 And in Accaron and on the frontiers of Gaza.*

Him follow'd RIMMON, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair DAMASCUS, on the fertile Banks
 Of ABBANA and PHARPHAR, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold:
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
 AHAZ his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of SYRIAN mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
 OSIRIS, ISIS, ORUS and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic EGYPT and her Priests, to seek
 Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did ISRAEL scape
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in OREB: and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in BETHEL and in DAN,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
 JEHOVAH, who in one Night when he pass'd
 From EGYPT marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
 BELIAL came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd

Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smok'd; yet who more oft then hee
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
 Turns Atheist, as did ELY'S Sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God.
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
 Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
 And injury and outrage: And when Night
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
 Of BELIAL, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the Streets of SODOM, and that night
 In GIBEAH, when hospitable Dores
 Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,

*Following him came Rimmon, whose beautiful home
 Was lovely Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of the shining streams of Abbana and Pharphar.
 He also was a fighter of the house of God:
 He once lost a leper as a worshipper but gained a king,
 Ahaz his drunken ruler, whom he persuaded
 To disrespect and replace God's altar
 With one of the Syrian type, on which he could burn
 His revolting sacrifices, and worship the Gods
 Whom he had beaten. After these came
 A group who, under their ancient famous names,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus and their followers,
 With terrible appearances and magic forced
 The raving Egypt and her priests to look
 For their Gods in brutish characters
 Rather than in the shape of a Man. Nor did Israel escape
 Their madness when their borrowed gold was made
 Into the calf idol in Oreb: and Jereboam the rebel King
 Made that sin twice as bad in Bethel and in Dan,
 Comparing his creator to an ox in the field,
 Jehovah, who on one night as he passed
 Through Egypt, destroyed with a single bow
 Both her first born children and all her bleating Gods.
 Last came Belial, who had no rival in his obscenity
 In all who fell from Heaven, none had such a disgusting love
 Of vice for its own sake: no Temple was built for him, and
 No fires were lit on altars; and yet who was more often present than him
 In Temples and at altars, as when the Priest
 Becomes an unbeliever, as Eli's sons did, who filled
 The House of God with lust and violence.
 He also rules in Courts and Palaces,
 And in the rich cities, where the noise
 Of the riotous behavior rises above their tallest towers,*

*As does the sound of fighting and outrages: and when night
Darkens the streets, then the sons of Belial
Come out, driven by arrogance and drunkenness.
This was seen in the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the house which had given hospitality
Surrendered their women to save the men from rape.
These were the main devils, greatest in power;
There were too many others to name, although they were worshipped far and wide:*

Th' IONIAN Gods, of JAVANS Issue held
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
Thir boasted Parents; TITAN Heav'ns first born
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
By younger SATURN, he from mightier JOVE
His own and RHEA'S Son like measure found;
So JOVE usurping reign'd: these first in CREET
And IDA known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold OLYMPUS rul'd the middle Air
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the DELPHIAN Cliff,
Or in DODONA, and through all the bounds
Of DORIC Land; or who with SATURN old
Fled over ADRIA to th' HESPERIAN Fields,
And ore the CELTIC roam'd the utmost Isles.

*The Greek Gods, believed to be descended from Javan
And worshipped as Gods in a later time than Heaven and Earth,
Their alleged parents: Titan, the first child of Heaven
With his massive offspring, his inheritance stolen
By the younger Saturn, who from his own son with Rhea,
Mighty Jupiter, got the same treatment;
So Jupiter ruled as the usurper: these Gods were first known
To the Creteans and to Ida, then on the snowy summit
Of cold Olympus they ruled the skies,
The highest Heaven they knew; and they also ruled in Delphi
And in Dodona and all through the lands
Of Greece, and with ancient Saturn
Spread over the Adriatic to Italy
And were worshipped by the Celts in the British islands.*

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd

AZAZEL as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:

*All of these and others gathered round, but they looked
Depressed and damp, though there were some who showed
Some little signs of happiness, to find that their leader
Was not downcast and to find that all
Was not completely lost, though on his face
The same emotion showed: but he soon summoned up
His usual arrogance and with elevated speech which had
Apparent value but held no substance, gently encouraged
Their weakened strength, and banished their fears.
Then he commands at once that to the warlike sound
Of loud trumpets and bugles they should raise
His mighty flag; the honor of doing that was claimed
By Azrael, a tall Cherub, as his right:
Straight away he unfurled from the shining pole
The Emperor's banner, which waving on high
Shone like a meteor, flapping in the wind,
Covered in jewels and embroidered in rich gold
With the Seraph's insignia and signs: all the time
The trumpets were blowing warlike calls:*

At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of CHAOS and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect PHALANX to the Dorian mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front

Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods,
 Thir number last he sums. 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
 Begirt with BRITISH and ARMORIC Knights;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in ASPRAMONT or MONTALBAN,
 DAMASCO, or MAROCCO, or TREBISOND,
 Or whom BISERTA sent from AFRIC shore
 When CHARLEMAIN with all his Peerage fell
 By FONTARABBIA. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Thir dread Commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare

Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

*At these signs the great crowd let out
A shout which tore through the lands of hell, and beyond that
Brought fear to the kingdoms of Chaos and of ancient Night.
Suddenly in the gloom there appeared
Ten thousand banners waving in the air,
Covered in the colors of the Orient: and with them rose up
A great forest of spears: and a great throng of helmets appeared
Alongside ranks of shields so thick
That they could not be counted: soon they move
In perfect drill to the Greek music
Of flutes and soft recorders, the like of which raised
The heroes of old to the peaks of noble purpose
As they armed for battle, and in place of anger
Called them to be brave, firm and steadfast
Fearing surrender or retreat as they feared death,
It had the power to lessen and soften
Troubled thoughts with its touch, and chase away
Anguish, doubt, fear, sorrow and pain
From the minds of Gods and Men. So they
Breathing as on, being of the same purpose,
Marched on in silence to the soft music of the charming pipes,
Which eased the pain of their steps over the burning ground,
and now
They can be seen advanced, a horrible line
Of terrible size and dazzling weaponry, looking like
Ancient warriors arranged with their spears and shields,
Waiting to hear what orders their mighty leader
Had to give them: He ran his experienced eye
Over the armed ranks, and soon has examined
The whole army, lined up in their order,
With the faces and stature of Gods,
And he counts their number. And now his heart
Swells with pride, and he revels in his power;
For since man was created never
Had he raised such a force as this:
Compared to this they were like the pygmies,
Trampled by cranes as they rushed to the sea; even if all the giants
Of Phelgra joined up with the race of Heroes
Who fought at Thebes and Troy, each side having
Lesser Gods fighting with them; and if there were added
What is told in song and story of Arthur, son of Uther,
Surrounded by British and Norman knights;
And all of those, Christian or pagan, who had*

*Jousted in Aspramont and Montalban,
 Damascus, or Morocco, or Trebizond,
 And the army sent out from Tunisia, leaving the African shore,
 Which defeated Charlemagne and all his nobles
 At Fontarrabia. This was how these were seen,
 So far beyond any comparison with the armies of men,
 By their terrible leader: above the rest
 With a great stature and noble gestures
 He rose like a tower: he had not altogether lost
 His God-given brightness, and he still looked
 Like an Archangel, though ruined, and with some
 Of his Glory hidden, like the sun when it rises
 Seen through the low misty air
 Visible but with no sunbeams, or when it is hidden behind the moon
 In an eclipse and throws a grim twilight
 Over half the world, and makes Kings fear that
 It predicts their overthrow. Darkened in this way, but still shining
 More than the rest was the Archangel: but his face
 Was scarred by thunder with deep frown lines, and care
 Showed on his darkened cheek, but these were under brows
 Which showed bravery unbowed, and scheming pride
 Plotting its revenge: his gaze was cruel, but showed
 Signs of guilt and feeling when he looked on
 His partners in crime, or rather his followers
 (Once seen so different in Paradise), condemned
 Now to spend eternity in suffering,
 Millions of spirits barred from Heaven for his crime,
 Banished from the Eternal Glories
 For his rebellion, yet how loyally they stood there,
 Their glory destroyed, as when the lightning
 Has singed the oaks in the forest, or the mountain pines
 With burnt tops still stand tall, though without their greenery,
 Upon the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak, and so they curved their line
 From end to end, making a semicircle around him
 Of all his comrades: they were silent in anticipation.
 Three times he tried to speak, and three times, in spite of his contempt for them,
 He wept tears in the way which angels do: at last
 He managed to get his words out, mixed with sighs.*

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet 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
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Caelestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyesse
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird,
For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

*“You numberless crowd of immortal spirits, whose power
Has no equal, apart from the Almighty, and in that battle
We were not disgraced, though the results were terrible,
As this place shows us, and the change in our fortunes
Is painful to confess: but how could any mind,
Have had the foresight, using all
The wisdom of the past and the present, could have guessed
That such a united force of Gods, such
As I see before me, could ever have been beaten?
Who can believe, even though we have lost,
That all this great army, whose banishment
Has emptied heaven, will fail to go back
And with their power recapture their rightful place?
But all you Host of Heaven can tell me
If a different course should have been taken, or if I avoided some danger
Which has led us to this. But he who reigns
As King in Heaven, up until then safe
On his throne, kept his place through his past reputation,
Through agreement and tradition, and showed his Kingship
In full view, but hid his power,*

*And this tempted us to rebellion and brought about our downfall.
 From now on we know his strength and our own
 So that we do not provoke him into a terrible new attack
 Or start one ourselves; the best thing we can do
 Is to work in secret, and by lies and cunning achieve
 What we could not do by force, so he will find
 In due course that he who has won
 By force has only half beaten his enemy.
 There may be new worlds created from space; there was
 A rumor in Heaven that he soon intended
 To make one, and to place there
 A generation who would receive affection from him
 Equal to that received by the Sons of Heaven:
 Even if it's just to spy out the land, maybe
 That's where we'll first emerge, which we shall do, either there or elsewhere,
 For this terrible pit shall never hold
 Heavenly spirits imprisoned, nor shall the abyss
 Be kept dark for long. But we must allow these plans
 Time to mature: there can be no peace,
 For which of us would agree to surrender? So we must commit to war,
 Either open or secret."*

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 arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.
 There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
 Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands
 Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
 Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
 Or cast a Rampart. MAMMON led them on,
 MAMMON, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
 Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
 Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound
 And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
 That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best

Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of BABEL, and the works of MEMPHIAN Kings,
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform

*So he spoke, and to greet his words there flew up
Millions of flaming swords, pulled from the waists
Of the great Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Lit up hell all around; they raged furiously
Against God, and with their weapons in a tight grip
They beat them on their shields, making the sound of war,
Screaming their defiance at the sky.
Not far off there was a hill whose grim summit
Belched fire and clouds of smoke; the whole of the rest
Shone with bright specks, a sure sign
That there was metal ore inside,
Made by sulphur. To this hill, quickly,
A large group rushed, as when bands
Of workmen equipped with spades and pickaxes
Run ahead of the King's armies, to dig trenches
Or throw up ramparts. Mammon was their leader,
Mammon, the least spiritual of all those that fell
From heaven, for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always directed downwards, thinking more
About the richness of Heaven's gold pavement
Than anything else godly or holy which could be found
In heavenly visions. He was the first,
And men followed his example,
To ransack the center, and with blasphemous hands
Go through the innards of their Mother Earth
Looking for treasure that was better left hidden. Soon his gang
Had torn a great gash in the hillside
And were digging out seams of gold. Nobody should be amazed
That there are riches in hell; that earth is the right place
For such cursed things. And let those
Who revere mortal things, and in admiring voices speak
Of the tower of Babel and the pyramids,
See how the greatest works of power
And strength and skill can be easily beaten
By evil spirits, who in an hour
Managed what they could not do in an age of unceasing work
Even if they had an uncountable number of workers.*

Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,

Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boyling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple, where PILASTERS round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not BABILON,
 Nor great ALCAIRO such magnificence
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
 BELUS or SERAPIS thir Gods, or seat
 Thir Kings, when AEGYPT with ASSYRIA strove
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendant by subtle Magic many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
 With Naphtha and ASPHALTUS yeilded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient Greece; and in AUSONIAN land
 Men call'd him MULCIBER; and how he fell
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry JOVE
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On LEMNOS th' AEGAEAN Ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

*Many pits were dug on the plain
 That had streams of liquid fire running underneath,*

Diverted from the lake, and a second group
 With amazing skill worked on the blocks of ore,
 Separating each kind, skimming off the gold:
 Just as quickly a third gang dug into the ground
 A mould, and from the boiling pits
 Through mysterious channels filled each hollow place,
 Just as in an organ, where one blast of air
 Can be carried to many pipes at once.
 Soon from the earth came a great construction,
 Rising up as if the earth breathed it out, accompanied by the sound
 Of melodious music and sweet voices.
 It was built like a temple, with columns set round it
 And with Doric pillars supporting
 Golden beams, and it did not lack
 Moldings or friezes, carved with sculptures in relief
 And the roof was inlaid with gold. Babylon
 Nor Cairo could show such magnificence,
 For all their glories, when they built shrines
 To their Gods Baal and Serapis, or palaces
 For their Kings, when Egypt rivaled Assyria
 For wealth and luxury. The growing building
 Reached the great height intended, and at once the doors
 Threw back their bronze leaves to show
 Within, her great courtyard with smooth
 And level pavements: from the arched roof
 Clever tricks were used to hang many rows
 Of lights like stars and blazing basket lamps
 Which, fed with oil and sulphur, gave a light
 As bright as day. The rushing crowd
 Entered, admiring, and some praised the craftsmanship
 And some the designer: his skill was shown
 In Heaven where he had built many tall towers
 Where high angels had their homes,
 Sitting as Princes, whom the highest King
 Had promoted to such positions, and gave each one
 Command of his own order.
 He was also known and admired
 In ancient Greece, and in Italy
 Men called him Vulcan, and they told the story
 Of his fall from Heaven, thrown by Jupiter
 Right over the crystal battlements: from morning
 To noon he fell, then from noon to the cool evening,
 A whole summer's day, and as the sun set
 He fell from the sky like a falling star,
 Onto Lemnos in the Aegean Sea. This is what they say,
 Wrongly; for with this failed rebellion
 He had fallen long before that: nor did it help him
 To have built great towers in Heaven, nor did he escape
 With all his machinery, but was thrown headlong
 With his gang to go and 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 Band and squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates
 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 career with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brusht with the hiss of rursling wings. As Bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive
 In clusters; they among fresh 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
 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,
 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 seats,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

*Meanwhile the winged messengers, ordered
 By the power of their ruler, with terrible procedure
 And trumpets ringing throughout the crowd announced*

That a solemn meeting was to be held at once
 At Pandemonium, the great capital
 Of Satan and his Lords: they summoned, from every
 Group and organized regiment,
 Those whose rank or election made most worthy; they soon
 Came, attended by their troops in their hundreds and thousands;
 All the entrance was crowded, and the gates and the
 Wide porches, but especially the great hall
 (Although it was like a covered field, where great champions
 Used to ride in their armor, and in front of the Sultan's chair
 Challenged the best of the Paynim nobles
 To mortal combat or to joust with a lance)
 Was packed, on the ground and in the air,
 With the rustling hiss of wings. Just as bees
 In the springtime, when the Sun is in Taurus,
 Send out their many youths around the hive
 In groups; they go out amongst the fresh dew and flowers,
 Flying to and fro, or on the smooth plank,
 The edge of their castle of straw,
 Freshly cleaned with wool, announce and debate
 The business of the hive. This was how thick the crowd
 Were packed; until a signal was given
 And a miracle was seen! They who had just a moment before
 Seemed to be bigger than the Giants
 Were now smaller than the smallest dwarves, uncounted
 Numbers thronging in a narrow room, like the pigmies
 Who live behind the Indian mountains, or the fairy elves,
 Whose midnight parties by the edge of the forest
 Or by a fountain some late travelling peasant sees,
 Or thinks he sees, while above the Moon
 Is master of ceremonies, and dips her pale course
 Closer to the earth, and they focus on their dancing and merrymaking
 And with jolly music charm his hearing
 So that his heart thumps with joy and fear all at once.
 So these bodiless Spirits reduced their great shapes
 Down to the tiniest forms, so there was space for all
 Even though there were still that infinite number in the hall
 Of that court of Hell. But deep inside
 And keeping their original shapes
 The great Lords of the Seraphs and the Cherubim
 Sat withdrawn in a secret meeting,
 A thousand demigods on seats of gold,
 Filling the space. After a short silence,
 And the reading of the summons, the great meeting began.

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 not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honourd and applauded. The Council 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.

The debate begins, and Satan asks if they should risk another battle to attempt to reclaim Heaven. Some of the demons are for it, some against. A third proposal, mentioned previously by Satan, is chosen; that they should search for the other world and new creature which are supposed to be created about this time. Nobody wishes to take on the mission of looking for this new world, so Satan volunteers himself and is applauded for it. With the Council over the rest start various works and entertainments, according to preference, to pass the time until Satan returns. He travels to the gates of Hell, and finds them locked. He discovers who guards the gates and at length they open them for him. He finds himself on the edge of the great void between Heaven and Hell, which he crosses with difficulty, and Chaos directs him to the location of the new world.

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.

*High on a royal throne, which was far
Richer than things found in Ormus or in India,
Or in the palaces of the East where fortune
Rains pearls and gold on the barbaric Kings,
Satan sat on high, raised by right
To that evil prominence; and from despair
Having been lifted far higher than he hoped, dreamed
Of going still higher, with endless greed to continue
His vain war with Heaven, and his defeat had no effect
On the proud fantasies he built for himself.*

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial vertues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,

With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
 Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne
 Yeilded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
 More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper then prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

*"My powerful rulers, Gods of Heaven,
 As no pit can hold
 Immortal strength, even though it may be crushed and thrown down,
 I have not given up Heaven as lost. From our fall
 Heavenly strengths will grow, which will be
 Even greater and more powerful than if we hadn't fallen,
 And we won't have to fear the same thing happening again:
 I was, through just rights and the laws of Heaven,
 Made your leader and you confirmed the choice.
 Leaving aside what good things have been achieved
 In battle or debate, at least this fall
 Has given us one thing; it has given me
 A safe throne that none will try to seize,
 Given to me with all permission. In heaven, where
 Things are happier, rank follows birth, and that might
 Make the inferior ranks jealous, but who is there
 Who would be jealous of one whose leadership
 Places him at the front to bear the brunt of God's thunder,
 As your shelter, and has to take the largest share
 Of eternal pain? When there's nothing good
 Worth trying to fight for, then there will be no fighting
 Through dissent, for surely nobody will claim
 Higher position in hell, for nobody who only suffers a small share
 Of the pain we have will scheme
 To get himself more. This is our advantage which will give us
 Unity, faithfulness and common purpose,
 More than can be found in Heaven. We are reclaiming*

*Our fair inheritance,
And we will get more riches than just staying in Heaven
Would have given us: and we must decide whether
Open war or secret cunning is our best weapon.
This is the question, and any who have advice may speak.”*

He ceas'd, and next him MOLOC, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake.
My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with TARTAREAN Sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;

Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
 We should be quite abolisht and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier farr
 Then miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

*He finished, and next to him Moloch, high King,
 Rose, the strongest and fiercest Spirit
 That fought in Heaven, his strength now reinforced by despair:
 His ambition was to be equal in strength
 To God, and rather than accept a smaller share
 Chose to have nothing; once he had decided that
 He lost all fear: he cared nothing about God, or Hell,
 Or worse, and these are the words he spoke.
 "I vote for open war: cunning
 Is not my strength, I don't claim it is: let those
 Who want to use cunning use it when it's needed, not now.
 Should everyone else, while they sit plotting,
 All these millions waiting armed for battle, longing
 For the signal to rise up, sit here,
 Refugees from Heaven, and accept as their dwelling
 This dark shameful pit,
 This prison made by the tyrant who rules
 Because we don't challenge him? No, let us choose
 To arm ourselves with the flames and fury of Hell
 And straight away force our way up to the castles of heaven,
 Turning the instruments used to torture us into terrible weapons
 To use on the torturer; he shall find the noise
 Of his great weapons are matched
 By hellish thunder, and against his lightning he'll see
 Horrible black fire thrown with just as much power
 Against his angels, and his throne itself
 Will be burned with hellfire,
 The torture he invented himself. But perhaps
 This seems a difficult task to take on
 With our heads held high against a higher enemy.
 You can think that, if the drowsy power
 Of the lake of forgetfulness is not still numbing you,*

*We should go up in our natural way
 To our rightful place: descent and fall
 Are not fitting for us. Who remembers recently
 As the fierce enemy chased our fleeing rearguard,
 Insulting us and chasing us through the pit,
 Who remembers how hard it was
 To come down so low? That means to climb up will be easy,
 But you fear doing it, in case we once again provoke
 God and he finds, in his anger, a worse way than this
 To punish us, if anyone in Hell
 Thinks that there can be worse punishment: what's worse
 Than to live here, driven out of Heaven, condemned
 To utter sorrow in this revolting pit,
 Where the pain of never ending fire
 Will work on us eternally,
 Serving his anger, being under the whip forever
 And suffering his tortures
 As our punishment? If we were given any greater punishment
 That would be the end of us.
 So what are we afraid of? Why are we worried about provoking
 His strongest anger? When it boils up
 It will either destroy us, and reduce
 Us to nothing, which would be far better
 Than having to live in misery forever:
 Or if we are in fact of Godly material
 And so cannot stop existing, then we have nothing
 To lose, and we know that we feel we have
 The power to disturb Heaven
 And by continual attacks we can shake,
 Even if we can't reach, the throne of God,
 Which even if it's not a victory would be some revenge."*

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
 BELIAL, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,
 And with perswasive accent thus began.
 I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
 Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excels in fact of Arms,

In what he counsels and in what excels
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
 With Armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound
 Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
 With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
 The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
 And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament

Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice 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
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains & these Torments? better these then worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appeers
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to our selves more woe.

He finished, scowling, and his look promised
 Terrible revenge and furious battle
 To all. From the other side rose
 Belial, who seemed more graceful and charming,
 The most handsome of all those expelled from Heaven, he seemed
 Made for dignified and noble pursuits,
 But it was all an illusion; though his words were
 Honied, and he could make the bad appear
 Good and confuse and destroy
 The best advice: his thoughts were on low things,
 And worked hard for vice, but for anything noble
 He was weak and slow; but he was pleasing to hear,
 And with a persuasive tone he now began.
 "I would agree to open war, my lords,
 As I hate God just as much, if it wasn't that what's put forward
 As the main reason for immediate war
 Is what I think is the best reason against it, and makes
 The possibility of success remote:
 He who is the bravest and best soldier
 Seems to be doubtful in his advice,
 Basing his courage on his despair,
 And seeing complete destruction as
 All he can hope for, after he's taken revenge.
 Firstly, what revenge will we achieve? The towers of Heaven are packed
 With armed watchers, who make any entry
 Impossible: they often camp their armies
 On the edge of the pit, or on darkened wings
 Search far and wide through the lands of Night,
 Ruling out a surprise attack. Or we could break in
 By force, and take all Hell with us
 With the most terrible rebellion, to fight against
 Heaven's purest light, but our great enemy would
 Sit on his throne, still pure
 And undamaged, and the Eternal shape
 Which cannot be corrupted would soon be cleansed
 Of our mischief and would resist our lower powers
 In victory. Beaten in this way
 All we would have left would be despair: we would have to so infuriate
 Our great conqueror to vent the full force of his anger,
 And so bring about our death, that must be our cure,
 To not exist. A sad cure, for who would lose,
 Even though it might be full of pain, his intellect,
 His thoughts that wander through eternity,
 And die, swallowed up and vanished
 In the infertile lands of night
 Having no sense, no motion? And who knows,
 Even if you think it would be good, do you think our angry enemy
 Can or will give us this release? Whether he can
 Is doubtful; that he won't is definite.
 Will he, with all his wisdom, unleash his anger,
 And perhaps through weakness or ignorance

*Give his enemies what they want, and finish them
Through his anger, when it was his anger that was keeping them
For eternal punishment? Where would it end?
Those who vote for war tell us that we are damned
To carry on suffering for eternity
And that whatever we do we can't suffer
Anything greater than this. Is this the worst of it then,
Sitting here, debating, fully armed?
What about when we fled, chased and battered
By God's thunder, and sought out
The pit for shelter? Hell seemed then
A better option; or what about when we lay
Chained on the lake of fire? That was surely worse.
What if the one who lit those grim fires
Was moved to make them seven times greater
And throw us back into the flames? What if above us
His paused vengeance should restart and inspire
His deadly right hand to torment us? What if all
The armory of Heaven were unleashed, and this sky
Of Hell began raining storms of fire,
Terror hanging above us, threatening one day
To come crashing down on us, while we who plan
Or encourage glorious war might be
Caught in a fiery storm and flung away,
Each one stuck on his own rock, the victim
Of torturing winds, or could be sunk forever
Under that boiling ocean, wrapped in chains,
To speak for ever in groans,
Without respite, without pity, without redemption,
For eternity without hope; that would be worse.
And so war, either open or hidden,
Does not get my vote; what can force or cunning do
To him, how can you fool him whose eyes
See everything at once? From the heights of heaven
He can see our worthless plans and mock them;
Just as he can resist our forces
He has the same power to block our plots.
Shall we live such a degraded life, the people of Heaven
So downtrodden, thrown out to suffer
These tortures and chains? My advice is,
Better these than worse things, since we are beaten
By unchangeable fate, and the orders of the victor
Are all powerful laws. We are strong enough to live
With this suffering, and the law which says we must
Is not unfair: we should have seen, if we'd had sense,
That this would be what we'd get
For fighting against such a mighty enemy.
I laugh to hear those who are brave with a spear in hand,
When force doesn't work they cringe and are scared
Of that which they know they must come,
Exile, shame, chains or pain,*

*As sentenced by their conqueror: this is now
Our fate; if we can endure it
Our great enemy may in time lose
His anger, and perhaps as we are so far off
Not mind what we have done and be satisfied
That we have suffered enough; then these raging fires
Would die down if he stops blowing on them.
Then our purer substance will overcome
Their poisonous fumes or we will grow used to it.
Maybe in time we will change, and adapt ourselves
To this place in mind and body, so
We'll get used to the fierce heat and not feel its pain;
The terror will lessen and the darkness will grow light,
And besides we don't know what chances
The passage of time may bring, what changes
Worth waiting for may happen, for our present situation seems
Not as bad as it could be,
If we don't bring down more punishment on ourselves".*

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
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild
To fickle Chance, and CHAOS judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supream
We overpower? Suppose he should relent
And publish Grace to all, on promise made
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place so e're
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
 And with the Majesty of darkness round
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
 Imitate when we please? This Desart soile
 Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I advise.

*So Belial, with words dressed up as reason,
 Spoke up for dishonored rest and laziness,
 Not for peace, and after him Mammon spoke.
 "If war is thought best then we will fight
 To overthrow the King of Heaven
 Or to regain what we have lost: we could hope to dethrone him
 When eternal fate gives way
 To chance, and chaos decides the result.
 If we can't hope to dethrone him we can't hope to regain what's ours:
 What place can there be for us in Heaven,
 Unless we overthrow its supreme Lord?
 Suppose he relents
 And gives forgiveness to all, on condition
 That we bow before him again; how could we face
 Standing humble before him, obeying
 His strict laws, celebrating his power
 By warbling hymns and singing to his magnificence
 Forced hallelulahs, while he sits in state
 As our resented ruler, and his altar is scented
 With sweet smells and flowers,
 Our humble offerings. This would be our place
 In heaven, our pleasure; how tiresome
 Eternity would be, worshipping
 The one we hate. So let's not try and get*

*Either by force, which is impossible, or by permission,
 Which would be intolerable, even though we were in heaven,
 A state of splendid servitude, but get
 What we want for ourselves, and live our own lives.
 Even though we would be stuck in this place
 We would be free, answering to nobody,
 And choose uncomfortable freedom over
 Comfortable slavery. Then our greatness will appear
 At its best, when we can make great things from small ones,
 Useful things from bad ones, get strength through adversity,
 And wherever we are
 Flourish through evil times, and take pleasure from pain
 Through our work and fortitude. Are we afraid
 Of this darkness? How often did the ruler of Heaven
 Choose to live under thick dark cloud,
 Which did not diminish his Glory,
 And hid the glory of his power
 In darkness, from which deep thunder roared
 In rage, so that Heaven seemed to be like Hell?
 As he imitates our darkness, can we not
 Imitate his light if we choose? This parched earth
 Doesn't lack for hidden treasures, gems and gold;
 Nor are we lacking the skill and knowledge, to bring
 Out their glory; what more has Heaven got?
 Our torture may in time
 Become our proper environment, these stinging fires
 Become as soft as they are now harsh as we become
 At one with them, which would surely take away
 Their power to cause pain. Everything points to
 The way of peace, the acceptance of things as they are,
 To work in safety to
 Adapt to our current evil state, accepting
 Who and where we are, and putting out of our heads
 All thoughts of war. That is what I advise."*

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
 Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay
 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard
 As MAMMON ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another Field
 They dreaded worse than 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 policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.

*He had hardly finished when there was such a rumble in the hall,
As when hollow rocks amplify
The sound of the howling winds, which had all night
Whipped up the waves, and the harsh roar
Calms the sailors who have maybe anchored their
Boat within a rocky bay
After a storm: this was the sound of applause
Which greeted Mammon's speech, and his advice
For peace pleased them, for they dreaded another battle
Even more than they hated Hell; that was how strong the fear
Of thunder and of Michael's sword
Still lived within them, and not less was their longing
To create a lower Empire, which might rise
Through cleverness and the passing of time
To be a direct rival to Heaven.*

Which when BEELZEBUB perceiv'd, then whom,
SATAN except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood
With ATLANTEAN shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.
Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n,
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: For he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss
Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
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?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy seat
 Of som new Race call'd MAN, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole Creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
 May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain Empires.

*This was noted by Beelzebub, the one whom
 Only Satan was higher than, and with a serious
 Demeanor he stood, and in standing he seemed to become
 A great statesman; on his forehead were written the lines
 Of great thought and the burden of office,*

*And noble wisdom still shone in his face,
Majestic even in his ruined state: he stood there wise
With the shoulders of an Atlas, strong enough to support
The weight of the greatest kingdoms; his appearance
Focused the attention of the listeners who were as still as Night
Or the air at noon on a summer's day, while he spoke.
"You kings and princes, children of heaven,
Heavenly beings – or are these titles
We must now give up, and change our titles
To those of Princes of Hell? It seems the popular vote
Is for staying here, building up
A growing Empire. This is a dream, pretending
That we don't know the King of Heaven has ruled
That this place is our prison, not a safe haven
Out of reach of his power, thinking we can live apart
From the high rule of Heaven, making a new alliance
Against his throne. We would still be
Strictly imprisoned, even though far away,
Under his control, put aside
As his captives. For it is certain
That whether he is on high or down here, he is still always the King,
And he will not lose any part of his Kingdom
By our rebelling, but stretch his rule out over
Hell, and rule with an iron rod
Over us here, just as he rules with a golden rod in Heaven.
Why do we sit here then debating peace or war?
We have chosen war, and been beaten with irrecoverable
Losses; but none of us have suggested or looked for
A peace treaty, for what sort of peace will be granted
To we slaves, apart from severe imprisonment,
Whippings and other punishments as he chooses?
What peace could we give back
When all we feel is hostility and hatred,
Unrepentant reluctance and the desire for revenge,
Always plotting ways to make sure the victor gets the least
Possible from his victory, so that we may at least enjoy
Letting our feelings have free rein?
We won't lack for opportunity, and we shan't need
To mount a dangerous invasion of
Heaven, whose high walls can resist any attack or siege
Or ambush from the pit. What if we could find
Some easier undertaking? There is a place,
(If the ancient prophesies of Heaven are correct)
Another world, the happy environment
Of some new race called Man, who about this time
Is to be made in our image, though less
Powerful and noble, but dearer to him
Who rules in Heaven; this was his plan,
Announced to the Gods, and with an oath,
That shook the foundations of Heaven, confirmed.
Let's bend our thoughts in that direction and discover*

*What sort of creatures live there, how they're made,
 What they're made of, what endowments and powers they have,
 What their weaknesses are, how they're best got at,
 Whether by force or cunning: though Heaven is closed to us
 And its high judge sits safe, secure
 In his own strength, this place might be exposed
 At the very edge of his Kingdom, with the defence
 Left to those who live there: maybe here
 We can do something productive,
 With a sudden strike, either taking Hell fire
 And destroying his whole creation, or taking
 Everything for ourselves, and make the puny inhabitants
 Our slaves, and use them as we have been used, or better still
 Win them over to our side, so that God
 Becomes their enemy, and repenting his mistake
 He would have to destroy what he has made. This would be better
 Than simple revenge, and would spoil his joy
 At our defeat, and increase our joy
 At his torment. When his darling sons
 Are thrown down to live with us he will curse
 The first one he made, and paradise shall vanish
 So quickly. Say if you think this is worth trying
 Or should we carry on sitting in the darkness,
 Creating illusory Empires?*

Thus BEELZEBUB
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
 By SATAN, and in part propos'd: for whence,
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creatour? But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of Fate,
 Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

*This was how Beelzebub
Gave his evil advice, that was first thought of
By Satan, and partly developed by him, for where else
But from the author of all evil could
Such a deep hate spring, to destroy the race
Of Men by striking at the roots, and to mix
Earth and Hell together, all done out of spite
For their great Creator? But their spite still
Added to his glory. The bold plan
Was much praised in those Hellish lands, and happiness
Shone in all their eyes; they voted for his plan
Unanimously, and so he continued his speech.
“You have made a good choice, a good ending to our long discussion,
Congress of Gods, and true to your natures
Have committed yourselves to great things; things which will lift us up once again
From the lowest depths, in spite of the blows of fate,
Nearer to our ancient home; perhaps close enough to see
Those shining lands, where with our adjacent armies,
If we wait for our moment, we may get the chance
To re-enter heaven; otherwise in some mild climate
We may live, not completely cut off from the beauty of Heaven's light,
Safe, and with the bright light of the sunrise
We can cast off this gloom; the delicious soft air
Will blow her healing breezes on us and heal the scars
Of these corrosive flames. But first whom shall we send
To look at this new world, who is
Good enough? Who shall walk through
The dark bottomless pit
And through the solid darkness find
His unknown way, or take to the sky,
Rising up on never failing wings
Over the great gap, before he can reach
The happy Island; what strength, what skills will
Be needed, what cunning will carry him safely
Past the sentries and watch posts packed
With angels that keep watch everywhere? He will need
To be prudent, and no less must we be*

*As we vote for our choice; because whomever we send
Will be carrying the burden of us all, and our last hope."*

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,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & 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.

*Having said this he sat down, with a doubtful look
On his face, waiting to see who would come forward
To agree with him, to oppose him or to volunteer
For the dangerous mission, but all sat silent
Thinking deeply about the dangers, and each one
Could see his own fear reflected in the faces of the others:
There was none amongst that gathering of the best
Of those Knights who fought against heaven who was
Brave enough to volunteer to take on
That terrible journey alone; until at last
Satan, whose glorious power now raised him
Above his comrades, with the pride of a King,
Knowing his great worth, and he spoke out unafraid.*

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These past, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into what ever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deterre

Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honourd sits? Go 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
 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.

*"You children of Heaven, rulers of the sky,
 It's natural that silence and doubt should have
 Come over us, although we are not downcast: it's a long
 Hard journey that will take us from Hell up to the Light;
 Our prison is secure, this great bowl of fire,
 Roaring to consume us, is wrapped round us
 Nine times, and the solid burning gates
 Barred above us prevent any exit.
 Once past these, if they can be passed, the great emptiness
 Of formless Night is what he'll come to next,
 Gaping wide, and threatening to completely take away
 His soul, falling into that valley of non-existence.
 If he escapes from there into the next world
 Or unknown land, what awaits him there are still
 Unknown dangers and an escape just as difficult.
 But I wouldn't deserve this throne, my Lords,
 And my Imperial title, decorated
 With splendid things and armed with power, if any proposal,
 Thought to be for the good of all, held
 Difficulties and dangers which could put
 Me off making the attempt. How can I take
 These kingly privileges and refuse to be a King,
 Refuse to accept as large a share
 Of danger as I have been given of honor? Both are the right
 Of he who rules, and he has a duty to take on
 More of the danger, as he sits above the rest
 With honor. So depart, you great powers,
 The terror of Heaven, although fallen; stay at home,
 While this is our home, and do whatever's best to ease
 Our current misery, and make Hell
 More tolerable; if there's any cure or magic
 Which can ease or trick away or lessen the pain
 Of this foul place; don't neglect to guard*

*Against the watchful enemy, while I
Search through the wide shores of dark destruction
For our deliverance; none shall join with me
In this adventure."*

Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard;
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.

*Having said this
The King rose, not allowing any reply,
Making sure that none of the chiefs, roused by his
Bravery, might now offer to undertake
What they had been afraid of, knowing that they would be refused,
And having been turned down they could look as noble
As him, cheaply winning the great reputation
Which he must risk everything to win. But they
Were as frightened of his dreadful voice as they had been by the mission,
And they all stood to him at once;
Their all standing together made the sound
Of distant thunder. They bowed to him
With dreadful respect, and as if he was a God
Praised him as if he was equal to Heaven's highest:
They made sure that they showed their appreciation
For the fact that for the safety of all he was ready
To risk his own; for even damned Spirits do not
Lose all their virtues; even good men might praise
Their superficial endeavors on earth, which look glorious,
Their secret plans being covered over with a varnish of courage.*

Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoicing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread

Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element
 Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction waite.

*So they ended their dark and dreadful planning
 Celebrating their unrivalled Chief:
 Just as when the dark clouds rise from the mountaintops
 While the north wind sleeps and spread
 Across the sun, the lowering weather
 Throws snow or rain over the darkened landscape;
 If by chance the shining sun, with a sweet farewell,
 Throws out his evening light, the fields revive,
 The birds start singing again, and the bleating herds
 Sing out their happiness, so the hills and valleys echo with it.
 Shame on men! Even damned devils
 Can agree: only men, of all rational beings,
 Disagree, even though they hope
 For heavenly redemption and the peace of God,
 They live in hatred, opposition and fight
 Each other, and start cruel wars,
 Destroying the earth so that they can destroy each other:
 As if (what should make us join together)
 Men didn't have enough devilish enemies
 Waiting day and night to destroy him.*

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

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

*And so the Hellish council broke up, and out,
 In order, came the great Lords of hell,
 With their great leader in the centre, and it seemed
 That the opponent of Heaven stood alone,
 No less than the Emperor of hell in high display,
 Imitating the rank of God; around him
 There was a circle of fiery Seraphim,
 With shining banners and terrible weapons.
 Then they ordered, as their council was over,
 That the royal trumpets should proclaim the great decision:
 Four quick Cherubim face each compass point
 And putting the horns which copied those of Heaven to their mouths
 They transmitted the message: in the hollow pit
 It echoed far and wide, and all the citizens of Hell
 Gave back their praise with a deafening shout.
 And so more easy in their minds and elevated
 By a false hope, the gathered armies
 Disband, and wandering each one chooses his own path,
 As his instinct or a sad choice
 Leads him in his confusion, to the place where he is most likely to find
 Ease for his troubled mind, and pass
 The dragging hours until the return of great leader.*

*Some are on the plain, some up in the high air
 On their wings, or running swift races
 As if they were at the Olympic games or on the Pythian fields;
 Some control their fiery horses, swerving round the course markers
 With their quick chariots, some form into brigades.
 As when as a warning to proud cities war
 Seems to be being fought in the sky, and armies
 Seem to be battling in the clouds, so at the front of every company
 There rode out, armed, the Knights, leveling their spears
 Until the largest battalions clashed together; with feats of arms
 The skies rang from end to end.
 Others, with a more monstrous, dangerous rage
 Tore up rocks and hills and hurled them into the air
 In a whirlwind; Hell could hardly contain the din.
 It was as when Hercules came from Oealia
 In triumph and felt the poisoned robe upon him, and tore
 Up the pines of Thessaly in the rage of his pain,
 And threw Lichas from the top of Oeta, down
 Into the Euboic Sea.*

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

*Others, quieter,
 Go to a silent valley and sing
 With angelic music to the accompaniment of harps
 Of their heroic deeds and their unlucky fall
 Caused by battle; they complain that Fate
 Takes their freedom and subjects it to strength or luck.*

*They sang in parts, and the harmony
 (What could one expect when immortal Spirits sing?)
 Stilled Hell, and entranced with its sweetness
 The gathered crowds. In discussion even sweeter than the music
 (For music charms the senses but eloquence charms the soul)
 Others sat apart on a far off hill,
 With their great thoughts, and discussed
 Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
 Fate that can't be changed, free will, absolute foreknowledge,
 And they could come to no conclusions, lost as if in a maze.
 They argued much about good and evil,
 Of happiness and the misery that ends it,
 Passion and apathy and glory and shame.
 It was all corrupted wisdom and false philosophy;
 It could still, with its trickery, ease
 Pain and anguish for a while, and summon up
 False hopes, or clothe the hardened heart
 With stubborn patience like triple hardened steel.*

Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yeild them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
 Abhorred STYX the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad ACHERON of sorrow, black and deep;
 COCYTUS, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce PHLEGETON
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
 LETHE the River of Oblivion roubles
 Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that SERBONIAN Bog
 Betwixt DAMIATA and mount CASIUS old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
 Burns 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
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine

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

*Another group form squads and great mobs
 To go on a great search right across
 That dismal world, to discover if there was any region
 Which might be easier for them to inhabit, and they set off
 On their quick march in four directions, along the banks
 Of the four hellish rivers which spew
 Their evil streams into the burning lake;
 Horrible Styx, the river of hate,
 Sad Acheron, carrying black deep sorrow;
 Cocytus, named for the tearful cries
 Coming from its sad stream; fierce Phlegeton
 Whose rushing waves whip up the angry flames.
 Far away from these the slow and silent stream of
 Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, rules over
 Her watery caves; whoever drinks from her
 Will forget both who and what he was,
 Forget joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond the lake a frozen continent
 Spreads dark and wild, beaten with never ending storms,
 Whirlwinds and terrible hail, which, landing on solid ground,
 Does not thaw out but gathers in heaps and looks like
 The ruins of an ancient building; everything else was deep snow and ice,
 A wasteland as great as that Serbian marsh*

*That lies between Damietta and old Mount Casius,
 Which has swallowed whole armies; the dry air
 Burns, frozen, and cold does the work of fire.
 Called by claw footed demons,
 At certain points on their journey all damned souls
 Are brought there; and they feel the bitterness of two extremes,
 Extremes which are made worse by contrast,
 Going from raging fire to freezing ice,
 Their soft heavenly warmth there is tortured, trapped
 Unmoving and surrounded by ice,
 For a certain time, and then they are rushed back into the fire.
 They are carried over the bay of the Lethe,
 Both to and fro, to make their suffering worse,
 And they wish, they fight as they pass, to get to
 The tempting waters, one drop of which could lose
 All pain and sorrow in sweet oblivion,
 It would just take a moment, and they are so near to it;
 But fate will not allow it, and to block their attempts
 Medusa, the terrible Gorgon, guards
 The ford, and the water recedes as soon
 As living lips come close, just as it once fled
 From the lips of Tantalus. So marching onwards
 In sad confusion, the adventurous bands
 Shuddering and pale with horror, with horrified eyes,
 Got the first sight of their terrible fate, and
 Could not rest: through many dark and dreary valleys
 They passed, through many sad regions,
 Over many frozen mountains, many volcanoes,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and through the shadows of Death,
 It was a whole universe of Death, which by God's curse
 Was created evil, and evil was all there was,
 And there all life dies, Death lives, and nature breeds
 Twisted, monstrous, swollen things,
 Terrible, unmentionable, worse
 Than any story has ever created or fear invented,
 Gorgons, Hydras and terrible Chimeras.*

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
 SATAN with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; som times
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave touring high.
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by AEQUINOCTIAL Winds
 Close sailing from BENGALA, or the Iles
 Of TERNATE and TIDORE, whence Merchants bring
 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood
 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.

*Meanwhile the enemy of God and Man,
Satan, his thoughts burning with his great plan,
Puts on swift wings and takes flight, alone,
Towards the Gates of Hell. Sometimes
He follows the right hand shore, sometimes, the left,
Now skims over the depths with gliding wings, then soars
Up to the height of the bowl of flame.
Like a fleet of ships seen far off at sea
Which seem to hang in the clouds, sailing from Bengal
Blown by the equinocital winds, or coming from the islands
Of Ternate and Tidore, from where merchants bring
Their heady spices: on the trade currents
They sail through the wide Indian Ocean
Guided at night by the pole star. This was how the far off
Flying Devil seemed: at last he came
To the borders of Hell, reaching up to the horrid roof,
And there were nine gates there; three of them were brass,
Three iron and three were of the hardest rock,
Impenitrable, run through with circles of fire
Though they did not burn up.*

Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fould
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide CERBEREAN mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these
Vex'd SCYLLA bathing in the Sea that parts
CALABRIA from the hoarse TRINACRIAN shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With LAPLAND Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,

Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
SATAN was now at hand, and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

*In front of the gates on either side
There sat a forbidding shape;
One looked like a beautiful woman to the waist
But ended horribly with many scaly coils,
Huge and great, a snake armed
With a fatal sting; round her middle
A pack of hellhounds barked unceasingly
With their hellish mouths loud, making
A hideous din: but when they heard anything which
Disturbed their racket they would creep into her womb
And make it their kennel, but they still barked and howled
Unseen inside. These were far worse than the ones
Which tortured Scylla as she bathed in the sea that separates
Calabria from the harsh shores of Sicily:
No uglier creatures follow the goddess of the Underworld
When she's secretly summoned and comes riding through the air,
Tempted with the smell of child sacrifice, to dance
With the witches of Lapland, while the moon
Is forced to eclipse by their spells. The other shape,
If it can be called a shape that was formless,
Had no obvious arms, joints or legs,
Nothing that could be called solid nor shadow,
It might have been either; it stood black as night,
As fierce as ten demons, terrible as Hell
And shook a terrible arrow; what could be called his head
Carried the image of a king's crown.
Satan was now close, and from his seat
The Monster rose to meet him with equal speed,
With terrible strides, and Hell shook to his steps.
The untroubled Devil wondered what this might be,
Wondered but did not fear, for apart from God and his Son
There was nothing in creation which could bother him,
And with a look of contempt he started to speak.*

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.

*“What are you, and where do you come from, you foul shape,
That dares, even if you are grim and horrible, to place
Your bastardised figure across my path
To those gates? I mean to go through them,
You can be certain of that, without your permission:
Step aside or suffer the consequences and learn through experience,
Hell's child, that you should not oppose the Spirits of Heaven.”*

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'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,
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.

*The Goblin answered him angrily,
“Are you the traitorous angel, is it you,
Who broke the peace of Heaven and Faith, which had
Never been disturbed 'til then, and in arrogant armed rebellion
Led a third of the children of Heaven
To fight against the greatest, for which both you
And they were dismissed by God, and condemned
To spend eternity here in sorrow and suffering?
And you call yourself one of the Spirits of Heaven,
You who is condemned to Hell, and you show your arrogance and anger
Where I am King, and to anger you still more, I am
Your King and ruler? Go back to your punishment,
You lying fugitive, and go quickly,
In case I decide to speed you up with a whip
Of scorpions, or with one jab of this arrow,
Cause a strange horror to seize you and make you feel such pain as you have never known.”*

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incenc't with indignation SATAN stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of OPHIUCUS huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair

Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'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;
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.

*So the grisly horror spoke, and in its shape,
As it made these threats, grew ten times
More horrible and deformed: opposite,
Furious with indignation, Satan stood
Undaunted, and burned like a comet
That crosses the huge length of the constellation Ophicus
In the Arctic skies, that brings in its wake
Pestilence and war. They both aimed deadly blows
At the head; their murderous hands
Didn't intend to need a second blow, and they scowled
At each other, seeming like two black clouds which,
Packed with thunder, come rattling
Over the Caspian Sea, then stand facing each other,
Hovering, until the winds blow the signal
For them to start their battle in the air;
The two mighty fighters scowled so darkly
That it darkened Hell itself as they stood toe to toe;
For there was only one other time that either
Might face such a great enemy: and great things
Would have happened, which would have been heard throughout Hell,
If the snaky witch that sat
Right by Hell's gate, and had the key,
Had not jumped up, and with a hideous screech leapt between them.*

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

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

*“Oh Father, what do you mean to do,” she cried,
“To your only son? And Son, what madness
Leads you to want to aim that deadly arrow
At your father’s head? Do you know whom you’re working for?
It’s for the one who sits above and is laughing
To see you become his servant, and carry out
What his anger, which he calls justice, demands,
That anger which one day will destroy you both.”
She spoke, and at her words the hellish beast
Held back, and Satan answered her:
“This is such a strange outburst, and the words are so weird
That you have used, that my quick hand,
Blocked, holds back from what I
Intended to do; I’ll wait until I know of you,
What sort of thing are you, shaped of two things, and why
When we have met for the first time in this hellish valley you
Call me father and call that phantom my son?
I do not know you, and before now never saw
Anything so revolting as the pair of you.”*

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swum
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 seisd
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid
At first, and call'd me SIN, and for a Sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd

A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred 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,
 Inflamm'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
 And in embraces forcible and foule
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious 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 involvd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
 When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

The guardian of the gate of Hell replied;
"Have you forgotten me then, and do I now seem

*So foul to you, me who was once thought so beautiful
In Heaven, when at the meeting, seen by
All the Seraphim who had joined with you
In a bold plot against the King of Heaven,
You were suddenly stunned by a miserable pain
Which surprised you, dimmed your vision, blinded you,
While your head threw out flames
Thick and fast, until its left side opened wide and,
Looking like you in shape and in shining face,
Which at that time shone with the light of Heaven, I sprang
Out of your head, a Goddess in arms: amazement shook
All the Host of Heaven; they pressed back, afraid
At first and called me Sin, and thought I was a
Bad omen; but when they were used to me
They found me pleasing, and with beauty and grace I won
Those who were against me, especially you, who often
Seeing yourself reflected perfectly in me
Became attracted, and you took me
In secret, and our pleasure resulted in my
Becoming pregnant. Meanwhile the war had begun,
And there were battles in Heaven; from that came
(For what else could have happened?) a clear victory
For our Almighty enemy, and for us loss and chaotic retreat
Right down through the skies; down they fell
Driven headfirst over the side of Heaven, down
Into this pit, and I fell with the rest.
At that time I was given this powerful key
And told to keep
These Gates closed forever, and none can pass through
Unless I open them. I sat here brooding
Alone, but not for long before my womb,
Pregnant from you, and now massively swollen,
Felt a great upheaval and painful spasms.
At last this disgusting child you can see,
Your own child, hacked his own violent path,
Tearing through my innards that were twisted
With fear and pain, so that all my lower part
Was transformed; but he, the enemy inside me,
Came out, brandishing his fatal arrow
Created for destruction: I fled, and screamed, 'Death!';
Hell shook at the hideous name, and exhaled
From all her caves came back the echo, 'Death!'
I fled, but he chased me (apparently more burning
With lust than with rage) and being far quicker than me
He caught me, his mother, dismayed,
And with foul and forced embraces
Bred with me, and from that rape were born
These yelling monsters that surround me
With endless wailing, as you saw, conceived
And born every hour, with eternal pain for me,
For when they hear a noise they go back into the womb*

*That bred them and howl and chew at
My bowels for their meals; then they burst out again
To torture me more with their terrors,
So that there's neither rest nor respite for me.
Opposite me in my sight there sits
Grim Death, my son and enemy, who drives them on,
And would soon gladly eat up me, his parent,
When he could get no other prey, except that he knows
That my end and his are intertwined, and he knows
That I would be a bitter tidbit, and his doom,
If he ever tried that; this is what fate has decreed.
But you, father, I warn you, avoid
His deadly arrow, and do not think
That your bright armour will save you from harm,
Even thought it was forged in Heaven, for his mortal blow
None can resist apart from he who rules above."*

She finish'd, and the suttler Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
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
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.

*She finished, and the cunning devil, having heard
The story, was now softer, and smoothly answered.
My dear daughter, since you claim me as Father,*

*And my fair son here demonstrates evidence
 Of the affair I had with you in Heaven, and those joys
 Which were sweet then but are now sad to think of
 Because of the terrible change which came to us,
 Unpredicted, unimaginable, you should know
 That I come not as your enemy, but to set free
 From this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both you and him and the whole Heavenly Host
 Of Spirits that took up arms in our just cause
 And who fell down with us from above: I am sent from them
 Alone on this terrible errand, and for the sake of all
 Am risking myself, taking a lonely way
 Through the bottomless pit, and through the great void
 I am searching for a place which has been predicted
 And signs show that already
 There has been built, vast and round, a region of bliss
 Within the boundaries of Heaven, and in it have been placed
 A race of upstart creatures, perhaps
 To fill the gap we have left, though they are farther away
 In case Heaven should become overrun with a powerful mass,
 Who could start new conflicts: whether it's true or not
 That this secret plan has been put into action, I'm rushing
 To know, and once I've found out I'll soon come back
 And bring you to a place where you and Death
 Shall live easy, and you'll be invisible as you
 Glide silently through the air, full
 Of scents: there you'll be fed and your hunger satisfied,
 For all things shall be your prey."*

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.
 The key of this infernal Pit by due,
 And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.
 But what ow I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of TARTARUS profound,
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass't round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon

To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

*He stopped, for both seemed most pleased, and Death
Grinned a fearful smile, hearing
That his hunger would be fed, and rejoiced that his mouth
Would come to know that happy hour: his evil mother
Was no less happy, and she spoke to her Lord.
“The key of this hellish pit I keep by right
And by the command of the all powerful King of Heaven.
I am forbidden by him to unlock
These unbreakable gates; against any attack
Death stands ready to shoot his arrow,
Having no fear that he could be beaten by any living strength.
But what allegiance do I owe to him above
What hates me, and has thrown me down
Into this thick Tartarean gloom,
To sit here chained to a hated task,
A citizen of Heaven, born there,
Now kept in eternal pain and anguish,
Wrapped around with terror and the racket
Of my own children, that feed on my bowels.
You are my father, my creator, you
Gave me my life, who should I obey
And follow but you? You will soon bring me
To a new world of light and joy, among
The Gods who have an easeful life, where I shall rule
Beautiful at your right hand forever,
As your daughter and your sweetheart should.”*

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rousing her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the STYGIAN powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of EREBUS. She op'nd, but to shut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.

Before thir eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And CHAOS, Ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal ANARCHIE, amidst the noise
 Of endless warrs and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
 Of BARCA or CYRENE'S torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 Hee rules a moment; CHAOS Umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
 CHANCE governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,

*Saying this, she took from her side the deadly key,
 The sad tool which caused all our sorrow;
 And dragging her bestial train towards the gate,
 She straight away drew up the great portcullis
 Which only she, not all the powers of Hell,
 Could move; then in the keyhole
 The intricate levers turned, and every bolt and bar
 Of heavy iron or solid rock unlocked
 Easily: all of a sudden,
 With great swing and jarring noise
 The Hellish doors flew open, crashing on their hinges
 With a great thunder, which shook Erebus
 To its depths. She opened them, but to close again
 Was beyond her power; the gates stood open wide,
 So that with wings spread a great army
 With their flags raised might pass through,
 With their cavalry and chariots spread out at ease;
 That was how wide they were, and like the mouth of a furnace
 Belched rolling smoke and red fire.
 Before their eyes there suddenly appeared
 The secrets of the deep, a dark
 Ocean without limits
 Without any shape, where length, breadth and height*

*And time and place mean nothing, where ancient night
And Chaos, the forerunners of nature, rule over
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless battle and confusion.
Four fierce elements, heat, cold, moisture and dryness,
All fight for mastery, and bring their embryonic atoms
To battle; each one gathers around the flag
Of his faction in their different groups,
Lightly or heavily armed, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
They swarmed in masses, numberless as the sands
Of Barca or the rough ground of Cyrene,
Ready to sail on the warring winds, raising
Their light wings. The one who can use them best
Rules for a moment; Chaos sits as umpire,
And his rulings further mix up the mob
Over which he rules: next to him the high ruler
Of Chance governs everything. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Plunge water, earth, air and fire,
All with their potential mixed
In confusion, and they must always fight
Unless the great Creator takes them
And uses his dark materials to create more worlds.*

Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when BELLONA storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a Boggie SYRTIS, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness

With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Pursues the ARIMASPIAN, who by stelh
Had from his wakeful custody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wilde
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
Bordering on light;

*Into this wild abyss the cautious devil
Stood on Hell's edge and watched awhile,
Planning his journey, for this was no narrow channel
Which he had to cross. And his ear was assaulted
With loud and shattering noise, which was no less (to compare
Great things with small), than when the Goddess of War rages
With all her battering rams lined up to destroy
Some great city, or less than if the structure
Of Heaven collapsed, and these elements
Had mutinied and thrown the solid earth
From her orbit. At last he spreads his wings, wide as sails,
For flight, and in the billowing smoke
He leaves the ground for the air, and many miles
Up he travels the thermals as if in a chair of clouds,
Bold, but that support soon runs out, and he meets
A great void; caught unprepared
And thrashing his wings in vain he drops
Ten thousand fathoms, and he would still
Be dropping now, if it wasn't for the unlucky chance
Of the explosion of some stormy cloud,
Packed with fire and gunpowder, which blew him
As far back up again: once that storm was blown out
He was stranded in a boggy quicksand which was neither sea
Nor good dry land: almost stranded he journeys on
Over the filthy substance, half on foot and
Half flying; now he could do with oars and a sail.
Just as the Griffin flies over the hills and valleys
Through the wilderness when chasing
The Armiaspians, who had cunningly
Stolen the gold he was guarding
From under his nose: that is how eagerly the devil,
Over bog or climb, through straight or twisted paths, thick or bare ground,
Using his head, hands, wings or feet goes on his way,
And swim or sinks, wades, crawls or flies;*

*Eventually a great clamor all around
Of loud noises mixed up with voices
Assaults his hearing, carried through the empty dark
With shattering volume: he makes his way towards it,
Unafraid to meet whatever power
Or Spirit of the deepest pit
Might live within that noise, so that he could ask
Where the nearest dark coast could be found
That bordered the edge of the light.*

when strait behold the Throne
Of CHAOS, and his dark Pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his Reign; and by them stood
ORCUS and ADES, and the dreaded name
Of DEMOGORGON; Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroid,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

*Suddenly he saw the throne
Of Chaos, with his dark tent spread
Wide on the ruinous waters; with him on his throne
Was dark cloaked Night, the oldest of things
And his companion in rule; by them were
Orcus and Ades and the terrible
Demogorgon; next to them were Rumor and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all mixed together,
And Discord with a thousand voices all speaking at once.*

T' whom SATAN turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
CHAOS and ANCIENT NIGHT, I come no Spie,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the Standerd there of ANCIENT NIGHT;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

*Fearlessly Satan turned to them and spoke:
 "You rulers and Spirits of this deepest pit,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I am not a spy,
 Come to explore or upset
 The secrets of your kingdom, but I am forced
 To wander this dark desert as my path
 Lies through your wide kingdom up to the light.
 I am alone, without a guide, almost lost, and I'm looking
 For the quickest route to the place where your dark borders
 Join on to Heaven; or if there is some other place
 Taken from your kingdom which the eternal ruler has
 Recently possessed, that
 Is what I'm seeking, tell me the way;
 Your help will not go unrewarded:
 If I can bring down that land,
 Throw out all that grows there,
 Return it to darkness and your rule
 (and this is why I'm going there) and once again
 Raise the banner of Ancient Night;
 That will be to your advantage, and it will be my revenge."*

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

*So said Satan, and this is how ancient Chaos
 With halting speech and disturbed face answered him:
 "I know who you are, stranger:
 You're that great leader of Angels, who recently
 Went to war with the King of Heaven, although you were defeated.
 I saw and heard what happened, for such a great band
 Did not run through the disturbed depths in silence*

*In their great ruin and retreat,
Made worse by their confusion; and Heaven's Gates
Poured out in her millions the victorious armies,
Chasing them. I live here on my borders;
I will do all I can to defend
That little which I have left
Which is still further invaded through these wars
Which diminish the power of Ancient Night: first Hell
Your prison took the lands far and wide beneath;
Recently Heaven and Earth, another world
Was placed over my kingdom, linked by a golden chain
To the side of Heaven from which your armies fell:
If that's the way you're going, you're nearly there;
You are close to the danger now; go and good luck,
Chaos and damage and ruin shall be my reward."*

He ceas'd; and SATAN staid not to reply,
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, then when ARGO pass'd
Through BOSPORUS betwixt the justling Rocks:
Or when ULYSSES on the Larbord shunn'd
CHARYBDIS, and by th' other whirlpool steard.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

*He finished, and Satan did not stay to answer,
But glad that his journey would find its end
With new speed and renewed energy
He springs upwards like a firework
Into the wild skies, and through the clash
Of fighting elements, which were clashing all around,
Made his way; he was more oppressed
And in more danger than when Argo sailed
Through the Bosphorous between the jostling rocks,
Or when Ulysses sailed*

*Between Scylla and Charybdis.
So with difficulty and hard work
He moved forward,
But once he had passed through, soon after the fall of Man,
There was a strange change. Sin and Death
Had followed on his path, as Heaven had planned,
And behind him they built a broad and leveled path
Over the dark chasm, whose boiling waters
Tamefully allowed a bridge of amazing length to be built
Stretching from Hell to the farthest planet,
This frail world; on this bridge evil Spirits
Can easily go to and fro
To tempt or to punish mortals, apart from those whom
God and the good Angels guard with special care.*

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and CHAOS to retire
As from her outmost works a brok'n foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That SATAN with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With Opal Towers and Battlements adorned
Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

*But now at last the holy substance
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
There shoots far into the heart of the dark night
A shimmering dawn; here Nature establishes
Her outer borders, and Chaos has to retreat
From her frontier, a defeated enemy
His storms abated and his savage din quieted,
So that Satan's journey became easier,
And he sailed on calmer waters in the dim light
Like a storm tossed ship that
Is glad to see the port, though her sails and ropes are in tatters;
In the emptier space, which was like air,
He rested his spread wings and was able to see*

*Far off the empire of Heaven, spread wide around,
Too wide to see if its boundary was square or round,
Decorated with opal towers and battlements
Of shining sapphire, where once he lived;
And close by, hung on a golden chain,
Hung this world, in size like the smallest star
Seen next to the moon.
Full of thoughts of wicked revenge
He cursed it, and in an evil hour he journeyed to it.*

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; but 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 God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo 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 Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir 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 Lymbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by staires, 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.

Sitting on his throne God sees Satan flying towards this world, then just created. He shows him to his Son who sits at his right hand and predicts the success Satan will have in perverting mankind. He clears his own justice and wisdom of any blame for this, having given man free will and the strength to resist if he chose. However he declares that he will forgive Mankind, as he fell due to being led astray, not from his own malice as Satan did. The Son of God praises the Father for his forgiveness, but God says man may not be forgiven until justice has been satisfied. Man has offended God by trying to become like a God himself, and so he and all his descendants must die unless someone stands in for him and accepts Death himself. The Son of God freely offers himself for the task; God accepts, says that he will one day become a man, praises him and orders the Angels to worship him. They obey and celebrate the Father and the Son in song. Meanwhile Satan lands on the bare outer edge of the world and on wandering around it finds a place called the Limbo of Vanities and learns of the type of people who go there. From there he comes to the Gates of Heaven, and the stairs which run up to it, and the waters around it, are described. From there he journeys to the sun and meets Uriel, the Regent of the Sun, having first disguised himself as a lesser angel. Pretending he has a burning desire to see the work of God in his new Creation and the man he has placed in it he gets directions, flies down and lands on Mount Niphates.

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

*Hail to you, holy light, the first creation of heaven,
Which has forever shone alongside the Eternal one,
May I describe you without causing offence? Since God is light
And has never in anything but pure light
Lived for all time, God lived in you,
Bright stream of essential brightness, uncreated.
Or would you rather I called you pure stream of Heaven,
Whose spring nobody can know of? You existed
Before the sun, before the heavens, and at God's
Command you covered, like a cloak
The rising world of deep dark waters,
Shaped from empty and shapeless eternity.
I come back to you now with greater strength,
Having escaped the pool of Hell, though I was long
Kept in that dark place, while in my journey
Through the total and the middle darkness
To other music than the lyre of Orpheus
I sang of Chaos and Eternal Night.*

Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee SION and the flowrie Brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor somtimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind THAMYRIS and blind MAEONIDES,
And TIRESIAS and PHINEUS Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

*Heavenly inspiration showed me how to risk
The dark journey down, and how to climb back up,
Though it was difficult and dangerous: I have come back to you safely,
And can feel the heat of your essential light, but you
Cannot be seen by these eyes, that search in vain
For your beams, and cannot see the dawn;
So thick a cataract has covered their lenses
That all light is shaded. But it will not
Stop me from my travels in the lands where the Muses
Haunt the clear springs, the shady groves or the sunny hills,
For I am still in love with holy songs; most of all
Mount Sion and the flowery streams below
That lap around its sacred foot with sweet babbling
I visit nightly: and I never forget
The other two who suffered the same fate as me,
That I hope to be equal to in fame,
Blind Thamyris and blind Homer,
And Tiresias and Phineus, the ancient prophets.
So I will take my inspiration from thought, which naturally
Creates sweet rhythms; I shall be like the nightingale
Which sings in the dark, and hidden in the shadiest woods
Performs her nightly song. So as the year passes
The seasons change, but to me
Day never comes back, nor the sweet approach of morning or dusk,
Or the sight of spring flowers, or the rose of summer,
Or flocks, herds or the beauty of the human face.
But instead there are clouds and eternal darkness
All around me, and I am cut off from the cheerful
Life of man, and instead of the book of the world's beauty
I am given a blank page,
With Nature's works completely erased for me,
And one source of wisdom is quite cut off.
So I ask you, heavenly light,
To shine inward, and light up all the faculties
Of the mind, give me eyes in there, blow away
All the mist, so I may see and speak
Of things which mortal eyes cannot see.*

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd

Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat,
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and SATAN there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night

In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

*Now the great Father in Heaven,
In the pure skies where he sits,
On his high throne that is above all, looked down
To see his works and the works his works had made:
Around him all the saints of Heaven
Stood, as many as the stars, and from his gaze received
Blessing beyond telling; on his right hand
Sat the shining copy of his glory,
His only son; On Earth he saw first
Our original parents, at that time the only two
Humans, placed in the happy garden,
Savouring the immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
In peaceful solitude; then he looked over
To Hell and the gulf between, and saw Satan
Sailing along the walls of Heaven, on the side that was in darkness,
Suspended in the dull air, and ready
To swoop down on his tired wings and place his feet
On the empty borders of this world, that seemed
Solid ground placed in the heavenly void,
Not obviously in the ocean nor in the sky.
Seeing him God, from his high seat,
From where he can see the past, the present and the future,
Prophesied thus to His only son:*

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperat revenge, that shall redound

Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
 Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
 And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
 Made passive both, had servd necessitie,
 Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,
 Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I formd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
 Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.
 The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
 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.

“My only son, you can see the anger

*Which drives our enemy, whom no borders could
Block, neither the bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Loaded on him there, nor the great wide abyss
Can stop him; that shows how desperate
He is for his revenge, that will rebound
Onto his rebellious head. And now
He has broken free of all restraints and is flying
Not far from Heaven, in the lands of light,
Straight towards the newly made world,
And the humans we placed in it, to see
If he can destroy him by force, or worse,
Lead him astray with some trick; and he shall succeed
For Man will listen to his flattering lies
And quickly disobey the one command,
The one pledge of obedience he gave: so down will fall
Him and his faithless children: whose fault will it be?
Whose but his own? Ungrateful man, I gave him
All that he could have; I gave him sufficient wisdom
To have resisted temptation, though he was free to fall.
This is how I made all the heavenly powers
And Spirits, those who were faithful and those who rebelled;
Of their own choice the ones who stood, stood, and the ones who fell, fell.
If they had no free will, how could they have given sincere
Proof of their loyalty, true faith or love,
If they were only shown what I ordered them to do,
And they had no choice? How could they be praised for that?
What pleasure would I get from that sort of obedience,
If will and reason (reason is also choice)
Were useless, worthless, stripped of freedom,
Made passive, doing only what they were forced to do,
Not serving me freely. So they knew what was right,
This was how they were made and they cannot justly complain
About their maker, the way they are made or their fate
As if predestination had control
Over their will, that they were at the mercy of high orders
Or knowledge of the future; they chose themselves
To rebel, I did not cause it; if I knew it was going to happen,
My knowledge had no influence on their rebellion,
Which would have happened if I had known in advance or not.
So without the least influence from fate
Or anything which I had ordered, unchangeably, to happen,
They have sinned, their own masters
In what they think and what they do;
I made them free and they must remain so,
Until they make themselves slaves: otherwise I would have
To change their nature, and abolish the unchangeable
Eternal high law which gave them
Their freedom; they themselves chose to fall.
The first group were led astray by their own ideas,
They tempted and perverted themselves; Man will fall
Deceived by the first ones: so Man shall be forgiven,*

*But not the others: mercy and justice shall both
Show my glory throughout Heaven and Earth
But mercy shall be brightest, at the start and the finish.”*

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

*As God spoke these words, a beautiful perfume
Filled all of Heaven, and for the blessed chosen Spirits
A new sense of heavenly joy arose:
They could see the Son of God as glorious beyond compare,
For he was the image of his father,
And in his face
Divine compassion could be seen,
And endless love and grace beyond measure.
This is what he said to his father:*

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

*“Oh father, that was a gracious thing you said
To end your speech, that Man should be forgiven;
For saying that Heaven and Earth will sing*

*Your praises with numberless
 Hymns and sacred songs, so your throne
 Will be forever surrounded with blessings.
 For if Man were to be totally lost,
 Should the creature you so loved, your youngest child,
 Be lost through trickery, even if it is joined
 With his own error? Do not allow it,
 You would not allow it, father, who are the judge
 Of all of creation, and always judges correctly.
 Will we let the enemy achieve
 His aim, and block yours, will he succeed
 In his evil and make all your goodness nothing,
 Or return to his punishment proud,
 With his revenge achieved and dragging back to Hell
 All of mankind with him,
 Tricked by him? Or will you yourself
 Destroy what you have made, and because of him
 Unmake that which you made for your own glory?
 If that happened your goodness and your greatness
 Would both be open to questioning and blasphemy.”*

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

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

The great creator replied to him thus:
“Oh my son, who is the greatest pleasure of my soul,
Son of my heart, my son who alone
Represents my word, my wisdom and my strength,
Everything you have said is what I was thinking,
Everything was what I have ordered:
Man shall not be lost totally, but who wishes shall be saved,
But not through his own actions but from my grace,
Given freely; I shall refresh his lost powers
Once again, although he lost them, letting them
Become slaves through sin to his foul excesses;
Raised up by me, he shall once again stand
In a fair fight against his mortal enemy;
Raised up by me, he will know how weak he was,
Having fallen, and he will owe all his redemption
To me and to no other.
I have chosen some of special merits
To be above the rest; this is my order:
The rest will hear me calling, and often be warned
About their sins, and told to quickly appease
Their angered God, who is offering them
Redemption; for I will help them to see clearly
What they should do, and soften stony hearts,
Advising them to pray, repent and obey.
To prayer, repentance and obedience,
As long as it is offered sincerely,
My ears and eyes will be open.
I will give them a guide,
My arbiter Conscience, whom if they follow
Their path shall be well lit for them

*And they will arrive safely at their goal.
 My great patience and the day of my forgiveness
 Will never be enjoyed by those who reject or neglect me:
 The hard will become harder, the blind blinder,
 So they will continue to stumble and fall down deeper;
 These are the only ones I shall exclude from my mercy.
 But this is not all; Man, having disobeyed,
 Disloyally broken his oath and rebelled
 Against the high law of Heaven,
 Disturbing God, and so losing everything,
 Has nothing left to make amends,
 But to offer his own destruction:
 He with all of his kind must die:
 If he does not die then justice will be dead, unless
 Some other is willing and able to pay
 The price for him, offering death for death.
 Tell me, powers of Heaven, where shall we find such love?
 Which one of you will become a mortal to redeem
 Man's dreadful crime and so the just will save the unjust:
 Is there such charity anywhere in Heaven?"*

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf
 Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.
 Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
 Happie for man, so coming; he her aide
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
 Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
 I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
 Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long
 Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,

Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemd
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.

*He asked, but all the Heavenly choir stood speechless
And silence reigned in Heaven: no patron or mediator
Appeared on man's behalf,
None who dared take upon himself
The deadly forfeit and the price which was set.
And so all mankind was going to be lost
Without redemption, sentenced to Death and Hell
By severe judgment, if the Son of God,
Who is filled with divine love
Had not offered his sweet intervention.
"Father, you have decreed that man will have forgiveness;
Will that grace not find her way,
The quickest of all your winged messengers,
To visit all your creatures, and she comes
Unanticipated, uncalled, unsought,
And it is lucky for man that she comes; he can never ask
For her help, once he has become dead and lost through sin;
He can offer no apology or sacrifice;
Fallen, he has none to give:
See me then, I will offer myself for him, life for life,
Let your anger fall upon me.
Count me as a man; for his sake I will leave
Your side and freely postpone
My glory, and I shall be pleased to die for him;
Let Death's rage fall upon me;
Under his dark rule I shall not suffer
For long; you have given me eternal life,
I live as long as you live,
And though I give myself to death, and pay as his price
All there is of me that can die, but having paid that debt
You will not leave me in the revolting grave*

*As his prey, nor will you allow my pure soul
To stay rotting there for eternity;
I shall rise victorious and defeat
The one who defeated me and take his prize from him;
Death shall then be killed himself, and fall
To nothing, deprived of his deadly power.
Despite what Hell will try I will lead Hell as my captive
In a triumph through the great skies
And show the powers of darkness subdued. You shall
Look out from Heaven and smile at the sight,
While raised up by you I shall defeat all my enemies,
Saving Death 'til last and I shall block up the tomb with his corpse.
Then with all of those I have saved
I shall come back to the Heaven I have left for so long,
And see your face, father, which will retain no trace
Of anger, but hold the promise of peace
And reconciliation; there shall be no more anger
From then on, but only pure joy in your presence.”*

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

*He stopped speaking, but his gentle face
Still spoke for him in silence, showing immortal love
For mortal men, which only his obedience as a son
Outranked; happy to be offered
As a sacrifice, he obeys the desires
Of his great father. All of heaven was amazed,
Wondering what this could mean and where it would lead,
But soon the almighty replied:*

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in ADAMS room
The Head of all mankind, though ADAMS Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee

As from a second root shall be restor'd,
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransomd with his own dear life.
 So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
 Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King; all Power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
 Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.

Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
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.

*“Oh you have discovered the only redemption
From my anger for mankind, you
My only pleasure! You know how much I love
All my works, and not least Man
Although I made him last, so much that I free you
From my heart and your place next to me to save,
By losing you for a while, the whole of that lost race.
So you, the only one who can win redemption,
Take on their nature along with your own,
And become a man yourself amongst the men of earth.
When the time comes you shall be made flesh, miraculously
Born of a virgin; you shall take Adam’s place
As the leader of all men, even though you will be Adam’s son.
As he brings death to all men, so from you
New life shall grow like a second shoot;
Many shall be saved, but none that is not through you.
His crime makes all his sons guilty, but they will gain
Your innocence if they renounce all their own deeds
Both the good and the bad
And live their lives through you, and from you
Receive new life. So a man, as is proper,
Shall be tried for man’s crimes, be judged and die,
And he shall rise after death, and in rising he shall raise
All his brothers, who have been saved by his sacrifice.
So Heavenly love shall overcome Hellish hate,
Paying Death, and dying to save,
To save at such a cost that which Hellish hate
So easily destroyed, and still destroys
When man does not accept forgiveness when it is offered.
By lowering yourself to the level of the nature of Man
You shall not degrade your own nature.
Because you have, though crowned with highest bliss,
Equal to my own, and enjoying
The same life of God, left it all to save
A world from total damnation, and you have been shown
By your merit more than just your birth to be the Son of God,
Shown to be the most worthy of that honor through your goodness,
Far more than through your great titles; because in you
There is more love than there is glory,
And so your humiliation shall raise you
Back to the throne with your human nature;
You shall sit here combined, and rule
As a God and a Man, as the Son of God and Man,
Proclaimed King of the Universe; I give you
All power, eternal reign and you shall take*

*Your correct titles; I make you the supreme ruler
 Of all thrones, pryncedoms, powers and dominions:
 All shall bow down to you, all who live
 In Heaven, on Earth or under Earth in Hell;
 When you appear in the sky, gloriously attended
 By the angels, and you will send
 The summoning archangels to announce
 The Day of Judgement. At once from all points
 The living and then the named dead
 From all ages gone by will hurry
 To judgement, woken by the summons.
 Then with all your saints you will judge
 Bad men and angels, and having been tried
 They shall fall before your sentence; Hell will be full
 And her doors will be closed forever.
 Meanwhile the earth shall burn, and from her ashes there will spring
 A new heaven and earth, where the righteous shall live
 And after all their long trials they
 Shall see golden days, full of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphant, and beautiful truth.
 Then you shall lay aside your royal scepter,
 For the royal scepter will not be needed:
 God will be himself, totally. But all you Gods here,
 Worship him, who is prepared to die to make this happen,
 Worship the son as if he were me.”*

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

*No sooner had God finished than the multitude of angels gave a shout
 As loud as if they were an infinite number, as
 Sweet as from blessed voices, uttering joy, Heaven rang*

*With songs of joy, and loud songs of praise filled
The eternal lands: they bow low
With deep reverence to both thrones, and to the ground
In solemn worship they throw
Their crowns, woven with Amarant and gold,
Immortal Amarant, a flower which once
Grew in Paradise, right by the
Tree of life, but due to man's sin it was soon
Removed to Heaven where it first bloomed and still does,
And its petals shade the Spring of Life,
And where the river of Bliss runs through the middle of Heaven
Over the Elysian fields it grows in her golden waters;
With these flowers which never fade the chosen Spirits
Tie their splendid hair which is plaited with sunbeams.
Now that the loose garlands had been thrown off
The bright pavement which shone like a sea of Jasper
Was beautiful in a cloak of heavenly roses.*

Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Praeamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.
Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime

Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die
 For mans offence. O unexamp'l'd love,
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

*Then they put back their crowns and picked up their golden harps,
 Harps that were always in tune, that glittered at their sides
 Like quivers, and with a sweet overture
 Of charming harmonies they introduced
 Their sacred song, and caused great rapture;
 No voice stayed out, and there was no voice which could not
 Join the harmony, such harmony there is in Heaven.
 "You, Father," first they sang, "Omnipotent,
 Unchangeable, Immortal, Infinite,
 The eternal King, creator of all,
 Fountain of light, you are invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where you sit
 On your inaccessible throne, but when you shade
 The full blaze of your beams, and draw a cloud
 Around you like a shining shrine,
 Your edges appear, dark in the blaze,
 But they still dazzle Heaven, so that the brightest Seraphim
 Do not approach, but shade their eyes with both wings.
 Next you," they sang, "First of all creation,
 Natural born son, copy of God,
 In whose visible face, which we can see without cloud
 For a shade, the almighty father shines,
 That otherwise no creature would be able to see; on you
 The splendid radiance of his glory shows,
 And his great spirit is transfused into you.
 With you he created Heaven and all that's in it,
 And with you threw down the
 Ambitious rebels. That day you
 Did not spare your father's dreadful thunder
 Or slow the wheels of your fiery chariot, that shook
 The eternal frame of Heaven, while you drove
 Over the necks of the scattered warring angels.*

*When you returned from the hunt your powers
 Were loudly praised, the son of your father's greatness,
 Who takes terrible revenge on his enemies,
 Though not on Man; when he has fallen through your enemies' malice,
 You, father of mercy and grace, did not judge so harshly,
 But leant much more towards pity:
 No sooner did your dear and only son
 See that you were not intending to punish frail Man
 So strictly but wished to show them pity,
 To calm your anger and to end the battle
 Between mercy and justice that he saw in your face,
 Without a thought for the Heaven where he sat
 Second only to you, offered himself for death
 To pay for man's offence. What matchless love,
 Love that can only be found in the divine!
 Hail the son of God and savior of men, your name
 Will be the great subject of my song
 From now on, and my harp shall never stop singing
 Your praise, nor praise the Father without praising you."*

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
 From CHAOS and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 SATAN alighted walks: a Globe farr off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
 Of CHAOS blustering round, inclement skie;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant farr som small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vex't with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a Vultur on IMAUS bred,
 Whose snowie ridge the roving TARTAR bounds,
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
 Of GANGES or HYDASPES, INDIAN streams;
 But in his way lights on the barren plaines
 Of SERICANA, where CHINESES drive
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:

*This was how in heaven, above the stars,
 They passed their happy hours in joy and singing.
 Meanwhile upon the firm opaque globe
 Of this world, whose outer edge is marked
 By the smaller stars, fenced off
 From Chaos and the entrance of the ancient darkness,*

*Satan, landed, walks: the globe appeared
Far away, seems a vast continent,
Dark, wasted and wild, exposed under the frown
Of a starless night, with the threatening storms
Of Chaos boiling around the stormy sky;
Except for that side which, though far away,
Gets from the wall of Heaven some small glimpse
Of light air less tortured by the loud storms:
The devil walked free in this region of space.
He was like a vulture bred in the Himalayas,
Whose snowy ridges marked the borders of Ghenghis Khan's territory,
Who leaves his land which is short of prey
To go and feast on the flesh of lambs or baby goats
On the hillsides where flocks are reared, and flies towards the springs
Of the Ganges or the Jhelum, rivers of India,
But on his way crosses the barren plains
Of the Gobi desert, where the Chinese
Drive their cunning light wagons with sails:*

So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;
Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
The builders next of BABEL on the Plain
Of SENNAAR, and still with vain designe
New BABELS, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came single; hee who to be deemd
A God, leap'd fondly into AETNA flames,
EMPEDOCLES, and hee who to enjoy

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

*So on this windy land-sea, the devil
 Walked up and down alone and thought of his prey;
 Alone, for there was no other creature,
 Living or dead, in this place,
 None yet, but afterwards things from the earth
 Flew up here like steam,
 Worthless things, when Sin
 Had made the works of Man full of vanity:
 All material things are vain, and it is in vain to hope that things
 Will bring glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this life or in the hereafter;
 All who seek their reward on earth, the gains
 Of painful superstition and blind enthusiasm,
 Who look for nothing but the praise of men, here find
 Proper punishment, as empty as what they have done;
 All the unfinished works of Nature,
 Terrible, monstrous, badly mixed
 And dissolved on earth fly here and in vain
 Wander here until the end of time –
 Not on the neighboring moon, as some have dreamed;
 Those silver fields are more likely occupied
 By the spirits of saints or middle Spirits
 Halfway between humans and angels:
 First we see the Giants from the ancient world,*

*Bred from the monstrous coupling of sons and daughters,
 Giants who did many vain things, though they were lauded then:
 Next come the builders of Babel on the Plain
 Of Shinar, and in their vanity they still design
 New Babels, which they would build if they had the materials:
 Others come alone; Empedocles, who voluntarily jumped
 Into the flames of volcanic Etna, to try and prove
 He was a God, and Cleombrotus who threw himself into the ocean
 Thinking it would get him to Plato's Elysium,
 And there were many others too numerous to name,
 Embryos and idiots, hermits and friars,
 White, Black and Grey, with all their vanities.
 Here the pilgrims roam who travelled so far
 Looking for Him dead in Golgotha who lives in heaven;
 Also here are those who try to get into heaven
 By, when they are dying, dressing in the robes of a Dominican,
 Or think they will be admitted disguised as a Franciscan;
 They pass the seven planets, pass the pole star
 And the constellation of Libra whose scale measures
 The irregular movements of planets and drives them on;
 And now Saint Peter seems to be waiting for them
 At Heaven's Gate with his keys, and now they set foot
 On the slope up to Heaven, when suddenly
 Violent winds from either side
 Blow them thirty thousand miles away
 Into the deceitful air; then you might see
 Cows, hoods and habits thrown along with their wearers
 And torn into rags, then reliquaries, beads,
 Indulgences, dispensations, pardons, bulls
 Become the toys of the winds; everything is thrown aloft
 And flies around the back of the world to
 A large and broad Limbo that has been named
 The Paradise of Fools, known to most in the future
 But for now uninhabited and unexplored;*

All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee 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
 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,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.
 Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
 Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by farr then that of after-times
 Over Mount SION, and, though that were large,
 Over the PROMIS'D LAND to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From PANEAS the fount of JORDANS flood
 To BEERSABA, where the HOLY LAND
 Borders on AEGYPT and the ARABIAN shoare;
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.

*All this dark world the devil found as he passed,
 And he wandered for a long time, until at last
 He saw a gleam of dawning light and turned his steps
 Towards it in haste; far off he sees
 Climbing in great steps
 Up to the wall of Heaven a high structure
 At the top of which there was what looked like
 A Kingly Palace Gate, though far richer,
 With diamonds and gold on its front
 And the doorpost shone with eastern jewels
 The likes of which could not be copied on earth
 By a sculptor, or drawn with a shading pencil.
 These were the stairs on which Jacob saw
 The angels rising and descending, armies
 Of shining guardians, when he fled from Esau
 To Padan-Aram in the country of Luz,
 When he dreamed at night under the open sky
 And when he awoke cried, "This is the Gate of Heaven!"
 Each step had a mysterious meaning, and did not
 Always stand there but was sometimes pulled up to Heaven
 Out of sight, and underneath there was a bright sea
 Of Jasper, or of liquid pearl, so that
 Those who came afterwards from earth arrived by boat
 Blown by angels, or flew over the lake*

*In a chariot drawn by fiery horses.
Just then the stairs were let down, perhaps
To dare the devil to try the easy way in, or to
Emphasise how he was excluded from the doors of joy.
Just opposite the doors there opened beneath,
Just over the blissful land of Paradise,
A wide passage down to the earth,
Far wider than that, in times which followed,
Opened over Mount Sion (and that was large)
Over the Promised Land which was so dear to God,
Through which, to visit the Tribes of Israel,
On his great errands the angels passed
Frequently to and fro, and he looked with pleasure
From Paneas where the Jordan river rises
To Beershaba, where the Holy Land
Has borders with Egypt and the shores of Arabia;
The opening seemed so wide that its edges
Were in darkness like the edges of the ocean.*

SATAN from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forein land
First-seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
With glistening Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
Of LIBRA to the fleecie Starr that bears
ANDROMEDA farr off ATLANTICK Seas
Beyond th' HORIZON; then from Pole to Pole
He views in bredth, and without longer pause
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
Starrs distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
Like those HESPERIAN Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
He stayd not to enquire: above them all

The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute
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.

*Satan now on the lower stair,
That climbed in golden steps to Heaven's Gate,
Looks down amazed at seeing
All the world at once. He was like a scout
Who has travelled all night on dark and deserted paths, through danger:
And at last at the cheerful daybreak
Comes to the summit of some lofty hill
And is surprised to see
The pleasant sight of a foreign land seen for the
First time, or some famous city,
Ornamented with great spires and towers,
Which gleam gold in the rising sun.
This was the wonder which seized (even though he had seen Heaven)
The evil spirit, but his chief emotion was envy,
At the sight of such a beautiful world.
He looks around, as anyone would, if they stood in his place
So high above the covering canopy
Of the shades of night; from the eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that carries
Andromeda far off over the horizons
Of Atlantic seas; then he looks from pole to pole
And without delay
Throws his rushing flight straight down
Into the world's first lands, and glides easily
Through the pure marble air on his twisting path
Amongst countless stars, that seemed like stars from a distance
But close up seemed other worlds,
Other worlds or happy islands
Like the legendary Hesperides of old,
Blessed fields and woods and flowery valleys,
The islands that were thrice blessed, but who lived there in happiness
He did not stop to ask: above them all
The golden sun, like Heaven in its splendor,
Had caught his eye: he bends his path towards it*

*Through the calm sky; but whether it was up or down,
Centered or moving it was hard to tell,
And it was hard to judge positions, where the sun
Sits above the constellations
Which keep a proper distance from his Lordly gaze
As he gives out his light from afar; as they move
Their starry dance measures
The days, the months and the years and they turn
Their orbits around his cheering light, or are turned
By his magnetic beam that gently warms
The universe, and to all the hidden parts
With gentle penetration, even though unseen,
Brings his invisible goodness even to the depths,
This was how he was magnificently set in his bright place.*

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If mettal, part seem'd Gold, part Silver cleer;
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
In AARONS Brest-plate, and a stone besides
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil HERMES, and call up unbound
In various shapes old PROTEUS from the Sea,
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth ELIXIR pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?

*There the devil landed, a spot which maybe
No astronomer, who looked at the sun's bright ball
Through his telescope, had ever seen.
He found the place bright beyond belief,
Compared to anything on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts were the same, but they were all glowing
With radiant light, like iron taken from the fire;
If it was metal, some seemed like gold, some like silver;
If it was stone, it seemed to be red or green gemstone,
Ruby or Topaz, like the twelve that shone*

*In Aaron's breastplate, and also a stone
 Which has often been imagined rather than seen anywhere else,
 The one which here below,
 Philosophers have so long looked for
 In vain, even though with their powerful skills they control
 Mercury, and can summon
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drained through their apparatus to his natural shape.
 It is no surprise that the fields and lands here
 Breathe out pure balm, and the rivers run
 With drinkable gold, when one touch
 Of the sun, the first doctor, from so far away
 Produces, here in our darkness, when mixed
 With the things of the earth, so many precious things
 With such glorious colors and amazing properties?*

Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazzl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th' AEQUATOR, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom JOHN saw also in the Sun:
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
 Circ'l'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd
 Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
 His journies end and our beginning woe.

*Here the devil saw things new to him
 And undazzled he casts his gaze far and wide,
 For there was no obstacle to sight here, nor shade;
 All was sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 Shot straight from the equator,
 Going straight upwards, with no opaque bodies in the way
 To create shadows, and the air,
 More clear than anywhere else, sharpened his sight
 So that he could see objects far off, and so he soon
 Saw within his vision a glorious angel,
 The same one St. John saw in his visions:
 His back was turned but his brightness was not hidden;
 A golden crown of sunbeams*

*Encircled his head, and his hair behind was no less gleaming
As it lay waving around on his shoulders
Which sprouted wings; he seemed to be employed
On some great task, or maybe lost in deep thought.
The impure Spirit was now glad, hoping
That he had found one who might direct his path
Down to Paradise, the happy home of Man,
The end of his journey and the beginning of our sorrow.*

But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;
Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curls 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
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;

*But first he works to disguise his real shape
Which might otherwise put him in danger or delay him;
And now he looks like a young Cherub,
Not of the highest order, but one in whom
Youth shone like the stars, and he gave every limb
Suitable grace, so well he disguised himself;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
Dropped in curls to his cheeks, and he wore wings
Of multicolored feathers sprinkled with gold,
He was dressed as one who travels fast,
And he carried a silver staff.
He did not approach unheard: the bright angel,
As he drew near turned his shining face,
Warned by his ears, and there stood
The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
Who stand in God's company, nearest to his throne,
Ready to do his bidding, and are his eyes
That run through the heavens or down to earth,
Doing his errands over wet and dry places,
Over the sea and the land: Satan spoke to him thus:*

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

*"Uriel, you are one of those seven who stand
 By God's high throne, shining bright,
 You are the one who brings his orders
 Telling them to all in Heaven,
 So that all His sons listen to you;
 Most likely you are here at his orders
 To do the same thing, and as God's eye
 You will often visit this new world;
 A burning desire to see and learn
 About all these marvelous works, but mainly to know about Man,
 His great delight, the one for whom
 He made all these wondrous things,
 Has brought me wandering alone
 From the choirs of the Cherubim. Bright Angel,
 Tell me, in which of these glittering balls has Man
 Been housed, or has he no fixed abode,
 And can take his choice of these glittering balls as his home;
 I want to find him and either with a secret look
 Or open admiration see the one
 The great Creator has given
 Planets, and has shown so much favor;
 So that we can praise the universal Maker
 For making him and all other things, as is suitable;*

*The one who rightly drove out his rebel enemies
To the depths of Hell, and to replace them
Created this happy race of men
To serve him better; he is wise in everything.”*

So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
URIEL, though Regent of the Sun, and held
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.

*So the deceitful liar spoke, unrecognized;
For neither man nor angel can see
Hypocrisy, the only evil that is
Invisible, except to God,
Who lets it walk through Heaven and Earth:
And though wisdom is often seen,
The wise are often not suspicious, and often
Are innocent, and the good do not see evil
When there is no reason to: and so was tricked
Uriel, though he had rule over the sun,
And was the most far seeing of all Heaven's spirits;
And he gave the evil impostor
This reply, trusting him.*

Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;

Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
 Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,
 The rest in circuit walles this Universe.
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;
 With borrowd light her countenance triform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is PARADISE,
 ADAMS abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

*"Fair Angel, your desire to know
 Of God's work, and so to glorify
 The great workman, is not something
 That should be condemned, but rather should be praised,
 The more you desire it, the instinct which led you
 To come alone from your heavenly home
 To see with your own eyes that which maybe some
 Were happy to just hear reports of in Heaven:
 All his works are indeed wonderful,
 Pleasant to see, and it is right
 To enjoy them;
 But what mind can understand
 Their number, or the infinite wisdom
 Which made them, or what his purpose was?
 I saw when he made the formless mass at his command
 Shape into this world:
 His voice was heard by confusion, and the wild storm
 Was controlled, the great infinite was tamed;
 Until when he spoke again darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order came from anarchy:
 Quickly into their proper places fell
 The clumsy elements of earth, water, air and fire,
 And the ethereal force of heaven
 Made them fly upwards, changed into different shapes,
 Rolling into balls and forming numberless
 Stars, as you can see, and ordered their orbits;*

*Each was allotted his place and his path,
To run around the walls of this universe.
Look down on that planet whose near side
Shines with the light from here, though it is only a reflection;
That place is Earth, the home of Man, that light
Is his day, which otherwise would be covered with night
As the other half is, but there the moon
(That is the name of the beautiful star opposite)
Gives her help, and in her monthly journey
Keeps waxing and waning through the middle sky;
With reflected light her changing shape
Grows and shrinks to light up the earth
And with her pale power contains the night.
That place I'm pointing to is Paradise.
The home of Adam, those high trees are his dwelling.
You cannot mistake the path – mine now calls to me.”*

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

*Having said this he turned away, and Satan bowed low,
Showing the respect to superior Spirits that is the custom in Heaven,
Where all show the reverence that honor deserves,
And left, and down towards the coast of Earth below,
Sped down from the sun, hoping for success,
Spiraling down in his steep flight,
Not stopping until he landed on the summit of Niphates.*

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

Satan is now in sight of Eden, and near the place where he must begin his bold mission against God and Man. He begins to doubt himself and suffers from fear, envy and despair. Eventually he accepts his evil nature, travels on to Paradise, whose outer walls and location are described, leaps over the walls and sits in the Tree of Knowledge like a cormorant to view the Garden. The Garden is described; Satan sees Adam and Eve for the first time. He wonders at their happiness and beauty but resolves that he will overthrow them. He hears them talking and discovers that they are forbidden from eating to the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, under penalty of Death. He decides that this is how he will bring about their downfall, by tempting them to disobedience. Then he leaves them for a while to find out more about their lands. Meanwhile Uriel descends on a sunbeam and warns Gabriel, who guards the Gates of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped from Hell and at noon had passed by the sun in the shape of a good angel and gone down to Paradise, where Uriel had seen his true nature in his furious gestures on Mount Niphates. Gabriel promises to find him before morning. Night comes and Adam and Eve talk of going to rest; their shelter is described and their evening worship. Gabriel sends his watchmen to patrol the walls of Paradise, and sends two strong angels to Adam's shelter, in case the evil spirit should be there doing them some harm as they sleep. They find him by Eve's ear, tempting her in a dream, and they bring him, unwilling, to Gabriel. When questioned by him he answers with scorn and prepares to fight, but is dissuaded by a sign from Heaven and he flees 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,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,

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

*Oh for that voice of warning, which he who saw
The Apocalypse heard cry loud in Heaven,
When the Devil, beaten a second time,
Came down in anger to take revenge on men,
"Sorrow to the inhabitants of Earth!" so that now,
While there was still time, our first parents could have been warned
Of the coming of their secret enemy and perhaps
Might have escaped his deadly trap; for now
Satan, burning with rage, came down,
The tempter and the accuser of mankind,
To punish innocent weak man for his defeat
In that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
But he does not come revelling in his speed, though it is great;
Far off and fearless, without a cause,
He begins his terrible plan, which since he thought of it
Has been tumbling, boiling in his stormy heart,
And like a Satanic cannon it recoils
To harm him; fear and doubt run through
His troubled mind, and in his depths they stir up
The Hell within him, for he brings Hell with him,
It is all round him, and he cannot get one step farther
Away from Hell than he could get away from himself
By changing his location; now his conscience brings
A despair which had been sleeping and a bitter memory
Of what he was, what he is and, worse, what he will be;
From worse deeds then worse suffering will follow.
Sometimes he turned his sad, grieving gaze towards
Eden, which he could now see, a pleasant land,
Sometimes he looked towards Heaven and the blazing sun
Which had risen up to high noon:
Then, still turning, he began in sadness:*

O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs

Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
 Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less then to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
 Forgetful what from him I still receivd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and dischargd; what burden then?
 O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
 Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
 Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie
 Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
 Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 DISDAIN forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue

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

*"Oh sun that is crowned with the greatest glory,
 You look over your kingdom like the God
 Of this new world; at the sight of you all the stars
 Fade away; I'm speaking to you,
 But not in a friendly way, and I name you,
 Oh Sun, to tell you how I hate your light
 That reminds me of the place from which
 I fell, up in glory once above you;
 Until pride and worse ambition overthrew me,
 Fighting in Heaven against Heaven's incomparable King:
 Ah, he did not deserve such behaviour
 From me, he who created me
 In that high bright place, and in his goodness
 Punished nobody, and nor did he demand hard work.
 The least that one could do would be to praise him,
 The easiest repayment, and to give him thanks,
 Which he certainly deserved! But all his goodness did not work on me,
 And only led to hatred; lifted up so high
 I rejected being his subject, and thought I could take just one step up
 And it would put me in the highest place, and in a moment
 I could lose the debt of endless thanks
 Which was so heavy and which one still owed however much one paid;*

*I forgot the good things I was still getting from him,
 And did not understand that a grateful mind
 Is cleared of its debt by being grateful, at the same moment
 Given a debt and freed from it; what burden is there in that?
 If his great plan had created me
 As some lower angel, I would have been
 Happy; no great hope would have spurred
 My ambition. But it might have happened all the same, some other power
 Might have had the same great hopes, and I, though lowly,
 Might have been drawn to his side; but the other powers of my rank
 Did not fall, but stand undisturbed, from within themselves
 Or from outside, and can withstand all temptation.
 Did I have the same free will and the power to resist?
 I did; then what can I find to blame?
 Only the free love of Heaven which was given equally to us all.
 I curse his love then, since love and hate alike
 Bring me eternal sorrow.
 No, I curse myself, since I chose freely to fight him,
 The decision that I now so obviously regret.
 How miserable I am! Which way shall I go?
 Shall I be eternally raging or eternally despairing?
 Wherever I go, I go to Hell; I am Hell,
 And in the deepest pit another pit
 Opens wide, threatening to consume me,
 And make the Hell I now suffer seem like Heaven.
 Then I should give in: is there no chance left
 Of repentance and forgiveness?
 Only if I submit, and to do that I think
 Would be unworthy of me, and I could not face the shame
 Amongst the Spirits down below, whom I led astray
 With other promises and other boasts,
 Not by saying we would give in; I told them I could triumph
 Over the all powerful. Ah, they do not know
 How much I regret that vain boast,
 And how I am tortured inside;
 As they worship me on the throne of Hell,
 Showing off my crown and sceptre,
 I fall lower and lower, the only thing I am greatest in
 Is misery; this is the happiness which ambition brings.
 But what if I could repent and by that act of grace
 Return to my former state; how quickly
 Would a high position bring back those high thoughts, how soon would I go back
 On my pretence of swearing submission? In ease I would take back
 Promises made under duress, as being invalid, caused by pain.
 True reconciliation can never occur,
 When the wounds of hate run so deep:
 I would rebel, worse than before,
 And get a worse punishment: so I would pay dearly
 For a short break with double pain.
 My punisher knows this, so as far as he is
 From granting peace, that's how far I am from asking for it:*

*So all hope is gone, and I see, instead of we
Whom he has thrown out, his new joy,
Mankind, and the world he has made for him.
So farewell to hope, and with hope farewell to fear,
Farewell regret; all goodness is lost for me,
Evil will be my good; with evil
I at least rule over part of the universe,
And with evil maybe I will gain power over the rest,
As Man and this new world will find out very soon.”*

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,
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 mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.

*While he spoke these words, each emotion ran across his face,
Going pale three times with envy, anger and despair,
Spoiling his disguised face and showing
That he was a fake, if there had been anyone to see him.
Heavenly minds are eternally free
Of such disturbances. As soon as he realised what he was doing
He assumed a calm look,
That deceitful craftsman; he was the first
To practise deceit under a cloak of goodness,
Hiding his great hatred and desire for revenge:
But he was not good enough to deceive
Uriel, once he had been spotted; his gaze followed him
As he went down, and on the Assyrian mountain
He saw him changed, more than a good Spirit
Could be: he noticed his fierce gestures
And his raging attitude when he thought
He was alone, unobserved.*

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of EDEN, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides

With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
 Access deni'd; and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
 And higher then that Wall a circling row
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile
 Beyond the CAPE OF HOPE, and now are past
 MOZAMBIC, off at Sea North-East windes blow
 SABEAN Odours from the spicie shoare
 Of ARABIE the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League
 Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Then ASMODEUS with the fishie fume,
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse
 Of TOBITS Son, and with a vengeance sent
 From MEDIA post to AEGYPT, there fast bound.

*So he travels on, and comes to the border
 Of Eden, where beautiful Paradise,
 Nearer now, wraps a green fence around her,
 As on a country hill, where there is open ground
 At the top of a steep wilderness, the hillsides
 All overgrown with tangled wild thickets,
 Blocking access; and overhead there grew
 To unreachable height great trees,
 Cedar, pine, fir and spreading palm.
 A woodland scene, and as the rows climb up,
 Tree after tree, they make a forest theatre,
 Wonderful to see. But even higher than their tops
 Rose the green wall of Paradise
 Which gave Adam a wide view*

*Around the boundaries of his empire.
 Higher than that wall there was an encircling row
 Of the most beautiful trees, loaded with the loveliest fruit,
 Golden flowers and fruits
 Appeared, a mixture of bright gay colors:
 The sun devoted to them greater beams
 Than to the fair clouds of evening, or to the rainbow
 When God first gave rain to the earth, so lovely
 That landscape was: and now the air gets even more pure
 As he approaches, and fills the heart
 With the joy of Spring, driving out
 All sorrow and despair: now soft breezes,
 Fanning their scented wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and tell of where
 They got these sweet scents. As when those who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and are now past Mozambique, smell the scents of Arabia
 Carried on the northeast winds
 And are pleased to be delayed,
 And rest on their journey, and for many miles
 The old Ocean is made beautiful by the wonderful scent.
 This was how the sweet smells came to the fiend
 Who came to destroy them, though they were more pleasing
 Than the fishy scent was to Asmodeus,
 Which drove him away, although he was attracted, from the wife
 Of Tobit's son, and sent him with vengeance
 From Media to Egypt in chains.*

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,
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve
 In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:
 Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
 Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
 Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;
 So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
 So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,

Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
Of immortalitie. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.

*Now Satan had travelled, slow and watchful,
To the climb of that steep hill;
But he could not find a way through, so thick
Was the undergrowth of shrubs and bushes
Which seemed to be one solid mass which blocked
The way of any Man or beast that tried to journey there:
There was only one entrance, that faced east
On the other side. When the great thief saw
The proper entrance he rejected it with contempt
And with one leap cleared the boundaries
Of the hill and high walls, and completely inside
Landed on his feet. He was like a prowling wolf
Whose hunger makes him seek out new areas for prey,
Watching where shepherds lock up their flocks
In barred pens in walled fields,
And easily leaps the fence into the middle of the flock;
Or like the thief who plans to take the cash
Of some rich businessman; his great doors,
Barred and bolted, cannot be overcome, and so the thief
Climbs in at the window, or over the roof;
This is how the first great thief climbed into God's flock,
Just as later mercenary people climbed into His church.
From there he flew up, and on the Tree of Life,
The central, highest tree,
He sat like a cormorant; he did not regain true life
From the tree, but sat plotting death
For the living; nor did he think of the qualities
Of that life-giving plant, but just used it
As a viewpoint, that which was the symbol
Of eternal life. So none
Except for God know how to treasure
The good things before them, but twist the best things
And harm them or use them to do evil.*

Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of EDEN planted; EDEN stretchd her Line
From AURAN Eastward to the Royal Towrs

Of great SELEUCIA, built by GRECIAN Kings,
 Or where the Sons of EDEN long before
 Dwelt in TELASSAR: in this pleasant soile
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;
 Out of the 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
 Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through EDEN went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
 Which from his darksom passage now appeers,
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
 And Country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
 With mazie error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade
 Imbound 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,
 If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:

*Beneath him with fresh wonder he sees
 Laid out for the delight of Mankind
 In that narrow place all of Nature's treasures, and more,
 A Heaven on Earth, for the garden was a wonderful
 Paradise of God, planted by him to the East of Eden;
 Eden stretched her borders
 From Harran east to the royal towers
 Of great Selucia, built by the kings of Greece,
 And to where mankind had long ago lived
 In Telassar: in this pleasant soil*

*God laid out his far more pleasant garden;
 From the fertile ground he grew
 All the best trees for sight, smell and fruit,
 And in the middle stood the Tree of Life,
 Rising above all, bearing the sweetest golden fruit;
 And next to the Tree of Life
 Grew our Death, the Tree of Knowledge,
 Which would bring good at a great price through knowledge of evil.
 South through Eden there ran a large river,
 Which did not bend but through the forested hill
 Passed underneath, for God had thrown
 That mountain down, as the base for his garden,
 On top of the swift river, and through the veins
 Of the porous earth, drawn up by a sweet thirst,
 There rose a new spring, and with many little streams
 It watered the garden; then they joined together
 Running through the steep wood, and met the river
 On the other side as it emerged from the darkness,
 And split into four main rivers,
 Running away into many famous lands,
 And countries which need no description here;
 I would rather tell, if my skill could manage it,
 How from that sapphire spring the sparkling brooks,
 Rolling on oriental pearls and sands of gold
 Wandered under the hanging branches,
 Running with nectar, visiting each plant, feeding
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, not arranged fussily
 In beds and curious shapes, but naturally
 Bursting out thickly on hills, valleys and plains,
 Both in the open fields where the sun first touched warm
 In the morning and in the dark places amongst the trees
 Which are dark even at noon: this was how that place was,
 A happy country with many aspects;
 Groves whose trees ran with scented gums and ointments,
 Others whose fruit, wrapped in golden skin
 Hung beautiful, bringing the myths of Hesperus to life,
 Even if only in this place, and they had a 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
 Laves forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,
 Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while Universal PAN
 Knit with the GRACES and the HOURS in dance
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
 Of ENNA, where PROSERPIN gathring flours
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie DIS
 Was gatherd, which cost CERES all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
 Of DAPHNE by ORONTES, and th' inspir'd
 CASTALIAN Spring might with this Paradise
 Of EDEN strive; nor that NYSEIAN Ile
 Girt with the River TRITON, where old CHAM,
 Whom Gentiles AMMON call and LIBYAN JOVE,
 Hid AMALTHEA and her Florid Son
 Young BACCHUS from his Stepdame RHEA'S eye;
 Nor where ABASSIN Kings thir issue Guard,
 Mount AMARA, though this by som suppos'd
 True Paradise under the ETHIOP Line
 By NILUS head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
 A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
 From this ASSYRIAN Garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:

*Between them were lawns, level downs and flocks
 Grazing on the sweet grass,
 There were palm covered hills and fertile
 Spreading valleys,
 Flowers of all colors, and roses without thorns:
 On another side there were shady caves and grottoes
 Giving cool shelter, round which the vine like a cloak
 Lays out her purple grapes, creeping
 Abundantly; meanwhile murmuring streams
 Fall down the hillsides, spreading or uniting in a lake
 That holds her clear mirror to
 The myrtle-lined bank.
 The birds sing their song; music, spring music,
 Imbued with the smell of fields and groves
 Runs through the trembling leaves, while Nature
 Leads the seasons and fertility in a dance
 To bring on the eternal spring. Not the fair field
 Of Enna, where Prosperine was gathering flowers
 (Herself a fairer flower) and was kidnapped
 To the gloomy underworld, causing Ceres all the labour
 Of searching the world for her, nor the sweet gardens
 Of Daphne by the Orontes nor the marvellous Castillian Spring
 Could compete with this paradise
 Of Eden; not the Nyseian Isle,
 Surrounded by the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom the Gentiles call Ammon and Lybian Jove,
 Hid Almathea and her ruddy son*

*Young Bacchus from the sight of his stepmother Rhea;
Nor where the Kings of Abyssinia keep their children
On Mount Amara, even though some think
This is where Paradise is, under the equator
By the head of the Nile, enclosed in a shining rock
Which it takes a day to climb, but that is far
From this Assyrian garden where the devil
Saw without pleasure all these delights, all kinds
Of strange living creatures, never seen before:*

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dissheld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicite and spotless innocence.

*There were two who were of noble shape, erect and tall,
As straight as Gods, dressed as Nature intended,
In their naked majesty they seemed Lords of all
And to deserve that title, for in their divine faces
Could be seen the image of their glorious maker,
Shining with truth, wisdom, strong and pure faith,
Strong but with the freedom of children;
From here come mankind's true powers, though
They were not equal, as their sexes were different;*

*He was made for thought and action,
 She for softness and beautiful grace,
 He for God and she for the God in him:
 His strapping shape and heavenly eye spoke of
 Total rule; and his curling hair
 Hung in manly fashion down from his forehead parting,
 Thick, but not falling below his broad shoulders:
 She wore her unornamented golden tresses
 Down to her slender waist like a veil,
 Undressed, curled into ringlets
 Like the vine curls its branches: it was implied
 That she was his subject, but it was asked with gentle persuasion,
 And he liked it best when he gave her consent,
 Consenting with shy submission, modest pride,
 And a sweet loving hesitancy.
 Nor were their genitals hidden,
 From guilty, impure shame
 At the work of nature: dishonourable honor,
 Bred from sin, how you have pushed all mankind
 Into shows instead, mere shows of being pure,
 And taken from man's life his greatest happiness,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence.*

So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
 That ever since in loves imbraces met,
 ADAM the goodliest man of men since borne
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters EVE.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
 They sat them down, and after no more toil
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
 To recommend coole ZEPHYR, and made ease
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
 Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
 Alone as they. About them frisking playd
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pard
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, & wreathd

His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Coucht, and now 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.

*So they passed on, naked, and they did not shy at the sight
Of God or angels, for they could not imagine evil:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever met in love's embrace,
Adam, the best man of all those who came after him,
Eve the best of all the women.
Under a shady tree that stood rustling softly
In a meadow, beside a fresh spring
They sat down, after having worked
At the garden no harder than was needed
For them to enjoy the cooling breeze, and made rest
More restful, wholesome thirst and hunger
More pleasant to feed, and they started on their meal of fruit,
Nectarines which the bending branches
Held out to their sides as they lay
On the soft bank which was embroidered with flowers:
They chew on the tasty flesh, and as they were still thirsty
Used the skin to scoop up water;
They were not lacking in gentle conversation and sweet smiles,
Nor playful joking as is fitting
For a fair couple, joined in happy marriage,
In private as they were. Around them gambolled
All the beasts of Earth, which have since turned wild
And hunt in the woods and wilderness, forest and dens;
Playfully the lion reared up, and in his paw
Rocked a baby goat; bears, tigers, lynx and leopard
Danced before them, and to amuse them the clumsy elephant
Showed off his strength and waved
His flexible trunk; close by the sly serpent
Crept, wove himself into knots
And braided his tail, showing his deadly cunning
But seen by none; others lay on the grass
Filled with grazing and watching the view
Or chewing the cud as they made their way to sleep, for the sun
Was setting, speeding straight down
To the ocean islands, and on the rising side
Of Heaven's balance the evening stars climbed up:
Then Satan, still gazing from where he had first stood,
Could hardly speak for sadness.*

O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd.
 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
 And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,
 To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
 And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
 By conquering this new World, compels me now
 To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.

*"Oh Hell! What do my sad eyes see?
 Into our place have come
 Creatures of another shape, made of earth perhaps,
 Not spirits, but not much inferior to the bright
 Heavenly Spirits; I look upon them
 With wonder, and I could love them,
 They so closely resemble God, and the hand that
 Made them has given them such beauty.
 Ah, gentle pair, little do you know
 The change that is soon coming, when all these joys
 Will vanish and be replaced by sorrow,
 More sorrow than you have joy at present:
 You are happy, but your happiness is not well enough protected
 To last for long, and this country, your Heaven,*

*Heaven did not fence in well enough to keep out an enemy
 Such as has now entered; but I am no enemy to you
 Whom I could pity in your weakness,
 Though nobody pities me: I want a pact with you,
 A mutual friendship so strong, so close,
 That I must live with you, or you with me
 From now on. My home may not please you
 As much as this fair Paradise,
 But you will have to accept your maker's work: he gave it to me
 And I shall just as freely give it to you; hell shall open
 For your welcome her widest gates,
 And send out all her Kings to greet you. There will be space,
 Not like in this narrow space, to welcome
 All your children; if you don't like the place,
 Blame the one who has made me take this revenge
 On you: the fault is his.
 I confess that I am touched by your harmless innocence,
 But the greater good demands
 That we take our revenge by enlarging our empire
 By conquering this new world, which makes me now do
 Something which otherwise, even though damned, I would hate."*

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

*So the fiend spoke, and used necessity, the excuse
 Of tyrants, to explain his devilish deeds.
 Then from his high perch on that tall tree
 He landed amongst the playful throng
 Of animals, making himself one
 Then another as their shape suited him best
 For the purpose of approaching his prey, and unseen
 To see what more he could learn about them
 By observing their speech and actions: now he stalks
 Around them as a lion with a fierce stare,*

*Then as a tiger who has come across
Two gentle fawns playing in a meadow,
Keeping low to the ground, then rising to often change
His point of view, as one who chooses a position
From which he can be surest of catching them both with a rush,
One in each paw: when Adam, first man,
Spoke to Eve, first woman,
He pricked his ears to hear what was said.*

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that possesse
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

*He pricked his ears to hear what was said.
"My only partner and sharer of these joys,
Who is dearer to me than all the rest, the power
That made us, and made this world for us, must be
Infinitely good, and be infinitely generous
With his gifts,
For he made us from the dust and placed us here
In all this beauty, though we
Have done nothing to earn it, nor can we do
Any service he might need, and he asks
Nothing from us except that we obey
The one simple rule, that of all the trees*

*Of Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 Of such variety, that we only do not eat from the Tree
 Of Knowledge, which is planted by the Tree of Life.
 Death grows right next to life, whatever Death is,
 Something terrible, no doubt, for you know well
 That God has proclaimed sentence of Death if we eat from that tree,
 The only symbol of our subjecthood left
 Amongst so many signs of power and rule
 Which he has given us, as well as the mastery
 Of all the other creatures
 Of the Earth, air and sea. So let us not think it hard
 That he has made one easy to obey rule, we who enjoy
 So much freedom in everything else, and have
 An unlimited choice of so many pleasures:
 But let us always praise him, and give thanks
 For his bounty, and keep to our sweet task
 Of pruning the plants and tending the flowers,
 Which even if it were hard work would be sweet as I do it with you.”*

To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
 Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd
 Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer
 Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
 Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee

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

*Eve answered him thus: "Oh you for whom
And from whom I was made from your flesh,
And without whom I have no purpose, my guide
And master, what you have said is right and true.
For we do indeed owe all praise to him,
And daily thanks, especially me
Who has the greater fortune, enjoying you
Who is so much greater than me, while you
Do not have a companion who is equal to you.
I often remember the day, when I first
Awoke from my sleep, and found I was lying
In the shade amongst the flowers, wondering where
And what I was, where I had come from and how I was brought here.
Not far away I heard the murmuring sound
Of waters flowing from a cave which spread
Into a great lake and stood calm,
As pure as the sky; I went there,
Not knowing what I was doing, and laid down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, which seemed to me like another sky.
As I bent over to look, opposite me
Another shape appeared in the water,
Bending to look at me; I jumped back,
And it did too, but pleased by it I soon came back
And was pleased that it came back and returned my looks
Of sympathy and love: I would still be looking now,
Pining with vain desire,
If a voice had not warned me, 'What you see
There, you fair creature, is yourself,
It comes and goes as you do; but follow me,*

*And I will take you where no ghost
 Awaits you and your soft embraces, to him
 In whose image you are made, you shall enjoy him
 As your own, inseperable, and you shall bear him
 Many like yourself, and you shall be called
 The mother of the human race. 'What could I do
 But straight away follow my invisible guide?
 Then I saw you, beautiful and tall,
 Under a plane tree, but I thought you not as lovely,
 Less soft and sweetly friendly,
 Than that smooth image in the water; I turned back,
 And following me you cried aloud, 'Come back fair Eve,
 Who are you running from? The one you run from is the one you were made from,
 His flesh and bone; to make you I gave
 A rib from my side, by my heart, to give you
 Real life, to have you by my side
 As my dear comfort;
 I look for part of my soul in you, and you have a right
 To part of mine. 'Saying that your gentle hand
 Took mine, I yielded, and since then I have seen
 How my beauty is excelled by your manly grace
 And wisdom, the only truly beautiful things.'"*

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
 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 plaind.

*So our universal mother spoke, and with eyes
 Full of innocent wifely attraction
 And meek surrender, half embracing leaned
 On our first father, and half of her swelling breast
 Touched his, naked under the flowing gold
 Of her hair; he, delighting
 In her beauty and her charming submission,
 Smiled with superior love, like Jupiter
 Smiles on Juno, when he impregnates the clouds
 That rain May flowers; and he covered her womanly lips
 With pure kisses: the Devil turned away
 In envy, but with a jealous evil leer
 Watched them sidelong, and whined to himself:*

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms
 The happier EDEN, shall enjoy thir fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least,
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbid'n?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
 Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
 Can it be death? and do they onely stand
 By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with designe
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

*"Horrible, tormenting sight! So these two lie
 Joyful in each other's arms,
 That greater Eden, and drink their fill
 Of joy on top of joy, while I am thrown into Hell,
 Where there is no joy or love, only a fierce desire
 Which is not the smallest of our tortures
 And which fills us with the pain of unrequited longing.
 Don't let me forget what I have learned
 From their speech; not everything belongs to them, it seems:
 There is one fatal tree, the Tree of Knowledge,
 From which they must not eat: knowledge is banned?
 That is suspicious and without reason. Why should God
 Keep that from them? Is it a sin to know things,
 Can it cause death? And can they only exist
 If they remain ignorant, do they owe their happy state
 To this proof of their obedience and faith?
 What a good foundation on which I can build
 Their downfall! I will excite their minds
 With the desire to know more, and to reject*

*The jaundiced commands, issued with the aim
Of keeping them in their place, when knowledge might lift them up
To be equal to the Gods. Wanting what I offer,
They will taste and die, what else could happen?
But first I must examine this garden closely,
And not neglect any corner of it;
Luck might lead me to meet
Some wandering Spirit from Heaven, by a spring
Or resting in the woods, and from him
I might get more information. Live while you can,
You happy pair; enjoy, until I come back,
Your brief pleasures, for they will be followed by long sorrow."*

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his roam.
Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.
Betwixt these rockie Pillars GABRIEL sat
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came URIEL, gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
In AUTUMN thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

*Saying this he turned his proud steps scornfully away,
Though cautiously, and began his search
Through woods and deserts, hills and valleys.
Meanwhile in the farthest west, where Heaven touches
The sky and the sea, the setting sun
Slowly sank, and facing the right direction
Shone his evening beams
Against the eastern gate of Paradise: it was a rock
Of white stone, reaching up to the clouds,
Visible from far off, with one path winding up
From the earth and one high entrance;
The rest was craggy cliff that leaned outwards*

*As it rose, impossible to climb.
Between these rocky pillars sat Gabriel,
The leader of the Guards of Angels, waiting for night;
Around him the young of Heaven
Played the games of Heroes, but close by
Was their heavenly armour, shields, helmets and spears,
Decorated with diamonds and gold.
To that place came Uriel, gliding through the evening
On a sunbeam, as quick as a shooting star
Which crosses the autumn sky when humid lightning
Is in the air, and shows the sailor
Where the dangerous winds will come from:
So he began speaking quickly:*

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

*“Gabriel, you have been given the task
Of watching this happy place and ensuring
That no evil thing can approach or enter;
At high noon today a Spirit came to the sun
Who seemed keen to learn
About more of God’s work, and especially about Man,
God’s latest creation. I noticed his path,
Hurrying, and followed his angelic flight,
But on the mountain that lies north of Eden
Where he first landed, I saw that his looks
Were not those of Heaven but were covered with foul passions:
My eyes followed him, but under the shadows
I lost sight of him; I fear one of the banished mob
Has risen up from the pit to cause
More trouble: it must be your duty to find him.”*

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
URIEL, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come

Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

*The winged warrior answered him:
"Uriel, with your perfect sight
Sitting in the brightness of the sun,
You see far and wide; but only those who come from Heaven
Can pass through this gate and our guard;
Since noon
No creature from Heaven has come. If another sort of spirit
Has chosen to leap over these earthly boundaries,
You know how hard it is to block
Spiritual substance with physical things.
But if, in whatever form he has taken,
He is lurking within the circuit of these walls, the one
You speak of, I shall know by tomorrow morning."*

So promis'd hee, and URIEL to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' AZORES; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: HESPERUS that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

*So he promised, and Uriel returned to his post
On that bright beam, which was now pointing upwards,
And carried him downhill to the sun which had dipped
Below the Azores; either that chief star
Had rolled there with incredible speed
On his daily path, or this stiller Earth*

*Moved a shorter distance to the east and left him
Gilding with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that surround his western throne.
Now the evening fell, and grey twilight
Had clad everything in her muted colors;
Silence came too, accompanying the beasts
To their grassy beds and the birds to their nests;
All went except for the wakeful nightingale;
She sang her songs of love all night.
Silence reigned; now the sky glowed
With living jewels: the evening star led
All the others, brightest, until the moon,
Rising in majesty from the clouds, at last
Like a queen revealed her matchless light
And threw her silver cloak over the darkness.*

When ADAM thus to EVE: Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.
Tomorrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

*Adam said to Eve: "My fair companion,
The nightfall and seeing all other things retiring to rest
Turns our minds to sleep, since God has ordered
Work and rest to follow each other as day and night
For men, and the dew of sleep
Is falling with soft sleepy weight and closing
Our eyelids; other creatures roam idle
All day long, unemployed, and need rest less;
Man has his daily work of body or mind
Appointed to him, which gives him his dignity,*

*And makes Heaven look favourably on him;
While the other animals drift inactive
And God pays no attention to what they do.
Tomorrow before the first morning light
Appears in the east, we must be up
And about our pleasant tasks, to clip
Those flowery trees and their green companions;
Our noonday paths are overgrown with branches
Which mock our efforts at cultivation, and need
More hands than ours to keep them under control:
Those blossoms too, and those gumtree leaves,
That lie all about, untidy and ugly,
Must be swept up, if we are to walk safely;
Meanwhile, as Nature orders, night invites us to sleep.”*

To whom thus EVE with perfect beauty adorned.
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 their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild, then silent Night
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

*Eve, wrapped in perfect beauty, answered:
“My Lord and master, what you order
I will obey without question; this is how God orders it,
You follow God's orders and I follow yours: to be aware of that
Is a woman's happiest privilege.
When talking with you I lose track of the time,
And all the seasons and their changes please me the same.
The morning air is sweet, her coming lovely
With the song of the early birds; the sun is pleasant
When on this delightful land he throws*

*His light from the east on herbs, trees, fruits and flowers,
 All glistening with dew; the earth is fragrant
 After the soft showers; the arrival of mild evening
 Is also sweet, and so is silent night,
 With her solemn bird and beautiful moon,
 And her starry train, the jewels of Heaven:
 But neither the breath of morning when she rises
 With the song of the earliest birds, nor the sun
 Rising on this delightful land, not the herbs, fruit, flowers,
 Glistening with dew, nor the perfume after the showers,
 Nor the mild evening, nor silent night
 With her solemn bird, nor walking in the moonlight
 Or the glittering starlight can be sweet without you.
 But why do these shine all night, who is this
 Wonderful sight for, when sleep has closed all eyes?"*

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht EVE,
 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
 By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Least total darkness should by Night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
 Of various influence foment and warme,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note
 Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

*To whom our universal father replied:
 "Daughter of God and Man, loveliest Eve,
 They have to finish their journey round the Earth
 By tomorrow evening, going in order from land to land*

*Even though the nations there have not yet risen,
 With their kindly light they set and rise,
 Lest in the total darkness Night should win back
 Her old lands, and put out the life
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only light but with their kind heat
 In different ways ferment and warm,
 Strengthen or nourish and throw down
 Their heavenly blessing on all things that grow
 Upon Earth, which is thereby made ready
 To receive the perfection of the sun's stronger light.
 These then, though they are not seen at dead of night,
 Are not shining in vain, and do not think that if there were no men
 That there would be none to see them, none to praise God;
 Millions of Spirits are walking the Earth
 Invisible when we are awake and while we sleep:
 All of them look on his work with ceaseless praise
 Both day and night: how often from the slope
 Of an echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Angelic voices in the midnight air,
 Alone or in harmony with others
 Singing to their great creator: often in groups
 As they keep watch, or as they walk through the night,
 With a heavenly touch on their instruments,
 They join together in full harmony, their songs
 Push back the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."*

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place
 Chos'n by the 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,
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
 PAN or SILVANUS never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor FAUNUS haunted. Here in close recess
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
 Espoused EVE deckt first her Nuptial Bed,
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenaeon sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire

Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely then PANDORA, whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser Son
Of JAPHET brought by HERMES, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole JOVES authentic fire.

*Thus talking alone, hand in hand, they walked
On to their sweet shelter; it was a place
Chosen by the great creator, when he made
Everything delightful for the use of Man; the roof
Was an interwoven thicket
Of laurel and myrtle and their
Strong and perfumed leaves: the walls were of
Acanthus, with each scented bush
Trained up the green walls: all the loveliest flowers,
Irises of all colors, roses and jasmine
Were woven into them to make
A mosaic; on the floor were violets,
Crocuses and hyacinths whose rich colors
Decorated the ground, more colourful than
The costliest stonework: no other creature
Dared enter, beast, bird, insect or worm,
Such was their awe of man. In no shadier bower
More sacred and secret, even if only in a story,
Pan or Silvanus never slept, nor did Nymphs
Or Faunus. Here in privacy
With flowers, garlands and sweet smelling herbs
Married Eve first made her bridal bed,
And heavenly choirs sang the wedding song,
The day the guardian angel brought her to our father
In the beauty of her nakedness more well endowed,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Gave all their gifts, and oh too like, as it sadly transpired,
The time the unwiser son
Of Japhet was brought by Hermes and she trapped
Mankind with her beauty, so that she could be revenged
On the one who stole the fire of the Gods.*

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

*So they arrived at their cool shelter and stood
And turned, and under the open sky worshipped
The God who made the sky, the air, the Earth and the Heaven
Which they could see, the great ball of the moon
And the shining pole star: "You also made the night,
All powerful creator, and the day,
Which we have used to do our appointed work
And have ended happy in helping each other
And loving each other, and all our happiness
Was given to us by you, and this wonderful place
Which is too large for us, where your generosity needs
People to use it, and falls unpicked to the ground.
But you have promised that from the two of us a race
Will fill the Earth, who shall join us in praising
Your infinite goodness, both when we are awake
And when we look for, as now, your gift of sleep."*

This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesom disguises which wee wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
ADAM from his fair Spouse, nor EVE the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites austere talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source
Of human 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,
Whose Bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights

His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

*They said this together and did no other rites
 Just giving pure adoration
 Which is God's great pleasure, and they went hand in hand
 Into their inner room, and not having the task of removing
 The tiresome disguise which we wear,
 Laid down at once side by side, nor do I suppose
 Adam turned away from his beautiful wife, nor did Eve
 Refuse to perform the mysterious rites of married love:
 Whatever hypocrites sternly say
 About purity and innocence and seemly behaviour,
 Calling impure what God has declared
 As pure, and orders some and makes available to all.
 Our maker tells us to multiply, who tells us not to
 Except for our destroyer, the enemy of God and Man?
 Salute wedded Love, the mysterious law, the true source
 Of human children, the one type of property
 In Paradise where otherwise all was shared.
 Through you adulterous lust was driven out of men
 And sent off to roam amongst the beasts, by you,
 Based on reason, loyal, just and pure,
 Dear relationships and all the love
 Of father, son and brother were first known.
 Far be it from me to call you a sin,
 Or think that you should not be in the holiest place,
 The everlasting stream of domestic bliss,
 Whose bed is reckoned as pure and chaste,
 Now or in the past, as one used by saints or patriarchs.
 Here love uses his golden arrows, here he lights
 His eternal lamp, and waves his purple wings;
 He rules here and enjoys: not in the paid for smile
 Of whores, loveless, joyless, without affection,
 Casual coupling, nor in the intrigues of Court,
 With their dances and masked balls,
 Nor the serenade, which the lovesick man sings
 To his proud beauty and is paid with contempt.
 To the nightingales' lullaby they slept entwined,
 And on their naked bodies the flowery roof
 Dropped rose petals, which the morning replaced. Sleep on,*

*Blessed pair; and you will be happiest if you seek
No more happiness, and know you need no more knowledge.*

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 arm'd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
When GABRIEL to his next in power thus spake.
UZZIEL, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call'd
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
ITHURIEL and ZEPHON, with wing'd speed
Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
This Evening 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.

*Now night's shadows had crept
Halfway up the hill in this great space under the moon,
And from the ivory doors the Cherubim
Came forward at their usual hour, armed
As soldiers for their nightly guard duty.
Gabriel spoke to his second in command:
"Uzziel, take half this force, and go round the South,
Keeping a strict watch; these others will circle to the North
And we will meet up at the farthest western point." They parted like a flame,
Half following the shield and half the spear.
From each group he called two strong and wise Spirits
That came to him, and he gave them these orders:
"Ithuriel and Zephon, fly quickly
And search through the garden; leave no place unsearched
But look especially where those fair creatures live,
Perhaps asleep and safe from harm now.
This evening someone came from the sun
And told of some Hellish Spirit
Coming this way (who would have imagined it?) having escaped
The prison of hell, on an evil errand no doubt:
When you find such a one hold him fast and bring him here."*

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of EVE;

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

*Having said this he led on his shining ranks,
 Outshining the moon; these as directed went to the bower
 In search of the criminal; they found him there
 Squatting like a toad by Eve's ear,
 Trying with his devilish tricks to reach
 Her imagination, and to use it to conjure up
 Illusions, phantoms and dreams,
 Or to inspire hatred and so poison
 The essential spirits that live in the blood
 And rise up like soft mists from pure rivers, and so he could
 Cause disordered, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, unworthy ambitions
 Inflated with the high thoughts which cause pride.
 As he was bent to his work Ithuriel touched him lightly
 With his spear, for no disguise can withstand
 The touch of Heavenly metal, but is forced
 To resume its true shape; he jumps up,
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark
 Falls on a heap of gunpowder, collected
 Ready to be put in a barrel to stock some armoury
 In preparation for war, the sooty grains
 Are suddenly full of fire and burn the air:
 So the Fiend leapt up in his true shape.
 Those two angels stepped back, astonished,
 To see the grisly King appear;
 Yet, unafraid, they challenged him:*

Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell

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

*“Which of those rebellious Spirits sentenced to Hell
Are you, escaped from your prison and disguised?
Why are you sitting like an enemy in wait
At the head of the sleepers' bed?”*

Know ye not then said SATAN, filld with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

*“Do you then not know,” said Satan, filled with scorn,
“Do you not know me? You knew me once, no friend
Of yours, you sat there because you did not dare to fly;
If you don't know me then you don't know yourselves,
And it shows you are of the lowest rank, or if you do know
Why are you asking and wasting time
With this worthless talk?”*

To whom thus ZEPHON, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

*Zephon answered him with the same scorn.
“Don't think, you rebellious Spirit, that your shape is the same,
That your brightness is undiminished, that you are the same
As when you stood upright and pure in Heaven;
When you abandoned goodness that glory left you,
And now you look like
Your sin and your foul dark prison.
But come, you shall give an account of yourself
To the one who sent us, whose duty is to protect this place
And keep these creatures from harm.”*

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost.

*So the Cherub spoke, and to his stern rebuke
His youthful beauty added unanswerable grace:
The Devil stood ashamed,
And felt the terrible power of goodness, and saw
How lovely virtue is, and mourned
His loss and most of all the fact that
His brightness was visibly less, but he seemed
Undaunted. "If I must fight," he said,
"Let it be with the highest, the sender not his messenger,
Or with all of them at once: more glory will be gained,
Or less will be lost."*

Thy fear, said ZEPHON bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quelld
His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
GABRIEL from the Front thus calld aloud.

*"Your fear," said bold Zephon,
"Will save us finding out what the lowest can do
Alone against you who are wicked, and so weak."
The Fiend did not answer, consumed with rage,
But like a proud horse reined in went on haughtily,
Champing at his iron bit; to fight or to fly
He thought was useless; fear of Heaven had subdued
His heart, which nothing else could dismay. Now they came
To the western point, where those encircling patrols
Had just met, and had joined together in a squadron
Awaiting the next orders. Their chief Gabriel
Called aloud to them.*

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

And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.
To whom with stern regard thus GABRIEL spake.

*“My friends, I hear nimble footsteps
Hurrying this way, and now I see glimpses of
Ithuriel and Zephon through the dark,
And with them comes a third of regal bearing,
But with his brightness faded; by his strut
And fierce appearance he seems a Prince of Hell,
And he is unlikely to go from here peacefully;
Stand firm, for his look shows his defiance.”*
*He had hardly finished when those two approached
And quickly told whom they had captured, where they had found him,
What he was doing and what shape he had assumed.
Gabriel spoke to him sternly:*

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

*“Why have you, Satan, crossed the boundaries which
Your sins set for you, and disturbed the duty
Of others, who did not follow your example
And rebel, but have the power and right
To question your entry to this place;
It seems you have tried to violate the sleep
Of those to whom God has given this place to live in bliss.”*

To whom thus SATAN with contemptuous brow.
GABRIEL, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, & soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay

In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harme.

*Satan answered him with a scornful frown:
"Gabriel, you were called wise in Heaven,
And I thought that you were, but your asking this question
Makes me wonder. Is there anyone who loves pain?
Who would not, if he found a way, break loose from Hell
If he had been sent there? You would do it yourself, no doubt,
And boldly go wherever
You were farthest from pain, where you could hope to exchange
Torture for peace and take compensation
In pleasure, and that's why I came here;
You won't understand this, you who knows only good,
But you have not tried evil, and will you block
The will of the one who imprisoned us? Let him bar
His iron gates, if he means us to stay
In our dark prison, otherwise he'll get what he deserves.
The rest is true, they found me where they say they did,
But that does not prove I meant violence or harm."*

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since SATAN fell, whom follie overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scap't,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight
Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

*So said Satan with scorn. The warlike angel replied,
Half smiling with his disdain:
"What a loss to Heaven your wise judgement is,
Since Satan fell, overthrown by his own foolishness,
And now he comes back, escaped from his prison,
Saying he doubts that they are wise, the ones*

*Who ask him what evil brought him here,
Roaming outside the boundaries of hell without permission;
He says that it is wise to fly from pain
And to escape from his punishment.
So you still think, arrogant, until the anger
Which you have brought on yourself by flight
Rebounds on you sevenfold, and whips your wisdom back to your prison,
Where you failed to learn that no pain is as bad
As the wrath of God.
But why are you alone? Why didn't all Hell
Break from the prison with you? Is pain to them
Not as bad, do they have less desire to escape, or are you
Less hardy than them? You brave chief,
The first to run from pain, if you had told
Your lost followers why you were fleeing
You surely would not have come alone."*

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

*To which the Fiend answered with a stern frown:
"I am no less hardy, and do not shrink from pain,
You insulting angel, you well know that I stood
As your fiercest enemy, when in the battle you called
The blasting thunder to aid you
And back up your spear, which did not frighten me at all.
But still your drivelling words, as before,
Show that you have not experienced
The losses and hard trials which go to make
A good leader, who would not risk his whole army,
By sending them through dangerous paths he had not tried himself.*

*Therefore I undertook alone to be the first
 To fly over the terrible abyss, and examine
 This newly created world, which has been heard of
 In Hell, and I hoped to find
 A better home, and to settle my damaged armies
 Here on earth, or in midair;
 We are prepared to try another bout
 If you and your gaudy armies dare;
 It's easier for you to serve your Lord
 Up in Heaven, singing hymns around his throne,
 And practice bowing, not war."*

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

*The warrior angel soon replied:
 "To say and then contradict, pretending
 You were wisely fleeing pain, then saying that you are a spy,
 Does not show a leader, but a liar who's been caught out,
 Satan, and could you claim to be faithful? Oh name,
 Sacred name of faithfulness disrespected!
 To whom are you faithful? To your rebellious mob?
 An army of fiends, an appropriate army for such a leader;
 Was this your idea of discipline and faith,
 Of military obedience, to betray
 Your oath to the acknowledged highest power?
 And you sly hypocrite, who now pretends to be
 A great advocate of freedom, who more than you
 Once fawned, bowed and worshipped
 The terrible King of Heaven? Why else have you come
 Except in hope of overthrowing him and taking his throne?"*

*But take note of what I advise you now, depart;
Fly back to where you came from: from now on
If I catch you in this holy place
I shall drag you back to the Hellish pit in chains,
And lock you down so you'll never again
Mock the gates of Hell as being too easy to pass."*

So threaten'd hee, but SATAN to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
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 yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

*So he threatened, but Satan paid no attention
To the threats, but growing in rage answered:
"When I am your prisoner you can talk of chains,
You proud, border guarding Cherub, but before then
Expect to feel a far greater blow
From my fist, even if you have the King of Heaven
On your back, and you and your comrades,
Who are used to slavery, will drag my victorious chariot
In triumph over the starry paths of Heaven."*

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fierie red, sharpening in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of CERES ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side SATAN allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like TENERIFF or ATLAS unremov'd:
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt ASTREA and the SCORPION signe,
Wherein all things created first he weighd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire

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

*Whilst he said this, the bright angelic squadron
Flushed fiery red, bringing their lines round
In a semicircle, and they began to surround him
With lowered spears, as thick as when a field
Of wheat, ripe for harvest, bends down
Her forest of ears whichever way the wind
Blows them; the careful ploughman stands back,
In case his sheaves should prove to be ruined
When taken for threshing. On the other side Satan, alarmed,
Gathered up his faded strength and stood
Solid like the mountains of Tenerife or Atlas;
His height reached up to the sky, and on his helmet
Were horrible plumes, and it seemed as though
He had a spear and a shield in his hands: now dreadful things
Might have been done, and in this commotion
Not only Paradise, but the starry cloak
Of Heaven, perhaps, or all the Elements,
Would have at least been smashed, displaced or torn
By the violence of the battle. But to prevent
Such a terrible fight God
Hung from Heaven his golden scales, which can still be seen
Between the signs of Astrea and the Scorpion,
Which he used to weigh all his creations,
Balancing the heavy round Earth against the air.
Now he thinks of all the events,
Battles and Kingdoms: in these he put two weights,
One representing the consequences of leaving and one those of fighting;
The latter, outweighed, flew up quickly;
Gabriel saw this and so spoke to the Fiend:*

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

*“Satan, I know your strength, and you know mine,
Neither of them are our own but are what we have been given; what stupidity
To boast what Arms can do, since you can do no more
Than Heaven allows and nor can I, though my strength is double yours now*

*And I could trample you like mud: for proof look up,
And see your fate written in that star sign
Where you have been weighed, and see how light, how weak,
You will be if you resist."The fiend looked up and saw
The scales and argued no more but fled,
Muttering, and the shades of night went with him.*

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approacht, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn at the Door of thir 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; thir 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 from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

With the coming of morning Eve tells Adam of her troubling dream; he does not like it, but he comforts her. They come out for their day's work and sing their morning hymn at the door of their shelter. To make sure Man has no excuses God sends Raphael to warn him to be obedient, to tell him of his free will and that his enemy is close by, who the enemy is, why he is an enemy, and anything else it might be useful for Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance is described. Adam, sitting at the door of his shelter, sees him from far off. He goes out to meet him, brings him to his home and entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, gathered by Eve. Their talk at the table is reported: Raphael passes on his message and reminds Adam of his condition and his enemy. At Adam's request he tells him who the enemy is and how he came to be an enemy, starting with the rebellion in Heaven and its cause. He tells of how he drew his regiments after him to the lands in the north of Heaven, persuading all but the Seraph Abdiel, who tries to dissuade him in debate and then leaves 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,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-raisd, 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

*Now morning with her rosy steps was rising in the east
And covering the earth with dew,
When Adam woke, early as he always did, for he slept
Wonderfully light due to his pure diet
And the clear mild climate, in which the only sound
Was rustling leaves and running streams lightly fanned
By the dawn breezes, and the morning song
Of the birds on every branch; so he had the wonder
Of finding Eve still sleeping,
With her hair disordered and cheeks burning*

*As if her sleep had been uneasy; lying on his side,
Half raised and leaning over her, with looks of sweet love
He hung over her entranced, and saw
Beauty, which whether asleep or awake
Shot forth unique grace; then with a voice
Soft as when the West Wind blows on his wife Flora,
Softly touching her hand, he whispered,*

Awake

My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

*“Wake up,
My beauty, my wife, what I most recently found,
The last and best gift of Heaven, my constant delight,
Wake up, for morning is here and the fresh field
Is calling us, we're losing the sunrise, the best time to see
How our plants are faring, how the grove of citruses is blooming,
How the myrrh runs from the balsam tree,
How nature paints everything with her colors and how the bee
Sits on the flower taking its sweet nectar.*

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On ADAM, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night; methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleepest thou EVE? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;

To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
 One shap'd & wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?
 Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?
 This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme
 He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
 But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant growes,
 The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?
 Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic EVE,
 Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wondring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus EVE her Night
 Related, and thus ADAM answerd sad.

*His whispering woke her, but looking with a startled eye
 On Adam she embraced him and spoke:
 "Oh soul in whom all my thoughts find rest,
 My joy, you who complete me, I am happy to see*

*Your face, and the return of morning, for this night,
 Such as night as this I have never spent; I have dreamed,
 If it was a dream, not of you, as I usually do,
 Or of the day's work we have done or the next day's plans
 But of offensive, disturbing things, which I never knew of
 Before this troubling night; I thought that someone
 Close to my ear summoned me to walk,
 With a gentle voice which I thought was yours; it said,
 'Why are you sleeping, Eve? This is the pleasant time,
 Cool and silent except for where the silence gives way
 To the nightingale, who has awoken
 And is singing his sweetest song of love; now the full moon
 Rules over all, and with a more pleasant light
 Of shadows displays things at their best; pointlessly,
 If nobody is watching; Heaven has opened his eyes,
 Just to look at you, Nature's desire,
 The sight of whom makes all things rejoice, and with pleasure
 Wish to carry on gazing at your beauty.'*

*I rose as if you had called me, but couldn't find you,
 So I walked on to find you,
 And on, I dreamed, I went on paths
 That brought me suddenly to the tree
 Of forbidden knowledge: it looked lovely,
 Far more so, I imagined, than during the day:
 And as I looked in wonder, beside it there stood
 One with the shape and wings of an angel
 Such as we have often seen; his glistening hair like distilled
 Nectar; he was also looking at the tree;
 And he said, 'Oh fair plant, richly loaded with fruit,
 Will nobody ease your burden and taste your sweetness,
 Not God or man? Is knowledge so hated?
 Is it jealousy, or what restriction forbids you tasting?
 Whoever forbids it, you will not keep me
 From trying your offered goodness, why else were you put here?'*

*Having said this he didn't hesitate, but reached out an arm
 And picked and tasted; a chill horror ran through me
 At such bold words backed up with a bold deed:
 But he was overjoyed: 'Oh heavenly fruit,
 You are sweet anyway, but you are much more sweet taken like this.
 You are forbidden here, it seems, as only allowed for
 Gods, and yet you can turn men into Gods:
 And why shouldn't men be Gods, since the more good
 Is spread, the greater it grows,
 Not diminishing the author but bringing him honor?
 Here you happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
 You have some too; though you're happy,
 You could be happier, and you could not be more deserving:
 Taste this, and become amongst the Gods
 A Goddess, not tied to the earth,
 But sometimes flying as we sometimes do
 You may ascend to Heaven, the place which you deserve, and see*

What life the Gods live there, and live that life yourself.'
Saying this he came close, and held to my mouth
A part of that fruit
Which he had picked; the pleasant tasty smell of it
Made me so hungry that I thought
I couldn't help myself but taste. Straight away I flew with him
Up to the clouds, and below I saw
The Earth stretched out, massive, a sight both wide
And varied: I was amazed by my flight and my switch
To this exalted height; suddenly
My guide was gone and I thought that I fell down
And fell asleep; but oh how glad I am to wake up
And find it was just a dream!" So Eve told the story
Of her night, and Adam answered her sadly:

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve
 Reason as chief; among these Fancies 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 Fancies wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Som such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last Eevenings talk, in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more chearful and serene
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

"Most beautiful copy of me and my more loved half,

*The disturbance of your thoughts in your night's sleep
 Disturbs me just as much; and I do not like
 This mysterious dream, which I fear comes from evil;
 But where could the evil be? There can be none in you,
 Who was created pure. But you should know that in the soul
 There are many lesser faculties which work
 Under the rule of reason; amongst these is imagination;
 Of all external things
 Which the five senses show us,
 We see representations,
 Which reason, accepting or rejecting, uses to create
 All the we believe or disbelieve, and we call that
 Our knowledge or opinion; then reason retires
 Into her private room when we sleep.
 Often in her absence the mimic, imagination,
 Wakes and imitates her; but putting shapes together wrongly
 Often produces crazy work, and this happens most often in dreams,
 Putting together in the wrong order words or deeds from the past.
 I think I can see some resemblance
 In your dream to our talk last evening,
 But with some strange additions; but don't be afraid.
 Into the mind of God or man evil
 May come and go, and if it is ignored it leaves
 No stain or blame behind: this gives me hope,
 For what you refused to do even in a dream
 You will never consent to do awake.
 Don't be downhearted, or have a frown on that face
 Which is more used to being cheerful and peaceful
 When the fair morning first smiles on the world,
 And let us start our new day's work
 Amongst the groves, the springs and the flowers
 That now open up their petals to release their sweetest scent
 Which they kept back from the night and saved for you."*

So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in thir chrystal sluce, hee ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feard to have offended.
 So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
 But first from under shadie arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
 Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
 Of Paradise and EDENS happie Plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid

In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

*So he tried to cheer his lovely wife, and she was cheered,
But a silent tear fell
From either eye, and she wiped them with her hair;
There were two others ready to fall
But before they could
He kissed them away as the proper signs of sweet regret
And devoted wonder, that was afraid to have sinned.
So all was settled, and they hastened to the field.
But first, as they left the shady roof of trees,
As soon as they came out into the clear light
Of daybreak, and the sun, who had hardly risen
With its edge just poised on the horizon
Shot his dew soaked rays parallel to the Earth,
Revealing the great landscape east
Of Paradise and the happy fields of Eden;
They bowed low in worship, and began
Their morning prayers, performed each morning
In various ways, for they were not lacking ways
Nor holy joy with which to praise
Their maker, speaking or singing
Without planning, such eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or metered verse,
Which was so tuneful it needed no instrument
To add sweetness, and so they 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,
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.

Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st
 With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
 And yee five other wandring Fires that move
 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
 His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceasless change
 Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
 In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
 Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us onely good; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

*"These are your glorious works, parent of good,
 The Almighty, this is your universe,
 And it is so beautiful and wonderful: how wonderful you are then!
 Indescribable, the one who sits above these skies,
 Invisible to us, or only dimly seen
 In your smallest works here, but they show
 Your goodness beyond comprehension, and divine power;
 Speak, for you are the best ones to tell of him, you Sons of Light,
 Angels, for you see him and with songs
 And choral symphonies, in days which have no night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing, you in heaven;
 On Earth all creatures should join to praise him*

*First, last and always, never ending.
 Loveliest of stars, the last in the journey of night,
 If it is not the case that you belong to the dawn,
 The best promise that day is coming, who crowns the happy morning
 With your bright circle, praise him in your universe
 While day breaks, that lovely first hour.
 You sun, the eye and the soul of this great world,
 Acknowledge him as even greater than you, sing his praise
 With your everlasting journey, both as you rise
 And, when you have reached high noon, as you set.
 Moon, that now meets the sun in the east, that
 Now flies with the stars, fixed in their flying orbit,
 And you five other planets that move
 In your mystical dance accompanied by heavenly music, sing
 His praises, Him who summoned light from the darkness.
 Air, and you elements that were the first born
 Of Nature, that travel in a fourfold
 Eternal circle, mixing together, and in your mixture
 Nourish all things, let your neverending changes
 Vary to give new praise to our great Maker.
 You mists and fogs that rise
 From the hills and steaming lakes, shadowy or grey,
 Until the sun touches your fleecy edges with gold,
 Rise in honor of the great Creator,
 Whether to decorate the plain sky with clouds
 Or wet the thirsty earth with rain,
 As you rise or fall still give him praise.
 You winds that blow from all four points, give him praise
 As you blow soft or strong; and wave your tops, you pines,
 With all other plants, showing your worship as you wave.
 You springs and streams, that murmur harmonious songs
 As you flow, praise him with your warbling tune.
 Join voices all you living souls; you birds,
 That sing as you rise up to the gates of Heaven,
 Carry his praise on your wings and in your song;
 You that glide through the sea, and you who walk
 On land with majestic step or creeping low;
 See if I am silent, morning or evening,
 The hills, valleys, springs and woods
 Shall ring with my song and shall learn to praise him.
 Hail the ruler of the universe, remain generous
 In giving us only good things; and if the night
 Is hiding anything dark or evil,
 Banish it, as the light now banishes the dark.”*

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
 On to thir mornings rural work they haste
 Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
 Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
 Thir 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 down th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd
RAPHAEL, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with TOBIAS, and secur'd
His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

*So they prayed in their innocence, and to their minds
Peace and their accustomed calm soon returned.
On to their morning's pastoral work they hurried
Among the flowers and the sweet dew; where any row
Of overgrown fruit trees reached out too far
With their well fed branches, they gave needed hands
To check their fruitless growth: or they trained the vine
Around the elm tree; married with him she wraps
Him in her arms, and with her brings
Her bounty of bunches of grapes to decorate
His fruitless leaves. So the King of Heaven saw them work,
And he pitied them, and to him summoned
Raphael, the Spirit friendly to Man, who traveled
With Tobias and arranged
His marriage to the seven times married 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
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
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
Surprisa, unadmonisht, unforwarnd.

*“Raphael,” he said, “You have heard of what is happening on Earth:
How Satan, escaped from Hell through the dark abyss,*

*Has appeared in Paradise, and how he disturbed
In the night this human pair, and how he plans
To use them to cause the ruin of all mankind.
So go, and spend half the day talking with Adam
As friend to friend, in whatever bower or shade
You find him sheltering from the noontday heat,
Breaking his work with food
Or rest; and talk to him in a way
That will let him know of his happy situation,
With his happiness in the power of his own free will,
Completely his own free will, which although it is free
Is changeable; so warn him to beware thinking
That his position is completely safe: tell him about
The danger he is in, and from who it comes, that the enemy
Who recently fell from Heaven is plotting
The fall of others from the state of bliss that he once enjoyed.
It will not come from violence, for that can be defended,
But from deceit and lies; let him know this,
So that if he does choose to disobey he cannot pretend
That he is surprised or that he was not warned."*

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
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of GALILEO, less assur'd, observes
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
Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
A PHOENIX, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to AEGYPTIAN THEB'S he flies.
At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise

He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest
With regal Ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like MAIA'S son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on som message high they guessd him bound.

*So the eternal father spoke, with the greatest
Fairness; and the winged saint did not delay
Once he had his orders, but from amongst
A thousand other angels, where he stood
Wrapped in his gorgeous wings, he sprang up
And flew through the middle of Heaven; the choirs of angels
Parted on each side to let him through
All along the path of Heaven, until he arrived at the Gate
Of Heaven, and the gate opened wide by itself,
Turning on golden hinges, as with his divine craftsmanship
The supreme architect had designed them.
From there no stars or clouds blocked his view,
He could see everything however small, and he saw,
Not unlike the other shining planets,
Earth and the garden of God, with cedars
Crowning the hilltops. As when at nighttime the telescope
Of Galileo, less far seeing, sees
What he believes are lands and continents on the moon:
Or a sailor in the Cyclades islands,
Delos or Samos sees the first appearance
Of a speck of cloud. Straight down, stretched out in flight,
He speeds, and through the vast skies of Heaven
He sails between the planets, gliding on
The polar winds, then with quick wings
He beats the supporting air; until he has reached
The highest point the eagles can attain, and to all the birds he seems
To be a phoenix, watched by all as that solitary bird is
When he flies to Thebes in Egypt to bury his remains
In the bright temple of the sun.
At once he lands on the eastern cliff of Paradise,
And returns to his proper shape
Of a winged Seraph: he had six wings, to shade
His heavenly features; one pair came
From his broad shoulders and cloaked his chest
With Kingly decoration; the middle pair*

*Were wrapped around his waist like a starry belt,
And made a skirt for his loins and thighs with golden feathers
Dipped in the colors of Heaven; the third pair
Grew from his heels and covered his feet with feathery armor
The color of the sky. He stood like Maia's son,
And shook his feathers so that a heavenly scent
Spread far and wide. At once all the watching angel guards
Recognised him, and rose to acknowledge his status
And the errand he was performing,
For they guessed that he was on a mission from God.*

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

*He passed their glittering tents, and comes
Into the happy garden, through groves of myrrh,
And the flowering scent of cassia, nard and balm,
A sweet wilderness, for Nature here
Flourished innocently, and experimented
With all the things at her disposal, pouring out sweetness,
Wild beyond control; enormous bliss.
Adam saw him approaching through
The spicy forest, as he sat in the door
Of his cool shelter, while now the ascended sun
Shot his burning rays directly down, to warm
The very heart of Earth with more warmth than Adam needed,
And inside Eve performed her duty of the hour, preparing
A dinner of savory fruit of a taste that would please
The appetite, and to serve thirst
There were sweet drinks like nectar, made from milk,
Berries or grapes; Adam called to her:*

Haste hither EVE, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n

To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

*“Come quickly, Eve, and look
East amongst those trees, see what a glorious shape
Is coming this way; it seems like another morning
Rising at midday; perhaps he’s bringing us
Some great order from Heaven, and will agree
To be our guest today. But go quickly
And bring out the best you have in store,
And lots of it, suited to honor and welcome
Our Heavenly stranger; it is right that we should share
The gifts with the giver, and be generous
Where we have received generosity, where Nature grows and grows,
And where when she sheds her seeds she
Becomes more fruitful, and so we need keep nothing back.”*

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.

*Eve said to him: “Adam, molded from sacred earth,
Created by God, we do not need a store, when
At all times what we need hangs ripe and ready for us;
We only store things that ripen when stored,
Or that need drying out:
But I will hurry and from each branch and bush,
Plant and juicy vegetable I shall pick the best
To entertain our angel guest so that when he sees them
He will admit that God has given us just as good
Things on Earth as there are in Heaven.”*

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring

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

*Saying this, with a quick farewell glance,
 She turned, thinking of her hospitality
 And which delicacies would be the best choice
 And what order she should serve them in, arranged not to mix
 Tastes in a clumsy way, but to bring out
 Taste after taste, complimenting each other.
 This was her task, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever the fruitful earth gives,
 In India, west or east, or the Mediterranean coast
 Of Pontus or Africa, or the kingdom
 Of Alcinous, fruit of all kinds, with skin
 Rough or smooth, or hairy coating or shell,
 She gathers, a great offering, and heaps the table
 With a generous hand; for drink she crushes grapes,
 Unfermented juice, and the flesh
 Of many berries, and from sweet crushed nuts
 She makes sweet creams. She does not lack
 Cups to hold them in, and she covers the floor
 With the natural perfume of rose petals.
 Meanwhile our great forebear, to meet
 His Godlike guest, walks out, without any
 Adornment except his own complete perfection,
 His own body was his robes of state,
 Greater than the tedious show that follows*

*Princes, when with their great train
Of horses and grooms dressed in gold
They dazzle the crowd and sets them all staring.
Adam came nearer to him, not afraid
But with the submission and meek reverence
Due to a superior being, and bowing low
He spoke:*

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 shady 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.

*“Native of Heaven, for no other place
Than Heaven could produce such a wonderful form,
Since by descending from the Heavenly thrones
You have agreed to honor these happy places
For a while, stay with us;
We are only two but by the gift of God we own
This wide place: in the shady shelter there
Come and rest, and taste the best things of the garden,
Until this noonday heat
Has passed and the sun gives cooler warmth.”*

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
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.

*The virtuous angel answered him sweetly:
“Adam, that is why I came, nor are you or
Your dwelling place unfit*

*To receive guests, even if they are Spirits of Heaven.
Lead on to where your shelter
Gives shade, for these middle hours of the day, until sunset,
I have at my disposal." So to the wooded home
They came, that like the house of Pomona smiled
Decorated with flowers and sweet scents; but Eve
Was not decorated, she was just herself, more lovely
Than a wood nymph, or than the fairest goddess imagined
Of the three that fought on Mount Ida.
So she stood to entertain her guest from Heaven, needing
No veil, for she was virtuous, and no shame
Brought any blush to her cheek. The angel greeted her
With the holy words used long afterwards
To blessed Mary, the second Eve.*

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample Square from side to side
All AUTUMN pil'd, though SPRING and AUTUMN here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
Our Authour

*"Hail the Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall people the world with a greater number of sons
Than the numbers of fruits which the trees of God
Have piled on this table." Their table was made
Of grassy turf, and had mossy seats around it,
And from side to side of its wide top
All the fruits of autumn were piled, although spring and autumn
Are both present at the same time in that place. They talk for a while,
Not worrying that their dinner would cool, and then our ancestor
Spoke:*

Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

*" Heavenly stranger, please sample
These gifts which our nourisher, from whom
All good comes, has sent down to us,
For our food and our enjoyment he has made
The Earth grow them; it may not be the right food
For angels; I only know that*

The one Heavenly Father gives to all."

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal 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
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice.

*The Angel replied: "And so what he gives
(May it always be praised) to man, who is part
Spirit, even the purest Spirits
Will enjoy: and beings of pure intelligence
Need food just as much
As rational beings like you; they have
The same faculties
Of sense, hearing, seeing, smell, touch, taste,
They taste, digest and absorb
And turn the physical into energy.
For you should know that whatever has been created
Needs to be sustained and fed; with the Elements
The coarser ones feed the purer: earth feeds the sea,
The sea and earth feed the air, the air feeds the fires
Of Heaven, starting with the Moon,
Where you can see those spots on her face
Which are spots of air not yet turned into her fire.
And the moon gives nourishment*

*From her moist lands to the higher planets.
The sun that gives light to all
Is repaid by all
With humid evaporation, and in the evening
Drinks from the ocean: though in Heaven the trees
Of life bear ambrosial fruit, and vines
Give nectar, through from the branches each morning
We gather sweet dews, and find the ground
Covered with grain like pearls; yet in this place God has
So varied his gifts with new delights
That it may be compared to Heaven; and don't think
I am too fussy to try them."*

So down they sat,
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect 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.

*So they sat down
And started their meal, and the angel,
Who did not seem to be made of mist, as
Theologians often claim, joined in
With real hunger and with real digestion
Turned one thing into another; what remains
Passes from Spirits easily; why should this be surprising,
When with a fire of dirty coal the experimental scientist
Can turn, or thinks it is possible to turn,
The basest metals into gold as perfect
As that from the mine? Meanwhile at the table Eve
Served naked, and filled their flowing cups
With sweet liquids to the brim: oh innocence,
Which deserves Paradise! If there was ever a time
That the sons of God had an excuse to become lustful
It would have been now, seeing the angel; but in those hearts
Love ruled without lust, and jealousy,
The Hell of unhappy lovers, was unknown.*

Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In ADAM, not to let th' occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?

*Then when they had had just enough food and drink,
And not overindulged, it suddenly occurred
To Adam that he should not let the chance pass by
Which this great meeting gave him to learn
Of the things above his world, and what those who
Live in Heaven are like, those whose excellence he could see
Was far greater than his own, whose shining forms
Are made of heavenly light, whose great power was so much
Greater than man's, and so he nervously spoke
To the Minister of Heaven.
"You who live with God, I am very aware
Of the honor you have done us
By agreeing to come into our humble home
And eating our earthly food,
Not the food of angels, but accepted as if it was;
You could not have eaten more willingly
If you were actually at a feast in Heaven; but how does it compare?"*

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
O ADAM, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure

Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fansie and understanding, whence the soule
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance; time may come when men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend
 Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happie state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

The winged angel replied:

*“Oh Adam, there is only one God, from whom
 All things come and to whom all returns
 If it has not been turned from good. He created all,
 With such perfection, all made of the same original material,
 Given different forms and different sizes
 And in living things different lifespans;
 But the more refined, the more spiritual, the purest
 Are placed closer to him or attend him more closely,
 Each one assigned their position,
 Until the body becomes the spirit, in steps
 Of appropriate size for each kind. So from the root
 There comes the lighter green stalk, from that come leaves,
 Still lighter, and at last the bright flower
 Which breathes perfume: flowers and their fruit,
 Man's nourishment, aspire by gradual steps
 To rise to the level of Spirits, to be animal,
 Intellectual, to have life and sense,
 Imagination and understanding, from where the soul
 Receives reason, and reason is what makes her,
 Discursive, or intuitive: yours is most often
 Discursive, ours intuitive,
 Different in strength but of the same kind.
 Do not be surprised then if I don't refuse
 What God thought good for you, but convert it, as you do,
 Into what is needed; there may come a time when men*

*Dine with the angels, and find
 No food that they cannot eat or is too light for them:
 And from this physical nourishment perhaps
 Your bodies might turn at last to Spirits,
 Improved by passing time, and fly up,
 Heavenly as we are, and may choose
 To live here or in the Paradise of Heaven;
 This may happen if you remain obedient, and keep
 Without alteration the full love
 Of the one whose children you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill of the happiness your current happy state
 Gives you, the most you can understand at this time.”*

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 From center to circumference, whereon
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution joind, IF YE BE FOUND
 OBEDIENT? can wee want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert
 Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

*The father of mankind answered him:
 “You kind Spirit, welcome guest,
 You have shown us the way
 That we should think, and laid out the whole of Nature
 From end to end, so that
 In observing the things of creation
 We may rise up by steps to understanding of God. But tell me,
 What did you mean by that warning, ‘If you are obedient’?
 How could we lack obedience
 To him, or turn our backs on his love,
 Who made us from the dust, and put us here,
 Enjoying the greatest pleasure
 That humans can ask for or understand?”*

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
 God made thee 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
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:
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!

*The angel replied: "Son of Heaven and Earth,
Be warned: you owe your happiness to God;
To remain happy is your responsibility,
For you must always remain obedient.
That was the warning I gave you, take note of it.
God made you perfect, not unchangeable;
He made you good, but to remain good
He left up to you, giving you free will
As part of your nature, and you cannot be ruled over by
Unavoidable fate, or act through complete lack of choice.
He asks us to serve him voluntarily,
Not because we are forced: that sort of service
Will not be accepted, for how
Can hearts which are not free show if they are serving
Willingly or not, if they can only do what they are forced to
By destiny, having no other choice?
Myself and all the Host of Angels that stand
In front of God's throne, our happy state
Lasts, as yours does, as long as our obedience lasts;
That is all he asks, and we serve through our choice.
Because we choose to love, and have the power
To love or not, we stand or fall by our choice:
And some have fallen, through disobedience,
And been thrown down from Heaven to deepest Hell;
What a fall, from such ecstasy into such sorrow!"*

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eare
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

*Our great forefather answered: "I have paid more attention,
Holy teacher, to your words, and listened with more delight
Than when I have heard
Angel songs sending out airy music
From neighboring hills: I did not know
That we were created to have free will and do as we wish;
But that we could ever forget to love
Our maker, and obey him who has only give us
One command, and that a fair one,
I am sure that will not happen: though what you tell me
Has happened in Heaven causes me some doubt,
And I would like to hear more, if you are willing,
The whole story, which must be very strange
And worthy of being listened to with all attention;
And we still have plenty of time, for the sun
Has hardly finished half his journey, and has only just
Begun the other half across the great sky."*

Thus ADAM made request, and RAPHAEL
After short pause assenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best, though what if Earth
Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and CHAOS wilde
Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth now rests
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
(For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Host
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,

Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

*So Adam asked, and Raphael,
Agreeing, after a short pause, began.
"You have set me a hard task, first man,
Hard and sad, for how can I explain
To a human mind the invisible actions
Of warring Spirits? How can I tell
Without sorrow of the downfall of so many who were glorious once
And perfect when in Heaven? How can I reveal
The secrets of another world, which perhaps
I am forbidden to do? But for your benefit
It is allowed, and what is beyond
Human understanding I shall describe
By comparing spiritual to physical forms,
In the most understandable way, but it may be that Earth
Is just a reflection of Heaven, and the things in them
Are more similar to each other than is thought on Earth.
This world did not exist, and wild Chaos
Ruled where the skies are now, where Earth rests
Balanced on her center, when one day
(For time, though endless, when joined
To motion measures all physical things
By present, past and future), on the day
Of the change of Heaven's long year, the Heavenly host
Were summoned by God's angels,
And countless before the Almighty throne
At once from all corners of Heaven there came
Under their leaders with their bright badges
Ten million junior officers with their flags
Held high, and banners between the front and back
Streamed in the air, and marked the boundaries
Of organizations, orders and ranks;
Or on their shining cloth were embroidered
Holy Memorials, with acts of courage and love
Written prominently. So when in circles
Of unmeasurable circumference they stood,*

*Circles within circles, the Eternal Father,
Next to whom sat the Son, cloaked in bliss,
Spoke, appearing to be a flaming mountain
Whose top was made invisible by its brightness.*

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule
For ever happie: him who disobeyes
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
Ordaind without redemption, without end.

*'Hear all you angels, children of light,
Thrones, dominions, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my order, which shall not be changed.
Today I have created the one I call
My only son, and on this holy hill
I have anointed him, the one you see now
On my right side; I appoint him your chief,
And have sworn that all knees in Heaven
Shall bow to him and acknowledge him as Lord:
Live under his great viceregency,
United as one soul,
Happy forever: if you disobey him
You disobey me, and on that day
You will be cast away from God and my holy sight
And fall into utter darkness, a deep pit, a place
Where you shall stay, unforgiven, forever.'*

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solem dayes, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, 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
 Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
 In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
 They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
 Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd
 With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.
 Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
 In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course
 Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
 Alternate all night long:

*So spoke the all powerful One, and with his words
 All seemed well pleased. All seemed to be, but not all were.
 That day, was spent, as other special days were
 In singing and dancing around the sacred hill,
 A mysterious dance, which that starry realm
 Of planets all fixed in their orbits
 Closely resembles: intricate wandering,
 Strange, intertwined, yet most regular
 When they appear to be at their least regular:
 And their motions so reflect
 The music of Heaven, that God himself
 Is delighted to listen. Evening now approached,
 (For we also have morning and evening,
 Though we change them for pleasure, not because it is needed)
 And they turned from the dance to a sweet meal,
 Hungry, they all stood in circles,
 Tables are set, and suddenly piled
 With Angel's food, and deep red nectar flows:
 In crockery of pearl, of diamond and massive gold
 They eat and drink and are filled
 With the fruits of delicious vines and the crops of Heaven,
 In front of the generous King, who supplied
 All with a free hand, rejoicing in their happiness.*

*Now when sweet night with clouds
Drifted from the high mountain of God, from which
Both light and shade grow, the bright face of Heaven had changed
To a peaceful twilight (for that is as dark as night
Becomes there) and rose colored dews
Soothed all eyes to sleep, except those of God, who never sleeps,
Far and wide across the plains, far wider than
If all this round Earth was spread out flat,
(For this is how it is in Heaven) the angelic throng
Dispersed into groups and stretched their camps
By living streams amongst the trees of life,
With numberless tents and suddenly erected
Heavenly canopies, where they slept
Fanned by cool breezes, apart from those
Who took their turn walking around the Holy throne
Singing hymns 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
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, unobey'd the Throne supream
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

*but this was not
How Satan stayed awake, we'll call him that now, his former name
Is no longer used in Heaven; he was of the first rank,
If not actually the first, of the archangels, great in power,
In favour and position, but torn
With envy against the Son of God who had that day
Been honored by his great father, declared
Messiah, the anointed King: his pride meant
He could not bear the sight, and thought it belittled him.
With deep hatred and contempt growing within him,
As soon as midnight brought the dark hour,
Best suited to sleep and silence, he decided
To decamp with all his legions, and leave
Unworshipped, unobeyed the supreme throne
Which he now hated, and waking up his second in command
Spoke to him secretly.*

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

*'How can you sleep, my dear companion,
If you remember the order of yesterday,
That which so recently was spoken
By Heaven's greatest. You and I
Are accustomed to sharing the same thoughts,
We were both as one when awake; how can you now
Disagree with sleep? You see the new laws,
New laws from the one who reigns, which might inspire
New thoughts in we who serve, new Councils to debate
What action should be taken; it's not safe to say more
In this place. Assemble all of those
Numberless armies which are loyal to us;
Tell them that by my order, before morning
I am going to hurry
With all those who serve under me,
Homeward in double time to our lands
In the North, where we will prepare
An appropriate entertainment for our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who intends to speed through the ranks
In triumph, and hand out his laws.'*

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
Of his Associate; hee together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,

The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

*So the false Archangel spoke, and put
Bad influence into the unguarded heart
Of his comrade; he calls, either in groups
Or singly, the powers of regency,
Who served under him as regent and tells what he has been told,
That the highest had commanded,
That before night had left Heaven,
The great flag of their order was to move;
He tells them the reason, and in between
Throws in ambiguous words and hatred, to test
Or damage their integrity; but all obeyed
The order and superior command
Of their great leader, for his name was indeed great,
And he was of high rank in Heaven;
His face drew them, just as the morning star
Guides all the stars, and with lies
He drew away a third of the Host of Heaven:
Meanwhile the eternal eye, whose sight makes out
The deepest thoughts, from his holy mountain
And from within the golden lamps which burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw who had joined it, how it had spread
Amongst the sons of morning, what numbers
Had gathered to oppose his high order;
And smiling he spoke to his only son.*

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
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.

*'Son, you in whom I see my glory reflected
'To its highest level, inheritor of all my strength,
Now is the time we must be sure
Of our omnipotence, and decide with what arms
We mean to retain our ancient claims
Of Godliness and Empire: there is such an enemy
Rising, who intends to set up a throne
Equal to ours, in the wide northern lands;
He will not stop there, he is planning to fight us
In battle and test our powers and our rights.
Let us prepare, and to face this danger gather
Quickly all the armies that are left and use them all
In our defence, in case we are taken unawares and lose
This high place, our sanctuary on the hill.'*

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

*The Son, with a calm face
And even temper, serene,
Answered. 'Mighty father, you rightly
Have contempt for your enemies, and being secure
Laugh at their vain plans and rages.
Let me take control of the matter, for it is me
Who has stirred up their hatred, when they saw all their power
Given to me to rein in their pride, and so
Let us find out if I have the skill to crush
Those who rebel against you – if not, I am Heaven's weakest.'*

So spake the Son, but SATAN with his Powers
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.

Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
 All thy Dominion, ADAM, is no more
 Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
 And all the Sea, from one entire globose
 Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
 At length into the limits of the North
 They came, and SATAN to his Royal seat
 High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
 Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
 From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
 The Palace of great LUCIFER, (so call
 That Structure in the Dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after, hee
 Affecting all equality with God,
 In imitation of that Mount whereon
 MESSIAH was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
 For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
 Pretending so commanded to consult
 About the great reception of thir King,
 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
 Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

*So the Son spoke, but Satan and his armies
 Were far away on speeding wings, an army
 Numberless as the night stars,
 Or the dewdrops which the sun
 Places on every leaf and flower.
 They passed through territories, the great regencies
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
 In their triple order, territories which
 Are greater than all your dominion, Adam,
 Just as the Earth and all the sea, if they were stretched
 Into one long piece instead of being a globe,
 Are bigger than your garden; having passed through these
 Eventually they came to the far North
 And Satan came to his royal throne,
 High on a hill, its glare could be seen from far away, it was like
 A mountain on top of a mountain, with pyramids and towers
 Made out of diamonds and gold,
 The palace of great Lucifer (that is
 How that place is called, translated
 Into the language of Men), which soon after,
 Pretending to be equal to God,
 He named the Mountain of Congregation,
 Imitating that mountain on which
 The Messiah was declared in the sight of Heaven;
 For there he assembled all his lieutenants,
 Pretending he summoned them to consult*

*As to how they should receive their King
When he came there, and with the lying tricks
Of false truth he held their attention:*

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,
If these magnific Titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross't
All Power, and us eclipt under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to consult how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

*'Thrones, dominions, princedoms, virtues, powers,
If these great titles are more
Than just titles, since by order
Another has now awarded himself
All power, and set himself above us under the name
Of the anointed King, for whom all this haste,
This midnight march, this hurried meeting,
Are all to discuss how we may best
Meet him when he comes here to us,
What new type of honors can we give him when he comes?
We have not yet bowed the knee to him, disgusting slavery –
It's too much to give to one, how shall we give it to two,
The first and now the one set up in his image?
What if better thoughts might come to mind
And teach us to cast off this oppression?*

*Will you bow your heads, and choose to bend your knees?
 You will not, if I know you right
 As I think I do, or if you know yourselves,
 Natives and Sons of Heaven, never before owned
 By anyone, and if we are not all equal,
 We are all equally free, for orders and ranks
 Do not clash with freedom but exist well with it, side by side.
 Then who can reasonably or correctly assume
 Kingship over those who are by rights
 His equals – maybe less in power or splendor, but
 Equal in freedom? How can he impose
 Laws on us, who do not do wrong
 Without laws, much less claim to be our Lord,
 And expect to be worshipped for abusing
 The Imperial Titles which say
 We are meant to govern, not to serve?’*

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim
 ABDIEL, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
 The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
 O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
 In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne
 The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
 That to his only Son by right endu'd
 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let Reigne,
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of libertie, who made
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignitie
 How provident he is, how farr from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happie state under one Head more neer
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by his Word the mighty Father made

All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in thir bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
While Pardon may be found in time besought.

*So far his bold speech was heard without opposition,
When from amongst the Seraphim
Abdiel, who up until then had more than anyone
Adored God, and obeyed his divine commands,
Stood up, and in a furious rage
Opposed what had been said.
'This is a blasphemous argument, lying and arrogant!
These are words which nobody should expect to hear
In Heaven, least of all from you, ungrateful one,
Who has been given a place so high above your comrades.
Do you dare with blasphemous criticism to reject
The fair ruling of God, announced and sworn to,
That to his only Son, given by rights
The power of a King, every soul in Heaven
Should bow down, and in giving him that honor
Accept him as the rightful king? You say
That it is unjust to impose laws upon the free,
And allow one equal to rule over another,
One over all with eternal power.
Are you going to teach God the law, debate
With him the nature of freedom, the one who made
You who you are, and created the powers of Heaven
As he wished, and set out the rules which govern them?
We know from experience how good he is,
And how respectful of our dignity, how
He cares for us, how little he is trying
To diminish us; he is trying to make
Our happy state happier, by uniting us under one leader
Who is closer to us. But you are right to say it is unjust
That an equal shall reign over equals as King;
Do you think that you, though great and glorious,
Or all the angels joined together as one being,
Are equal to the only son of God,
Who was made by the word of God,
Just as he made all things, even you, and all the Spirits of Heaven
In their bright orders,
Crowned them with glory, and to their glory gave them
Thrones, dominions, princedoms, virtues, powers,*

*Essential powers, which are not lessened by his Kingship,
But made more glorious, since as our leader
His power is shared by these titles.
His laws become our laws, and all honor done to him
Is honor for us as well. Stop this blasphemous rage,
And do not tempt these others, but hurry to placate
The angered father and the angered son,
Whilst there is till time to seek their forgiveness.'*

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were formd then saist thou? & the work
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
When this creation was? rememberst thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raisd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

*So the fervent angel spoke, but none seconded
His passion, thinking it not right for the time,
Or foolhardy and obtuse, and so the rebel
Was pleased, and answered with arrogance.
'We were made then, is that what you are saying?
And we are the work of other hands, now passed down
From father to son? This is something strange and new!
We would like to know where you learnt all this: who saw
This creation? Do you remember
Being made, when the maker brought you to life?
We know no time when things were not as they are now;
We know of none who came before us, we are self made,
Raised by our own strength, it was inevitable
When time had run round his full course, that
Our native Heaven and we its children should be born.
Our strength is our own, our own guidance
Shall teach us to do great things and by testing
Find who our equal is: then you shall see*

*Whether we intend to bow down,
And whether we shall approach the almighty throne
With pleading or with war. Take these words
And this news to the anointed King;
And fly, before harm comes to you.'*

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods MESSIAH; those indulgent Laws
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.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

*So he spoke, and like the roar of the sea
A rough murmur of applause greeted his words
Throughout the great gathering, but in spite of that
The flaming Seraph remained fearless, though he was alone
And surrounded by enemies, he still answered boldly.
'You are lost from God, you cursed Spirit,
You have lost all that is good; I can see that
You will fall, and your unlucky mob involved in this
Deceitful fraud will be infected
With both your crime and your punishment: from now on
Don't worry about how you can escape the rule
Of God's Messiah; those soft laws
Will not now be enacted, other orders
Against you have been issued and cannot be rescinded;
The golden scepter which you rejected
Is now an iron rod which will beat and break
Your disobedience. You gave me good advice,
But it's not because of your advice or your threats
That I flee from this wicked place, but in case the anger
Which is coming, shooting into sudden flame,*

*Should destroy all here without distinction: expect soon to feel
His thunder crash down on you with his devouring fire.
Then as you wail you will learn who created you,
The one who can unmake you too.'*

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

*So the faithful Seraph Abdiel spoke,
The only faithful one amongst all the faithless;
Amongst all the countless false ones he was unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
He kept his loyalty, his love, his courage;
Neither weight of numbers nor their example
Could make him swerve from the truth, or change his steadfast mind
Though he was just one. He walked away through the crowd,
A long way through hostile scorn, which he endured
Superior, and did not fear their violence;
And reflecting their scorn he turned his back
On those proud towers which were now marked for destruction.*

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

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

Raphael continues to tell how Michael and Gabriel were sent out to take the battle to Satan and his Angels. The first battle is described and Satan and his powers retire under cloak of night. He calls a council and invents hellish machines, which on the second day of battle cause Michael and the angels some difficulty. Eventually they pulled up the mountains and overwhelmed Stan's machines and his armies. But as the battle was not ended on the third day God sends his son, the Messiah, for whom he had reserved the glory of the victory. He comes to the place with his father's power, and making all his armies stand back he drives into the middle of his enemies with his chariot and thunder, and pursues them towards the wall of Heaven. It opens, and they leap in horror and confusion into the prison prepared for them in the pit. The Messiah returns to his Father in triumph.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'n's 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
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
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.

*“All night the fearless angel, unpursued,
Made his way across the wide plain of Heaven,*

*Until morning, woken by passage of time, with a rosy hand
Unlocked the gates of light. There is a cave
Inside the mountain of God, near his throne,
Where light and darkness in eternal orbit
Enter and leave in turn, which creates in Heaven
A welcome variety, like day and night;
Light comes out, and at the other door
Obedient darkness comes in and waits until it is time
To throw its veil over Heaven; though darkness there
Is what you would see as twilight; and now the morning came out
As she appears in highest Heaven, dressed in
Heavenly gold, and night vanished as she came,
Shot through with the sunrise; then the whole plain.
Covered with bright squadrons armed for battle,
Chariots and flaming weapons, and fiery horses
All blazing together, appeared before him.
He could see that all was prepared for war, and found
That the news he was bringing was
Already known; so happily he mingled
With his friends who welcomed him
With joy and loud praise for the fact that one
Of the great number who had fallen
Had come back to them: onto the holy hill
They led him, to great applause, and presented him
Before the throne, from where a voice
From inside a golden cloud spoke softly.*

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintaind
Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
MESSIAH, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe MICHAEL of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next
GABRIEL, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,

Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
Of TARTARUS, which ready opens wide
His fiery CHAOS to receive thir fall.

*'Servant of God, well done, you have fought
The good fight, who alone stood by,
Against the rebellious masses, the cause
Of truth, and your words were greater than their weapons;
And for standing by the truth you suffered
Universal reproach, which is far harder to bear
Than violence: all you cared for
Was to do right in the eyes of God, however much all others
Thought you wrong; now an easier battle
Is left for you, aided by this army of friends.
You shall return to your enemies with more glory
Than the scorn with which you left, to put down
By force those who say they will not accept the law,
Replacing it with their own ideas, and do not accept
Their King Messiah, who reigns on his merits.
Michael, Prince of the heavenly Armies, go,
And you, the next in military skill,
Gabriel, lead out to battle these, my invincible
Sons, lead out my armed saints
Arranged for the fight in their thousands and millions,
Equal in number to that Godless mob
Of rebels, assault them fearlessly with fire
And weapons, and chase them to the edge of Heaven,
Drive them away from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the abyss
Of Hell, which is open wide with
Its fiery chaos ready to receive them.'*

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the Powers Militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate 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
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of Birds in orderly array on wing

Came summon'd over EDEN to receive
Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht
In battailous aspect, and neerer view
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,

*So the royal voice spoke, and clouds began
To darken the hill, and smoke rolled
In dusky coils with flickering flames, the sign
Of anger aroused; and just as fearsome the loud
Heavenly trumpet began to blow from on high:
At this command the military powers
That represented Heaven joined in a great square formation
Of irresistible strength, moved their bright legions
On, to the sound
Of military music that spoke
Of heroic passion and adventurous deeds
Serving under their Godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they go,
Unbreakably united: no hill,
Nor twisting valley, nor wood, nor stream splits
Their perfect ranks, for they marched high
Above the ground, and the calm air supported
Their soft steps, as when all the species
Of birds, lined up in flight,
Answered the summons to gather over Eden
To receive their names from you, Adam. So over many areas
Of Heaven they marched, and many wide provinces,
Ten times the length of Earth: at last
Far away on the northern horizon there appeared
A fiery region, stretched from edge to edge
In a warlike display, and on closer examination
Was bristling with the countless upright beams
Of great spears, crowds of helmets and shields
Of various types, with boastful slogans on them.*

The banded Powers of SATAN hasting on
With furious expedition; for they weend
That self same day by fight, or by surprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To set the envier of his State, the proud
Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of joy and love

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

*The massed powers of Satan rushed on
 With furious energy, for they wanted
 To fight that very day, or to take
 The mountain of God by surprise, and on his throne
 To put the one who envied his position, the proud
 Would be usurper, but their thoughts proved in vain
 Before they had got halfway. It seemed strange to us
 At first, that angels should fight with angels,
 And meet in fierce battle, those who were used
 To meeting so often in festivals of joy and love
 United, as the sons of one great father,
 Praising eternal god; but the shout
 Of battle now went up, and the rushing sounds
 Of attack soon banished any softer thoughts.
 High in the middle, raised as a God,
 The blasphemer in his sun bright chariot sat,
 A false copy of divine majesty, circled
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields.
 Then he jumped down from his gorgeous throne,
 For there was only a narrow gap left between the two armies,
 A terrible pause as the two fronts
 Faced each other in a fearsome display
 Of hideous length: ahead of the leading cloud,
 On the rough edge of the battle before it began,
 Satan advanced with great arrogant strides,
 Towering and wearing armor made from adamant and gold;
 Abdiel could not stand that sight, from where he stood
 Amongst the mightiest, determined to do the highest deeds,
 And so his brave heart spoke.*

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest

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

*'Oh Heaven! That such a resemblance of greatness
 Should still remain, where faith and honesty
 Have vanished; why do strength and might
 Not fail when virtue fails, or become weakest
 In the arrogant, even though they appear unbeatable?
 With the help of God I mean to test
 His strength, the one whose reason I have tested
 And found unsound and false; and it is only right
 That he who has won the debate of truth
 Should win in battle, be victorious
 In both; the fight is vicious and horrid,
 When reason has to fight with force, but
 It is right that reason will triumph.'*

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.
 Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
 Unaided could have 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.

Thinking this, and stepping out from

*His armed comrades, he met his daring enemy
 Halfway, and was more angered by his
 Arrogance, and so bravely he defied him.
 'You proud one, is that you? You hoped to reach
 The summit of your ambition unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, with all having
 Fled his side in terror of your power
 Or your tricking tongue; you fool, you cannot see how vain
 It is to take up arms against the all-powerful,
 The one who could from the smallest things forever
 Make neverending armies to defeat
 Your foolishness, or with one hand
 Reaching out wherever you were, with one blow
 Could have finished you with no other help, and buried
 Your legions in darkness. But you can see
 That not all think like you; there are those who prefer
 Faith, and devotion to God, though they were not
 Visible to you when I seemed to you the only one
 In your twisted world who disagreed
 With all the rest; you can see my comrades, now learn too late
 How a few may sometimes know the truth, when thousands are in error.'*

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
 Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
 Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
 From me som Plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (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.

*The great enemy, with a scornful sidelong look,
 Answered him thus: 'It is bad luck for you, but at this time
 Of my revenge, I looked for you first, coming back from
 Your flight, seditious angel, to receive
 The reward you deserve, the first blow
 From this angered right hand, since it was your tongue,*

*Inspired by error, which dared to oppose
A third of the Gods, called to meeting
To confirm their Godliness, who, while they feel
Godlike power within themselves, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But I am glad that you
Have come ahead of your comrades, ambitious to win
Some honor from fighting me and with your success
Be raised higher than the rest; this pause between your challenge
And the fight (in case you think you can boast I didn't accept the challenge) is to let you know:
At first I thought that freedom and Heaven
Were the desires of all Heavenly souls; but now
I see that through laziness most would rather be slaves,
Servant Spirits, trained in food and song;
This is your army, the singing servants of Heaven,
Who come to fight freedom with slavery,
And this will be proved by what happens today.'*

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 excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve
In Heav'n God ever blessed, and his Divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

*Abdiel replied, briefly and sternly.
'Blasphemer, still you are wrong and will not find
An end to your error, you have strayed so far from the truth:
Unjustly you pervert with the name of slavery
The act of serving as God orders,
Or Nature; God and Nature have the same rules,
That when the leader is the one who is the most worthy
That raises up those he governs. Slavery
Is to serve the foolish, or one who has rebelled
Against his better, as yours now serve you,
And you are not free, you are a slave to yourself,
But you dare to criticize our service?
You can reign in your Kingdom of Hell, let me serve
God in Heaven, forever blessed, and obey
His divine orders, those which most deserve obedience.*

*But expect chains in Hell, not Kingdoms: meanwhile,
As I am returned, as you first said, from my flight,
Receive this greeting on your blasphemous head.'*

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud Crest of SATAN, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,
Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
Of Battel: whereat MICHAEL bid sound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
HOSANNA to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.

*Saying this, he drew back a noble blow,
Which did not hesitate, but fell with such a swift storm
On the proud helmet of Satan that no anticipation
Or quick thought, still less his shield,
Could block his downfall; ten great paces
He staggered back; on the tenth his knees buckled
And he was held up by his great spear, as if on Earth
Underground winds or waters pushing along
Sideways had driven a mountain from its place
And half sunk it amongst its forests. Astonishment seized
The rebel powers, but greater than their rage at seeing
Their mightiest foiled was our joy, and we shouted,
With visions of victory and a fierce desire
For battle: at this Michael ordered the archangel's
Trumpet blown; through all of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rang
With praise to the Highest; the enemy did not
Just stand looking on, and didn't hesitate
To join the horrid clash. A storming fury arose,
And a clamor such as had never been heard before*

*In Heaven, weapons clashing on armor with
Terrible noise, and the thundering wheels
Of bronze chariots clattered; the noise of battle
Appalling; overhead there was the awful hiss
Of flaming arrows flying in volleys,
And as they flew they set both armies alight.*

So under fierie Cope together rush'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could weild
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
Armie against Armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited thir might; though numberd such
As each divided Legion might have seemd
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
Were don, but infinite: for wide was 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 even scale
The Battel hung; till SATAN, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of MICHAEL smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vast circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end

Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown
And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

*So under the fiery sky they rushed together,
The main bodies of both armies, with smashing attack
And unquenchable rage; all of Heaven
Shook, and had Earth existed she would have been
Shaken to her core. Is it any wonder? When
Millions of fierce clashing angels fought
On either side, the lowest of whom could use
The elements, and arm himself with the power
Of all the lands; how much more power was there
In two numberless armies raised against each other,
Who fight in a terrible explosion, and disturb.
Though not destroy, their happy native land;
But the eternal omnipotent King
Ruled over from on high and
Limited their strength; though there were such among them
That each divided regiment might have been
A great army, each armed hand as strong
As a regiment; they were led in the fight, but each warrior
Seemed to be a leader, a chief, expert
In when to advance, or stand, or turn the course
Of the battle, when to open and when to close
The grim ranks of war; none thought of flight,
None of retreat, none did anything not suitable for a soldier,
Showing fear; each relied on himself,
As if victory could only be gained
From his arm alone; deeds were done that will have everlasting fame,
An infinite number of them, for that war
Spread far and wide; sometimes a standing fight
On the firm ground, then soaring up on wings
To torment the air; all the sky then seemed
Raging fire; for a long time the battle
Hung in the balance, until Satan, who that day
Had shown great strength, and had not met
His equal in arms, stormed through the terrible throng
Of fighting Seraphim, and finally
He saw where the sword of Michael was falling,
Dropping whole squadrons at once, with great double handed swings
It was held aloft and then the horrid edge came down
Laying waste all around. He hurried to oppose
This destruction, and held up the rocky circle
Of reinforced diamond, his great shield
Of huge size; at his approach
The great archangel stopped his warlike toil
And was glad, seeing a chance to end
Heaven's civil war, with the arch-enemy crushed
Or dragged in chains as a prisoner. With a hostile frown
And a face blazing with anger he began.*

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along
 Thy 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.

*'Bringer of evil, which we did not know you were, until your revolt,
 No longer mentioned in heaven, you can see how widespread
 Are these acts of horrible violence, horrible to all
 Though the worst is, as is only just, falling on you
 And your followers: how have you disturbed
 The blessed peace of Heaven and brought misery
 Into Nature, which was not created before
 Your rebellion? You have infected
 Thousands with your evil, once upright
 And faithful and now proved false. But do not think
 That you can disturb the Holy Peace; Heaven banishes you
 From all her lands. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Will not tolerate acts of violence and war.
 Go from here, and take your child, evil,
 With you, to the place of evil, Hell,
 You and all your wicked army; go and boil there
 Before this avenging sword seals your fate,
 Or some quicker vengeance sent by God
 Throws you down with added pain.'*

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 turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,

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

*So the prince of angels spoke, and the enemy
Replied: 'Don't think that with your talk
Or empty threats you can frighten one whom you cannot
Frighten with deeds. Have you managed to make the weakest of my army
Fly? And if you have made any fall, they
Rise again, unbeaten,
And you thought, arrogant, that you could drive me from here
With your threats? Don't think that will end
This battle which you call evil but we
Call glory; we intend to win,
Or else turn this Heaven into the Hell
You tell stories of, and live free here
Even if we do not rule: meanwhile from your best efforts,
Even if you summon the one you call Almighty to help you,
I do not run, but have sought you far and wide.'*

They ended parle, and both address for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of MICHAEL from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of SATAN with steep force to smite

Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right side; then SATAN first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
 And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of warr; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In Entrailles, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

*They ended their talk, and both set themselves for a fight
 Which cannot be described; for who, even if he speaks the language
 Of angels, can tell in a way, or find comparisons
 On Earth, that might lift
 The human imagination up so they could understand
 Such Godlike power: for they seemed like Gods,
 As they stood or moved, in stature, movement and military skill
 They were fit to decide the fate of Heaven.
 Now they waved their fiery swords, and in the air
 They made two horrid circles; like two great suns their shields
 Blazed at each other, while all stood expectant
 In horror; all around, wherever the fight was thickest,
 The angelic throng quickly retired,
 And left a large field, for all were unsafe if near
 Such a fight, which was as though, to compare
 Great things with small, the peace of Nature broke,
 And the constellations started to fight each other,
 And two planets, bent on harm,
 Rushed to fight in the middle of the sky,
 And clashed their shuddering spheres together.
 They both, with arms which were second only to God's,*

*Lifted their swords for a single stroke
 That might settle everything, and not need repeating,
 Because the first was of such power; and none could guess
 Which blow might triumph; but the sword
 Of Michael was from the armory of God
 And was so made that nothing, sharp
 Or blunt, might resist its edge; it came
 Down steeply on the sword of Satan
 And cut it completely in half, and did not stop
 But with a quick change of direction cut off
 All of his right side; then Satan first knew pain,
 And thrashed to and fro, convulsed; so deep
 Had the cutting sword slashed through him
 That his ethereal substance
 Could not close around the wound, and from it
 A stream of fluid like nectar ran
 Like blood, for this is how Heavenly Spirits bleed,
 And all his bright armor was stained with it.
 Straight away, on all sides, many strong angels
 Ran to help him and surrounded him defensively,
 Whilst others carried him on their shields
 Back to his chariot where it stood apart
 Out of the ranks of battle; there they laid him,
 Thrashing with pain and hate and the shame
 Of not finding himself unbeatable, and his pride
 Was wounded by this setback to his belief
 That he was equal in power to God.
 But he soon healed, for Spirits, whose life
 Runs all through them, not like frail man
 Where it lives in the stomach, heart, head, liver or kidneys,
 Can only die if they are completely dissolved;
 Nor can their liquid texture suffer a mortal wound,
 Any more than the air could;
 They are all heart, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all senses, and they choose
 Their own limbs, and assume the color, shape and size
 That best pleases them, small or large.*

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

*Meanwhile in other places other deeds were done which deserve
 To be remembered, where mighty Gabriel fought,
 And with his fierce officers charged deep into the army
 Of Moloch, the furious King, who defied him
 And threatened to drag him, bound, behind his chariot,
 And he did not refrain from uttering blasphemy
 Against the holy one of Heaven, but soon,
 Split right down to the waist, he fled with shattered weapons
 And bellowing with terrible pain. On each side
 Uriel and Raphael took on their bragging enemies,
 And even though each one was huge and wearing diamond armor
 They beat Adramelec and Asmadi,
 Two great powers who thought it beneath them to be
 Less than Gods, but they learned differently as they fled,
 Torn with ghastly wounds through their armor.
 Nor did Abdiel cease to torment
 The atheist mob, but with his strength redoubled,
 Scorched and overthrew the violence
 Of Ariel, Arioc and Ramiel.
 I could tell of thousands, and make their names
 Eternal here on Earth; but those favored
 Angels are happy with their fame in Heaven
 And do not want the praise of men; the other sort,
 Though they were mighty and great in the acts of war,
 And are no less eager for fame, they are sentenced
 To be struck off Heaven's rolls and from the holy memory,
 Let them live nameless in dark oblivion.
 For strength, separated from truth and justice,
 Cannot be praised, it only merits censure
 And shame, but it seeks glory
 In its boastfulness, and seeks to be famous through its evil;*

So let their fate be to be unnamed.

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
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field
MICHAEL and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires:

*And now, with their mightiest crushed, the battle changed,
And many an inroad was cut out; disorderly retreat
Began, and there was foul disorder; all the ground
Was covered in shattered armor, and in a heap
Chariots and their drivers were overturned
With their fiery foaming horses. Those who stood, retreated,
Exhausted, and the pale Satanic Host could hardly
Defend itself, and now they felt fear for the first time,
Fear, and pain as well,
And they fled in shame, reduced to such a state
By their sin of disobedience: until that time
They had never known fear or pain or retreat.
It was very different for the sacred saints,
Who advanced as one solid body,
Invulnerable, with impenetrable armor;
These were the great advantages their innocence
Gave them over their enemies, by not sinning
And not disobeying, in the fight they stood
Unwearied, unable to be hurt
By wounds, even if they were subject to violence.*

*Now night fell, and over Heaven
Brought darkness, which caused a welcome truce,
And silenced the terrible din of war.
Under her cloud cover both victors and vanquished
Retired: on the battlefield
Michael and his angels pitched
Their tents and placed their guards on watch,
Cherubs with fire.*

on th' other part
SATAN with his rebellious disappeerd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His Potentates to Council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Empyreal forme
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.

*For the other side,
Satan and his rebels disappeared,
Driven far into the dark, allowed no rest.
He called his leaders to a night council,
And undismayed he spoke to them:
'Now we have been tested by danger, now we have shown we cannot
Be overcome by force, dear comrades,
We deserve not just freedom,*

*That is too little to ask, what more do we want?
 Honor, power, glory and fame.
 We have endured one day in an inconclusive fight
 (And if we can endure one day, why not eternal days?)
 The Lord of Heaven sent his greatest warriors
 To fight us, and thought
 They would be enough to bend us to his will,
 But this was not the case; then it seems that in future
 We may regard him as fallible, even though to date
 We thought him all powerful. It's true
 That we suffered some setbacks, and pain,
 Which we did not know until now, but knowing it we can now discount it,
 Since we have discovered that our Heavenly forms
 Cannot suffer mortal wounds,
 And are everlasting, even if pierced with wounds;
 They soon close, and are healed by our own strength.
 Something so easy to cure is of
 Little importance; perhaps stronger armor
 And more violent weapons, next time we meet,
 Might serve to make us greater and weaken our enemies,
 Or at least equal the difference between us,
 Because in nature we are as strong; if some other hidden cause
 Made them stronger than us, while we can keep
 Our minds undamaged and our reasoning sound
 We will be able to discover what it is.'*

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 NISROC, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 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.

He sat, and the next one to address the meeting

*Was Nisroc, the leader of the Principalities;
 He stood as one who has escaped a cruel fight,
 Exhausted, his weapons smashed,
 And frowning he answered:
 'Savior from new Lords, you lead us to free
 Enjoyment of our rights as Gods; but it is hard
 For Gods, we find it too one-sided,
 To have to fight greater opposition while suffering pain,
 Against those who feel no pain and are unmoved; from this
 Our downfall must come, for what use
 Is bravery or strength? Even if it is matchless, it can be beaten with pain,
 Which overcomes all, and leads the hands of even the greatest
 Astray. We may well be able to leave a sense of pleasure
 Out of our lives, and not suffer,
 But live contented, which is the calmest life.
 But pain is total misery, the worst
 Evil, and if you suffer too much of it
 It overthrows the mind. Anyone who can devise
 A better way of harming
 Our as yet unwounded enemies, or give us
 Defense equal to theirs, will
 Get fully paid by me.'*

Whereto with look compos'd SATAN repli'd.
 Not uninvited that, which thou aright
 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
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
 Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hallow Engins long and round
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.

*With a calm face Satan replied:
 'It has been invented, that which you rightly
 Believe is essential for our success: I will show you;
 Which of us who sees the bright surface
 Of this ethereal land we stand on,
 This spacious continent of Heaven, covered
 With plants, fruits, ambrosial flowers, jewels and gold,
 Only sees these things
 And doesn't think about what they grow from
 Deep under ground, dark and rough materials
 Of volatile fiery smoke, which when touched
 By the sun of heaven shoot up
 So lovely, opening to the light.
 These we shall get from the deep, unformed,
 Pregnant with Hellish fire,
 Which we shall ram into hollow machines, long and round,
 Pack them in tight, and at the other end we shall touch a flame,
 Which compressed and angry will send out
 From a distance, with a thundering din, amongst our enemies
 Such tools of mischief as will dash
 Them to pieces, and overwhelm whatever stands
 Against them, so they will think we have disarmed
 The thunderer, God, of his only dreaded weapon.
 They won't take long to make; before dawn
 Or dreams will be reality. Meanwhile cheer up,
 Forget your fear; strength and wisdom joined
 Fear nothing, and see no need for despair.'*

He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
 Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
 To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from 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
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle Art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
 Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls

Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unesp'i'd.

*He finished, and his words lifted their low mood
And raised their fallen hopes.
They all admired the invention, and each wondered how
He did not invent it himself, it seemed so obvious
Once described; but undescribed most would have thought it
Impossible; but maybe with your race, Adam,
In the future, if evil flourishes,
Someone set on mischief or inspired
With devilish purpose might invent
The same sort of machine to curse the Sons of men
For their sin, causing war and mutual slaughter.
After the council they set straight to work,
None stood debating, numberless hands
Were ready, and in an instant they had dug
A great hole in the soil of Heaven, and saw underneath
Nature's raw materials in their crudest
State; they found sulphur and nitrate
And mixed it, and with cunning skill
Heated and dried it, reducing it
To a black powder, and stored it away;
Some of them dug up hidden seams (this Earth
Has innards quite similar) of mineral and stone
With which to make their machines and projectiles
Of great destruction; some found
Fuse material, ready to flame at a touch.
So they had finished all before daybreak,
Throughout night they secretly set everything up
With silent caution, unseen.*

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,
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
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,
But ratling storm of Arrows barb'd with fire.

*When the fair morning came to Heaven
The victorious angels arose, and the morning trumpet
Called them to arms: fully armed they stood
A golden display, a shining army
Quickly gathered. Others looked out
From the hills, and on all the borders lightly armed scouts checked
Each point, to try and discover the distant enemy,
Where he was housed, or if he had fled, if he wanted to fight,
If he was on the move or halted; they soon met him
Coming closer under raised flags, in slow
But sure battle order; back rushed
Zephiel, the swiftest flyer of the Cherubim,
And while still in the air he cried out:
'Arm, warriors, arm yourselves for the fight, the enemy is here
Whom we thought had fled, he will save us having to chase
Today, don't fear that he'll flee; he comes with a great
Crowd, and fixed on his face I can see
Grim, fixed determination; all of you
Fix on your armor securely, and each
Fix his helmet on well, get a tight grip on your round shield,
For whether you are of high or low degree, this day,
If I guess rightly, will pour down no gentle drizzle
But a rattling storm of fire tipped arrows.'*

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
And onward move Embattel'd; when behold
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
SATAN: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

*So he warn'd them to be ready, and to quickly
Prepare for the fight, carrying nothing extra;
Straight away, without panic, they prepared
And moved on in battle order; and they saw
Not far off the slow pace with which the enemy
Was approaching, huge and coarse; they formed a hollow cube
Surrounding his devilish machinery, fenced deep*

*On every side with shadowing squadrons
To hide the trick. When they saw each other they both stood still
For a while, but suddenly Satan appeared at their head,
And was heard giving loud commands:*

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

*'Front rank, split to the left and right
So that all those who hate us can see how we look for
Peace and reconciliation, and with open hearts
Stand ready to receive them, if they approve
Of our advances and do not turn away just to be awkward;
But I doubt they'll do that, however Heaven wants to witness
It may do, while we perform our part
Openly: you who have been chosen,
Do your duty, and briefly tell them what we will do
And make it loud so that all can hear it.'*

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.
Which to our eyes 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,
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, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,

That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
 Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.
 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode thir second tire
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. SATAN beheld thir plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

*He had hardly finished his mocking with ambiguous words
 When to the right and left the front
 Split and retired to either flank.
 Then we saw something new and strange,
 A triple row of pillars, mounted
 On wheels (for they seemed most like pillars,
 Or the hollowed out trunks of oak or fir,
 With their branches trimmed, felled in woods or mountains)
 They were made of brass, iron and stone and their mouths
 With hideous openings gaped wide at us,
 Showing talk of a truce was hollow. Behind each one
 Stood a seraph, and in his hand waved
 A lighted fuse; we stood still
 In our groups, confused, but not
 For long, for suddenly all held their fuses out
 And carefully touched them to
 A narrow firing hole. There was a flash of flame,
 Which was soon obscured with smoke and it seemed
 All of Heaven was being belched out of those deep throated machines,
 Whose roar filled the air with horrible noise
 And tore through her entrails, throwing out
 Their devilish material, chained shot and a hail
 Of cannonballs, which flew straight at the victorious army,
 And hit them with such fury
 That anyone they hit, could not stay on his feet,
 Though normally they were like rocks, but they fell down
 In their thousands, angels rolling on archangels;
 So much for their armor, for if they had been in their natural state they might
 Have, as Spirits can, avoided the missiles
 With quick dodging or flight into the air, but now
 Foul destruction came and forced retreat;
 Nor did their arms help them in breaking up their tight packed ranks.
 What should they do? If they rushed on they would*

*Be blown back again, and their second defeat
Would make them look foolish,
A joke to their enemies, for they could see
A row of Seraphim ready
To unleash their second volley
Of thunder; to turn back defeated
Would be even worse. Satan saw their quandary,
And to his comrades called out mockingly.*

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

*'Oh my friends, why don't these proud victors advance?
A while ago they were coming on fiercely, and when we
To give them a fair welcome with open ranks
And hearts (what more could we do?) gave them
Our peace terms, they changed their minds at once,
Flew off and started behaving oddly,
As if they were dancing, though their dance seemed
Rather strange and wild, perhaps
In their joy at the chance of peace; but I suppose
If we give them our proposals a second time
We'll get a quick result.'*

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

*To him Belial replied, in the same joking fashion:
'Leader, we sent them weighty terms,
With solid contents, and rammed home to them with force,
Such as we could see amused them all,
And many who received them in full stumbled
And understood them, top to toe;
Not understood, they also gave us this gift,
Showing us our enemies can't stand up straight.'*

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
 Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
 To match with thir inventions they presum'd
 So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
 And all his Host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
 Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
 Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
 Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
 From thir foundations loosning to and fro
 They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
 Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
 Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
 Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,
 When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
 Till on those cursed Engins triple-row
 They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
 Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,

So in this humorous fashion
They stood scoffing, pleased in their thoughts
Of a victory now beyond doubt, thinking it so easy
To match the eternal might with their own inventions
And make a mocking imitation of His thunder.
All his army were mocked, while they stood
For a while in difficulties, but not for long;
Rage spurred them on, and they soon found weapons
Fit to fight such hellish mischief.
At once (see the wonder of the power
Which God has given to his mighty angels)
They threw down their weapons, and to the hills
(For these hills and valleys on Earth
Are copies of the ones in Heaven)
They ran and flew, quick as lightning,
They plucked all up all the hills
From their foundations, by rocking them to and fro,
Rocks, water, woods, and lifting them by their shaggy tops
They carried them up in their hands; astonishment,
You can be sure, and terror seized the rebel army
When coming towards them so deadly they saw
The mountains turned upside down,
Until on the triple row of cursed machines
They saw them dropped, and all their confidence
Was buried deep under the weight of mountains.

Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
 Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
 Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,
 Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and brus'd
 Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
 The rest in imitation to like Armes
 Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
 So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
 To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
 Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

*They were attacked next, and on their heads
 Great rocky ridges were thrown, which cast shadows
 As they fell from the sky, and smashed whole armed regiments;
 Their armor helped the damage, it crushed in and bruised them,
 And turned into their prisons, which gave them much pain,
 And they had to struggle for a long time,
 With many agonized moans, before they could escape
 These prisons, for though they were Spirits of pure light,
 Pure at first, they had become heavy with their sin.
 The rest, copying Heaven's army, chose the same weapons,
 And tore up the neighboring hills,
 So that hill clashed against hill in the air
 Hurl'd to and fro with dreadful force.
 So they fought beneath the hills in dreadful shadow;
 There was terrible noise; war seemed a polite game
 Compared to this uproar; horrid confusion
 Heaped on confusion reigned; and now all of Heaven
 Would have been wrecked, overcome with ruin,
 If the Heavenly Father, where he sat
 Secure in his holy sanctuary,
 Weighing up all things had not foreseen
 This uproar, and allowed it to happen,*

*So that he might achieve his great purpose,
Which was to see his anointed son revenged
On his enemies, and to declare
That all power was transferred to him; so he spoke
To his son, the sharer of his throne:*

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since MICHAEL and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and MESSIAH his anointed King.

*'Shining reflection of my glory, beloved Son,
Son in whose face can be seen
The true nature of my Godliness,
And for whom I order all things,
The second all powerful one, two days have passed,*

*Two days, as we calculate the days of Heaven,
 Since Michael and his armies went out to tame
 These rebels; they have had a terrible battle,
 As was bound to happen when two enemies like these met in arms;
 I left them to fight amongst themselves, for you know
 That they are created equal,
 Except for what sin has damaged, and that damage
 Is hardly noticeable yet, for I have suspended their sentence;
 So this fight must go on forever,
 And never find an ending:
 The weariness of war has done what war can do,
 And set free their blind rage,
 Armed with mountains as weapons, which causes
 Great destruction in Heaven, and danger for all.
 So as two days have passed, the third belongs to you;
 I have ordered matters this way, and have tolerated
 What has happened, so that you may have the glory
 Of ending this great war, since none but you
 Can end it. I have put into you
 Such great virtue and grace, so that all will know
 There is no power in Heaven or Hell that equals you,
 And once you have ended this wicked disturbance
 They will see that you are worthy of being the Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King,
 By sacred anointing and by your merits.
 Go then, you mightiest, take your father's strength,
 Climb aboard my chariot, steer the quick wheels
 That shake the foundations of Heaven, take all my weapons,
 My bow and my thunder, put on my great armor,
 And carry my sword by your strong side;
 Chase these sons of darkness, drive them out
 Of all Heaven's lands into the bottomless pit:
 There let them learn, if it pleases them, to despise
 God and Messiah, his appointed King.'*

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.
 O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou 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,
 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,
Armed with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfeigned HALLELUIAHS to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

*He said this, and his Son shone with light,
Showing in his face
All the power he had received from his Father,
And answering the Son of God spoke.
'Oh father, the greatest of Heavenly Kings,
The first, the highest, the holiest, the best, you have always sought
To glorify your Son, and I have always tried to do the same for you
As is right; this is my glory,
My praise and all my pleasure,
That you say you are pleased, and say your will
Has been done, fulfilling it is my greatest pleasure.
As you have given me the scepter and the power, I take them,
And will be even happier to give them up, when at the end
You shall be all in one, and I will be in you
Forever, and in me shall be all whom you love;
But who you hate, I hate, and can put on
Your terrors, as I put on your mildness,
For I am your image in all things, and shall soon,
Armed with your weapons, rid Heaven of these rebels,
And drive them down to the horrible residence prepared for them,
To chains of darkness, and I shall defeat that snake,
Who thought he could rebel against your fair lordship,
When to obey you is total happiness.
Then your saints will be untangled, and separated far
From the impure, circling your Holy Mountain
Singing sincere hallelujahs to you,
Hymns of high praise, and I will be chief among them.'*

So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie,
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;

Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
 Of radiant URIM, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of MESSIAH blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
 Under whose Conduct MICHAEL soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head imbodied all in one.

*So he spoke, bowed over his scepter, and rose
 From his seat at the right hand of glory,
 And the third sacred morning began to shine
 Its dawn through all of Heaven; out like a whirlwind rushed
 The chariot of God the Father,
 Flashing thick flames, wheels within wheels, not pulled,
 For it was itself filled with the Spirit, but accompanied
 By four Cherubic shapes, each with four wondrous faces,
 And like stars their bodies and wings
 Were all covered with eyes as were the wheels
 Of beryl, and the fires in between;
 Over their heads was a crystal canopy,
 On which there was a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber and all the colors of the rainbow.
 He, wearing armor of light,
 Of radiant Urim, armor made by God,
 Climbed up, and on his right hand Victory
 Sat with her eagle wings, beside him hung his bow
 And quiver full of triple thunderbolts,
 And around him a great cloud boiled
 Of smoke and roaring flame and terrible sparks;
 Accompanied by ten million Saints
 He came on, and his coming could be seen shining from far off,
 And twenty thousand (so I was told)
 Chariots of God were seen, ten thousand on each side:
 He rode magnificent on the Cherubs' wings,
 On the crystal sky, on his sapphire throne.*

*He shone far and wide, but was first seen
By his own side, and an unexpected joy surprised them,
When the great flag of Messiah flew,
Carried up by angels, his sign in Heaven:
Michael soon handed over command of his army,
Spread out on either side,
Under their leader all fused together as one.*

Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reibattell'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.

*Ahead of him Divine Power prepared his path;
At his word the uprooted hills went back
Each to his own place, they heard his voice and went
Obediently, Heaven reassumed its usual appearance,
And the hills and valleys were covered in fresh flowers.
His helpless enemies saw this, but stood obstinate,
And regardless rallied their armies,
Finding hope in their despair.
How could Heavenly Spirits be so obtuse?
How could we convince the proud of what is obvious,
Or what miracles would make the obstinate give in?
They were hardened more by what might soften most,
Grieving to see his Glory, they were envious
At the sight, and wanting it for themselves
Stood reorganized and fierce, hoping to prosper
By force or deceit, and at last to win
Over God and Messiah, or to fall
At last to total destruction, and now
They came to their final battle, refusing to flee
Or to surrender; the great Son of God
Spoke to all his army on either side of him:*

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

*'Stay here in your bright ranks, you Saints, stay here
 You armored angels, and today rest from battle;
 You have been faithful in your fighting, and acknowledging
 God have been fearless in his righteous cause,
 And the orders you were given you have followed
 Magnificently; but the punishment of this cursed mob
 Belongs to another hand,
 Vengeance belongs to him, or only those he chooses;
 Numbers are not needed for this day's work,
 Nor crowds, just stand and watch
 God's indignation rained on these Godless ones
 By me; it was me, not you, that they hated
 And envied; all their anger is with me,
 Because the Father, who in highest Heaven
 Allocates Kingdom and Power and Glory,
 Has honored me as he wished.
 So he has given charge of their fate to me,
 So that they may have their wish, to fight with me
 In battle and see who is the stronger, all of them,
 Or I alone against them, since they measure everything
 By strength, they do not try to copy any other
 Virtues, or care who excels them in them,
 And I will not allow any other to fight with them.'*

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld

And full of wrath bent on his Enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their Starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
 Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles
 The stedfast Emphyrean shook throughout,
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their Soules infix'd
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons drop'd;
 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four,
 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 their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them draind,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

*So the Son spoke, and his face changed
 Into a terror too awful to look upon,
 And full of anger he rushed on his enemies.
 At once the four Cherubs spread out their starry wings
 With a dreadful overlapping shade, and the wheels
 Of his fierce chariot rolled with a sound like
 A river in torrent or a great army.
 He drove straight onwards at his blasphemous enemies,
 Dark as night; under his burning wheels
 The solid Heaven shook,
 All but the throne of God. Very soon
 He arrived amongst them; in his right hand
 He held ten thousand thunderbolts, which he sent
 Flying ahead of him, and they brought
 Sickness to their souls; astonished, they lost all resistance,
 All courage, they dropped their useless weapons.
 He rode over shields and helmets, the helmeted heads
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim, lying down,
 And they wished the mountains might again
 Be thrown down upon them to shelter them from his anger.
 No less terrible were his arrows which fell
 On either side from the four faced Four,
 Covered in eyes, and from the living wheels,*

*Also covered in eyes,
One Spirit ruled them all, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot out vicious fire
Amongst the cursed ones, that withered their strength
And left them drained of all their usual energy,
Exhausted, spiritless, wounded, fallen.*

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselvs they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

*But he did not use half his strength, but stopped
His thunder in mid volley, for he meant
Not to destroy them but to banish them from Heaven:
He lifted up the overthrown, and like a herd
Of goats or timid sheep all pressed together
He drove them ahead of him, thunderstruck, followed
Them with terror and anger to the frontier
And crystal wall of Heaven, which opened wide,
Rolling inward, and showed a great gap
Into the wastes of the Deep; the monstrous sight
Made them step back in horror, but there was far worse
Driving them on from behind; they threw themselves headlong
Down from the edge of Heaven, with eternal anger
Burning after them, down into the bottomless pit.*

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine dayes they fell; confounded CHAOS roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.

*Hell heard the terrible noise, Hell saw
The heavenly falling from Heaven and would have fled*

*In fear; but strict fate had laid
Her dark foundations deep, and fixed her fast.
They fell for nine days; confused Chaos roared,
Feeling confusion from their fall ten times
More than was usual in his wide anarchy, such a great retreat,
Left him in ruins: Hell at last
Opened wide to receive them all, and closed on them.
Hell, their rightful home, filled with everlasting
Fire, the home of sorrow and pain.*

Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes
MESSIAH his triumphal Chariot turnd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

*Heaven unburdened rejoiced, and soon mended
The hole in her wall, which rolled back into place.
The solitary victor in the expulsion of his enemies,
Messiah turned his triumphant chariot
To face all his Saints, who stood silent
As eyewitnesses to his almighty acts,
And now advanced in celebration. As they went,
Shaded with palm branches, each bright order
Sung of the triumph and sung of him as the victorious King,
Son, heir and Lord, with all power given to him,
The most deserving of rule; thus celebrated he rode
Triumphant through the middle of Heaven, into
The court and temple of his mighty Father, throned
On high; he received him into Glory,
And he sits there now at the right hand of bliss.*

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human Race bin hid;
The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld
With SATAN, hee who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce

Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou maist partake
His punishment, Eternal miserie;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite don against the most High,
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*So, measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth
As you asked, and so you may be warn'd
By the events of the past, I have shown you
What might otherwise have been hidden to humans;
The disagreement which occurred, and the war in Heaven
Amongst the angels, and the great fall
Of those who were too ambitious, who rebelled
With Satan, he who now envies your happiness,
Who is now plotting how he can seduce
You from your obedience so that with him,
Stripped of happiness, you might join in
His punishment of eternal misery;
That would be his only comfort and revenge,
Done to spite God,
Making you his companion in his sorrow.
Do not listen to his temptations, warn
Your weaker half; learn from having heard
Of the terrible example of what disobedience
Will bring; they might have stood firm
But they fell; remember that, and do not disobey.”*

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.

At Adam's request Raphael relates how and why this world was first created: that God, after expelling Satan and his Angels from Heaven, declared that it was his intention to create another world and other creatures to live in it. He sends his Son with his light and power and an attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days. The Angels celebrate this, and his return to Heaven, with hymns.

Descend from Heav'n Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.

The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
 Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
 Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,
 Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
 Return me to my Native Element:
 Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian Field I fall
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorne.
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compast 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.

*Come down from Heaven, Urania, if that
 Is really the name of the Divine inspiration
 Which I am following, higher than the hill of Olympus,
 Above the flight of Pegasus!
 I'm calling on the idea, not the name, for you
 Are not one of the nine ancient Muses, and you don't
 Live on the peak of old Olympus but were born in heaven,
 Before the land was formed or waters flowed
 You lived with eternal Wisdom,
 Your sister, and played with her
 In the presence of the almighty Father, who was pleased
 With your Heavenly song. I have been led up by you
 To visit the highest of Heavens,
 An earthly guest, and I have breathed the air there,
 With your consent. With the same safety as you took me up,
 Take me back to my own world,
 In case I should be thrown from this flying horse (as Bellerophon
 Once did, though from lower altitude)
 And fall in a Turkish field,
 There to wander lost and ignorant.
 Half my song is still to be sung, but it takes place
 In the smaller theatre of this world;
 Standing on the Earth, not in rapture above the Pole star*

*I can sing more safely with my mortal voice which has not
Become rough or silent, though these are evil days,
Evil days, which are full of evil voices,
Surrounded by dangers in the darkness,
Alone; but I am not really alone, as long as you
Come to me in my sleep, or when morning
Colors the eastern sky; you still rule my song,
Urania, and find me proper listeners, though few.*

But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
In Rhodope, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.
Say Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael,
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates, least the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his Race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obeyd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please thir appetite,
Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve
The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With Blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

*But drive far away the barbaric row
Of Bacchus and his drunken followers, the people
Of that wild rabble who tore Orpheus apart
In Rhodope, where the woods and the rocks*

*Were charmed by his song, until their savage row
 Drowned out his music and his voice, and the Muse could not
 Defend her son. So do not let down the one who is begging you,
 For you are from Heaven while she is just an illusion.
 Tell, Goddess, what happened when Raphael,
 The friendly Archangel, warned
 Adam to beware breaking faith with God,
 By showing him terrible examples of what happened
 To those who did so in Heaven to make sure the same thing
 Would not happen in Paradise to Adam or his descendants,
 Ordered not to touch the forbidden tree,
 And disobey that single order,
 So easy to obey amongst the choice
 Of so many other tastes to suit their appetites,
 They must not be led astray. He, with his wife Eve,
 Paid careful attention to the story, and was filled
 With wonder and deep thoughts, to hear
 Of things so holy and strange, things they
 Could hardly imagine, such as hatred in Heaven,
 And war in the lands of God's peace,
 And so much disturbance: but the evil was soon
 Driven back and rebounded on those
 Who had begun it; it could not stay in Heaven
 With the blessed. So Adam soon abandoned
 The doubts that had arisen in his heart and now
 Carried on, still without sin, wanting to know
 Of things closer to him, how the world
 Of sky and Earth first began;
 When, and what it was made of, and why;
 What, within Eden or outside, was done
 Before he existed; he was like one whose thirst
 Has hardly been touched, who eyes the stream,
 Whose watery sounds make him feel thirsty again.*

Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.
 Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemne purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaft
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps availe us known,

How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire, wide interfus'd
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternitie so late to build
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
 To magnifie his works, the more we know.
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.

He started to question his heavenly guest.
“You have shown us great things, amazing to us,
So different from this world,
Divine messenger! Through kindness
You were sent down from Heaven, to warn us
In time of what we could lose,
To tell us unknown things, beyond human knowledge;
For this we owe God
Everlasting thanks, and we receive his warning
And commit ourselves to follow
His wishes, which is the purpose
Of our lives. But since you have kindly undertaken,
To teach us, to show us things
Above human understanding, although they were things
Which the highest wisdom thought it right for us to know,
Be so kind as to come lower, and tell
Us things which it might be just as useful to know,
How this Heaven which we see, so wide and tall,
First began, decorated with so many
Countless stars; and how this air was made,
Which fills all space
And wraps around this flowery Earth; what
Made the Creator, living
Through eternity, so recently decide to build
In Chaos. Once the work was begun, how soon
Was it complete? If it is permitted tell us
What we ask, not so we can get forbidden knowledge

*Of his eternal empire, but so we can give greater praise
To his works, knowing more about them.
And there is still plenty of daylight left,
The sun seems to be fixed in its place in Heaven,
Held by your powerful voice, he can hear you,
And will wait longer to hear you tell
Of his creation, and the birth
Of Nature from the invisible depths:
Or if the evening star and the moon
Come rushing to hear you, then night will bring
Silence, and sleep will stand by to listen to you;
Or we can tell him to stay away, until you have
Finished your story, and you can be gone before morning.”*

Thus Adam his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.
This also thy request with caution askt
Obtaine: though to recount Almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Onely Omniscient hath suppress in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
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.
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returnd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.
At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deitie supream, us dispossesst,
He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,

Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
 With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:
 But least his heart exalt him in the harme
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can 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 Heav'n, & Heav'n to Earth,
 One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
 Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
 And by my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.
 So spake th' Almightye, and to what he spake
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect

*So Adam asked his great guest,
 And so the Godlike angel answered sweetly:
 "As you have asked so sensibly your wish
 Will be granted, though to tell of God's works
 What words or language of Seraphs can do them justice,
 And how can the heart of man hope to understand?
 But what you can understand, things which help
 You to praise your Creator, and help to make
 You happier, these things will not
 Be withheld from you; these are the orders I have received
 From God, to satisfy your desire
 For knowledge, within limits; beyond that
 Do not ask, and do not try to use guesswork
 To try to understand things which the invisible King,
 The only one who knows everything, has hidden in darkness
 So that nobody in Heaven or Earth shall learn of them:
 There is enough to learn and know of without them.
 Knowledge is like food, and in the same way
 One has to control one's appetite, and know
 The amount that the mind can hold,*

*Otherwise it will become bloated with knowledge
And turn wisdom to folly, just as food turns to wind.
So know then that after Lucifer
(That is what he has been called, once brighter in the crowd
Of angels, as the morning star outshines the others)
Fell from Heaven with his burning armies through the deep
Into his place, the great Son returned
Victorious with his saints, and the all powerful
Eternal Father saw their great crowd
From his throne, and spoke to his son.
'At last our jealous enemy has been defeated, who thought
That with the help of those who were rebellious like him
This secure high place, this throne
Of the supreme God, with us overthrown,
He thought he could take from us, and into deceit
He drew many, who have no place here anymore:
But I see that the majority have remained loyal;
Heaven still has many citizens, enough
To fill her lands
Though they are wide, and to attend this high temple
With due worship and solemn ceremonies:
But in case he should rejoice in the harm
He has already done, to have depopulated Heaven,
Foolishly thinking that he has done me harm,
I can repair that loss, if it is a loss to lose
Those who are themselves lost; in an instant I will create
Another world, and out of one man I will make a race
Of countless men who will live there,
Not here; until, climbing up by degrees as they earn them,
They find for themselves the way
Up here, after they have proved their obedience through long testing,
And Earth will be changed to Heaven, Heaven to Earth,
One kingdom, with joy and union forever.
Meanwhile spread out to fill the space, you powers of Heaven;
And you, my Word, my Son, I do this
Through you; speak, and it will happen!
I send my protecting Spirit and strength along
With you; ride out and command the void
Within set boundaries to become Heaven and Earth;
The void is measureless, because I fill it
And I am infinite, it is not empty space.
Although I do not directly involve myself,
And do not control my goodness, which
Is subject to free will, predetermination and chance
Are not part of my plan, fate is what I decide.
So the Almighty spoke, and what he said
His Godly Son put into 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 rejoicing was in Heav'n
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
 Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
 And th' habitations of the just; to him
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, in stead
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
 Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
 On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
 Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
 Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
 And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
 Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.
 Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
 Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:
 Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
 Farr into Chaos, and the World unborn;
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his 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,
 This be thy just Circumference, O World.
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
 Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
 And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
 The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
 Like things to like, the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth self ballanc't on her Center hung.
 Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
 To journie through the airie gloom began,
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
 Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
 He nam'd.

*The acts of God are immediate, faster
 Than time or movement, but speech
 Is needed to tell them to human ears
 So that they can be understood on Earth.
 There was great triumph and joy in Heaven,
 When it was heard that these were God's orders;
 'Glory,' they sang, 'to the highest, good will
 To future men, and may they have peace in their world;
 Praise to him, whose justly punishing anger
 Has driven the ungodly from his sight
 And the lands of the just; glory and praise
 To him, who in his wisdom has ordered
 Good to be created from evil; to replace
 The evil Spirits with a better race
 In their place, and so he will spread
 His goodness through infinite worlds and times.'
 So the angels sang; meanwhile the Son
 Now appeared prepared for his great expedition,
 Dressed in infinite power, crowned with the light
 Of divine majesty; immense wisdom and love,
 And all his father's power, shone in him.
 Around his chariot there was an infinite number
 Of Cherubs, Seraphs, Potentates and Thrones,
 Virtues, winged Spirits and winged chariots
 From the armory of God; they had stood
 In reserve for a long time, stored between two great mountains
 For an important day, harnessed and ready,*

Heavenly gear, and now they came forward
Of their own accord, for the Spirit lived within them
And they came to wait upon their Lord: Heaven opened
Her eternal gates wide with a sweet sound
Of golden hinges, to send out
The King of Glory with his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
They stood on the ground of Heaven, and from the shore
They saw the great measureless abyss,
As stormy as a sea, dark, wasteful and wild,
With furious winds and surging waves like mountains
Rising up from the depths to assault
The heights of Heaven and mix the center with the pole.
'Silence, you stormy waves, and you, depths, peace,'
Said the all-powerful Word, 'end your discord!'
He did not stay, but lifted on the wings of angels
He rode with the glory of the Father
Deep into Chaos and the uncreated world;
Chaos heard him speak, all his followers
Came after in bright procession to see
Creation and the wonders of his power.
Then the spinning wheels paused, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal workshop, to measure out
This universe and all created things:
He placed one foot of them in the center and turned the other
Round through the great thick darkness,
And said, 'This is how far you will spread, these are your boundaries,
This is your circumference, Oh World!'
And so God created Heaven and Earth;
It was still empty and unformed matter, deep darkness
Still covered the abyss: but on the calm waters
He spread the Spirit of God with his outstretched wings
And gave it vital power and vital warmth,
Right through the fluid mass; but pushed down
The black tarry dregs, which were
Adverse to life: then he shaped into globes
Several similar things; the rest were scattered
To various places, and between them he spun the air,
And the Earth hung balanced on her poles.
'Let there be Light,' said God, and at once Heavenly
Light, the first of all things, the most perfect purity,
Sprang out of the deep; and from her home in the east
Began to travel through the dark air,
Surrounded with shining cloud, for the sun
Did not yet exist; light still lived
In a cloudy dwelling. God saw the light was good,
And light and darkness divided the hemispheres;
He named the light Day and the darkness Night.

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'd thir Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd
 God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.
 Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide
 The Waters from the Waters: and God made
 The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
 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.

*So the first day, evening and morning, passed,
 And it was praised and hymned
 By the Heavenly choirs, when they first saw
 The eastern light breathing out of the darkness,
 The birthday of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shouting
 They filled the hollow ball of the universe,
 And touched their golden harps, and singing praised
 God and his works; they praised him as Creator,
 Both at the first evening and the first morning.
 Again God spoke; 'Let there be a firmament
 Between the waters, and let it divide
 The sea from the clouds; and God made
 The firmament, a great mass of pure, liquid,
 Transparent, elemental air, spread round
 To wrap the farthest curve
 Of this great globe; it was a firm and strong partition,
 Dividing the waters below from those above:
 For as with earth, he set the world
 In enclosing calm waters, in a wide
 Crystal ocean, with the loud anarchy
 Of Chaos kept far off, in case having fierce opposites
 Side by side might disturb the order of all.
 He named the firmament Heaven, so evening
 And morning the choirs sang through the second day.*

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,

Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said
 Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
 Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift 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,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
 Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed,
 And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
 Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept]
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
 Embattell'd in her field: and 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 and each fountain side,
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now

Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good.
So Ev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

*The Earth was formed, but it was still suspended
In the waters, embryonic and immature,
And did not appear: over the whole face of the Earth
The open ocean flowed, not idle but with warm
Fertile fluid softening all the globe,
Fermenting her fertility,
Soaked in moisture; then God said,
'Gather together now, you waters under Heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
Immediately the great mountains appeared,
Their broad bare backs rising
Into the clouds; their tops touched the sky.
As high as the hills rose, just as low
Sank hollow ground, broad and deep,
A great reservoir for the waters: there they
Rush with glad hurry, rolling together
Like drops in the dust joining together:
Some rose in a crystal wall or ridge
In their hurry, the great command had made
The floods move so fast. They were like armies
At the call of a trumpet (you have heard of armies recently),
Flocking to their flag; so the crowds of waters,
Wave after rolling wave found their way;
If it was steep, in a joyful torrent, if flat
Flowing softly; no rock or hill blocked them;
They would go underground or wander
In a snaky path around,
And cut deep channels in the wet mud,
Which was easy, before God had ordered the Earth to dry,
Except within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and run their watery procession forever.
He called the dry land Earth and the great vessel
Of all the joined water he called the sea;
And he saw that it was good, and he said, 'Let the Earth
Grow green grass, seeds for herbs,
And fruit trees giving fruit according to their type,
With the seed in herself as it falls to the ground.'
He had hardly said this, when the bare earth, until then
Desert and brown, ugly, undecorated,
Sprouted tender grass, whose lushness*

*Covered her whole face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every type suddenly flowered,
Showing their colors to brighten
Her bosom, sweet smelling: and these, only just bloomed,
Put out thick grape laden vines, out crept
Swelling vegetables, up stood the corn stalks
In rows in the fields, and the humble shrubs
And bushes with their tangled hair: last of all,
As if in a dance, rose the great trees, spreading
Their branches with much fruit, or budding
With blossom. The hills were crowned with high woods,
The valleys had grass, and every spring,
And the rivers had long plant borders; Earth now
Seemed like a heaven, a place the Gods might live
Or wander with pleasure, and love to haunt
Her sacred woods: though God had not yet rained
Upon the Earth, and there were no men
To work the ground; but from the Earth a dewy mist
Rose up, and watered all the ground and every
Plant in the fields, which God had made before
He put them in the Earth, and he made every herb
Before it grew on the green stem: God saw that it was good,
And so the evening and morning of the third day passed.*

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

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

*Again the Almighty spoke: 'Let there be lights
 High up in the sky, to divide
 Day from night, and let them indicate
 The passing seasons, days and years,
 And let them be lamps, for I give them
 This task in the sky,
 To throw light on the Earth,' and it was so.
 And God made two great lights, of great use
 To Man; the larger was to rule over the day
 And the lesser over night, alternating; and he made the stars,
 And put them in the sky
 To light up the Earth, ruling over day
 And night as they alternated,
 And divide the light from the darkness. God saw,
 Looking over his great work, that it was good:
 For of the celestial bodies he first made the sun,
 A mighty sphere, lightless at first
 Though of ethereal matter; then he formed the moon
 As a globe, and all the stars great and small
 And scattered them thickly over the heavens;
 He took the greatest part of light
 From her containing clouds and placed
 It in the ball of the sun, which was porous
 So it could soak up the liquid light, and strong so she could retain
 The gathered beams; she was now a great palace of light.
 There other stars go, as if to a well,
 Filling their golden urns with light,
 And it's there the morning star polishes her horns;
 By absorption or reflection they add*

*To their own small light, though human sight,
Being so far away, only sees them dimly.
The glorious lamp was first seen in the east,
Ruler of the day, and the horizon all round
Was lit with his bright rays as he ran
His happy course through the high Heavens; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades, danced in front of him,
Throwing sweetness; less bright was the moon,
But it was set level opposite him in the west,
His mirror, with her full face borrowing light
From him; for other light she needed none
When in that place, and stayed there until nightfall;
Then she takes her turn at shining in the east,
Revolving on Heaven's great spindle, and she rules
With a thousand lesser lights,
With a million stars that then appeared
Jewelling the hemisphere: so decorated for the first time
With their bright lamps which set and rose
Happy evening and morning marked 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.
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 and Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, and through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares

Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
 Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire,
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods, and 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
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

*And God said, 'Let the waters generate
 Reptiles with abundant spawn, living souls,
 And let birds fly over the Earth, with wings
 Spread in the skies of Heaven.'*
*And God created the great whales, and each
 Living soul, each one which crept, each
 Which generously populated the waters in their types,
 And every type of winged bird,
 And he saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the seas,
 The lakes, the running streams, all the waters;
 And let the birds be multiplied, on the Earth.'*
*At once the channels and seas, every creek and bay,
 Were swarming with fry, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green waves, in schools that often
 Make an island in the sea: some single, some with mates
 Grazed their pasture, the seaweed, and wander through
 Groves of coral; or, playing lively,*

*Show the sun their wavy coats spotted with gold;
 Others rest in their pearly shells, taking in
 Moist food, or watch their prey under the rocks,
 Wearing jointed armor: on the calm waters seals
 And arching dolphins play: some, enormous,
 Clumsily wallowing, huge in their movements,
 Whip up the ocean; that is leviathan,
 The biggest of living creatures, who on the waters,
 Stretched out like a headland, sleeps or swims,
 And seems like a moving island; and he draws
 In through his gills, and spouts through his blowhole, a sea.
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, the fens and the shorelines
 Hatch out their children, just as numerous, from eggs that soon
 Burst apart naturally and reveal
 Their unfledged young; but they soon grow feathers and fly
 When they have all their feathers, and soaring in the sweet air
 And with harsh cries spurned the ground, rising
 Like a cloud; there the eagle and the stork
 Build their nests on clifftops and in cedar trees;
 Some fly the skies alone, others, wiser,
 Fly together arranged in a wedge,
 Knowing of the seasons they set off
 With their caravan of the air, flying high
 Over sea and land, their comradeship
 Easing their flight; so the prudent crane
 Goes on her annual voyage, carried on the wind; the air
 Shimmers as they pass, fanned by countless feathers:
 From branch to branch the smaller birds calmed the woods
 With song, and spread their colorful wings until
 Evening came; even then the solemn nightingale
 Did not stop, but sang her soft song all night:
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
 Their feathered breasts; the swan with her arched neck
 Carried proudly between her wings, rows
 Dignified with her oar-like feet; but often they leave
 The damp and, rising on stiff wings, climb
 Into the middle sky; others walked firmly
 On the ground; the cockerel whose cry marks
 Time, and the peacock whose cheerful tail
 Embellishes him, colored with the bright hues
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. So with the waters
 Filled with fish, and the air with birds,
 Evening and morning celebrated the fifth day.*

The Sixth, and of Creation last arose
 With Evening Harps and Mattin, when God said,
 Let th' Earth bring forth Foul living in her kinde,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
 Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,

Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half 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
 Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
 These as a line thir long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd
 The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou thir Natures know'st, & gav'st them Names,
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
 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;

The sixth and last day of Creation began

With songs at evening and morning, and God said,
 "Let the Earth bring forth living souls of all kinds,
 Cattle, and crawling things, and beasts of the Earth,
 All of their own type. The Earth obeyed, and at once
 Opening her fertile womb there spilled out
 Uncountable living creatures, complete forms,
 With limbs and fully grown: out from the ground there rose
 As he does from his lair, the wild beast where he lives
 In wild forests, thickets, bushes and dens;
 They appeared walking in pairs amongst the trees:
 The cattle in the fields and green meadows,
 Some single and alone, others in flocks
 All eating together, and springing up in herds.
 The clods of grass now split, now there could be seen
 Half a tawny lion, struggling to get his rear half
 Free, then he springs out like one released from chains,
 And stands to shake his streaky mane; the lynx,
 The leopard and the tiger, rising
 Like moles, threw the crumbled earth above them
 Into mounds: the swift stag pushed his antlered head
 Up from underground: out of his mould
 The elephant, largest creature of the Earth, pulled
 His great bulk; the fleecy bleating flocks rose up
 Like plants; amphibious between sea and land
 Were the hippopotamus and the scaly crocodile.
 At once out came whatever creeps on the ground,
 Insect or worm; they waved their supple fans
 As wings, and their tiny features were perfect,
 In their decoration of the colors of summer,
 With spots of purple, gold, blue and green:
 This sort drew their dimensions straight out,
 Streaking over the ground with a weaving line; not all
 Were the smallest creatures; some of the serpent type,
 Amazing in their length and girth, coiled
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. For the first time
 The thrifty ant walked, storing things up for the future;
 A large heart in a small body;
 An example of proper equality, perhaps,
 For the future, all joined in their democratic
 Tribes; next, swarming, came
 The female bee, that feeds her drone husband
 Delicious food, and builds her wax cells
 Full of honey: the rest cannot be counted,
 And you know what they are and have named them,
 So I don't need to repeat them to you; nor is the serpent
 A stranger to you, the most cunning beast of them all,
 Sometimes of great size, with metallic eyes
 And a great hairy mane, though he is not poisonous to you,
 And obeys your call.
 Now heaven shone in all her glory, and rolled
 Round her orbits, as the great first mover's hand

*Set them moving for the first time. Earth, completed,
In her rich clothes smiled beautiful; air water and earth
Was swum, flown and walked by fish, bird and beast,
Thronging, and for what remained of the sixth day,*

There wanted yet the Master work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

*There was still needed the masterwork, the culmination
Of everything that had been done; a creature who was not low
And brutish as the other creatures, but given
The holy virtue of reason, who might stand up
Straight and upright with a serene face and
Govern the rest, having self-knowledge, and that
Will allow his soul to talk with Heaven,
Gratefully acknowledging where his good comes from
And turn his heart, voice and eyes there
With devotion, adoring
And worshipping the supreme God, who made him the best
Of all his works; so the all powerful
Eternal Father (for where is he not
Present?) spoke to his Son:*

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formd thee, Adam, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.

Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields,
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't the Sixth day:

*'Let us now make Man in our image, Man
The same as us, and let them rule
Over the fish and birds of sea and air,
The beasts of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that crawls along the ground.'*
Having said this he formed you Adam, you, Man,
From the dust of the ground, and into your nostrils breathed
The breath of life; he created you in
His own image, in the image of God
Directly; and you became a living soul.
He created you male, but your companion
Female, so that you could breed; then he blessed mankind, and said,
*'Be fruitful, multiply and fill the Earth;
Master it, and everywhere hold power
Over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever you were created, for no place
Has its own name yet, from there, as you know,
He brought you to this beautiful place,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delicious both to see and to eat;
And he freely gave you all their wonderful food;
Here there is everything that the Earth gives,
Endless variety; but you must not touch the fruit
Of the tree which, once tasted, gives knowledge of good and evil;
The day you eat that, you will die,
Death is the penalty for that; be warned,
And keep control of your appetite, in case sin
Should catch you unawares, with her black companion, Death.
God finished his work, and looked on all he had made,
And saw that all was entirely good;
So evening and morning completed the sixth day,*

Yet not till the Creator from his work

Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Followd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire,
 Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
 The great Creator from his work returnd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged Messengers
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest
 Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seventh
 Eev'ning arose in Eden, for the Sun
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne
 Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down
 With his great Father (for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid, such priviledge
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
 Choral or Unison; of incense Clouds
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.

But not until the Creator stopped working,

*Although he was not tired, and returned upwards,
Up to the highest Heaven, his home,
There to look down on his newly created world,
The new addition to his empire, to see how it looked
From his throne, how good, how beautiful,
Fulfilling his great plan. Up he rode,
Followed with praise, and the symphony
Of ten thousand harps, that sung
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the air
Resounded (you remember, because you heard it),
The skies and all the stars rang,
The planets stood listening in their places,
While that bright glory ascended with joy.
“Open, you everlasting gates,” they sang,
“Open, Heavens, your everlasting doors; let in
The Creator returned from his work,
Magnificent, he has worked for six days and made a world;
Open, and do so often from now on, for God
Will now often be pleased to visit the homes
Of just men, and there will be frequent communication
As he sends his winged messengers to Earth
On errands of Heavenly grace.” So sang
The glorious procession as it rose: He led them through Heaven,
That opened her blazing doors wide, and led them
Directly to God’s eternal house,
Over a broad and roomy road, whose dust is gold
And is paved with stars, as stars appear to you,
Seen in the galaxy, the Milky Way,
That zone which you see orbiting each night,
Powdered with stars. And now on Earth the seventh
Evening began in Eden, for the sun
Had set, and twilight approached from the east,
Telling of the coming night. At the holy mountain
At the highest point of Heaven, the Imperial throne
Of God, fixed firm and strong forever,
The Son arrived and sat down
With his great father (for he had gone
With him, invisible, but also stayed in Heaven, such is the power
Of Omnipresence) and the work was done,
The maker and finisher of all things, and he was now resting
From work, and he blessed and made holy the seventh day,
As being a day to rest from all work,
But the day was not observed in holy silence; the harp
Had work and did not rest, the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all the sweet sounding organs,
All sounds made by plucking and pressing strings
Sounded softly, mixed with voices
Singing harmonies or all together; the mountain was hidden
By clouds of incense coming from golden burners.*

Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,

Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
 Is greater then created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who 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
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
 Of destind habitation; but thou know'st
 Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
 Created in his Image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.
 So sung they, and the Emyrean rung,
 With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
 How first this World and face of things began,
 And what before thy memorie was don
 From the beginning, that posteritie
 Informd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

They sang of creation and the six day's work that had been done:

*"Your works are great, God, your power
 Is infinite; what thought can comprehend you or tongue
 Tell of you? You are greater now as you return
 Than the day you fought the rebels; that day you
 Strengthened your thunder, but to create
 Is greater than making things to destroy.
 Who can lessen you, great King, or measure
 Your empire? You easily overcame
 The arrogant rebellion of the mistaken Spirits
 And their foolish debates, when they blasphemously thought*

*They could lessen your glory and lower
The number of your worshippers. The one who tries
To make you less only manages, against his plans,
To show even more of your strength; you use
His evil, and create more good from it.
See this newly made world, another Heaven
Not far from Heaven's gate, built within sight
On the clear glassy sea;
It is almost infinite in size, with numerous
Stars, and maybe every star will one day
Be inhabited, but you know
What happens there. Among these stars is the home of men,
Earth with her encircling ocean,
Their pleasant home. Men are three times blessed,
And their sons as well; God has placed them there.
Created in His image, they live there
And worship him, and as their reward they rule
Over his works on Earth, in the seas and in the air,
And breed a race of worshippers,
Holy and wise; they will be three times blessed if they know
How lucky they are, and remain righteous.'
So they sang, and the heavens rang
With hallelujahs: this was how the Sabbath was observed.
And now think your question answered, you who asked
How this world and everything in it began,
And keep the story of this beginning
In your memory, so that those who come after
Will know of it, told by you; if you want to know
Anything else, if it's not beyond human understanding, say so.'*

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: 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.

Adam asks about the movement of the stars, receives an ambiguous answer and is encouraged to investigate things more suitable for his understanding. Adam agrees, and wishing Raphael to stay he tells him what he can remember since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and the right sort of companionship, his first meeting with, and marriage to, Eve. He talks to the Angel on this matter; the Angel gives him warnings and 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
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; something yet of doubt remains,
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
Thir distance argues and thir swift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all thir vast survey
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
That better might with farr less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
Her end without least motion, and receaves,
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

*The angel finished, and his voice echoed
 So charmingly in Adam's ear that for a while
 He thought he was still speaking, and stood listening;
 Then like one newly awoken he gratefully replied:
 'How can I thank you enough, how could I
 Repay you, Heavenly
 Historian, who has almost quenched
 My thirst for knowledge, and had
 The kindness to lower himself to tell
 Of things I could never discover for myself, now heard
 With amazement and delight, and, as is right,
 With praise to the high
 Creator; there is one thing I still don't understand,
 And only you can tell me the answer.
 When I see this universe, this world
 Made of Heaven and Earth, and calculate
 Their sizes, this Earth is a spot, a grain,
 An atom, compared with the sky
 And all her many stars, that seem to travel
 Incomprehensible distances (so one
 Assumes, given their distance from us and their quick daily
 Return) just to give light
 To this dark Earth, this little dot,
 Giving day and night; in all their great spaces
 They are otherwise useless. Looking at them I often wonder
 How Nature, so wise and sparing, could allow
 So much to do so little, unnecessarily
 Making so many greater planets,
 So much greater than needed for this one use,
 Or so it seems, and make them
 Go round in their orbits day after day,
 Over and over, while the motionless Earth,
 Which might be moved with far less effort,
 Is served by those greater than herself, gets
 What she needs without any movement, and receives
 As a present her warmth and light, brought
 By a measureless journey of supernatural speed;
 A speed which could not be described with numbers.'*

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her eare
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,

Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.

*So our ancestor spoke, and from his face seemed
To be starting to think of academic things; seeing this Eve,
From where she was sitting, a little away but within sight,
With majestic humility rose from her seat
With a grace that made any who saw her want her to stay,
And went out amongst her fruits and flowers,
To see how they grew, how they budded and bloomed
In her nursery; at her coming they sprang up,
And touched with her fair tenderness grew happy.
But she did not go because she was bored
Of the talk, or incapable of understanding
Such high matters; she enjoyed hearing such things,
With Adam talking and she the only listener.
She preferred to hear the story from her husband
Rather than the angel, and decided to wait
To ask him; she knew he would tell her
In stages, and tell her of great matters
Mixed with kisses, for words were not the only things
That she enjoyed from his lips. Where are such couples
Now, joined in love and mutual respect?
With her Goddess-like appearance she went out,
Not unattended, for as if she were a queen
A procession of charming graces went with her,
And from all around her shot darts of desire
In to all eyes, making them wish she would stay.*

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 Dayes, or Months, or Yeares:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought

Rather admire; or if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
 Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy 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
 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 vigour find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak
 The Makers high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftnes of those Circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could adde
 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,
 Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
 In Eden, distance inexpressible
 By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
 God to remove his wayes from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might erre in things too high,
 And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
 Be Centre to the World, and other Starrs
 By his attractive vertue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?

Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different Motions move?
 Which else to several Spheres 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
 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,
 Fields and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
 Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie
 Communicating Male and Femal Light,
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in Nature unpossesst
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
 And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy faire Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,

Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

*And now Raphael replied to the question Adam raised,
Kindly and graciously:
"I don't blame you for asking and seeking, for Heaven
Is like a Book of God laid out for you,
Where you can read of his wondrous works, and learn
Of the seasons, hours, days, months or years:
To know this, whether it is Earth or the Heavens which move,
Is of no importance, if you think about it, the rest
The great Creator wisely kept from
Man or angels, and does not allow his secrets
To be pried into by those who ought
To be admiring them; or if they want to try
Guesswork, he has left the material of the Heavens
There for them to argue over, perhaps to make
Him laugh at how wide of the mark their opinions are,
In later days, when they come to describe Heaven
And count the stars, how they will twist
The great structure, how they'll build, take apart, make up
Things to make them fit their theories, how they'll mark the universe,
Scribbling orbital paths all over it,
With circles great and small, orbits within orbits;
By you asking this I can see what will happen, for you
Will be the example for your descendants, and you think
That bodies that are greater and brighter should not
Be servants to the smaller and dimmer, and Heaven should not make such efforts
While the Earth sits still, and only she benefits.
First of all consider that great
Or bright does not necessarily mean excellent; although
In comparison to the Heavens Earth is so small
And not bright, it may contain more solid goodness
Than the sun which shines infertile,
Whose powers have no affect on itself,
But do on the fertile Earth; there its beams
First came and their strength was revealed, otherwise they'd be useless.
But all these bright lights are not servants
To Earth but to you, earth's inhabitant.
As for the great expanse of Heaven, let it tell you
Of the Maker's great magnificence, the one who built
So great, and stretched his work so far,
So that Man should know he does not live alone;
This space is too much for him to fill,
He is housed in a small part of it, and the rest
Is set aside for purposes which only God knows.
You should see the speed of those swift orbits,
Though you cannot calculate them, as a sign of his power,
Who can add to solid substances
Speed which is almost disembodied; you can see I'm not slow,
Who set out from God's home in Heaven*

At dawn, and arrived in Eden before midday,
 A distance which cannot be measured
 With numbers which have a name. But I'm telling you this,
 Saying that the heavens move, to prove as wrong
 The doubt which led you to question it;
 I'm telling you it's wrong, even though
 It may look that way to you who live on Earth.
 To keep his plans beyond human comprehension
 God placed Heaven so far from Earth that men,
 If they presume to aim so high, will be mistaken
 And gain no advantage. What if the sun
 Is the centre of the universe, and other planets,
 Driven by their own gravity and his,
 Dance around him in various orbits?
 In their wandering they are high, then low, then hidden,
 Coming, going or standing still,
 You see this in the six planets, so what if the seventh,
 The Earth, though she seems so fixed,
 Is imperceptibly moving in three different ways?
 Otherwise you must give movement to several other planets,
 Moving around each other in complex ways,
 Or you can save the sun from moving, and suppose
 That there is a swift nightly and daily orbit
 Invisible up above the stars, the wheel
 Of day and night. It doesn't matter what you believe,
 If the earth is active and goes to fetch the day herself
 From the east, and turns part of herself away
 From the sun's beams to create night, with her other half
 Still lit up with his rays. What if that light
 Sent from her through wide transparent air,
 Is like that of a star to the moon, taking light
 By day as she gives it to the Earth
 At night? Then it would be possible, if there is land there,
 For her to have fields and inhabitants: you see clouds
 On her surface, and clouds can rain, and rain bring
 Fruits from her softened soil, to make food
 For those placed there; and maybe you will find
 Other suns with their attendant moons,
 Shining male and female light,
 The two great forces which drive the universe,
 Stored up in some planet where maybe others live.
 For if there is so much space in Nature,
 Unlived in by a living soul, deserted and desolate
 Which only twinkles, just to give
 Each planet a glimpse of light, carried so far
 Down to this inhabited planet, which gives
 Light back to them - if that's all they're for is a debatable matter.
 But whether this is the case or it is not,
 Whether the sun rules in Heaven
 And rises on the Earth, or if the Earth rises on the sun,
 Whether the sun journeys to you from the east,

*Or the Earth travels to the west, moving along her silent course,
With imperceptible speed, spinning softly
Around her poles, while she travels gently
And carries you softly through the smooth air,
Don't trouble your thoughts with such hidden matters;
Leave them to God above, serve him and fear him;
Let him place other creatures wherever
It best pleases him; you enjoy
What he has given you, this Paradise
And your lovely Eve; Heaven is too high above
For you to know what happens there; be humble,
And think of only what concerns you and your existence;
Don't dream of other worlds and what creatures might
Live there, in what state, condition or order;
Be content with what has been shown to you,
Not only of Earth but of highest Heaven.'*

To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully hast thou satisfi'd me, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to roave
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concerne
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How suttly to 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,
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.

*So Adam, freed from doubt, replied:
'How completely you have satisfied me, pure
Heavenly intelligence, serene Angel,
And freed me from confusion, taught me to live
In the easiest way and not to allow confusing thoughts
Disturb the sweetness of life. God has ordered
All anxious worries to stay away from us
And not interfere with us, unless we
Seek them with wandering thoughts and vain ideas.
But the mind or imagination has a tendency to wander
Uncontrolled, and her wandering is useless,
Until she is warned, or learns from experience,
To stop trying to learn of far off things of no use
To her, dark and hidden. To know
About the things we see in our daily life
Is the greatest wisdom, anything else is imaginary,
Empty, or irrelevant,
And makes us inexpert and unprepared in the things
Which most concern us, still uselessly asking questions.
So from this high mountain let us descend
To a lower place, and speak of the things around us,
And maybe some useful knowledge will come up
About things of which I am permitted to ask,
With your kind permission.
I have heard you tell of the things which were done
Before my time: now I'll tell you
My story, which you may not have heard;
The day is not over; until it is
You can see how I want to keep you here,
Inviting you to listen while I speak,
Which would be vain if I wasn't hoping for your reply:
For while I sit with you I seem to be in Heaven,
And your talk is sweeter to my ear
Than the coconuts are sweet for thirst
And hunger both after work, at the time
For meals; one soon has enough of them,
Though they are pleasant, but your words, filled
With divine grace, are as sweet but one can never have enough.'*

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image faire:
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.

Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
 Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
 On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;
 For I that Day was absent, as befell,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
 Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
 Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
 Or enemie, while God was in his work,
 Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,
 Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
 The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
 But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
 Torment, and loud 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.

Raphael answered him with heavenly sweetness.
'Your lips are beautiful, father of men,
And your tongue is eloquent, for God
Has abundantly showered his gifts on you;
Outside and in you are his fair copy:
Speaking or silent all beauty and grace
Is with you, and inspires all your speech and movement.
We in Heaven think of you on Earth as nothing less
Than our fellow servant, and are glad
To hear of the dealings between God and man:
For we see that God has honored you, and given
Man the same love we enjoy. So speak on,
For as it happened I was absent on that day,
Making a rough and dark journey,
Travelling on a mission to the Gates of Hell;
We were in full battle order (as we had been commanded)
To see that no spies or enemies escaped
While God was at his work,
In case the devils, furious at such great works,
Might have tried to mix destruction with creation.
They could not have done that without his permission,
But he sends us on his high errands
To uphold his honor as the King of all, and to train us
To be obedient. We found the dismal Gates
Shut tight, and well reinforced;

*But from far off we heard within
Noise, which was not that of dance or song;
It was torture, and wailing, and furious anger.
We were happy to return to Heaven
Before the evening of the Sabbath: that was our duty then.
But tell me your story now, I'm listening,
And I am just as pleased with your words as you are with mine."*

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
My drousd sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:

When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
 To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
 A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees
 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree
 Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
 Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
 Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw,
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss: he rear'd me, and Whom thou soughtst I am,
 Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:
 Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
 Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 But of the Tree whose operation brings
 Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set
 The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
 Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
 Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;
 From that day mortal, and this happie State
 Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
 Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

*So spoke the Godlike angel, and our ancestor replied.
 "For Man to tell of how human life began
 Is difficult; for who remembers his birth?
 I offered to tell from my desire to keep talking*

To you. As if I had just woken from the deepest sleep
 I found myself lying on the soft flowery grass,
 Covered in sweet sweat, which the sunbeams
 Soon dried, feeding on the perfumed moisture.
 At once I turned my eyes to Heaven in wonder,
 And gazed for a while at the great sky, until prompted
 By a quick instinctive motion I leapt up,
 As if trying to reach the sky, and I stood upright
 On my feet; all round about me I saw
 Hills, valleys, shady woods and sunny plains,
 And the liquid smoothness of the murmuring streams; by these,
 Were creatures that lived, or moved, walked or flew,
 And birds warbled in the branches, all things smiled
 And my heart was overflowing with perfumed and happiness.
 I then looked over myself, limb by limb,
 And sometimes I walked, sometimes ran,
 With supple joints, as the fancy took me:
 But who or where I was, or why I existed,
 I did not know; I tried to speak, and at once I spoke,
 My tongue obeyed me and I could easily name
 Whatever I saw. 'You, sun,' I said, 'You fair light,
 And you shining Earth, so fresh and gay,
 You hills and dales, you rivers, woods and plains,
 And you that live and move, you fair creatures, tell me,
 If you saw, how did I come here in this shape?
 It wasn't my own doing; there must have been some great Maker,
 The highest in goodness and power;
 Tell me how I can know him and worship him,
 The one who has given me the means to move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.'
 While I called out this way I wandered I don't know where,
 Away from the place I first drew breath, and first saw
 This happy light; when nobody replied
 I sat down to think on a shady green
 Flower covered bank; that was where gentle sleep
 First found me, and with its soft heaviness seized
 My drowsy senses, untroubled, though I thought
 I was returning to my former state
 Of unconsciousness and would then disappear:
 When suddenly I started to dream,
 And that apparition in my head gently convinced
 My mind that I still existed,
 Still lived: one of Divine shape came to me,
 And said, 'Your dwelling is waiting for you, Adam, get up,
 First man, of all countless men chosen
 As the first father, called by you I come as your guide
 To the garden of bliss, the place prepared for you.
 Saying this, he took me by the hand and lifted me,
 And took me over the fields and waters as if we flew,
 Sliding smoothly without touching the ground, and at last led me up
 A woody mountain; its high top was flat,

*A round circle, walled in, planted with wonderful trees,
 With paths and shelters, that made what I'd seen before
 On Earth seem hardly pleasant. Each tree
 Was loaded with the sweetest fruit, hanging
 Tempting to the eye, which gave me a sudden appetite
 To pick and eat; at that point I woke up, and found
 That everything was in from of me, real, just as the dream
 Had foretold: I would have started exploring again,
 If the one who was my guide
 Had not appeared from among the trees up here,
 A divine presence. Rejoicing but awestruck
 I fell worshipping at his feet,
 Submissive; he lifted me up and said sweetly, 'I am the one
 You were looking for, the one who made all you can see,
 Above, around or beneath you.
 I give you this Paradise, it's yours
 To keep and to work, and to eat the fruit;
 Of every tree that grows in the garden
 Eat freely and be happy; don't worry about it running out.
 But of the tree which brings
 Knowledge of good and evil, which
 As the pledge of your obedience and faith
 I have put in the middle of the garden next to the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn you, do not taste it,
 Do not chance the bitter consequences: for be aware
 That the day you eat from it, breaking my only
 Command, you will inevitably die;
 From that day on you will be mortal, you will lose
 This happy existence, you will be thrown from here
 Into a world of sadness and sorrow.' He sternly pronounced
 This strict rule, which still rings
 Dreadfully in my ear, though I do not wish it to.
 But soon his beauty returned
 And he resumed his gracious speech.*

Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
 To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
 In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
 After thir kindes; I bring them to receave
 From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
 With low subjection; understand the same
 Of Fish within thir watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
 As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd

My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still;
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
 O by what Name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
 Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
 And all this good to man, for whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
 What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
 With various living creatures, and the Aire
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee; know'st thou not
 Thir language and thir wayes? They also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

*'I don't only give you this fair place, but all the Earth
 To you and your kind. As lords
 Rule over it, and all the things that live on it,
 Or that live in the sea or the air, beasts, fish and birds.
 To confirm your mastery, look at each type
 Of bird and beast; I bring them to you
 To give them names, and so they can pay you respects
 With low obedience; the same applies to the fish
 In their watery home;
 They have not been called here, since they cannot change
 Their nature to breathe the thin air.'
 As he spoke I saw each bird and beast
 Approaching two by two, bowing low
 In adulation, each bird bending its wing.
 I named them as they passed and understood
 Their nature; God suddenly placed
 This knowledge in my mind. But in all these
 I could not find that which I thought I lacked,
 And presumed to speak to the heavenly vision.
 'By what name do you go, for you are above all these,
 Above mankind, or anything else that is higher than mankind,
 It is far beyond me to name you, how can I
 Worship you, Creator of this Universe
 And all this goodness for man, for whose wellbeing
 You have so amply and generously*

*Provided; but I do not see
 One to share this with. In solitude
 What happiness is there, who can find enjoyment alone,
 Or even if he finds enjoyment, what contentment?’
 So I presumptuously asked, and the bright vision,
 With his smile widening, answered.
 ‘What are you calling solitude, is the Earth
 And the air not full of living creatures,
 And can you not command them
 To come and entertain you? Do you not know
 Their language and their habits? They also have knowledge,
 And they can think to an extent; pass your time
 With these, and rule them; your kingdom is large.’
 So the great Lord spoke, and it seemed
 To be an order. I begged permission to speak,
 And humbly replied.*

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
 Among unequals what societie
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
 Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

*‘Do not be offended by my words, Heavenly power,
 My maker, and hear favorably what I want to say.
 Have you not put me here as a substitute for you,
 And put these far below me?
 What sort of company can be enjoyed
 Between those not equal, what harmony or true happiness?
 Company must be mutual, with equal amounts
 Being given or received; if there is inequality
 One with more, one with less,
 They cannot mix well together, but each will soon
 Find the other tedious. The company I'm speaking of,
 The type I'm looking for, would be fit to share
 All conversation, and in that the animal
 Cannot join with humans; they rejoyce*

*In being with their own kind, lion with lioness,
You have placed them so well in their pairs;
A bird cannot talk to the animals, or fish to the birds,
The ox cannot converse with the ape;
Just like them, and even worse, a man cannot speak with the beasts.'*

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

*To him the Almighty replied, not displeas'd:
"A nice and gentle happiness I see
You are claiming for yourself, Adam,
In your choice of companion, and I see
You will get no happiness from solitary pleasures.
What do you think of me then, and my condition?
Do you think that I have enough
Happiness, or not? I am alone
For all eternity, for I know none
Close to or even similar to me, let alone equal.
So who can I talk to
Except the creatures I have made,
Who are infinitely more below me
Than the beasts are below you.*

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 perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.

Thou in thy secesie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.

*He finished, and I humbly replied. 'To understand
The heights and depths of your eternal ways
Is not possible for humans, highest of all;
You are perfect in yourself, and there is
Nothing missing in you; it is not so for man,
Being lower, he wants
To talk to his own kind, who can help him
Or comfort him in his shortcomings. There is no need
For you to breed, as you are already infinite,
And you are present in every number, even though one;
But Man wants to soften his solitary state
With numbers, and create
Those like him, spreading his image
Uniting in imperfection, which needs
Reciprocated love and dearest friendship.
You are alone in your perfection,
And you are best accompanied by yourself.
You don't want social intercourse, but if you did
You can raise your creature up to whatever height you want
Of union or understanding, making them a God;
By talking to these I cannot lift them up
From the ground, nor can I find happiness in their ways.'*

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.
Thus farr to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such companie as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

So I boldly spoke, using the freedom

*I had been granted, and my points were accepted
 In this answer from the gracious divine voice.
 'I was pleased to test you this far, Adam,
 And find you don't only know of the beasts,
 Which you have properly named, but of yourself,
 Giving voice to the spirit within you well.
 You are my image, which was not given to the brutes,
 And so their company is not fit for you.
 There was good reason for you to dislike the idea,
 And to still do so. Before you spoke
 I had already decided it was not good for Man to be alone,
 And no such company as what you saw
 Was meant for you, they were only brought to you as a test,
 To see how well you could judge what was fitting and proper:
 What I shall bring you next will please you, you can be sure,
 Your likeness, your helper, your other self,
 Your wish, exactly what you want.'*

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
 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 and heal'd:
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely faire,
 That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd 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.
 Shee disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,

Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every gesture dignitie and love.

*Here he stopped, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly form was overpowered by his heavenly one,
Which it had been standing under for a long time, strained to its limits
By that heavenly conversation,
As when faced with an object that is beyond comprehension.
Dazzled and exhausted I sank down and looked for the repair
Of sleep, which came to me instantly, called
By nature to help me, and closed my eyes.
It closed my eyes, but left open the eye
Of imagination, through which
I saw, as if in a trance,
Although I was asleep, where I lay, and I saw the glorious
Shape before whom I had stood when awake;
Bending down he opened my left side, and took out
A rib, warm with the heat of my body
And streaming with my fresh blood; the wound was wide,
But suddenly it closed up and healed.
He shaped the rib with his hands,
And in his hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but of a different sex, so fair and lovely,
That what had seemed fair in the world before now seemed
Mean, or it was all gathered and contained within her
And her looks, which from that time placed
A sweetness in my heart which I had not felt before,
And put it into all things around her,
The spirit of love and the joys of passion.
She disappeared, and left me in the dark. I woke
To look for her, or to forever mourn
Her loss, and refuse all other pleasures.
When I had given up hope I saw her, not far off,
Just as I saw her in my dream, dressed
With all that Heaven and Earth could give
To make her sweet. On she came,
Led by her Heavenly maker, though he was invisible,
And guided by his voice, and knowing
Of the sanctity of marriage and its customs.
There was grace in all her steps, Heaven in her gaze,
And every gesture was full of dignity and love.*

I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self

Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.
 She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
 Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all,
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
 And with obsequious Majestie approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
 And happie Constellations on that houre
 Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr
 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.

*Overjoyed I could not stop myself crying aloud:
 'This favor keeps your promise; you have kept
 Your word, bounteous and kind creator,
 The giver of all sweet things, but this is the sweetest
 Of all your gifts, which you give freely. I now see
 Bone made from my bone, flesh from my flesh, my self
 In front of me; woman is her name, made
 From man; this is the reason he will leave
 His father and mother and stay with his wife,
 And they shall be united in body, heart and soul.'*
*She heard me saying this, and though brought by God,
 Still innocent and virginal,
 Virtuous and knowing her worth,
 Knowing that she would be wooed, and be won.
 She was not bold or forward, but retiring,
 Which made her more desirable. To say everything,
 Nature, though clear of sinful thoughts,
 Had made her modest in herself, so that, seeing me, she turned away.
 I followed her, and she knew what was fitting,
 And with submissive grace gave in
 To my pleading. I led her to
 The wedding house, blushing like the dawn; all heaven
 And the happy stars rained their happiness
 Down on that moment; the Earth
 Gave signs of its congratulations, so did the hills;*

*The birds were joyous; fresh winds and gentle breezes
Whispered in the woods, and on their wings
Carried scents of roses and spicy shrubs,
Mixed, until the nightingale
Sang the wedding song, and called the evening star to hurry
Up into the sky to light the bridal lamp.*

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits and Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More then enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which most excell,
In outward also her resembling less
His Image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that Dominion giv'n
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in her self compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, vertuosest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;
Authority 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.

*So I have told you of my life, and used
My story to sum up the earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and I must admit that I find
Pleasure in all other things, but these,*

*Whether I use them or not, make no change in the mind,
 Do not bring on desire, these sweet things
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits and flowers,
 Paths and birdsong; but this
 Was something quite different, transported I saw,
 Transported I touched; here I first felt passion,
 A strange upheaval; in all other pleasures
 I was not disturbed, here only I was weak
 In the face of beauty.
 Either nature had failed in me, and left some part unable
 To resist these feelings,
 Or taking part of me from my side, perhaps
 Took too much; at least she was given
 Too much decoration, outwardly
 Incredible, but less so inside.
 I fully understand Nature's plan,
 That she should be inferior in her mind
 And thought, the greatest powers,
 And externally she looked less
 Like the one who made us both, less expressive
 Of the mastery we had been given
 Over all other creatures; but when I come near
 Her loveliness, she seems so perfect
 And self-contained, to know
 Her self so well, that what she does or says
 Seems the wisest, most virtuous, most sensible, best;
 In her presence all intelligence is worthless,
 Talking with her wisdom
 Has no value and looks like stupidity;
 She is full of authority and reason
 As if she was the first one created, not made after
 To fulfil a need; and to make everything perfect
 Greatness of mind and nobility
 Are loveliest in her, and make an aura
 Round her like a guard of angels.'*

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
 Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;
 Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
 Than 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 yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maist love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaft
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
To them made common and 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 findest
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

*The angel replied with a frown,
'Nature has done her part in this,
Now you must do yours, and don't lose sight
Of wisdom; it won't desert you
Unless you send it away when you need it most,
By giving too much praise to less perfect things,
And you can see that they are.
For what do you admire so much, what moves you?
An outside? It is beautiful, no doubt, and deserves
To be cherished, honored and loved,
But not bowed down to: measure her against yourself
And then assess her value; often nothing is more useful
Than self esteem, if it's based on truth and sense
And is well managed; the more you practice it
The more she will acknowledge you as her master
And recognize that you are the truly perfect one:
She is made so beautiful for your pleasure,
So it would be terrible if you let your mate
See you made stupid by her looks.
But if the sensual pleasures by which
Mankind breeds seems such a perfect delight,
Better than any other, remember that
The cattle and all the beasts have the same, which would not
Be shared with them, if there was anything about it
Which was important enough to rule
The soul of man or make him passionate.
The higher things you enjoy about her company,
Carry on loving in a human and rational way;
Love is a good thing, passion is not,
And true love does not come from passion; love refines*

*The thoughts, enlarges the heart, has his home
In reason, is wise and makes the steps
By which you can attain heavenly love.
It is not buried in sexual pleasure, which is the reason
You were not given a partner from amongst the animals.'*

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

*Rather embarrassed, Adam answered him.
'Neither her outer beauty, nor anything
In the sex which all animals perform
(Though it is a far higher thing when part of the marriage bed,
And I think has a mysterious holiness there)
Pleases me as much as those graceful acts,
The thousand beauties that come daily
From all her words and actions, mixed with love
And her sweet obedience, which show true
Union of mind, both of us as one soul;
Harmony between a married couple
Is even better than hearing harmonious music.
But this is irrelevant; I'm telling you
What I feel inside, it doesn't mean
That when I meet with various things, although I get
Different feelings from the senses, I am not free
To judge what is best and act accordingly.
You do not admonish me for loving, for you say
Love leads the way up to Heaven, is the path and the guide;
Don't mind me asking then, if I am allowed to;
Do the heavenly spirits love, and if they do then how*

*Do they express it, just by looks or do they mix
Their light together, though without physical touch?'*

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

*The angel replied with a smile that glowed
A heavenly rosy red, the true color of love;
'Let it be enough for you to know
That we are happy, and there can be no happiness without love.
Whatever pure enjoyment you get from your body
(And you were created pure), we enjoy
To the highest degree, and are not encumbered
With skin, joints, limbs and other obstacles;
When Spirits embrace it is easier than air mixing with air,
They come together totally, wanting a union of pure with pure:
They don't need some clumsy acts as is needed
To mix flesh and flesh, soul and soul.
But now I can say no more; the setting sun
Goes down the Cape Verde islands in the west,
And that is my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happily, love but love most of all
Him who is loved by obeying, and obey
His great command; take care in case passion persuades
Your judgment to do anything which you would not
Do otherwise, and cause sorrow
To come to you and all your sons afterwards; be careful.*

*I, and all the angels, shall take pleasure in your
Remaining obedient; to stand or fall
Is left up to you.
You are perfect inside and need no outside help;
Resist all temptation to disobey.'*

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

*Saying this he got up, and Adam spoke to him
In farewell. 'Since you must leave,
Go heavenly guest, spiritual messenger,
Sent from the one whose ruling goodness I worship.
You have been polite and kind in agreeing
To talk to me, and I shall always remember it
With thanks; stay good and friendly
To mankind, and come back often.'*
*So they parted, the angel went up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam went to his bower.*

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 their 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 trial 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 a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded 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 their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

Having circled the Earth, Satan returns with malice to Paradise, disguised in a night mist. He enters into the body of the serpent as it sleeps. Adam and Eve go to their work, and Eve proposes that they should work apart from each other. Adam objects, saying that the enemy they have been warned of might make an attempt on her if he finds her alone. Eve is offended that he thinks she is too weak to resist and insists she wants to go alone, wanting to prove her strength if necessary. Adam consents and the serpent finds her alone. He makes a cunning approach, looking then speaking, praising Eve above all other creatures. Eve is amazed to hear him speak and asks how he has acquired the power and human understanding. He answers that he gained speech and reason from eating from a tree in the garden. Eve asks him to take her to the tree, and finds it is the forbidden Tree of Knowledge. The serpent has now grown bolder and with many tricks and arguments persuades her to eat. Pleased with the taste she debates whether to take the fruit to Adam or not. Eventually she brings him the fruit and tells him why she ate it. Adam is astonished, but seeing that she is lost decides, due to his love, that he will suffer the same fate as her and share her punishment; he eats the fruit. We see the effect this has; they both seek to cover their nakedness and start to argue, each blaming the other.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd
Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;
If answerable style I can obtaine
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,

And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite
 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, 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
 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.

*We will talk no more of when God or angelic guests
 Would sit with Man as his friend, familiar
 And indulgent, and with him eat
 A simple meal, allowing at the same time
 Discourse which might be erroneous but was blameless; now I must change
 The tone to tragedy; horrible betrayal and
 Breach of trust on the part of Man, revolt
 And disobedience; on Heaven's side,
 Now estranged, distance and distaste,
 Anger and justified rebuke, punishment
 That brought great sorrow into the world,
 Sin and her shadow, Death, and misery,
 Death's forerunner: this is a sad task, but it's a subject
 Not less but more Heroic than when stern Achilles
 Unleashed his anger on his foe, chasing him three times
 Around the walls of Troy; or the rage
 Of Turnus when Lavinia was taken away from him,
 Or Neptune's anger or Juno's, that for so long
 Baffled Odysseus and Aeneas;
 If I can write in a suitable style to suit
 My heavenly inspiration, who comes down
 Nightly to make her visit, uncalled,
 And dictates to me in my sleep, or gives me
 Inspiration for my spontaneous verse:
 Since I first thought of this subject for a Heroic poem,*

*Chosen a long time ago but only started now;
 I am not inclined by Nature to write
 Of war, which until now was thought the only fit subject
 For Heroic poetry, the greatest skill to analyse
 With long and tedious noise the doings of mythic knights
 And their fictional battles; the greater virtues
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Are left undescribed; or they write of races and games,
 Jousting equipment, painted shields
 With heraldic symbols, and richly clad horses
 With shining decorations, gorgeous knights
 At jousting and tournaments; then the great feast
 Served up in a hall with servants and stewards;
 The low skills of Art or politics,
 Are not the right things to give the name "heroic"
 To a person or a poem. I am not
 Skilled or learned in these matters, but higher matters
 Are left for me, enough in themselves
 To be called heroic, unless this is the wrong time,
 Or the cold climate or my growing age dampens my efforts,
 Which might well happen, if it was all down to me,
 With no help from her who brings it to my ear every night.*

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
 Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
 Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
 Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
 When Satan who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
 By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd.
 From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri'd
 His entrance, and forward the Cherubim
 That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
 On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought

Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length
West from Orontes to the Ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent suttlest Beast of all the Field.

*The sun had set, and after him came
The evening stars, whose task is to bring
Twilight to the Earth, the brief mediator
Between day and night, and now from end to end
The hemisphere of night had wrapped round the horizon.
That was when Satan, who had recently fled from Eden,
Running from the threats of Gabriel, now increased
In his planned deceit and his hatred, determined
To destroy man, disregarding the danger
Of the heavier punishment he risked, returned fearless.
He had fled at nightfall and returned at midnight.
He had been circling the Earth, hiding from the daylight
Since Uriel the Regent of the Sun saw
His entrance and warned the Cherubim
Guarding the entrance; driven from there in torment
He followed the darkness for seven nights without days,
Lapping the equator three times,
And crossing the shadow of night four times,
Going from pole to pole, crossing each quarter of the Earth;
On the eighth night he returned, and on the opposite side
From the gate and the guard of Cherubs he found
A secret entrance. There was a place
Which is now gone, though it is sin and not time which made the change,
Where the river Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Dived underground into a ravine, until part
Of it rose up in a spring by the Tree of Life;
Satan dived in with the river, and rose up
Hidden in the rising mist, then looked
For a place to hide; he searched land and sea
From Eden over the Black Sea to the Sea of Azov
And up beyond the River Ob,
Down as far as the Antarctic, and he traveled west
From the Orontes to the border of the ocean
At Darien, then to the land where
The Ganges and the Indus flowed; so he roamed the globe,
Searching closely, and he carefully inspected
Every creature, seeing which one
Would best suit his plans, and he found
The serpent was the most cunning of all the animals.*

Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native suttletie
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentring all thir precious beams
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walkt thee round,
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
 Now Land, now Sea, and 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
 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 find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
 In wo then: that destruction wide may range:
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd

What he 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
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
 More Angels to Create, if they at least
 Are his Created, or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Thir earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose 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
 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.

*After long thought, unable to make up his mind,
 He finally settled on the best
 Container, the most devious imp, for him
 To enter and hide his dark plans
 From the sharpest eyes; for in the wily snake
 Any cunning would not be seen as suspicious,
 But as coming from his nature,
 When if it was seen in other beasts*

*It might raise suspicions of devilish power
 Acting inside, beyond the control of the brute.
 So he decided, but first from his inner sorrow
 He burst out whining of his lot:
 'Oh Earth, how like Heaven you are, if not
 Even greater, more worthy of Gods, having been built
 As a second attempt, improving on the old!
 For what God would build something worse after better?
 An earthly heaven, danced around by other heavens
 That shine and do their duty in bringing you light,
 Light above light, just for you, it appears,
 Concentrating all their precious beams of holy power
 Onto you: as God in Heaven
 Is at the center and spreads everywhere, so you
 Are at the center and receive light from everywhere;
 All their powers appear in you, not in themselves,
 Producing herbs, plants and nobler things,
 Creatures which by degrees are animated
 With growth, sense and reason, and Man is the pinnacle.
 How pleased I would have been to walk around you,
 If I could take pleasure in anything, the sweet mixture
 Of hills and valleys, rivers, woods and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores covered in forests,
 Rocks, dens and caves; but in none of these
 Can I find a home or a refuge, and the more I see
 Beauty around me, so the more I feel
 Tortured with a horrible clash
 Of opposites; all good becomes evil to me,
 And in Heaven my condition would be much worse.
 But I don't want to live here, nor in Heaven,
 Unless I can overcome Heaven's ruler;
 Nor do I hope to make myself less miserable
 If I succeed, but to make others
 Like me, even though that will get me worse punishment;
 For only in destruction do I find ease
 For my restless thoughts; if he is destroyed,
 Or turned to paths which will lead to his utter downfall,
 The one for whom all this was made, all this
 Will collapse as well, being linked to him, good or bad,
 And I will make it bad. The damage will be widespread:
 I shall have the sole honor, amongst
 All the powers of Hell, to be the one who in one day
 Wrecked what he who calls himself Almighty took six
 Days and nights to make, and had spent who knows
 How long in the planning, though perhaps
 He's only been planning since the night when I freed
 Nearly half of the angels from dishonorable service,
 And left the crowds of his worshippers
 Much thinner: to take revenge,
 And to regain the numbers he lost,
 Whether the power he had in the past has faded*

*So he can't create more angels (if he did
 In fact create them), or just to spite us,
 He decided to set up in our place
 A creature made of Earth, and to give him,
 Raised from such a low place,
 Heavenly treasures, our treasures: what he ordered
 He made happen; he made Man and for him built
 This magnificent universe and Earth as his home;
 He pronounced him Lord of this place and - oh the indignity! –
 Gave him angels to serve him,
 Flaming guards to watch and care for
 This thing made of earth; I dread the vigilance
 Of these angels, and so I wrap myself in the mist
 Of midnight fogs to elude them, prying
 In every bush and thicket, where I may chance to find
 The serpent sleeping, and within his coils
 Hide both myself and my dark plans.
 What a terrible fall! That I who once contended
 With God for the highest place am now forced
 To become a beast, and mixed with bestial slime,
 To take this Spirit and give it a brutish body,
 That aspired to the title of God;
 But what will ambition and revenge
 Not lower themselves to? He who wants them must go down as low
 As he once soared high, exposed at the beginning or end
 To the basest things. Revenge, though it is sweet at first,
 Soon backfires bitterly on itself;
 Let it, I don't care as long as it hits its target;
 Since I can't hit the highest let it hit the one next
 On my list in envy, this new favourite
 Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of spite,
 Whom his maker raised from the dust
 To spite us more; then let spite be repaid with spite.'*

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential; but his sleep
 Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.

*Saying this he crept through each thicket, wet or dry,
 Ceeping low like a black mist, he carried on
 With his midnight search to where he most likely would find*

*The serpent: he soon found him sleeping
In a cave made of his own coils,
His head in the middle, full of cunning:
He did not yet sleep in dark places or dismal dens,
For he was still innocent and slept on the grass,
Unafraid: the Devil entered
In through his mouth, and took over its animal senses,
In its head and its heart, and having control of them
Would soon make it act with intelligence; but he did not
Disturb its sleep, waiting secretly for the approach of dawn.*

Now when as 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 grateful Smell, forth came the human pair
And joind thir vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
And Eve first to her Husband thus began.
Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my minde first thoughts present,
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
For while so near each other thus all day
Our taske we choose, what wonder if so 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.

*Now, as the holy light began to dawn
In Eden, shining on the moist flowers that breathed
Out their morning perfume and all things that breathe
Sent up silent praise from the great altar of the Earth
To their Creator and filled his nostrils*

*With the scent of gratitude, then the human pair came out
 And added their vocal worship to the choir
 Of creatures lacking in voice; having done that they
 Admired the morning, the best time for sweet scents and air:
 Then they discussed how they might best carry out
 Their growing work, for the task was outgrowing
 The ability of two pairs of hands in such a wide garden.
 Eve spoke to her husband first.
 'Adam, we will go on trying to look after
 This garden, to still attend to the plants, herbs and flowers,
 The pleasant task we have been given, but until more hands
 Come to help us the work actually grows due to our care,
 More fruitful as it is tended; what we during the day
 Lop, prune, prop or tie up,
 The frolicking growth, in a night or two, makes a mockery of it
 And returns to the wild. So you advise what to do,
 Or listen to what I think;
 Let us divide our work; you go where
 You choose, or where you're most needed, whether it's to wind
 The woodbine around our shelter, or direct where
 The clasping ivy should climb, while
 In that grove over there of roses mixed
 With myrtle I will find work until noon:
 When we choose tasks which put us so near each other
 All day, is it any wonder
 That we spend time looking and smiling at each other,
 Or chatting about new things we find, and these intermissions
 Mean we do too little work in the day, even though we begin
 Early, and we do not earn our supper.'*

Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures deare,
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts imployd
 How we might best fulfill the work which here
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In Woman, then to studie household good,
 And good workes in her Husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
 To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,
 Love not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksom toile, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.
 These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
 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 yield.
 For solitude sometimes is best societie,
 And short retirement urges sweet returne.
 But other doubt possesses me, least harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst
 What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
 Envying our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
 To other speedie aide might lend at need;
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still 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.

Adam answered her mildly:

*'Unique Eve, my only companion, to me beyond
 Comparison, dear above all living creatures,
 You have made a good suggestion, thought well
 About how we might best do the task
 God has given us, and I praise you for it.
 There is nothing lovelier
 In a woman than that she thinks about the good of the household
 And works to encourage good works in her husband.
 But our Lord has not so strictly imposed
 Work as to stop us from breaking for
 Refreshment, whether it is food or talk,
 Which is the food of the mind, or the sweet exchanges
 Of looks and smiles, for they come from our reason
 And the animals do not have them, and they are the food of Love,
 And love is not the lowest aim of human life.
 He did not make us for irksome work
 But for joy, and to join reason with that joy.
 Do not doubt that together we can keep
 The wilderness back from our paths and shelters
 In an area as large as we need, until before long there will be
 Younger hands to help us: but if you've had enough
 Of talk, I might agree to a short separation.
 Solitude is sometimes the best company,
 And absence makes the heart grow fonder.
 But another doubt worries me, in case
 You should come to harm on your own, for you know
 What we were warned, that a spiteful enemy*

*Envy our happiness, and having none himself
Wants to bring us to sorrow and sadness
With sly tricks.No doubt he is watching
Nearby, greedily hoping to achieve
His great wish by finding us apart;
He cannot catch us out if we are together,
Where each can help the other if needed;
His plan may be to make us withdraw
Our loyalty from God or to disturb
Our married love, which is maybe the happiness
Of ours which he envies the most;
For fear of this, or worse, do not leave the faithful company
Of the one who gave you life and still follows and protects you.
When danger or dishonor is near the best and safest
Place for a wife is at her husband's side,
So he can guard her, or share the trouble if it comes.'*

To whom the Virgin Majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd,
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such,
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
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 breast
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

*The queenly innocence of Eve replied
As one who has encountered some unkindness from a lover,
With sweet but stern composure:
"Child of Heaven and Earth and Master of the Earth,
That we have such an enemy, who seeks our
Downfall I have learned both from you
And from overhearing the angel as he left
As I was standing in a shady nook just behind you,
Having come back just as evening fell.
But that you should therefore doubt my loyalty
To God or to you, just because we have an enemy
Who might test it, I didn't expect to hear that.
You cannot fear his violence as we are*

*Not capable of death or feeling pain,
So we can either not receive them or can repel them.
His trickery, then, is what worries you, which clearly shows
That you fear that my loyal faith and love
Can be shaken or led astray by his tricks;
How can you harbor such thoughts in your heart,
Adam, thinking so badly of the one so dear to you?"*

To whom with healing words Adam replyd.
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 itself, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-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.

*Adam replied to her with soothing words:
"Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For that is what you are, completely free of sin and blame:
It is not because I don't trust you that I ask you
To say within my sight, but to block
The attempt which our enemy is planning.
For the one who tempts, even in vain, at least casts doubt
On the honor of the one he tries to tempt, thinking
That their faith is not incorruptible, that they could not
Resist temptation: you would be made angry
And upset by the offer of temptation,
Even though it would not be accepted; don't misunderstand then
If I try to avoid such an insult falling
On you alone, which when we are together*

*The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare try,
 Or if he does he'll have to deal with me first.
 And don't think his hatred and deceit are weak;
 He must be sly, one who could mislead
 Angels, and don't think the help of others is not needed.
 When you are looking at me
 I am increased in all my virtues, under your gaze
 I am more wise, more watchful, stronger, if
 Physical strength is needed; while if you are watching
 I would be so ashamed to be overcome or tricked
 That I would summon up my greatest strength and win.
 Why should the same not apply to you
 When I am present, and make you choose to face your trial
 With me, who is your best companion in that challenge?"*

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

*So spoke the husbandly Adam in his care
 And love of his bride; but Eve, who thought
 That her sincere faith was being doubted,
 Gave back another reply in her sweet voice.
 "If this is going to be our life, to live
 In a small space, hemmed in by our enemy,
 Sly or violent, and we do not have the strength
 To defend against him when on our own, wherever we meet him,
 How can we be happy, if we live in fear of harm?
 But harm does not lead to sin: only our enemy
 By tempting us insults us with his revolting assessment*

*Of our integrity: his foul estimate of it
 Brings no dishonor on our heads, but turns
 His foulness back on himself; so why should we fear
 Or avoid him? We should be wanting to gain double honor
 From showing his estimate to be wrong, and inner peace
 And the approval of Heaven will be our reward.
 What is faith, love and virtue worth if it has not been tested
 Alone, without help from outside?
 Don't let us imagine that our happy state
 Was left so imperfect by our wise creator,
 That we are not just as safe alone as together.
 Our happiness would have very weak foundations if this were so,
 And Eden would be shown not to be Paradise."*

To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,
 Or aught that might his happie State secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
 Against his will he can receive no harme.
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will
 To do what God expresly hath forbid,
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
 Were better, and most likelie if from mee
 Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
 Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, relie
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

*Adam replied to her passionately:
 "Oh woman, all things are best as the will*

*Of God ordered, his creating hand
 Left nothing imperfect or lacking
 In anything he created, least of all in Man;
 He left out nothing that could make his happy state safe,
 Secure from attack from outside; the danger lies
 Within himself, though he can guard against it:
 He can receive no harm against his will.
 But God gave us free will, for following
 Reason is freedom, and he made reason right,
 But warned to be careful of it, and still on guard,
 In case, misled by something that seems fair and good,
 She leads you astray and misdirects your will
 To do that which God has expressly forbidden.
 It is not mistrust, but tender love which insists
 That I should always guard you, and you me.
 We are firm, but it is possible to be led astray,
 Since it is not impossible for reason to meet
 Some apparently good thing perverted by the enemy
 And be deceived without realizing,
 Not keeping the strictest watch as she had been warned to do.
 Don't try and face temptation then, which is
 Best avoided, and you can do that best
 If you stay with me; the test will come without looking for it.
 If you want to prove your loyalty, first prove
 Your obedience; who can know what
 The other is like, if you are not tested?
 But if you think that the unlooked for trial will find
 Us stronger than that warning implies,
 Go; for if you stay here at my command you will be even more absent;
 Go with your inbred innocence, rely
 On the virtues you have, use them all,
 For God has done his part, now you must do yours.”*

*So spake the Patriarch of Mankind, but Eve
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.
 With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touch'd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
 The willinger I goe, nor much expect
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.*

*So spoke the Father of Mankind, but Eve
 Persisted humbly, though having the last word, and replied.
 “With your permission then, and forewarned,
 Mainly by what your last words mentioned
 Only in passing, that our trial, If we do not seek it,
 May catch us far more unawares,
 So I go more willingly, and I don't expect
 That such a proud enemy will try the weaker first,*

And if he does then he shall be even more ashamed by my rejecting him."

Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeliest 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
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that houre in Paradise
Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.

*Saying this she gently withdrew her hand
From his, and like a light wood nymph,
Of the mountains or woods, or one of Delia's attendants,
She went into the groves, but she surpassed
Delia herself in her step and her Goddess-like deportment,
Though she was not armed with bow and quiver like Delia
But with such gardening tools as their basic skills,
Not having fire to forge them, had made, or the angels had brought.
She seemed like a goddess of the fields or orchards,
Like Pomona when she ran
From Vertumnus, or like Ceres in her prime,
Still a virgin of Prosperina from Jove.
He followed her with love in his eyes for a long time,
Delighted with her, but wishing she would stay.
He often repeated his order that she should return
Soon, and just as often she replied
That she would return to their home before noon
And have everything in the best order
For their lunch or their afternoon's rest.
Oh how wrong you are, much failing, hapless Eve,
About your return! Terrible event!*

*From that time on you never in Paradise
Found either sweet food or sound sleep;
An ambush was waiting among the flowers and shadows,
Waiting with hellish spite ready
To divert your path, or send you back
Stripped of your innocence, your faith, your happiness.*

For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round
About her glowd, oft stooping to support
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,
Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so farr, and 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
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold

This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
 Of gesture or lest action overaw'd
 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 remain'd
 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
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

*For now, and since daybreak the Devil,
 Just a serpent in appearance, had come out
 On his hunt to where he was most likely to find
 The only two humans, but they
 Represented the whole race, which was his prey.
 He looked for them in their shelters and the fields,
 Where any piece of wood or garden looked more pleasant,
 Places they had tended or planted,
 By springs or shady streams
 He looked for them both, but his great hope
 Was to find Eve alone, though he did not have much hope
 Of something that so seldom happened, when his wish
 Came true, he spied Eve separate,
 Cloaked in a cloud of perfume, from where she was
 He could only see half of her as the rose bushes
 Were glowing so thick around her as she stooped to support
 Any flower that had a weak stalk, with a head that though bright
 Red, purple, blue or flecked with gold
 Was hanging down unsupported, then she ties them up
 Gently with a piece of myrtle, not knowing
 That she was the fairest unsupported flower,
 Far away from her support and with a storm coming.
 He came nearer, and crossed many paths
 Through the great woodlands of cedar, pine or palm,
 Sometimes twisting and open, sometimes hidden, now seen
 Amongst the thick shrubs and flowers
 Decorating the bank, the work of Eve:
 A more lovely spot than could be found in the stories
 About Adonis' garden or that or renowned
 Alcinous, host of Odysseus,
 Or that one, not mythical, where King Solomon
 Played with his fair Egyptian wife.
 He admired the place very much, the person even more.*

*He was like one who has been long in a big city,
 With the houses close together and sewers reeking,
 Leaving on a summer morning to breathe in
 Among the charming villages and farms
 All around, and gets delight from everything he meets,
 The smell of wheat, cut grass, cattle
 Or the dairy, every rural sight and sound;
 If by chance a fair maid passes with a nymphlike step
 What seems pleasant seems even more so now she is there,
 And she pleases the most, and her appearance has all the delightful things together.
 This was the pleasure it gave the serpent to see
 This flowery plot, Eve's sweet retreat
 So early, so alone; her divine shape
 Was angelic, but softer, more feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, every movement,
 Gesture or least action overcame
 His spite, and with a sweet ravishing stripped
 His fierceness of the fierce plan it had;
 For that moment the evil one was separated
 From his own evil, and for that time remained
 Insensibly good, stripped of his hatred,
 Of trickery, of spite, of envy, of revenge;
 But the hot hell that always burns inside him
 Even though he was in the middle Heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And he is more tortured, the more he sees
 Of happiness forbidden him; then soon
 He remembers his fierce hate, and strengthens
 All his thoughts of mischief.*

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

*“What was I thinking, what sweet
 Impulse carried me away and made me forget
 What brought me here, hate, not love, not hope
 Of exchanging Paradise for Hell, not hoping to taste
 Pleasure here, but to destroy all pleasure.
 Apart from destruction there is no other joy
 Left for me. Then let me not pass up
 This lucky chance, seeing the woman
 Alone, open to attack,
 Her husband, for I have looked far around, nowhere near,
 Whose higher intelligence I would rather avoid,
 And his strength, his haughty courage
 And heroic build, though it is terrestrial,
 He is a formidable foe, who cannot feel pain,
 And I can; Hell has so brought me down, and pain
 Weakened me, compared to what I was in Heaven.
 She is lovely, divinely lovely, fit to be a lover of Gods,
 Not dangerous, though there is a danger in love
 And beauty, if it wasn't being approached by a stronger hate,
 A stronger hate, well hidden under a show of love,
 That's the way I shall bring about her downfall.”*

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
 In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
 Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd
 Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
 Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but feard
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
 As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous 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,
 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,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

*So the enemy of mankind spoke, hidden
In the serpent, a bad prisoner, and he made his way
Towards Eve, not with a snaky weave
Lying on the ground as he has since, but on his end,
On a circular base of rising coils that rose
Coil above coil in a moving maze, his head
Above, crested, and his eyes were red gems;
With a gleaming neck of green gold, erect
Amongst his circling coils, that followed
Unused on the grass; he was a pleasing shape,
And lovelier, lovelier than any of his kind
That followed, not those in Illyria which
Hermione and Cadmus changed into, or the God
Of healing in his temple in Epidarus, nor the one
Jupiter changed into when at Ammonia or Capitoline,
Here with Alexander's mother, here with the mother
Of Scipio, the highest in Rome. With an indirect path,
At first, like one who sought access but didn't want
To interrupt, he works his way sideways.
Like a ship brought by skilful helmsman
By the mouth of a river or a headland, where the wind
Veers often and he changes course as often, shifting the sail;
So he varied his course, and of his twisted tail
He curled many twirling coils in Eve's sight,
Hoping to catch her eye; busy, she heard the sound
Like rustling leaves, but ignored it as she was used to
Such play around her wherever she went,
From every beast; they were more keen to come to her
Than the ones who answered Circe's call and were turned to swine.
Bolder now, he stood in front of her, uncalled,
But as if he was admiring her; he often bowed
His towering crest and his sleek enameled neck,
Fawning, and kissed the ground she walked on.
Eventually his gentle dumb antics caught
The eye of Eve to watch his play; glad
To have got her attention, using the snaky tongue
Of his own or hissing air,
He began his deceitful temptation.*

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 things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

*“Do not wonder, queenly mistress, if you can,
 Who are the only wonder, and do not assume
 A look of disdain on your face, mild as heaven,
 Unhappy that I approach you like this and
 Choose you to gaze at endlessly, and I am not afraid
 Of your awesome forehead, more terrible when frowning like that.
 You are the fairest copy of your fair maker,
 All living things gaze upon you, all things which have been given
 To you, and worship your heavenly beauty,
 Held entranced. You are seen best in heaven
 Where you are universally admired, but here
 In this wild place, among these beasts,
 Rough viewers, too stupid to understand
 Half of your beauty; apart from one man,
 Who sees you? (And what good is one?) You who should be seen
 As a Goddess amongst the Gods, worshipped and served
 By countless angels, your daily procession.”*

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

Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

*So the tempter lied, playing his overture;
The words made their way into Eve's heart,
Though she was astonished that he could speak; at last,
Amazed, she gave him an answer.*

*"What does this mean? The language of Man spoken
With the tongue of a beast, and making human sense?
I thought at least the first of these was forbidden
To beasts, whom God on the day of their creation
Made unable to let out any sound;
The second I'm not sure about, for there often appears
To be much reason in their looks and actions.
I knew you, serpent, were the most cunning of the beasts,
But not that you had a human voice;
Perform this miracle again, and tell me,
How did you go from mute to having speech, and why
Have you become more friendly to me than the rest
Of the beasts, that I see every day?
Tell me, for these strange things deserve attention."*

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be obeyd:
I was at first as other Beasts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense,
Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
To satisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.
About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adams: Round the Tree
All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plenty 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 perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
United I beheld; no Fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compel'd
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

The cunning tempter answered her:
"Empress of this fair world, wonderful Eve,
It is easy for me to answer all your questions
And right that I should do do:
I was at first like the other beasts
That graze on the grass, with low mean thoughts,
And my food was the same, and I thought of nothing but food
Or sex, and had no notion of higher things:
Until one day as I roamed in the fields I happened
To see a handsome tree in the distance
Loaded with fruit in a mixture of the loveliest colors,
Red and gold: I went nearer to see,
And from the branches came a savory scent
Which sharpened my appetite and pleased my senses,
More than the smell of sweet fennel or the teats
Of a ewe or a goat full of milk in the evening,
Unsuckled by a lamb or kid, that are off playing.
I resolved to satisfy the sharp desire I had
For a taste of those fair apples,
At once; hunger and thirst together,
Powerful persuaders, sharpened at the scent
Of that tempting fruit, calling to me.
I soon wound myself around the mossy trunk,
For the high branches would be at the edge
Of you reach or Adam's: round the tree
Stood all the other beasts watching with the same desire,
Full of longing and envy, but they could not reach.
I was now well in the tree, where there was plenty of fruit
Hanging temptingly, so I did not hesitate
To pluck and eat my fill, for until that time
I had never had so much pleasure from food or drink.
Full at last, it was not long before I found
That I was strangely changed, having a degree
Of reason in my mind, and speech

*Came shortly afterwards, although I kept this shape.
From then on I turned my mind to thoughts
High or deep, and with an ample mind
Considered all the things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or the air between, all the good and fair things;
But I saw all those good and fair things
United in your Godlike shape
And the heavenly rays of your beauty; there was nothing
Equal or close, which forced me,
Though bothersome perhaps, to come as I have
And look, and worship you rightly called
The queen of creatures, first lady of all.”*

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

*So the possessed sly snake spoke, and Eve,
Even more amazed, unsuspecting, replied.
“Serpent, your excessive praise makes me doubt,
How much wisdom that fruit really gives that you tried:
But tell me, where does this tree grow, how far from here?
For many of God's trees grow
In Paradise, of different types, but that we don't know,
As we have such a great choice,
We leave most of the fruit untouched,
Hanging unpicked, until the number of men
Increases to match what is available, and more hands
Help to collect Nature's bounty.”*

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.

*To whom the cunning adder, cheery and happy, said,
“Empress, the path is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat piece of ground,
Right by a spring, past a small thicket
Of blooming myrrh and balm; if you will have me*

As your guide I can bring you there soon."

Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kind'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, and 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 mee, though Fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

*"Lead on," said Eve. Leading her he swiftly rolled
In his tangles, and made the twisted seem straight,
Leading quickly to trouble. Hope lifts him, and joy
Shines in his crest, as when a will-o-the-wisp,
Made of strong gases, which the night
And the cold surroundings condenses down,
And it is kindled through its agitation into flame,
Which often, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with cheating light,
Which misleads the bewildered night traveler from his path
Into swamps or marshes, and often into a pond or pool,
Where they are swallowed up and lost, far from help.
So the terrible snake shone, and into error
Led Eve, our gullible mother, to the banned tree,
The root of all our sorrow;
When she saw what it was she spoke to her guide.
"Serpent, we might have been saved the bother of coming here,
Which is useless to me, though there is plenty of fruit here,
The proof of whose power is in you,
Truly incredible, if it is indeed the cause.
But we may not taste or touch the fruit of this tree;
God commanded it, and left that order,
The only law he made; in everything else
We make our own laws, 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?

*The tempter cunningly answered her:
"Indeed? Has God said that you cannot eat Fruit
From any of these trees in the garden,
Even though you are called Lords of all that's on Earth or in the air?"*

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

*Eve, still sinless, answered him: "We may eat the fruit
Of every tree in the garden,
Except for the fruit of this fair tree in the middle,
God said, 'You shall not eat it,
Nor shall you touch it, or you will die.'"*

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.
As when of old som Orator renound
In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addressd,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes 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.

*She had hardly said this short speech when the tempter,
Now more bold and pretending to show passion and love
For man and to be indignant at the wrong done to him
Puts on new acts, and as if he was shaken by anger
Ripples disturbed, though still handsome and looking
Noble, as if he was about to talk of some great matter.
It was like ancient times when some famous orator
In Athens or the Roman Republic, where eloquence
Flourished but has since vanished, spoke of some great cause,
Standing in control of himself, while each part,
Movement or action won over the audience before the tongue
Began right at the middle, as if he could not allow the delay*

*Of a prologue to obstruct his righteous passion.
So, standing, moving, or drawing himself up to his full height,
The tempter passionately began.*

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
Within me cleere, not onely to discern
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge, By the Threatner, look on mee,
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeyd:
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies

Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In Heav'nly brests? these, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

*“Oh sacred, wise and wisdom giving plant,
Mother of Knowledge, now I can feel your power
Clearly within me, not only seeing
The causes of things but understanding the thoughts
Of the very highest, however wise they are thought.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
These stern threats of death; you shall not die:
How could you? From the fruit? It gives you life
Through knowledge! Look at the one who threatens you, look at me,
Who has both touched and tasted, and we both live,
And I have gained a life more perfect than Fate
Meant for me, by aiming higher than my place.
Shall humans not have that which is available
To the beasts? Or will God become angry
At such a tiny transgression? Won't he rather praise
Your bravery at rejecting the pain
Of death, whatever that is,
Undeterred from trying something which might lead
To a happier life, a knowledge of good and evil;
How right would it be to know of good? Of evil,
If that exists, why should you not know, so it would be easier to avoid?
God would not be fair in punishing you;
And if he is not fair he is not God; then he would not be feared or obeyed:
You fear of death takes away the fear.
Then why was this forbidden? Why except to awe you,
To keep you low and ignorant,
Worshipping him; he knows that the day
You eat from the tree, your eyes, which you think are so clear
But are actually dim, shall be perfectly
Opened and cleared, and you shall be like Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they do.
That you should be Gods is only keeping things in order,
Since I am a man, inside at least;
I am a brute become human, so you as humans should become Gods.
So perhaps you will die, by stopping being human
And becoming Gods. You are threatened with death;
If that's the worst it can bring then you should wish for it.
And what are Gods that man should not become like them,
Sharing in the food of the Gods?
The Gods were here first, and they use that advantage
To manipulate our belief, saying all comes from them;
I question that, for I see this fair Earth,
Warmed by the sun, producing everything*

*While they produce nothing; if they made everything, who
Put knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
So that whoever eats from it at once gains
Wisdom without their permission? And why is it wrong
That man should want to gain knowledge?
How can your knowledge do God any harm, or this tree
Give it against his will, if he made everything?
Or is it envy, and can envy live
In Heavenly hearts? These, and many more, arguments
Show that you should have this fair fruit.
Human Goddess, reach out and taste freely."*

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;
Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
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, and worthy to be admir'd,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,

Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

*He ended, and his words, loaded with trickery,
Sneaked into her heart too easily:
She stared at the fruit, just the sight of which
Was enough to tempt, and in her ears
His persuasive words rang, packed
With logic, it seemed to her, and with truth;
Meanwhile noon approached, and awoke
A sharp hunger in her, made worse
By the savory smell of the fruit,
Which she was now much inclined to touch or taste,
And which called to her longing gaze; but first
She paused for a while, and thought to herself.
“You have great powers, no doubt, best of fruits,
Though you have been kept from Man, and are worthy of admiration.
Your taste, too long unknown, at the first try,
Gave speech to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to praise you.
He who forbids us to taste you
Does not hide you goodness, calling you the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge of both good and evil;
He forbids us to taste, but his forbidding
Makes you more attractive, as it speaks of the good
Which you can bring, and how we need it:
For if we don't know we are given good things, then there is no good,
Or if we do have them and don't know it, then it's as if we don't really have them.
Put simply then, what is he forbidding us but knowledge?
Is he forbidding us good, forbidding us to be wise?
Such rules cannot be binding. But if death
Captures us afterwards, what use will
Our inner freedom be then? The day we eat
This fair fruit it is fated that we shall die.
But is the serpent dead? He has eaten from the tree and lives,
And knows, speaks, reasons and has perception,
And he was without reason before. Was death invented
Just for us? Or to keep us from
This brain enhancing food, saved for beasts?
It seems it is for beasts, but the first beast
To taste it does not become selfish but happily shares
The good which has come to him, with the creator ignorant,
Friendly to man, far from lies or trickery.
What should I be afraid of then? I don't know what to fear
In my ignorance of good and evil,*

*Of God or death, of law and punishments.
Here is the cure for this, this heavenly fruit,
Lovely to the eye, inviting to taste,
With the power of giving wisdom: what's to stop me
Picking it, and feeding the body and mind at the same time?"*

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fansied so, through expectation high
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.
O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the 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.
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
Without Copartner? so to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesireable, sometime

Superior: for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

*Saying this, her foolish hand, in that evil moment,
Reached out for the fruit, she picked it, she ate it:
Earth felt pain, and Nature in her home
Sighed through all her works with signs of sorrow
That all was lost. Back to the thicket crept
The guilty serpent, which he did unstopped as Eve,
Thinking only about what she tasted, disregarded
Everything else. It seemed she had never found such
Taste in any fruit before, whether this was true or
She just imagined it, because of her expectations
Of knowledge, and she was still thinking of becoming Godlike.
She gobbled greedily, uncontrolled,
And did not know she was eating death: full at last,
And lifted as if with wine, jolly and cheerful,
She thought to herself, pleased,
“Oh King, powerful, most precious of all the trees
In Paradise, blessed with the power
To give wisdom, which was before hidden and wronged,
And your fair fruit was left to hang, as if made
For nothing; but from now on the first thing
I do each morning, with song and due praise,
Will be to care for you, and I shall take the weight
Off your full branches, offered to all,
Until fed by you I grow full
Of knowledge, like the Gods who know everything;
They might be jealous of what they don't have the power to give,
For if it had been theirs to give it would not
Have grown here. Experience, I am in your debt,
The best guide; if I hadn't followed you I would still
Be ignorant; you opened up the path of wisdom
And let me in, though she is well hidden.
Perhaps I am hidden too; Heaven is high,
High and too far off to see clearly
Every thing on Earth; maybe other cares
Have distracted our great forbidding
From his continual watch, secure with all his spies
Around him. But how shall I appear to
Adam? Shall I let him now how I've changed
Straight away, and let him join in
Full happiness with me, or keep it back,
And keep the power of knowledge for myself*

*Without sharing? That way I could add to what is lacking
In females, to make him love me more,
And make me more equal, and maybe,
Something which is not undesirable, at some point
Superior; for who is free if they are inferior?
This is all good, but what if God has seen
And death follows? Then I shall be gone,
And Adam will marry another Eve
And be happy in his life with her, while I am extinct;
It's like death to even think of. So I am decided:
Adam will share with me in joy or sorrow;
I love him so much that I could face all deaths
With him, and without him I could not face life."*

So saying, from the Tree her step she turned,
But first low Reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant scintillating sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorn
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; hee the faulting measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarcely from the Tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
New gather'd, 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.

*Saying this, she turned away from the tree,
First bowing low to it, as if to the power
Inside it, whose presence had filled
That plant with the sap of knowledge, made
From nectar, the drink of the Gods. Meanwhile Adam,
Waiting fondly for her return, had woven her
A garland of the best flowers to decorate
Her hair, and reward her gardening work,
Just as peasants often crown their Harvest Queen.
He promised himself that great happiness was coming
In the sweetness of her return which had been put off for so long;
But often his heart, which had an inkling that something was wrong,
Worried him; he felt its nervous beat
And went out to meet her, taking the way she had*

*That morning when they parted for the first time; he had to pass
By the Tree of Knowledge, and he met her there,
Just coming back from the tree; in her hand
Was a branch of that fairest fruit softly gleaming,
Newly picked and spreading its heavenly scent.
She hurried up to him, with an excuse showing in her face,
The forerunner of an apology,
Which she began with bland words:*

Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
Persuasively hath so 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.
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.

*“Did you wonder, Adam, why I was away so long?
I have missed you, and the time dragged without
You, a pain of love which I never felt
Until now, and never will again, for I shall never
Suffer again what I foolishly suffered in my ignorance,
The pain of being without you. But there is a strange
Cause for my absence, wonderful to hear of:
This tree is not the thing we were told it was,
A tree dangerous to taste; it doesn't open the way
To unknown evil, but it has the divine effect
Of opening the eyes, and making those who taste into Gods;*

*This has been proved by tasting; the serpent, wiser
Or bolder than us, or less obedient,
Has eaten the fruit and has not suffered
Death, as we were told would happen, but from then on
He was given a human voice and human senses,
Impressive powers of reason, and he
Worked on me so persuasively that I
Have also tasted, and had
The same results; my eyes are opened wider,
That were dim before; my Spirits have risen, my heart is more full
And I am becoming like a God; I looked for this
Mainly for you; without you I wouldn't want it.
For bliss shared with you is bliss for me,
Not shared with you it is dull and soon hateful.
So you taste as well, so that we are joined
With equal shares, with equal joy, equal love.
If you will not taste then we will be parted
By being of different levels, and then it will be too late
To renounce my Godship for you, Fate will not allow it."*

Thus Eve with Countenance blithe her storie told;
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for Eve
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.
O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joy'n'd,
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

*This is how Eve told her story with a happy face,
 But on her cheek there was a furious blush.
 On the other hand Adam, as soon as he heard
 Of the terrible sin committed by Eve, stood shocked
 And horrified, stunned, while cold terror
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints trembled;
 From his limp hand the garland he had made for Eve
 Dropped down and shed its faded roses:
 He stood speechless and pale, until at last
 He first broke his silence by speaking to himself:
 "Oh fairest of creation, the last and best
 Of all God's works, the creature who was the peak
 Of everything that can be made of sight or thought,
 Holy, divine, good amiable or sweet!
 How have you fallen, so suddenly,
 Defaced, deflowered, and now marked out for death?
 How were you persuaded to disobey
 That strict injunction, to violate
 That sacred forbidden fruit! Some cursed trick
 Of the enemy, not yet known, has seduced you,
 And has ruined me with you, for I am determined
 That I shall die with you;
 How can I live without you, do without
 Your sweet conversation and the love so sweetly united
 To live alone again in these wild woods?
 If God created another Eve, and I
 Could spare another rib, the loss of you
 Would never leave my heart; no, no, I feel
 The ties of Nature leading me; you are flesh of my flesh,
 Bone of my bone, and from your condition
 Mine shall never be separated, whether happiness or sorrow."*

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
 Submitting to what seemd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turnd.
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve
 And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd
 Had it been 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, nor Fate, yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first
 Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong

To us, as likely tasting to attaine
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,
 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
 For us created, needs with us must faile,
 Dependnt made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
 Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
 Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
 Us to abolish, least the Adversary
 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
 Most Favors, who can please him long; Mee first
 He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?
 Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
 Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
 Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
 One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

*Having said this he seemed as one who is comforted
 Again after sad dismay, and who after disturbed thoughts
 Gives in to what seems incurable,
 And so he turned to Eve in a calm mood.
 "You have done a bold deed, adventurous Eve,
 And anyone who dares this risks great danger
 Even if it had only been coveting by looking
 At that holy fruit, which God commands cannot be eaten,
 And it's much worse to taste it when we were banned from even touching.
 But who can call back the past or undo what's done?
 Not all powerful God, nor fate, but maybe
 You won't die, perhaps the deed
 Is not so terrible now after the fruits was already tasted,
 Polluted first by the serpent, maybe he made it
 Common and unholy before we tasted it;
 And it hasn't proved deadly to him, he still lives,
 Lives, as you said, and gains a life like man's,
 A higher life, a strong temptation for us,
 As we would be likely to rise up
 To the same degree, which could only mean
 That we would become Gods, or angels, demigods.
 And I cannot believe that God, the wise creator,
 Although he threatened it, will really destroy
 His most important creatures, given such high position,
 Ruling over all his works, and if we fall*

*They must collapse too,
 For they were made dependent on us; so God shall unmake,
 Be frustrated, do, undo and lose his work,
 Which he won't want to do, for although he could remake
 Creation through his powers he would hate to
 Abolish us, in case the enemy
 Should claim victory, saying, 'Those God favors are
 On shaky ground, who can keep him pleased for long? First
 He ruined me, now mankind; who will suffer next?'
 This is ammunition which shouldn't be given to the enemy.
 However, I have tied myself to you
 And am certain to suffer the same fate if death
 Comes to you; death and life are the same to me,
 So strongly within my heart do I feel
 The bonds of Nature calling out to myself,
 I am within you and what you are is mine;
 Our natures cannot be separated, we are one,
 One flesh; if I lost you I would lose myself."*

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

So Adam said, and Eve answered:

*“Oh what an exhibition of the greatness of love,
 A shining example, wonderful evidence!
 I must try to copy it, but without
 Your perfection how can I do so,
 Adam, from whose dear side I am proud to have come,
 And I am glad to hear you talk of our union,
 One heart, one soul in both; this day
 Gives true proof of that, as you declare
 That death, or anything worse than death,
 Cannot separate us, joined in such great love,
 That you will participate with me in this guilty crime –
 If it is a crime – of tasting this fair fruit,
 Which has power, for good still comes from it,
 Directly, or by the events it has inspired,
 This happy trial of your love, which otherwise
 Could never have been shown so clearly.
 If I really thought that terrible death
 Would follow from my actions, I would face the worst
 Alone, and not persuade you, I would rather die
 Alone than involve you in a crime
 Which would damage your peace, particularly
 As you have just shown such remarkable proof
 Of your unrivalled faithful love; but I feel
 That this will not happen, it's not death but
 A better life, clearer vision, new hopes, new joys,
 With such a divine taste that what I tried
 That seemed sweet before now seems flat and harsh.
 Follow my example, Adam, freely taste,
 And throw fear of death to the winds.”*

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

Wherewith to scorne 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,

*Saying this she embraced him and tenderly wept
With joy, so pleased that he valued his love
So highly that he would choose to incur
The wrath of God, or death, for her sake.
To repay him (for such wrong agreement
Deserves such repayment) she gave him
That fair enticing fruit from the branch,
Generously; he ate, not
Against his better knowledge, not tricked,
But sweetly overcome with female charm.
Earth was shaken to her core, seeming in agony
Again, and nature gave a second groan,
The sky lowered, thunder grumbled and some sad drops
Wept at the commission of Original Sin.
Adam was thoughtless,
Eating his fill, and Eve was not frightened
Of repeating her former sin and joined in
So that he would be soothed by her loved company, so now
As if they were both drunk on new wine
They rolled in pleasure, and imagined they felt
Divinity within them, sprouting wings
With which they could reject the Earth; but that false fruit
Showed quite a different effect,
Inflaming bodily desires, he began to look
At Eve with lustful eyes, and she looked
Just the same; they burned with lust:
Adam began to talk persuasively to Eve,*

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

Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

*“Eve, I see you have perfect taste,
And elegance, plenty of wisdom,
Since we taste all those things
And find them good; I give the praise
To you, you have brought them to us so well today.
We missed much pleasure while we abstained
From this delightful fruit, and until now we did not know
True flavor in taste; if there is such pleasure for us
In forbidden things then we might wish
That instead of one forbidden tree there were ten.
But come, now we’re so well refreshed, let’s play,
As we should after such delicious food;
For you beauty has never, since the day
I first saw and married you, decorated
With all perfection, so lit up my senses
With desire to enjoy you, lovelier now
Than ever, thanks to the power of this 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 seisd, and to a shade bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl’d
He led her nothing loath; Flowers were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
Oppress’d them, wearied with thir amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with 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
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found thir Eyes how op’nd, and thir minds
How dark’nd; innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow’d them from knowing ill, was gon,
Just confidence, and native righteousness
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame hee cover’d, but his Robe
Uncover’d more, so rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak’d
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sate, as struck’n mute,

Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.

*So he spoke, and he did not hold back from looks and gestures
Which showed his desire, which was well understood
By Eve, whose eyes burned with infectious heat.
He grabbed her hand and led her, unresisting,
To a shady bank with a thick green roof;
Flowers were the bed,
Pansies, violets and asphodel,
And hyacinth, the freshest and softest cushion on Earth.
There they greedily enjoyed love and the games
Of love, the seal of their mutual guilt
Which soothed their sin, until heavy sleep
Came over them, tired out by their lovemaking.
Soon the strength of that false fruit
That with its exhilarating scent
Had played with their spirits, and given them
Inner powers, was breathed out, and troubled sleep,
Bred from unnatural fumes and with guilty dreams,
Fell upon them. It left them, and they rose
As if they had never slept, and looking at each other
Soon found that with their eyes opened their minds were
Darkened; innocence, which had been like a veil
Stopping them from seeing ill, was gone,
And so was simple honesty and natural piety
And honor, all gone and they were left naked.
Adam covered himself up in guilty shame, but his robe
Showed more; just as the Danite Samson, strong
As Hercules, had risen from the lap
Of the Philistine harlot Delilah, and woken
Stripped of all his strength, so they were stripped
Of all their virtue: they were silent, and with confused
Looks they sat for a long time, as if struck dumb,
Until Adam, though no less ashamed than Eve,
Finally spoke these forced words:*

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give eare
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face

Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
 Insufferably bright. O might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together 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

*“Oh Eve, it was an evil hour when you listened
 To that false worm, taught by somebody
 To imitate the voice of Man, truthful in saying we would fall,
 Lying about our promised rise; since our eyes
 Have been opened we have indeed discovered that we know
 Both good and evil; good lost and evil found.
 The fruit of knowledge is harmful, if this is what it means to know,
 Leaving us naked, stripped of honor,
 Of innocence, faith, purity,
 Our usual decorations which are now soiled and stained,
 And in our faces you can see the signs
 Of foul longings, a great store of them,
 And you can see shame, the last of evils, so you can be sure
 What the first one was. How can I look on the face
 Of God or an angel from now on, that I used to see
 With such joy and rapture? Those heavenly shapes
 Will dazzle this earthly one, with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. I wish I could live here
 Alone, like a savage, in some hidden
 Clearing, where the highest woods, impenetrable
 By star or sunlight, spread their wide shadows,
 And it is dark as evening; cover me you pines,
 You cedars, with numberless branches
 Hide me, so I never have to see them again.
 But let us now, in this awful position, devise
 Something which can for the present serve
 To hide our parts from each other, they seem
 In our shame to be the most horrid and immodest.
 If we take the broad smooth leaves of some tree and sew them together
 And tie them round our waists, that may cover
 These middle parts so that we do not feel this new emotion, shame,
 Reproaching us for being unclean.”*

So counsel'd hee, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to Indians known
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her Armes
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;
 There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate
 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves
 They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
 Columbus found th' American so girt
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 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, calm Region once
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd
 Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
 Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd.

*So he advised, and they went together
 Into the thickest wood, where they soon settled on
 The fig tree, not the kind that is known for its fruit
 But the type that is known in our times to Indians,
 That spreads its branches in Malabar or Decan,
 So broad and long that the bended twigs
 Take root in the ground, and daughters grow
 Around the mother tree, making a pillared roof
 In a high arch, with echoing paths between;
 There often the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in the cool, and cares for his grazing herds
 Through holes cut in the thickest shade; these were the leaves
 They gathered, as broad as the shields of Amazons,
 And with what skill they had they sewed them together*

*To go round their waists, a vain covering if they thought
 It could hide their guilt and shame; how different
 To their original naked glory. This was how in our time
 Columbus found the native Americans dressed,
 With girdles of feathers, otherwise naked and wild
 Amongst the trees on their islands and woody shores.
 So dressed, and thinking that they had at least partly covered
 Their shame, but restless and troubled in mind
 They sat down to weep, and it was not only that tears
 That ran from their eyes, but inside them worse storms
 Were brewing, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, which shook
 Their inner minds, once such a calm region,
 So full of peace, now tossed and stormy:
 Understanding was not in command, and the will
 Did not hear her wisdom, they were both now enslaved
 To the sensual appetites, which came from below
 And overthrew ruling reason, claiming
 Superior power; from his disturbed heart
 Adam, different in his look and his bearing,
 Renewed his halting speech to Eve.*

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, and stai'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
 To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.

*"I wish you had listened to me, and stayed
 With me, as I asked you to, when that strange
 Desire to go wandering possessed you this unhappy morning;
 I don't know where it came from. Then we could have
 Stayed happy, not, as now, stripped
 Of all our good, shamed, naked and miserable.
 Let no-one from now on needlessly try to test
 Their beliefs; we can see that when they start
 To look for proof then their downfall begins."*

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 wandring, 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 been there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;

No ground of enmitie between us known,
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

*Eve replied, having been blamed,
"The words that have passed your lips, severe Adam,
Show that you are blaming me and my desire
To wander, as you call it, but who can say
The same thing wouldn't have happened if you had been there with me,
Or on your own, perhaps: if you had been there
Or heard what happened, you would not have seen
The serpent's trickery, the way he spoke;
There was no animosity between us, I had no reason to think
He meant anything bad or to do me harm.
Should I never have left your side ever?
I may as well have stayed there as a lifeless rib.
Being who I am, why didn't you, as the ruler,
Absolutely order me not to go
If you thought there was as much danger as you've said?
You didn't resist much at the time,
No, you allowed it, approved and gave me a sweet farewell,
If you had been firm and unmoving in your disagreement,
I would not have sinned and nor would you with me."*

To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd,
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemie
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

That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lest 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.

*Furious, Adam answered her,
"Is this the love I get in return
For the love I give you, ungrateful Eve, which you said
Was unchangeable when you were lost and I wasn't,
I who could have lived and enjoyed immortal bliss,
But willingly chose death with you instead:
Am I now blamed as the cause
Of your sin? You claim I was not stern enough
In holding you back; what else should I have done?
I warned you, I scolded you, predicted
The danger and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; the only other thing would have been to use force,
And force cannot be used against free will here.
But your cockiness carried you on, sure
That you would either face no danger or would find
A chance for a glorious trial; and perhaps
I was wrong to admire so much
What seemed so perfect in you, so I thought
No evil would dare come near you, but I regret
My error now, the error which has become my crime
With you as my accuser. This is what happens
To him who trusts women's strength too much
And so lets her have her way; she will not be told,
But if she's left to herself and something bad happens
The first thing she does is call him weak for giving in."
So they spent useless hours accusing
Each other, but neither blamed themselves,
And it seemed the pointless contest would never end.*

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 of assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Man's transgression having been discovered, the guardian Angels leave Paradise and return to Heaven to explain, and are told they are not to blame, God saying that they could not have done anything to prevent Satan entering. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors. He descends and gives sentence, then out of pity he clothes them and returns. Sin and Death, sitting at the Gates of Hell, through their connection to Satan feel that he has succeeded in the new world, and feeling that man has sinned they resolve to leave Hell and make their way to the world of men. To make the journey to and from Hell easier they build a great bridge over the abyss of Chaos, following the path Satan first took. They meet him returning from Earth and they congratulate each other. Satan arrives at Pandemonium and boasts of his great success; instead of applause he is greeted by a hiss, as he and all the others are transformed into serpents, as Heaven had decreed. Then they are tricked by an illusion of the forbidden tree appearing in from of them, with fruit which turns to dust and ashes as they try to eat it. We see the proceedings of Sin and Death. God foretells the final victory of the Son over them, and the renewing of all things. For the present he orders the angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and the Elements. Adam becomes more aware of his fallen condition and complains of his fate, rejecting Eve's attempts to console him. She persists and appeases him at last, then proposes that they commit suicide to avoid the curse which will fall on their children. He rejects this and offers a better plan, reminding her that they were promised their children would be revenged on the serpent, and encourages her, with him, to seek peace with God through repentance and prayer.

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

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

*Meanwhile the horrible and spiteful act
 Committed by Satan in Paradise, and how
 Disguised as the serpent he had led Eve astray,
 And her husband with her, to taste the fatal fruit,
 Was known in Heaven, for what escapes the eye of
 All seeing God, or deceives his all knowing heart?
 Just and wise in all things,
 He did not stop Satan from testing the mind
 Of Man, with his full strength and armed with free will,
 Fully able to have discovered and rejected
 Any tricks of an enemy or apparent friend.
 For they knew, and should not have forgotten,
 The high order not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted them; they did not obey
 And so incurred (what less could they expect?) the penalty,
 And having committed many sins, deserved to fall.
 The angelic guards went swiftly from Paradise
 Up to Heaven, silent and sad
 For Man, for by this time they knew what had happened,
 And were perplexed as to how the cunning fiend
 Had sneaked in. As soon as the unwelcome news
 From Earth arrived at Heaven's gate, all
 Who heard were displeas'd, the cloud of sadness
 Was over their heavenly faces, and it was mixed
 With pity, though it did not disturb their heavenly bliss.
 The people of Heaven ran to the new arrivals
 In crowds, to hear and to know
 What had happened; they made haste towards
 The highest throne to tell,
 With righteous pleading, how they had been completely vigilant,
 And they were quickly exonerated; the most high
 Eternal Father spoke in a voice like thunder
 From inside his covering cloud.*

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed
 On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free Will, to her own inclining left
 In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass
 On his transgression Death denounc't that day,
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
 All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
 Easie it might be seen that I intend
 Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee
 Mans Friend his Mediator, his design'd
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

*“Assembled angels, and you forces returned
 From your unsuccessful mission, do not be dismayed
 Or troubled by this news from Earth.
 Your best efforts could not have prevented it,
 For it was recently foretold that this would happen,
 When the tempter first crossed the abyss from Hell.
 I told you then that he would prevail and succeed
 On his bad errand, that Man would be seduced
 And enticed away from everything, believing lies
 Against his maker; no decree of mine
 Forced him to fall,
 Or in the slightest way interfered with
 His free will, which was left balanced
 To tip as it chose. But he has fallen, and now
 All that is left is that we pass on him the mortal sentence
 Of death for his transgression, that he disregarded
 And thinks is empty and invalid,
 Because it has not happened yet, as he feared it would,
 With some immediate blow; but he will soon find
 Before the end of the day, that the delay does not mean acquittal.*

*Justice will come to them and cannot be denied.
But who shall I send to judge them? Who else but you,
My viceregent Son, I have transferred all powers
Of judgement to you, whether in Heaven, on Earth or in Hell.
This way it will be easy to see that I intend
To join mercy to justice, sending you,
Man's friend and mediator, the one chosen
Voluntarily as his ransom and redeemer,
The one who will become a man judging Man fallen."*

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

*So the Father spoke, and uncovering his light
Towards his right hand side he shone
The full light of God upon the Son; he
Was shining and showed all his father's glory
In himself, and so he divinely answered sweetly.
"Eternal Father, it is for you to order
And for me to do your high bidding on Heaven and on Earth,
So that you will always be pleased with me
Your beloved Son. I will go to judge
These wrongdoers on Earth, but you know
That whoever is punished, the worst of it shall fall on me,
When the time comes, for this is what I promised
In front of you; and as I do not repent, then this
Is my right, that I can soften their punishment
By taking it on myself, but I shall soften
Justice with mercy in a way which will be
Best for them, and please you.
I shall need no servants or retinue, there shall be none*

*To see the judgment but those two who are
Being judged. The third, who does well to stay away, is condemned,
And convicted by his flight, and a rebel against all law.
The serpent cannot be convicted.”*

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

*Saying this he rose from his shining throne
Of great reflected glory; the Thrones and Powers,
Princedoms and Dominations serving him
Accompanied him to Heaven's Gate, from where
Eden and all the coast could be seen.
He flew down straight away; the speed of the Gods
Cannot be measured by time, however quickly it flies.
Now the sun was sinking low in the west
From its height of noon, and the gentle breezes of that hour
Now came to fan the Earth and bring in
The cool evening, when there came with even cooler wrath
The one who was both mild judge and mediator
To sentence Man: they heard the voice of God
As they walked in he garden, brought to their ears
By soft breezes at the day's end. They heard,
And hid themselves from him amongst
The thickest trees, both man and wife, until God
Approached, and called aloud to Adam:*

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd 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.

“Where are you Adam, who usually comes to meet me with joy

*When you see me coming from far off? I can't see you,
And am not pleased to be welcomed with solitude,
When I am used to you coming to me uncalled:
Can I not be seen, or what has changed
To make you absent, what keeps you? Come forward."*

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faulting long, thus answer'd brief.
I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Affraid, being naked, hid my self.

*He came, and with him Eve, less willing though she was the first
To offend, both of them looking out of sorts;
There was no love in their faces, not for God
Nor for each other, but obvious guilt,
And shame, disturbance, despair,
Anger, obstinacy, hatred and slyness.
So Adam paused for a long time, and answered briefly.
"I heard you in the garden, and I was afraid
Of your voice, being naked, so I hid myself."*

To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoyc't, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

*The gracious judge answered him without reproach.
"You have often heard my voice and not been afraid,
But were happy, why is it now
So terrifying for you? Who told you that
You were naked? Have you eaten from the tree
Which I ordered you should not eat from?"*

To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
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 conceal.
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,
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

Adam, in turmoil, answered him.

*"Oh Heaven! I am in an evil position today, standing
Before my judge; either I can take the whole blame
For the crime myself, or I can accuse
My other half, my life partner;
While she is still loyal to me I should conceal
Her failing, and not expose her to blame
By accusing her; but strict necessity
Stops me, and terrible fear
In case both the sin and the punishment,
However terrible, should all
Fall on me; if I did say nothing then you
Would quickly see what I was hiding.
The woman you made to be my help,
And gave to me as your perfect gift, so good,
So right, so acceptable, so divine
That I could never suspect any harm from her hand,
And all she did, whatever it was,
The fact that it was her doing it seemed to make it good;
She gave me fruit from the tree, and I ate it."*

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
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, hadst thou known thy self aright.

The ruling presence answered him.

*"Was she your God, so that you obeyed her
Instead of him, or was she made your guide,
Superior to you, or even just equal, so you
Gave up your manhood to her, and the place*

*God gave you, above her who was made from you,
And for you, whose perfection was far greater
Than hers in all important aspects: she was
Decorated, indeed, and made lovely
To attract your love, not your subjection, and her gifts
Were of a type that would serve well under rule,
They were not made to rule, which was your role
And character, if you had known yourself properly.”*

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to 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)
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 Cattle, each Beast of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

*Having said this, he spoke a few words to Eve:
“Tell me woman, what is this thing that you've done?”
Sad Eve, almost overwhelmed with shame,
Quickly confessed, but she was not bold or wordy
Before her judge, and replied, abashed:
“The serpent seduced me and I ate.”
When the Lord God heard this he proceeded
Without delay to pass judgment on the accused
Serpent, though he was an animal and he could not transfer
The guilt onto him from the one who had made him a tool
Of his mischief, and polluted all
Of his creation; then he was justifiably cursed,
As one who had had his nature spoiled: he did not need to know
About the fate of Man (since he knew no more)
And it did not change the nature of his offence; but God at last
Passed sentence on Satan's sin,*

*Though in mysterious terms, as he judged best at the time:
And he let his curse fall upon the serpent.
“Because you have done this, you are cursed
Above all the cattle and each beast of the field;
You shall go crawling on your belly
And eat dust all the days of your life.
I will put hatred between you and the woman
And between your children and hers;
Her children shall hurt your head, yours shall hurt his heels.”*

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 Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

*So the judge spoke, and the prediction came true
When Jesus, the son of Mary, the second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
A prince of the air; then he rose from his grave,
Defeated Principalities and Powers, triumphed
In plain view, and with his bright ascension
Led captivity as a prisoner through the air,
The realm of Satan long overthrown,
Whom he shall at last tread under our feet.
He who now predicted this fatal bruise
Turned to pass sentence on the woman.
“I will make the pain of childbirth
Far greater for you; you shall bear children
With sorrow, and you will submit your will
To your husband's, he shall be your ruler.”*

On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thorns 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 eat 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.

*He pronounced his judgment on Adam last of all.
“Because you listened to the voice of your wife,
And ate from the tree which I ordered you
Not to eat from,
The ground is cursed for you, and in sorrow
You shall eat from it all the days of your life;
It shall bring forth thorns and thistles
Unasked, and you shall eat the grass of the fields,
And you will have to work to make your own food,
Until you return to the ground, for you
Were taken from the ground, know how you were born,
For you come from dust and you shall return to it.”*

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

*He pronounced his judgment on Adam last of all.
“Because you listened to the voice of your wife,
And ate from the tree which I ordered you
Not to eat from,
The ground is cursed for you, and in sorrow
You shall eat from it all the days of your life;
It shall bring forth thorns and thistles
Unasked, and you shall eat the grass of the fields,
And you will have to work to make your own food,
Until you return to the ground, for you
Were taken from the ground, know how you were born,
For you come from dust and you shall return to it.”
So he judged Man, sent as both judge and savior,*

*And took away the instant sentence of death
Announced that day; then taking pity on how they stood
Before him, naked in the open air, that would now
Be at the mercy of the seasons, he did not turn away
From assuming the role of a servant,
As when he washed the feet of his disciples so now
As the Father of his family he dressed
Them in the skins of beasts, either killed
Or with ones that shed their coats like the snake,
And he did not act as though he was clothing his enemies:
He not only clad their outsides with the skin
Of beasts, but clad their inner nakedness,
Which was far worse, with his Robe of Righteousness,
Covering them from his father's sight.
He swiftly returned up to the Father,
And was taken back into his blissful heart, reassuming
His former glory and explained to him
(Though he was all knowing) all that had happened with Man,
Mixing in sweet pleas for mercy.*

Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kinde
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But least the difficultie of passing back
Stay his return 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 prevailles, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,

Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmiration, as thir lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

*Meanwhile, before there was sin and judgement on Earth,
Sin and Death sat at the Gates of Hell,
Opposite each other within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching huge flames
Far into Chaos, since the fiend had passed through;
They were opened by Sin, who now spoke to Death.
"Oh Son, why do we sit here idly looking
At each other, while Satan, our great Author, thrives
In other worlds, and provides a happier home
For us, his dear children? It must be the case
That he has met with success; if he had failed
He would have returned before this, driven by fury,
By his Avengers, for there is no better place than this
To suit his punishment, or their revenge.
I think I can feel a new strength rising within me,
Wings growing, and a great kingdom given to me
Far beyond this pit; something leads me on,
Whether it is sympathy or some special force
Which has the power to unite over great distances
Things of the same spirit through secret kinship,
In secret ways. You, my inseparable shadow,
Must come along with me:
No power can separate Death from Sin.
But in case the difficulty of the return journey
Delays his return over this abyss
Which is impassable, impenetrable, let us try
Some bold work, which is agreeable to your power and
To mine, to build a path
Over this sea of Chaos from Hell to that new world
Where Satan now rules, a great
Monument to all the Host of Hell
That can ease their journey there, so they can come and go
Or emigrate permanently, as their fate decides.
I cannot lose the way, as I am so strongly drawn
By this new attraction and instinct I feel."*

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

The thin shadow soon answered.

*“Go wherever fate and strong inclination
Lead you, I shall not lag behind or lose
The way, with you leading, for I can smell such a scent
Of carnage, countless prey, and taste
The smell of Death on all the things that live there:
Nor shall I be found wanting in the work you
Are going to try, but I shall give you equal help.”*

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With sent of living Carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,
Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,
And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track

Of Satan, to the self same place where hee
 First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
 From out of Chaos to the out side bare
 Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
 And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space
 The confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
 With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
 Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
 Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion stearing
 His Zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 Hee after Eve seduc't, unminded slunk
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them terrifi'd
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
 And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
 Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

*Saying this, he sniffed with delight the smell
 Of the death that had fallen on Earth. It was like when a flock
 Of ravenous vultures, though many miles away,
 Anticipating the day of battle will come flying
 To a field where armies lie in their camps, lured
 By the scent of living bodies that are destined
 To die, the next day, in a bloody fight.
 This is what the grim shape smelled, and lifted
 His nostril high into the murky air,
 Aware of his quarry from so far off.
 Then they both flew out from the Gates of Hell into*

*The wastelands of Chaos' wide anarchy, damp and dark,
 And with their power (their power was great)
 Hovered over the waters; whatever they met,
 Solid or slimy, they tossed up and down
 As if they were a raging sea, and herding them together
 Drove them up into a causeway towards the mouth of Hell.
 It was as though when two polar winds blowing against each other
 Upon the Arctic Ocean between them drive up
 Mountains of Ice, that block the imagined way
 Eastward over Siberia to the rich
 Coast of Cathay. This gathered soil
 Death, with his fossilized club, cold and dry,
 Smashed as with a great spear and fixed it as firm
 As the island of Delos, which also once floated; the rest
 He ordered with a gorgon like look not to move,
 And bound it with a tarry slime; as wide as the gate
 And deep down to the roots of Hell they fastened
 What they had gathered, and on this great foundation
 Built over the foaming deep a high arched bridge
 Of astonishing length joined to the solid wall
 Of this now defenceless world
 Which was given over to Death; from there there was
 A wide passage, smooth and easy, without obstacles, down to Hell.
 So, if great things may compared with small,
 Xerxes, to enslave Greece,
 Came from Susa his great Memnonian palace
 To the sea, and made a bridge over the Hellespont
 Joining Europe and Asia,
 And whipped the indignant waves.
 Now they had brought to the work, with wondrous
 Bridge building art, a ridge of hanging rock
 Over the stormy abyss, following the tracks
 Of Satan to the same place where he
 First landed from his flight, safe
 Out of Chaos on the bare frontiers
 Of this round world: they made it fast
 With pins of adamant and chains, they made it all too solid
 And lasting; and now in a small space
 The edges met of Heaven
 And of this world, and on the left hand Hell
 Reached out its long arm in between; there were three ways
 Visible, leading to these three places.
 And now they had seen their path to Earth
 They were looking towards Paradise when they saw
 Satan in the guise of a bright Angel
 Between the constellations of Sagittarius and Scorpio, steering
 On high while the sun rose in Aries:
 He came disguised but these dear children of his
 Soon recognized their parent.
 After he had seduced Eve he, forgotten, had slunk
 Into the nearby wood, and changing shape*

*To observe the sequel he saw his cunning trap
Passed on by Eve, though unaware,
To her husband, saw their shame that looked
To cover itself; but when he saw the Son of God
Descend to judge them he fled terrified,
Not thinking he could escape but to put off
Punishment, fearing in his guilt what his anger
Might suddenly inflict on him; that past he returned
By night, and eavesdropping where the unhappy pair
Sat talking sadly of various things
He learned of his own punishment, which he understood
Was not to be instant but happen in the future. With joy
And full of news he now returned to Hell,
And on the edge of Chaos, near the foot
Of this wondrous new bridge, he unexpectedly
Met those who came to meet him, his dear children.
There was great joy at their meeting, and at the sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
He stood long admiring it, until Sin, his fair
Bewitching daughter, broke the silence.*

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

*“Oh parent, these things which you do not view as your own
 Are your trophies, your magnificent deeds,
 You are their creator and architect:
 For no sooner had I felt in my heart,
 (Which is joined by secret harmonies
 To still move with yours, joined in a sweet connection)
 That you had succeeded on Earth, which your looks
 Also show, straight away I felt,
 Though you were worlds away,
 That I must come after you with your son;
 We are all so closely tied together
 That Hell could not keep us within her boundaries
 Nor could this uncrossable dark abyss
 Stop us from following your glorious path.
 You have won our freedom, we were confined
 Within the gates of Hell until now, you empowered us
 To build this far and lay
 This ill-omened bridge over the dark abyss.
 All this world is now yours, your strength has won
 What your hands did not build, your wisdom got back
 What war had lost and more, and you have fully avenged
 Our defeat in Heaven; here you shall rule as King,
 Which you did not there; let him stay there as winner,
 As judged by battle, keeping out of this new world,
 Excluded by his own orders.
 From now on he must share kingship of all things with you,
 Kingdoms divided by the frontiers of the sky,
 He having his flat square kingdom and you your round one,
 Or he will find you a greater danger to his throne.”*

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
 Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,
 Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine with this glorious Work, and 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 these numerous Orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
 There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
 Dominion exercise and in the Aire,
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create

Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevailes, th' affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

*The Prince of Darkness answered her, happy.
"My fair daughter, and you both my son and grandchild,
You have given great proof that you are related
To Satan (for I glory in the name,
The fighter of the almighty King of Heaven).
I thoroughly deserve this, out of all
The empire of Hell, that so near Heaven's door
A triumphal arch should meet a triumphal act,
My act and this glorious work, making one kingdom
Out of Hell and this world, one kingdom, one continent
That can be travelled across easily. And so while I
Descend through the darkness on your easy road
To my comrades, to tell them of
These successes, and rejoice with them,
You two go this way, amongst all these stars
Which are all yours, and descend right down to Paradise;
Live there and reign in bliss, have mastery
Over the Earth and the skies,
And as for Man, declared the sole Lord of all,
First make him your captive and lastly kill him.
I send you as my representatives, and give you
My full authority; you shall be of matchless strength
Which comes from me; on your joint efforts
My grip on this whole kingdom depends;
Through my actions it is exposed to Sin and Death.
If your power rules there, the business of Hell
Need never fear failure; go and be strong."*

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
Thir course through thickest Constellations held
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
Then sufferd. Th' other way Satan went down
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandæmonium, Citie and proud seate
Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld,

Of that bright Starr to Satan paragond.
 There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
 In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
 Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
 As when the Tartar from his Russian Foe
 By Astracan over the Snowie Plaines
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the hornes
 Of Turkish Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The Realm 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 thir great adventurer from the search
 Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
 In shew Plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
 Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
 And shape Starr bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
 Rais'd from thir dark Divan, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

*Saying this he dismissed them and they rushed
 On a path through the thickest constellations,
 Spreading their evil; the blasted stars looked pale,
 And the planets, malignly influenced, suffered
 Real eclipse. Satan went down the other way,
 Down the causeway to the gate of Hell; on either side
 Parted Chaos, built over, complained
 And threw itself against the bridge,
 Which scorned his complaints; through the Gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,
 And found all around was empty; those
 Appointed to sit there had left their station,
 Flown to the upper world; the rest had all
 Retired far inside, around the walls
 Of Pandemonium, the city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer, he was once nicknamed,*

*With that bright star compared to Satan.
 There the armies kept watch, while the Great
 Sat in council, waiting to hear if anything
 Might intercept their Emperor; this he
 Had ordered as he left, and they obeyed.
 As when the Tartar retreats from his Russian enemy
 Over the snowy plains by Astrakhan,
 Or the Persian Shah from the horns
 Of the Turkish crescent, leaving everything ruined
 In his retreat beyond the lands of Armenia,
 To Tabriz or Kazbin, this was how the host
 Lately banished from Heaven, had left outer Hell a desert
 For many dark miles, falling back to a careful watch
 Around their city, now expecting
 Every hour their great explorer back from the search
 Of foreign worlds: he walked through the guards unnoticed,
 Looking like a plebian angel soldier
 Of the lowest order; and from the door
 Of that hall of Pluto, invisible,
 He climbed onto his high throne, which was under a canopy
 Of the richest material, shining in regal glory
 At the top end. He sat down for a while
 And looked about him, unseen:
 At last, as from behind a cloud his shining head
 And shape appeared, bright as a star, or brighter,
 Dressed in what glory he had been permitted
 To keep after his fall, or else false glitter; all astonished
 At that sudden blaze, the Hellish throng
 Turned to look, and saw what they had hoped for,
 The return of their mighty chief: the cheers were loud,
 And the council of Peers rushed forward,
 Raised from their dark couches, and with the same joy
 Approached him with congratulations; he got silence
 With a wave of his hand, and attention with these words:*

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 For in possession such, not onely of right,
 I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride

Th' untractable Abyesse, plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
 A World who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss.

*"Thrones, Dominions, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 For I can now call you those names as owners,
 Not just as titles; I have returned
 Successful beyond hope, to lead you
 Triumphant out of this hellish pit,
 Horrible, cursed, the house of sorrow
 And the dungeon of the tyrant. We now own,
 As Lords, a spacious world, not much inferior
 To our native Heaven, gained with great peril
 By my hard adventures. It would take long
 To tell you all I have done, with what pain
 I crossed the unreal, vast, boundless abyss
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 Sin and Death have now paved a broad way
 To help your glorious march; but I
 Struggled on my unknown way, forced to ride
 Over the unmapped abyss, plunged into the womb
 Of uncreated darkness and wild Chaos,
 Who guarding their secrets fiercely opposed
 My strange journey, with a great clamor
 Shouting against destiny; from there I found
 The newly created world, which had long been*

*Foretold in Heaven, a wonderful creation
 Of absolute perfection, and within it Man
 Placed in a Paradise, profiting from
 Our exile. By fraud I have led him astray
 From his creator, and, to increase wonder
 Still further, with an apple; that caused God to
 Be offended, it's worth laughing at, and he has given up
 Both his beloved Man and his whole World
 As a target for Sin and Death, and so to us,
 Without any risk, work or danger,
 To walk over and to live in, and to rule
 Over Man, as he should have ruled over all.
 True, he has judged me as well, or rather
 Not me, but the brute serpent in whose shape
 I deceived Man; hatred belongs to me
 And he has put it between
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His children (he doesn't say when) shall bruise my head:
 Who wouldn't swap a bruise, or much worse pain,
 For a whole world? You have the story
 Of my deeds; nothing remains, you Gods,
 But for us to rise up and enter into full happiness."*

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vaine: a greater power
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and taile,
 Scorpion and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,
 Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle
 Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
 Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime,
 Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd

Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,
 They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that
 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 Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
 With hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as Man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd
 And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule

Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

*Having said this he stood for a while, expecting
Their great shout and applause
To fill his ear, when he hears the opposite
On all sides, from countless tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he was confused, but did not have
Much time to think, being now more confused by himself;
He felt his face becoming sharp and thin,
His arms clamped to his ribs, his legs wrapped round
Each other, until he tripped and fell,
A monstrous serpent lying on his belly,
Unwilling, but powerless: a greater power
Controlled him and punished him by giving him the shape in which
He had sinned, according to his sentence: he would have spoken,
But the forked tongues answered each other,
Hiss for hiss, for now all alike had been changed,
They were all serpents as his accomplices
In his bold rebellion; now there was a dreadful din
Of hissing through the hall, now swarming thickly
With monsters entwined head and tail,
Scorpions, asps, terrible Amphisbaena,
Horned Cerastes, Hydrus and dreary Ellops,
And Dipsas (thicker than once swarmed on the soil
Soaked with Gorgon's blood, or the island of
Ophiusa) but still he was the greatest in the middle,
Now turned into a dragon, larger than the one the sun
Grew from the mud in the Pythian vale,
The huge python, and he seemed to keep
His power as greater than the rest; they all
Followed him out into the open field,
Where all that were left of the defeated rebellion,
Fallen from Heaven, stood on parade,
Full of excitement at the thought
Of their glorious chief exiting in triumph;
But they saw another sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents, horror fell on them,
And a horrid sympathy, for what they saw
They felt themselves changing into; they dropped
Their weapons, their spears and shields, they fell with them
And they copied the dreadful hiss, and were infected
By the same awful shape, suffering the same punishment
For the same crime. So the applause they had meant to give
Turned into a thundering hiss, their triumph became a shame,
Insulted by their own mouths. There was a grove
Right by them, sprung up at as they changed,
Ordered by he who reigns above, to worsen
Their punishment, loaded with fruit like that
Which had grown in Paradise, Eve's bait*

*As used by the tempter; on that strange sight
 They fixed their eyes, imagining
 That instead of one forbidden tree a multitude
 Had grown up, to cause them further sorrow and shame;
 But they were parched with scalding thirst and fierce hunger,
 But although they were sent to trick them they could not resist,
 And they rolled on in heaps, and climbed up
 The trees, thicker than the snaky hair
 On Megaera; greedily they picked
 The beautiful looking fruit, which was like that which grew
 Near the Dead Sea where Sodom burned;
 This was more deceptive, not in the touch
 But in taste; imagining that they could stop
 Their hunger easily, instead of fruit
 They found they were chewing bitter ashes, which their mouths
 Gaggingly rejected; they tried again and again,
 Forced by hunger and thirst, and were as often sickened,
 And with horrible distaste their jaws twisted,
 Filled with soot and cinders; so often they fell
 Into the same trap, not like Man,
 Whom they beat with just one lapse. So they were tormented
 And worn with famine, with long ceaseless hissing,
 Until they were permitted to resume their former shape,
 And some say they are forced each year to suffer
 This annual punishment for a certain number of days,
 To keep them humble and pay them for Man's seduction.
 However some say they spread
 Amongst the heathen they had turned to their cause
 And tell stories of how the serpent, whom they called
 The wide ruling one, a copy
 Of Eve perhaps, was the first ruler
 Of high Olympus, driven from there by Saturn
 And Rhea before the ruler Jupiter was born.*

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began.
 Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earn'd
 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?

*Meanwhile, too soon, the hellish pair arrived
 In Paradise; Sin's power had been there before,
 As a concept and was there now in body
 To live there forever; behind her Death
 Shadowed her footsteps, not yet mounted*

*On his pale horse: Sin spoke to him;
"Second child of Satan, all conquering Death,
What do you think of our empire now, though it was earned
With great labor, is it not far better
Than sitting watch at the Gate of Hell,
Unnamed, unfeared, and you half starving?"*

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

*The sin-born monster soon answered her:
"To me whose hunger can never be satisfied
Hell, Paradise or Heaven are all the same,
I like it best where I can get the most prey;
Although there's plenty here it's not enough
To fill this mouth, this great body which is not limited by its skin."*

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and 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.

*The incestuous mother replied to him thus:
"So first prey on these herbs, fruits and flowers,
Then on each animal, fish and bird,
They're no little snacks, and whatever
The scythe of time mows down, do not spare it,
Until I, living in Man right through all the race,
Infect all his thoughts, his looks, words and actions,
Preparing him as your last and sweetest victim."*

This said, they both betook them several wayes,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almightye seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.
See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder 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
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 yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
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 Jaws.
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.

*Having spoken they went their separate ways,
Both to destroy or make mortal
All kinds, and to make them ready for destruction
Sooner or later; God, seeing this
From his high seat amongst the saints,
Spoke to his bright cohorts:
"See the eagerness with which these dogs of Hell rush
To bring waste and chaos to that world, which I
Created so fair and good, and which would still
Be kept in that state, if Man's folly had not
Let in these destroying Furies, who think
That I am foolish, as does the Prince of Hell
And his followers, because I allow them so easily
To enter and take possession
Of such a heavenly place, and seem to want
To please my scornful enemies,
Who laugh, as if they think that in a fit
Of anger I have given up everything to them,
Given over to their powers at random;
They don't know that I called them there,
My hellhounds, to lick up the filthy dregs
Which Man's polluting sin has spewed
Over what was pure, until, stuffed and swollen, nearly bursting
With the offal they have gorged on, with one swing
Of your victorious arm, always pleasing Son,
Both Sin and Death and the yawning grave shall finally
Be thrown through Chaos and block the mouth of Hell
Forever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven and Earth will be renewed and made pure
With a sanctity that cannot be stained:
Until then the curse sentenced on both continues."*

He 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 severall charge,
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects
 In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,
 Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
 Thir influence malignant when to showre,
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Seav'n
 Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine
 By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change
 Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight
 Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
 From cold Estotiland, and South as farr
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit
 The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn'd
 His course intended; else how had the World
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,

Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, sidereal 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 Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes
Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and Libecchio.

*He finished, and the Heavenly audience sung
Loud praises, like the sound of the sea,
Sung through the whole crowd: "Your ways are just,
And your rule over all your works is righteous;
Who can refuse to praise you? And we praise the Son,
Destined to be the Savior of Mankind, through whom
A new eternal Earth and skies shall rise
Or be lowered down from Heaven." This was their song,
While the Creator called his mighty angels
By their names and gave them different orders,
As suited the present state of things. The sun
Was given his first orders to move and shine in such a way
That the Earth would be affected with almost unbearable
Cold and heat, and from the north to call down
Dead winter, from the south to bring up
The boiling heat of summer. To the white moon
They gave her orders, to the other five planets
They told them how to travel
Through the different angles of the skies,
Having evil influence, and telling them when to join
In a malign meeting, and taught them
When to rain down their evil influence,
Which of them rising or falling with the sun
Should cause trouble; they put the winds
In their corners, telling them when with gales they should confuse
The sea, air and land, told the thunder when to crash
With terror through the dark halls of sky.
Some say he told his angels to turn
The poles of the earth twenty degrees and more away
From the sun's axle; they worked to push
The centred globe off straight: some say the sun
Was told to turn away from the path of the equator
To weave from Taurus and the Seven Sisters
Of the Atlantic, from the Spartan Twins*

*Up to the Tropic of Cancer, then down
 Through Leo, Virgo and Libra
 As low as the Tropic of Capricorn, to bring the change
 Of seasons to all lands; otherwise spring
 Would have smiled on Earth forever with blooming flowers,
 With equal lengths of day and night, except for those
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day
 Had shone without night, while the low sun,
 Because of his distance, to their view
 Was still lying on the horizon, and they did not know
 How he was in the east or west, banning the snow
 From cold Estostiland and south as far
 As the Magellan Straits. When the fruit had been tasted
 The sun turned away in horror, moving
 His intended course; otherwise how would the inhabited
 World, though more sinless then than now,
 Have avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the Heavens, though slow, produced
 The same change on land and sea, evil influence from the stars,
 Vapors, mists, and hot winds,
 Corrupt and diseased; now from the north
 Of America, and the Siberian shore
 The winds burst from their captivity, armed with ice
 And snow and hail and storms and squalls.
 All the different winds loudly
 Ripped through the woods and whipped up the seas;
 With a counterblast up from the south
 Come Notus and Afer black thunderous clouds
 From Sierra Leone; across these just as fierce
 Out rush the East and West winds
 Eurus and Zephyr with their cross winds
 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, and Fowle with Fowle,
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow 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
 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 eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, Encrease and multiply,
 Now death to hear! for what can I encrease
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
 On mee as on thir natural center light
 Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
 To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will
 Concurd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resigne, and render back
 All I receav'd, unable to performe
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
 Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest; then should have been refusd
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
 But Natural necessity begot.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
 Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:
 O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
 His hand to execute what his Decree
 Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
 Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out

To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
 Insensible, how glad would lay me down
 As in my Mothers lap! There I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
 Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
 Or in some other dismal place who knows
 But I shall die a living Death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as Argument
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he draw out,
 For angers sake, finite to infinite
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of thir matter act,
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defensless head; both Death and I
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,

Not to do onely, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
 Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear
 Then all the World much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future,
 To Satan only 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!

So began

*Violence from lifeless things, but first Discord,
 The daughter of Sin, was introduced into the confusion
 By Death due to his fierce hatred;
 Beasts began fighting beasts, birds with birds,
 And fish with fish; they stopped grazing the grass
 And began eating each other; nor did they stand and admire
 Man, but fled from him, or glared at him as he passed
 With grim faces: these were the growing miseries
 Outside, which Adam already saw
 Part of, though hiding in the deepest shadow,
 Given over to sorrow, but he felt worse inside,
 Tossed in agony on a sea of troubles,
 And he poured out his sorrows thus:
 "Oh what misery has come from happiness! Is this the end
 Of this glorious new World, and me who was so recently
 The pinnacle of that glory, now become
 Cursed instead of blessed, hiding from the face
 Of God, whom it used to be my greatest pleasure
 To look upon: all would still be well if the misery
 Would end here; I deserved death, and would face
 My deserved punishment; but this will not do;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall father,
 Is under a curse. The voice that was once delightful to hear
 Saying, 'Increase and multiply'
 Is now death to hear! For what can I increase
 Or multiply, except for the curses on my head?
 In all the ages to come, anyone feeling
 The evil brought to him through me, will curse
 My head, 'Bad cess to our impure ancestor!
 We can thank Adam for this!' But his thanks*

*Will be the curse; so besides
 The curses I give myself those of all my descendants
 Will with a fierce instinct fall on me
 As a natural target, heavily,
 Though well deserved. Oh fleeting joy
 Of Paradise, bought at such a cost with eternal sorrow!
 Did I ask you, Makers, to make me
 A man out of the dust? Did I ask you
 To bring me out of the darkness or put me here
 In this delicious garden? As I had no say
 In my being made, it would only be fair
 And just to turn me back to dust,
 For I wish to resign, give back
 Everything I was given, I could not keep to
 Your too strict conditions, by which I was meant
 To keep the good I had not looked for. Why have you added
 To the loss of that, punishment enough,
 Endless sorrow? Your justice seems
 Inexplicable; to speak truthfully though too late
 This is what I feel. But then you should have refused
 Those terms, when they were proposed:
 You did accept them, are you going to accept the rewards
 But argue over the conditions? And though God
 Made you without permission, what would you do if your son
 Proved to be disobedient, and when you told him off he answered,
 'Why then did you father me? I didn't ask you to.'
 Would you allow that as an excuse
 For his disobedience? But you did not father him by choice
 But by the demands of Nature.
 God made you with free will, and you had a free choice
 To serve him. Your reward was given from his love,
 And so it's right your punishment should be his choice.
 So be it, I submit, his punishment is fair;
 I am dust and I shall return to dust:
 A welcome hour when it comes! Why does he
 Hold back his hand from carrying out the sentence
 Passed on this day? Why do I still live,
 Why I am taunted with death and made to go on living
 In deathless pain? How glad I would be to meet
 My sentence of mortality, and become unfeeling
 Earth, how glad I would be to lie down
 As if in my mother's lap! I should rest there
 And sleep soundly; his dreadful voice would no longer
 Thunder in my ears, I would have no fear of worse
 Tormenting me, expecting it to fall upon me
 And my children. But there is one doubt
 Which still follows me, fearing that I cannot die,
 That the pure breath of life, the spirit of Man,
 Created by God, cannot completely die
 With this earthy body; then in the grave
 Or in some other dismal place how can I know*

*That I won't suffer eternal damnation? What a horrible
 Thought, if it comes true! But why should it? It was only
 The soul which sinned; what dies but that which had life
 And sin? The body does not have either.
 All of me then shall die: let this calm
 The doubts, because this is all that humans can know.
 For although the Lord of all is infinite,
 Is his anger infinite too? Even if it is, man is not,
 But doomed to die. How can he perform
 Eternal punishment on Man, who death must bring to an end?
 Can he make Death deathless? That would make
 A strange contradiction, which is impossible
 For God to do, for it would prove
 His weakness, not his power. Will he extend,
 For the sake of his anger, finite to infinite
 In punishing man, to satisfy his anger
 By never stopping? That would be to extend
 His sentence beyond that of dust and the law of Nature,
 Which everything else is still obeying according
 To their construction, not influenced
 By things from outside their world. But what
 If death is not a single blow as I imagined,
 Taking away all feeling, but instead endless misery
 From this day onwards, which I can feel has begun
 Both in me and in the world and will last
 Forever; ah me, that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful regularity
 On my defenceless head; that Death and I
 Are eternal and live in the same body,
 And this won't just apply to me, but all
 Posterity will be cursed through me; what an inheritance
 I leave you, my sons; if only I were able
 To spend it all myself and leave you none!
 Disinherited, how you would bless me
 Instead of cursing me! Ah, why should all mankind,
 Guiltless, be condemned for one man's fault,
 If they are without guilt? But what can come from me
 But corrupt offspring, perverted in mind and will,
 Not to only do the same but to want the same
 As me? How can they then be acquitted
 In the eyes of God? After all these arguments
 I am forced to admit God is right: all my vain excuses
 And reasoning, twist it as I might, lead me still
 Back to my own belief: first and last
 On me, only me, as the source and fount
 Of all corruption, all the blame falls,
 And so should the punishment. Foolish hope! Could you support
 That burden, heavier than the Earth,
 Heavier than the universe, even if it was shared
 With that bad woman? So what you hope
 And what you fear both alike destroy all hope*

*Of shelter and leave you miserable
Beyond anything known in the past or future,
With only Satan as your equal in crime and punishment.
Oh conscience, what a pit of fear and horror
You have driven me into, and I can find
No way out, but plunge deeper and deeper.”*

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double terror: On the ground
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardie execution, since denounc't
The day of his offence.

*So Adam lamented loudly all through
The still night, which was not now, as it was before his fall,
Wholesome and cool, and mild, but it was full
Of black cloud, with mists and dreadful gloom,
Which made everything twice as frightening
To his guilty conscience: he lay outstretched
On the ground, on the cold ground, and often
Cursed his birth, cursed death as often
For not carrying out sentence of execution
On 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,
With other echo late I taught your Shades
To answer, and resound farr other Song.

*“Why does death not come,”
He asked, ‘To finish me with one welcome blow?
Shall truth not keep her word,
Shall divine justice fail to be just?
But death does not come when it is called, and divine justice
Does not speed up her slow pace in answer to prayers or pleas.
Oh woods, fountains, hillocks, dales, bowers,
I recently made your echoes ring
With a far different song than this.”*

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
 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,
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a shew
 Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last
 This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
 With Men as Angels without Feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
 And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perversness, but shall see her gain'd
 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.

*In this torment sad Eve saw him,
 Desolate where she sat, and she drew near,
 Trying to soothe his passion with soft words:
 But he rejected her with a stern look.
 "Get out of my sight, you serpent, that's the name that best
 Suits you, the same name as the one you teamed up with. You're*

*Just as false and hateful; you're missing nothing but his shape
 And snaky color to show
 The deceit inside, so that all other creatures could be warned
 To guard against you from now on; then that gorgeous form,
 Laid out for hellish deceit, won't trap them. But for you
 I could have stayed happy, if your pride
 And wandering vanity, at the most dangerous time,
 Hadn't rejected my warning and insisted that
 You could be trusted, longing to show yourself off
 Even to the Devil himself, arrogantly thinking
 You could beat him, but when you met the serpent
 You were fooled and seduced, you by him and I by you.
 I trusted you as being made from me, I thought you were wise,
 Faithful, mature, immune to attack,
 And did not understand it was all a show,
 Not real virtue, just a rib,
 Twisted by nature, bent, it now seems,
 Drawn from the most evil part of me,
 And well thrown out, as superfluous to my
 true self. Oh why did God,
 The wise Creator, that filled the highest Heaven
 With masculine Spirits, make as his last thing
 This novelty on Earth, this fair perversion
 Of Nature, why did he not fill the world
 With Men who were like angels, without female influence,
 Or find some other way for Mankind
 To breed? Then this mischief would not have happened,
 Nor the consequences that are coming, numberless
 Disturbances on Earth through women's traps,
 And our mixing with this sex; for Man shall either
 Never find a suitable partner, only the one
 Some misfortune brings him, or a mistake.
 Often the one he wants most he will not get
 Through her perversity, but will see her won
 By a far worse partner, or if she loves him her parents
 Will forbid it, or he'll meet the perfect woman too late,
 Already engaged and heading for marriage
 To a horrible enemy, one he hates.
 All this will cause infinite upheaval
 In human life, and ruin household peace."*

He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and imbracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
 Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
 As 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 alreadie lost, mee then thy self
 More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou
 Against God onely, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment 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.

*He spoke no more, and turned away, but Eve
 Would not be rejected, and with incessant tears
 And her hair all awry, fell humbly at his feet,
 Hugging them, begging his forgiveness,
 And made her plea.
 "Do not forsake me like this, Adam, as Heaven is my witness
 I have sincere love and reverence for you
 In my heart, and I offended unwittingly,
 Unhappily tricked; I make a humble plea,
 I beg you and hug your knees; don't take from me
 That which I live for, your gentle looks, your help,
 Your advice in this terrible situation,
 My only strength and comfort: stripped of you,
 Where shall I go, how shall I live?
 While we still live, which might be perhaps just another hour,
 Let there be peace between us two, both joining
 As we are joined in injury, in our hatred
 For the enemy whom fate assigned us,
 That cruel serpent: don't take out
 Your hatred for all this misery which has come
 On me, who is already lost, and so make me
 Even more miserable than you. We have both sinned,
 But you only against God, I against both God and you,
 And I will go back to the place of judgment
 And with my cries I will beg Heaven to take
 All punishment away from you and let it all fall
 On me, the one cause of all your sorrows,
 I shall ask him to justly make me the one object of his anger."*

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
 Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wraught

Commiseration; soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
 Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,
 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine
 His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
 And my displeasure 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
 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.

*She finished, weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Which could not be soothed until forgiveness was obtained for the fault
 Which she acknowledged and deplored, made Adam
 Feel sorry for her. Soon his heart relented
 Towards she who was so recently his whole life and only pleasure,
 Now begging at his feet in distress,
 Such a fair creature asking for reconciliation
 And the advice and help of the one she had displeas'd;
 He was disarmed, he lost all his anger,
 And lifted her up with peaceful words.
 "You are as reckless as before and too willing
 To become involved with things of which you know nothing,
 When you ask for all the punishment to fall on you; alas,
 Bear your own first, you will not cope with
 His full anger, of which you have only so far felt the smallest part;
 You have not even been able to bear my displeasure. If prayers
 Could alter the orders of Heaven I would rush
 To that place ahead of you, and be heard louder,
 Asking that all punishment should fall on me,
 That your weakness and frail sex should be forgiven,
 With everything blamed on me.
 But get up, let us stop arguing and not blame
 Each other, for we have been blamed enough by others, we should
 Work at our love, and see how we can lighten*

*Each others' burden in the sadness we share,
Since today's sentence of death, if I see rightly,
Will not come suddenly, but is a slow paced evil,
A long day of dying to add to our pain,
And it will fall upon our unhappy children."*

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
Tending to some 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, devour'd
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this cursed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial imbraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be miserie
And torment less then none of what we dread,
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death, or he 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.

*Eve, gaining heart, answered.
"Adam, by sad experience I know
How little weight you give my words,*

*Which you thought so wrong and you were proved
 Right by the unfortunate events; nevertheless,
 Forgiven by you, vile as I am, and given your
 Renewed acceptance, hoping to regain
 Your love, the sole pleasure of my heart
 In life or death, I will not hide from you
 The thoughts that rise in my disturbed heart,
 Thinking of some relief for our torment,
 Or an end, though sharp and sad, but tolerable
 In such a desperate situation, and an easier choice.
 If care for our descendants is our biggest worry,
 For they must be born to certain sorrow, eaten
 By death at last, and it is miserable
 To be the cause of misery in others,
 Our own flesh and blood. From our loins we will bring
 Into this world a sorrowful race,
 That after a wretched life will become
 Food for such a foul monster, but it lies
 In your power, before conception,
 To stop that unblessed race from being started.
 You are childless, you should remain so:
 So Death will be cheated of his feast, and be forced
 To satisfy his ravenous mouth with just us two.
 But if you think it will be difficult,
 Being together, looking, loving, to abstain
 From the rites of love, sweet marital embraces,
 And to suffer with unfulfilled desire
 Before me, feeling the same desire,
 Which would be a misery
 And punishment as great as all the others we dread,
 Then let us free ourselves and our children
 From what we fear for us both: let us cut it short,
 Let us look for Death, or if we cannot find him
 Then do his job ourselves.
 Why should we stand any longer quaking at a future
 Which shows no end but death, when we have the power
 To choose the shortest of the many ways to die,
 To destroy destruction with destruction?"*

She ended heer, or vehement despaire
 Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
 Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,
 To better hopes his more attentive minde
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve repli'd.
 Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret

For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade
 The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacie will provoke the highest
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view, calling to minde with heed
 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
 The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
 Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on our selves, or childless days
 Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
 Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
 Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
 My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
 Which now the Skie with various Face begins
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr

Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, then to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?

*Here she ended, or great despair
 Stopped her finishing; she had thought so much
 Of death that her cheeks paled as if she was actually dead.
 But Adam would not be swayed by such advice,
 For his greater intelligence had given him
 Better hopes, and so he answered Eve.
 "Eve, your contempt for life and pleasure seems
 To argue that there is within you something more noble
 And excellent than you believe.
 But looking for suicide like this argues against
 That excellence, and implies
 Not that you have contempt but you have anguish and regret
 For the loss of life and pleasure you loved too much.
 Or if you seek death as the final end
 To misery, thinking that is a way to avoid
 The sentence that has been passed, do not doubt that God
 Has made his plan of punishment too wisely to
 Be cheated like that; I would be more worried that death
 Grabbed like that will not exempt us from the pain
 That we are sentenced to pay; rather such acts
 Of disobedience will provoke the highest
 To make death live in us. Let us seek
 Some safer plan, which I think I can see,*

*Thinking carefully about
 Part of our sentence, that our descendants shall bruise
 The serpent's head; small consolation, unless
 As I conjecture by serpent was meant our great enemy
 Satan, who in the shape of a serpent devised
 All our downfall; to crush his head
 Would indeed be revenge; this will be lost
 If we bring death on ourselves, or choose to be
 Childless, as you have proposed; so our enemy
 Will escape his sentence and we
 Shall double ours upon ourselves.
 Say no more then of violence
 Against ourselves, or chosen infertility,
 That cuts us off from hope, and looks only like
 Resentment and pride, impatience and spite,
 Reluctance to accept God's order and the just punishment
 He has laid on our necks. Remember with what a sweet
 And gracious temper he heard and judged us,
 Without anger or abuse; we expected
 To be eliminated at once, which we thought
 Was coming with instant death, when suddenly, for you,
 Pain only in childbirth was predicted,
 And those would soon be repaid with happiness as you brought forth
 Your children; on me the curse glanced off
 Onto the ground, that I must earn my bread
 Through work; what harm is that? It would be worse to be idle;
 My work will keep me strong, and in case cold
 Or heat should harm us, his well timed care
 Has provided help unasked for, and his hands
 Clothed us, unworthy, pitying while he judged;
 How much more, if we pray to him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart lean towards pity,
 And he will teach us further ways in which we can shun
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail and snow,
 Which the sky with various appearances begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds
 Blow wet and harsh, stripping the leaves
 Of these fair trees. This warns us to find
 Some better covering, some better warmth to heat
 Our numbed limbs before the sun
 Leaves the night cold. We may be able to reflect
 His gathered rays onto some dry matter,
 Or by grinding two objects together
 To make friction to start a fire, as recently the clouds
 Pushed by the winds clash with each other and in the shock
 Kindle the slanting lightning, whose jagged flame is driven down
 And lights the oily bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far off,
 Which might be a replacement for the sun: how to use such fire
 And whatever else might be a remedy or cure
 For the evils which our own misdeeds have created,*

*He will tell us when we pray, and we will ask
For his grace, so we will be able
To pass this life comfortably, sustained
By him with many comforts, until we finish
As dust, our final rest and our homeland.
What better can we do than go to the place
Where he judged us and fall prostrate
Before him in worship, humbly confess
Our faults and beg for forgiveness,
With tears watering the ground and filling the air
With our sighs, sent from our remorseful hearts,
A sign of our genuine regret and meek submission.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn away
From his anger; in his serene look,
When he seemed most angry and severe,
What else could be seen but favor, grace and mercy?"*

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

*So spoke our Father, repentant, nor did Eve
Feel any less remorse: they went straight to the place
Where he had judged them and fell prostrate
Before him, worshipping, and both humbly
Confessed their faults, and begged for forgiveness, with
Their tears watering the ground, and with sighs
Filling the air, sent from their remorseful hearts,
A sign of their genuine regret and meek submission.*

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 vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.

The Son of God presents his Father with the prayers of our first parents who are now repentant, and intercedes for them. God accepts them but declares that they may no longer live in Paradise. He sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, telling him to reveal things of the future to Adam first. Michael descends to Paradise. Adam shows Eve certain ominous signs. He sees Michael approaching and goes to meet him. The Angel announces that they must depart. Eve laments. Adam pleads but submits. The Angel takes Adam to the top of a high hill and gives him a vision of what will happen until the Flood comes.

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, & made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
Flew up, nor missd the way, by envious windes
Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd
Dimensionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

*So, in their humble trouble, they stood
Praying, for from the Heavenly seat of mercy
Specail grace had descended and removed
The stone from their hearts and made new flesh
Grow again instead, that now breathed wordless
Sighs, inspired by the spirit of prayer,
And flew to Heaven quicker
Than the loudest speech; but their attitude
Was not that of beggars, nor did their plea
Seem less important than when the ancient pair
Of old stories (though less ancient than these two)
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrah, to restore
The human race which had been drowned stood
Praying at the shrine of Themis. Their prayers flew*

*Up to Heaven, and were not blown off course
By jealous winds; they passed,
Pure spirit, through the doors of Heaven; then perfumed
With incense, where the golden altar burned,
By their great mediator, appeared
Before the Father's throne: the glad Son
Presented them, and began his intervention.*

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

*“You see, Father here are the first fruits grown on Earth
From the grace you place in man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I bring before you as your priest.
These are fruits of better taste, grown from the seed
Of remorse you sowed in his heart, than could
Have been produced by his own hand
Tending all the trees in Paradise, before he fell
From innocence. So now lend your ear
To their pleas, hear his wordless sighs;
As he is not skilled in choice of words for prayer let me
Interpret for him, let me be his representative
And sacrifice, make me responsible for all he does,
Good or bad, and my merits shall make
The good perfect, and I shall pay for the bad with my death.
Accept me, and receiving these prayers through me
Give peace to Mankind, let him live
Reconciled with you, even if sad, at least for
The days of his life, until death, his sentence (which I*

*Am asking you to soften, not to reverse)
Shall lead him to a better life, where he will live
With me and all my redeemed in joy and bliss,
Made a part of me as I am a part of you.”*

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal Elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture fowle,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endowd, with Happiness
And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedie, and after Life
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
Wak't in the renovation of the just,
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw;
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.

*To whom the Father, in open view, serenely replied.
“All your requests for man, welcome Son,
Are granted, all you ask was in my plan;
But they cannot live longer in Paradise,
The natural laws I made forbid it.
Those pure eternal elements do not know
Any unpleasant or clashing mixture
And they reject him now as tainted, and as
An infection, he must breathe normal air,
Eat mortal food as best he can,
Due to the destruction done by sin, that first
Infected all things, and corrupted
The pure. In the beginning I gave him
Two fair gifts, happiness
And immortality: with happiness foolishly lost
Immortality only served to make his sorrow eternal,
Until I gave him death; so death becomes
His final cure, and after a life*

*Of trials and trouble, and bettered
By faith and the work of faith, he gives himself up
To a second life, awoken by the restoration of the just,
And arrives at Heaven and Earth reborn.
But let us call to meeting all the blessed
In Heaven's wide lands; I will not keep
My judgments from them as to how I will deal with mankind,
As they saw me recently deal with the sinful angels,
Who were condemned even though they were of the highest."*

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 Bows
Of Amarantin Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream
Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will.
O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him, longer then they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, lest 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 softn'd and with tears
Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,

Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
 To Adam what shall come in future dayes,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the womans seed renewd;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

*He ended, and the son signaled
 To the angelic minister who watched, he blew
 His trumpet, in later times maybe heard in Oreb
 When God came down to Moses, and perhaps will be heard
 Again on the Day of Judgment. The angelic blast
 Filled all the lands: from their lovely bowers
 Shaded by Amaranth, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, wherever they sat
 In joyful fellowship, the sons of light
 Hurried in response to the high summons
 And took their seats, and from the highest throne
 The Almighty pronounced his royal will.
 "Oh sons, man has come to be like one of us,
 Knowing both good and evil since he tasted
 That forbidden fruit; but he has found
 He has lost his knowledge of good, and found evil.
 He would have been happier if he'd been satisfied
 With good alone, and not known evil at all.
 He grieves now, repents, and prays with remorse.
 My spirit moves more in him now,
 For I know his heart, how variable and vain it is
 If left to itself. In case his now bolder hand
 Should also reach for the tree of life and eat
 And live for ever, or at least imagine he would live
 Forever, I rule that he shall be moved
 From the garden and sent out to work
 The ground from which he was taken, better soil for him.
 Michael, I give you my order to carry out;
 Take with you from amongst the Cherubim
 Your choice of fiery warriors, in case the fiend,
 Either on behalf of Man, or to invade
 The empty land, tries to start some new trouble.
 Hurry, drive the sinful pair out
 Of the Paradise of God without pity,
 Forbid the sacred ground to the unholy and announce
 That they are banished forever, them
 And their children. But in case they faint*

*At this sad sentenced being enforced
 (For I see they are softened and regretting
 Their behavior with tears) then take away their fears.
 If they do as they are told,
 Don't send them away downhearted; tell
 Adam what will happen in the future,
 As I shall tell you, let them know
 How my promise will be renewed in the woman's seed;
 So send them away in peace, though sad,
 And on the east side of the garden,
 Where it is easiest to gain entry from Eden,
 Place a guard of Cherubs and a flaming sword
 Waving far and wide, to deter all approaches from far away.
 And guard all access to the Tree of Life,
 In case Paradise should become a home
 For foul spirits, all preying on my trees,
 Using their stolen fruit to trick Man again."*

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
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouze,
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
 To resalute the World with sacred Light
 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd
 The Earth, when Adam and first Matron Eve
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewd.
 Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
 So prevalent as to concerne the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
 Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
 Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught
 By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour; peace returnd
 Home to my brest, and to my memorie
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,

Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

*He finished, and the archangel prepared
For a swift descent with a group
Of bright Cherubim guards. They each had four faces,
Like a double Janus, and their shapes were covered
With more eyes than Argos, and more watchful
Than to fall asleep
Charmed by the Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes or his magic wand. Meanwhile,
To refill the world with holy light,
The goddess of the morning woke, and with fresh dews anointed
The Earth, so that when Adam and the first mother Eve
Had finished their prayers they found
New strength sent from above, new hope springing
From despair, joy, but it was still linked with fear,
Which he spoke of to her with his welcome words.
"Eve, it is easy, with faith, to believe that all
The good which we enjoy comes down from Heaven;
But that anything from us should rise up to Heaven
Would be important enough to concern the mind
Of great God, or make him change his actions,
Seems hard to believe; but prayer can do this,
Just one small sigh of human breath can be carried up
Even to the throne of God. For since I tried
To appease the angered Deity with prayer,
Kneeling and humbly spread my heart before him,
I thought I saw him peaceful and mild,
Bending down to listen; I became convinced
That I was heard favorably; peace returned
To my heart, and to my memory returned
His promise, that your offspring shall bruise our enemy.
At the time I did not pay any attention to it in my despair, but now
It assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. So hail to you,
Eve who is rightly called Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all living things, since Man will live
Through you, 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 source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
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.

*Eve said to him, with a sad and humble face,
"I do not deserve to have such a title,
Me, the sinner, who was made for you as a help
And instead became a trap; to me reproach
Belongs, distrust and censure.
But my judge showed infinite mercy,
So that I who first brought death on all am graced
With the source of life; you are next to him in mercy,
Giving me such a high title
When I deserve a very different one. But the field
Calls us to our punishment of sweaty labor,
Though we have had a sleepless night. See the morning,
Not concerned with our restlessness, begins
Her rosy journey all smiling. Let us go out
(And I will never again stray from your side)
To where our day's work waits, although it is now
To be laborious, until the day's end. While we are living here,
How hard could work be in these pleasant paths?
Let us live here, and though fallen, be content."*

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd Eve, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
The Bird of Jove, stoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.
O Eve, some furdur change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more.
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.

*So much humbled Eve spoke of her wishes, but fate
Would not allow it; Nature first gave signs, marked
On the birds, beasts and the air, air that was suddenly dark
After the first blush of morning; Eve saw
The eagle dive from his journey in the sky,
Driving two peacocks ahead of him:
Down from the hill came a lion,
Now the first hunter, chasing a hart and a hind,
The gentle pair, best of all the forest;
They ran straight towards the eastern gate.
Adam saw this, and following the chase with his eyes
Spoke to Eve, disturbed.
"Oh Eve, some further punishment is coming for us,
Which Heaven shows through these signs in Nature,
Demonstrating his plan, or maybe they are
To warn us not to think that we have escaped
All punishment, just because we have been released from death
For a while; how long for, and what until then our life will be,
Who knows? All we can be certain of is that we are dust
And will return there and cease existing.
Why else would we be shown this double sign
Of flight in the air and over the ground,
Both at the same time? Why is it dark in the east
Before day is half over, and the morning light
Shines more in that western cloud that's drawing
A shining white over the blue sky
And slowly descending, carrying something from Heaven."*

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adams eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
In Dothan, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
Against the Syrian King, who to surprize
One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch
In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
To find where Adam shelterd, took his way,

Not unperceav'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determin, or impose
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
Invests him coming? yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

*He was right, for as he said this the Heavenly band
Landed in Paradise from a sky of jasper
And stopped on a hill.
It would have been glorious to see, if doubt
And mortal fear had not dimmed Adam's eye that day.
It was more glorious than when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field covered in the tents of his bright guardians,
More glorious than those that appeared on the flaming mountain
In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire
Against the Syrian king, who to trap
One man had gone to war like an assassin,
Making war by ambush. Michael
Left his forces in that place to take
Possession of the garden; he went alone
To find where Adam was sheltering,
Who saw him coming, and spoke to Eve
As the great visitor approached.
"Eve, now expect great news, which perhaps
Will tell us of our fate, or impose
New laws for us to obey; for I see
One of the Heavenly host coming from the blazing cloud
That veils that hill, and from his bearing I see
He is not one of the low ones, he is some great power,
Or is he even from one of the thrones of Heaven,
He has such majesty in his approach? But he is not terrible,
Like one I should fear, nor friendly and kind
Like Raphael, so that I would chat with him.
He is solemn and spiritual, and so as not to offend him
I must meet him with reverence, and you must withdraw."*

He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes
A militarie Vest of purple flowd
Livelier then Melibœan, or the graine

Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Hero's old
 In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the wooff;
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
 As in a glistering Zodiac hung the Sword,
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
 Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd.
 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 claime;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

*He finished, and the archangel soon came near,
 Not in his Heavenly shape but as a man,
 Dressed to meet Man; over his shining armor
 Was a robe of military purple,
 Brighter than one dyed with Meliboean dye or the dye
 Of Tyre, worn by the ancient kings and heroes
 In peacetime, for the cloth had been dipped in the rainbow.
 When he took off his starry helmet he could be seen as in the prime
 Of manhood, where youth ended; by his side
 His sword hung as one does from Orion's belt,
 The sword which Satan dreaded, and his spear was in his hand.
 Adam bowed low, but he, having the status of a King
 Did not return it, but announced his coming thus.
 "Adam, heaven's high orders need no preamble:
 It is enough to say that your prayers are heard, and death,
 The proper sentence due for your sins,
 Has been cheated of his prey for many days
 Given to you by grace, which you may use to repent
 And cover the one bad deed with many good ones.
 Then your Lord may well be appeased
 And free you from death forever;
 But you are no longer permitted
 To live in Paradise; I have come to remove you
 And send you from the garden to work
 The earth from which you were taken, fitter soil."*

He added not, for Adam at the newes
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament

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

*He spoke no further, for at the news Adam
Stood thunderstruck, gripped with a chilling sorrow
That seized all his sense; Eve, although invisible
Had heard all, and soon gave away her hiding place
With an audible lament:*

*“Oh unexpected blow, worse than death!
Must I leave you, Paradise? Leave
You, my native soil, these happy walks and glades,
A place fit for Gods? The place I had hoped to spend,
Quietly but sadly, the remains of the day
That must end in death for us both. Oh flowers,
That will never grow in another climate,
That I visited in the morning and last thing
In the evening, which I raised with a tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names,
Who shall now raise you to the sun, or plant you
In rows, and water you from the heavenly spring?
You lastly, marriage bower, decorated by me
With all that was sweet to sight and smell; how can I
Leave you, and how can I wander down
Into a lower world, dark and wild,
How shall we breathe in less pure air,
When we are accustomed to eternal fruits?”*

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

*The angel, interrupted her, softly.
"Do not complain, Eve, but give up with resignation
The things which you have rightly lost; do not set your heart,
Too fond, on things which are not yours.
You do not go alone; with you goes
Your husband, and you are bound to follow him;
Where he lives, that then is your native soil."*

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To Michael thus his humble words addressd.
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms and Fruits and Flours:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot step-trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

*Adam recovered from this sudden cold shock,
 And he gathered his spirits together
 And addressed Michael with these humble words.
 "Heavenly, whether you are one of the Thrones or named
 One of the highest, for being of such a shape
 You seem to be a Prince above Princes, you have given us
 Your message gently, which otherwise might have wounded us,
 And killed us in its execution; what else
 Do your tidings bring, apart from sorrow and dejection and despair,
 As much as our frail forms can bear?
 We must leave this happy place, our sweet
 Shelter and the only consolation we have left.
 It is familiar to our eyes, and all other places
 Appear inhospitable and desolate,
 Unknown to us as we are unknown to them; and if
 By constant prayer I could hope to change the will
 Of he who can change anything, I would not cease
 To tire him with my constant pleas;
 But prayer against his absolute rulings
 Are as useless as blowing into the wind,
 Where the breath blows back to choke the one who breathed it:
 So I submit to his great orders.
 What afflicts me most is that leaving here
 I shall be hidden from his sight, deprived
 Of seeing his blessed face; here I could frequent,
 With worship, each place were he revealed
 The divine presence, and say to my sons,
 'On this hill he appeared, I saw him
 Under this tree, I heard his voice amongst these pines,
 I talked with him by this spring:
 I would have raised so many thanksgiving altars
 On the grassy turf, and piled up every shiny stone
 From the streams as a memorial
 Or monument for all time, and on them I would have placed
 Offerings of sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers:
 In that world down there where can I remember
 His bright appearances, or trace his footsteps?
 For although I fled his anger, now recalled
 To longer life and the promise of descendants
 I would gladly see him even at the outer edge of
 His glory, and worship his steps from far off.'"*

To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth.
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or Eden: this had been

Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
 All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
 But this præeminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
 God is as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a signe
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal Love, his Face
 Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
 Which that thou mayst 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
 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.

Michael replied to him gently.

*“Adam, you know that Heaven and all the Earth is his,
 Not just this place. He is ever present on
 Land, in the sea, in the air and in every living thing,
 Nurtured by his holy power and warmed:
 He gave you the whole Earth to own and rule,
 No mean gift; do not think then that his
 Presence is confined to these narrow boundaries
 Of Paradise or Eden: this was to have been
 Perhaps your capital, from where all the generations
 Would spread, and would have come here
 From all over the Earth, to celebrate
 And respect you as their great father.
 But you have lost this high position, brought down
 To live on lower ground with your children:
 But do not doubt that in the valleys and plains
 God is as he is here, and will be found
 Just the same, and he will give many signs
 That he still follows you, still wraps you
 In his goodness and paternal love, his face
 Will show it and so will the divine footsteps.
 You may believe this, and it will be proved
 Before you leave here; know that I am sent*

*To show you what will come in the future
To you and your offspring; expect to hear good and bad,
Heavenly grace battling
With Man's sinfulness; from what I tell you you shall learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, prepared
By moderation to bear either state,
Good or bad: so you will lead your life
In the safest way, and be best prepared
To meet your death when it comes. Climb
This hill; let Eve (for I have closed her eyes)
Sleep here below while you wake to the future,
Just as you once slept while she was brought to life."*

To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd.
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breast, arming to overcom
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the Wilderness,
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
His Eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temirs Throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan Kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of Negus to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritim Kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the Realme
Of Congo, and Angola fardest South;
Or thence from Niger Flood to Atlas Mount
The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The 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
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:
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam replied with gratitude:

*"Climb, I will follow you, safe guide,
On the path you lead me over and I will submit
My exposed heart to the hand of Heaven,
However painful it will be, I am ready to
Be overcome with suffering, and so earn rest from labor,
If I may." So both climbed up
In the sight of God: it was the highest hill
In Paradise, from the top of which
The earth's hemisphere showed in clearest sight,
Stretched out as far as the eye could see.
That hill was as tall and had as wide a view
As the hill where for a different reason the Tempter placed
Jesus in the wilderness,
To how him all the kingdoms of Earth and their glory.
His eye might have commanded all
The cities of ancient or modern times, the seat
Of the mightiest empire, from the walls
Of Cambalu, seat of the Khan of Cathay,
And Samarkand by Oxus, ruled by Temir,
To Peking of the Chinese kings,
To Agra and Lahore, the seats of the great Moguls,
Down to the gold of Thailand, or where
The Persian sat in Ecbatana, or since then
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Tsar
Ruled in Moscow, or the Sultan in Byzantium,
Born in Turkey; he could also see
The Empire of Abyssinia to the farthest port
Of Arkiko, and the lesser maritime kingdoms
Of Mobassa, Quiloa and Melind,
And Sofala thought to be Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or from there from the River Niger to the Atlas mountains,
The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,*

*Morrocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
 Then on to Europe, where Rome was to rule
 The world; spiritually perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the land of Montezuma,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Atahualpa, and not yet spoiled
 Guinea, whose great city the Spanish
 Called El Dorado: but Michael took the film from Adam's eyes
 That the false fruit had put there when promising clearer sight,
 And showed him nobler sights.
 Then he cleaned his eyes with Euphrasie and Rue,
 For there was much for him to see;
 He put three drops from the well of life in there.
 The power of these ingredients went so deep,
 Even into the brain and imagination,
 That Adam was forced to close his eyes,
 He sank down and his spirits were in a trance:
 But the gentle angel soon lifted him
 By the hand, and called him back to sense:*

Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
 His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
 His 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
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
 Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?

“Adam, now open your eyes, and see

*The effects your original crime had
 On some of your descendants, who never touched
 The forbidden tree, nor conspired with the snake,
 Nor committed your sin, but they are corrupted
 By that sin and commit more violent deeds.”*
*His eyes opened and he saw a field,
 Partly arable and cultivated, on which there were newly
 Cut sheaves of corn, on the other part were sheep paths and pens;
 There was an altar like a landmark in the middle,
 Rustic, made from grassy turf; soon a sweaty reaper
 Brought there from his work
 The first fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
 Chosen randomly as they came to hand; next came
 A shepherd, more humble, with the first born of his flock,
 The choicest and best; sacrificing them he laid
 Their innards and their fat, covered in incense
 On the cleft wood, and performed all the correct rites.
 Soon his offering was consumed by favorable fire
 From Heaven, quickly and with appreciative smoke;
 The other offering was not, for his was not sincere;
 He raged inwardly at this and as they talked
 Hit the other in the stomach with a stone
 That beat out his life; he fell, and deadly pale
 He groaned out his soul with his gushing blood.
 At that sight Adam was much disturbed in his heart,
 And called quickly to the angel:
 “Oh teacher, some terrible thing has happened
 To that humble man, who had made his sacrifice so well!
 Is this how piety and pure devotion is repaid?”*

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.

*Michael, also disturbed, replied:
 “These two are brothers, Adam, and spring
 From your loins; the unjust has slain the just,
 Out of jealousy because his brother's offering
 Was accepted by Heaven; but the bloody act
 Will be punished, and the other's accepted faith
 Will be rewarded, though you see him die here,
 Rolling in dust and gore.”*

To which our Sire.
 Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way

I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

*Our sire responded,
"Alas, both for the deed and the cause!
But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I shall return to my native dust? This is a terrible
Sight, foul and ugly to see,
It's horrid to think of, how horrid it must be to feel!"*

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance then within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shall 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.

*Michael answered, "You have seen Death
In its first attack on man, but there are many types
Of death, and there are many paths leading
To his grim cave, all dismal; but to the mind
The entrance is more terrible than the inside.
Some, as you saw, shall die by violence,
By fire, flood, famine, more shall die by gluttony
In meat and drink, which on Earth shall bring
Awful diseases, of which a monstrous crew
Shall now appear before you, so you shall know
What misery Eve's gluttony
Shall bring on men."*

Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noysom, dark,
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
Dæmoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie
And Moon-struck madness, pining Atrophie
Marasmus and wide-wasting Pestilence,
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 invokt
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

Immediately a place

Appeared before his eyes, sad, smelly and dark.

It seemed like a leper hospital, where there were

Crowds suffering from all known diseases, all illnesses

Of terrible spasms, racking torture, attacks

Of heart sick agony, all types of fever,

Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce inflammations,

Intestinal stones and ulcers, pangs of colic,

Demonic possession, depression,

And moonstruck madness, malnutrition,

Wide spreading disease,

Dropsy, asthma and joint racking rheumatism.

There was terrible tossing, deep groans and despair

Waited on the sick at every bed.

Over them triumphant Death was shaking his arrow,

But he delayed striking, though he was often

Begged to, as their chief good and final hope.

At the sight of so much pain what stony heart

Could remain dry eyed? Adam could not, and he wept,

Though he was not born of woman; compassion suppressed

His manly strength and he gave himself up to tears

For a time, until firmer thoughts controlled him,

And as soon as he could speak he renewed his complaint.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall

Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!

Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n

To be thus wrested from us? rather why

Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew

What we receive, would either not accept

Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,

Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus

Th' Image of God in man created once

So goodly and erect, though faultie since,

To such unsightly sufferings be debas't

Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,

Retaining still Divine similitude

In part, from such deformities be free,

And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

“Oh miserable mankind, fallen so low,

*What a wretched state you have come to!
It would be better to end the race here. Why is life given
To us to be taken away like this? Why
Is it forced on us like this? Who, if they knew
What was coming, would either not accept
Life, or would soon ask to give it up,
Glad to leave it in peace? Can
The image of God created in man, once
So good and proud, though faulty since,
Be reduced to such terrible suffering,
Such inhuman pain? Why should man not,
Still keeping part of his divine resemblance,
Be kept free from such deformities,
And kept exempt for the sake of his maker's image?"*

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

*"Their maker's image," answered Michael,
"Left them when they turned to evil,
Letting their appetites run unchecked, and replaced
The image of the one they served with brutish vice,
Leading on from Eve's sin.
That is why they have this terrible punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if it is God's likeness they deface it themselves
By perverting the pure rules of nature
To horrible disease, which they deserve, since they
Did not respect God's image in themselves."*

I yield 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?

*"I admit it is just," said Adam, "and accept it.
But is there no other way, apart from
These painful ones, by which we may come
To death, and return to our dusty origins?"*

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught

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

*“There is,” said Michael, “If you follow carefully
The rule of moderation, be temperate
In what you eat and drink, taking from it
Proper nourishment, not greedy pleasure,
So many years will pass in your life;
So you may live, until you fall like ripe fruit
Into the lap of Mother Earth, or you will be
Gently picked, not harshly torn down, for death in maturity;
This is old age; but then you must outlive
Your youth, your strength, your beauty, which will change
To withered weakness and greyness; your senses
Will be dumb, you will have pleasure in nothing
That you have, and in place of the spirit of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in your blood will reign
A melancholy misery of cold and dry
To weigh your spirits down and at last devour
The sweetness 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, and patiently attend
My dissolution.

*Our Ancestor replied:
“From now on I shall not run from death, nor try
To prolong my life much, thinking more about how
I might lose most easily this heavy weight of life,
Which I must bear until my appointed day
Of dying, and I shall wait patiently
For my extinction.”*

Michael repli'd,

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

Michael replied,

*“Neither love nor hate your life, but as you live
Then live well, leave the length of your life to Heaven:
And now prepare for another sight.”*

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
First his own Toolles; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in mettle. After these,
But on the hether side a different sort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise
Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat till th'Eevning Star
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon enclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.

*He looked and saw a wide plain, on which
Were tents of various colors; by some there were herds
Of cattle grazing: from others was heard the sound
Of instruments which made melodious music,
Harp and organ, and the one who played
The keys and strings could be seen; his flying touch
Moved through all the notes, low and high,
Trying to find the chords which would match the song of the universe.
In another part one stood laboring at the forge.
Having melted two great lumps of iron and brass
(Either found where a forest fire
Had stripped the woods on a mountain or in a valley,
Down to the veins of the Earth, which then glided hot
To some cave's mouth, or else washed from underground by
Some stream) he drained the liquid metal
Into prepared moulds, from which he first made
His own tools, then afterwards he made other things
That can be cast or beaten from metal. After these
Men of a different type came down
From their homes in the neighboring hills,
Down to the plain; by their bearing
They seemed to be good men, and all their efforts were devoted
To worshipping God correctly, and they did not avoid
Knowing his works, and especially those things which might bring
Freedom and peace to men: they had not been walking
On the plain for long, when from the tents there came
A group of fair women, gaudy
In jewels and revealing clothes; they sang soft songs
Of love to the harp, and danced as they came:
The men, though serious, eyed them, and let their eyes
Stray without control, until they were caught
In the net of lust; they liked, and each one chose his favorite.
And now they talked of love until the Evening Star,
Love's messenger, appeared; then all in heat
They light the wedding torch and pray
To Hymen, then the God of marriage;
All the tents rang to the sound of music and feasting.
Such happy sights and events
Of love and youth still thriving, songs, garlands and flowers
And charming symphonies caught the heart
Of Adam, who was soon ready to take pleasure,
Which is our way of worshipping Nature, and he spoke of it.*

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.

“True opener of my eyes, first blessed angel,

*This vision seems much better, and gives more hope
Of peaceful future days, than those last two;
Those were of hate and death, or much worse pain,
Here Nature seems to be filling her true purpose.”*

To whom thus Michael. Judg not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, 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 yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

*Michael answered him: “Do not judge what is best
By the pleasure it gives, though it seems the purpose of Nature.
You are created for a more noble purpose,
Holy and pure, matching God.
Those tents you thought were so pleasant were the tents
Of wickedness, where the offspring of the one who killed
His brother shall live; you can see they are devoted
To the arts that improve life, great inventors,
Not thinking of their maker; though his spirit
Taught them, they did not acknowledge his influence.
But they shall give birth to beautiful offspring;
That fair female group you saw, that looked like
Goddesses, so jolly, so smooth, so happy,
But empty of all the good which makes up
Woman’s domestic honor and most praiseworthy feature;
Bred only, and decorated, to fulfil the taste
Of lustful appetites, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and chatter, and to catch the eye.
That sober race of men, whose religious
Lives gave them the title of Sons of God,*

*Will give up all their virtue, their fame,
Shamefully, to the tricks and smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
(Before long they shall be swimming in reality) and laugh; for this
Before long the world will endure a flood of tears."*

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.

*Adam, his short lived joy taken from him, said,
"Oh pity and shame, that they who started off living so well
Should turn aside to tread
Twisted paths, or falter in the middle of their journey!
But still I see that the root of men's sorrow
Is still the same, it comes from women."*

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

*"It comes from man's effeminate laziness,"
Said the angel, "He should stand by
His wisdom and the superior talents he is given.
But now prepare yourself for another scene."*

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

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
 To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
 In factious opposition, till at last
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
 And Judgment from above: him old and young
 Explod, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 Lamenting turn'd full sad;

*He looked and saw a wide territory spread
 In front of him, towns, and cultivated land between,
 Cities of men with high gates and towers,
 Jostling in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
 Giants of great size and bold daring;
 Some flourish their arms, some tame their foaming horses,
 Arranged singly or in battle order,
 Both on horse and on foot, not standing in idle crowds;
 In one place a band drives away from their grazing
 A herd of cattle, fair oxen and calves,
 From a fertile pasture, or a fleecy flock,
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
 Their booty; the shepherds barely escape with their lives,
 But they call in help, which causes a bloody fight.
 The armies join in cruel contest;
 Where cattle recently grazed the bloody field
 Is scattered with bodies and weapons,
 Deserted; others lay siege, encamped outside
 A great city, assaulting it with cannons, ladders
 And mines; the defenders on the wall use
 Darts and javelins, stones and burning fire;
 Everywhere is slaughter and great deeds.
 In another part the official heralds call
 People to a council at the city gates; soon
 Grey haired serious men assemble, mixed
 With warriors, and speeches are heard, but soon
 There is quarreling, until at last
 One of middle age arose, dignified
 And of wise appearance. He spoke much of right and wrong,
 Justice, religion, truth and peace,
 And the judgment of God; old and young
 Jeered him, and would have seized him with violence,
 If a cloud had not come down and snatched him from the place,*

*Unseen amidst the throng: so violence
Continued, and oppression, and the rule of the sword
Across all the plain, and there was no refuge for any.
Adam was in tears, and turned to his guide
Lamenting, and said sadly;*

O what are these,
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold 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?

*“Oh who are these,
Death’s servants, not men, who deal out death
Inhumanely to men, and multiply
Ten thousand times the sin of the one who killed
His brother; for who are they massacring
If it is not their own brothers, men the same as them?
But who was that just man, who would have been lost
For his righteousness if Heaven had not rescued him?”*

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

Awaits the good, the rest what punishment?
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

*Michael said to him: "These men are the result
Of those mismatched marriages you saw,
Where good with bad were joined, who normally
Avoid mixing; and by this unwise mixing
They produced offspring with monstrous bodies or minds.
These were the Giants, men of great fame,
For in those days strength was the only thing admired,
And called bravery and Heroic virtue;
To overcome in battle, and subdue nations,
And bring home treasures with infinite
Slaughter, was thought of as the height
Of human glory, and they were given glory
For their triumphs, to be called great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods and sons of gods,
When they should have been called destroyers and a plague on men.
So fame shall be achieved, renown on Earth,
And what most deserves fame is hidden in silence.
But he you saw is of the seventh generation after you,
The only righteous one in a perverse world,
And so is hated, surrounded
With enemies for daring, alone, to be just,
And tell them what they don't want to hear, that God
Would come with his saints to judge them; the Almighty
Wrapped him in a sweet cloud and with winged horses
Took him to walk with God,
High in the list of saved and the lands of Heaven,
Exempt from death; this shows you the reward
Awaiting the good; what punishment do the rest have?
Look down and you will soon see."*

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In prison under Judgments 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, and 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 every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.

*He looked, and saw things were quite changed;
The brazen noise of war had ceased,
And now all was fun and games,
Luxury and debauchery, feasting and dancing,
Marriage and prostitution as it suited,
Rape or adultery as any passing woman
Attracted them, which led to drunken brawling.
At length Noah came among them,
And declared his hatred of their behavior,
And spoke out against their habits;
He often went to their meetings, wherever they were held,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them he preached
Conversion and repentance, as if they were souls
In prison, shortly to receive their sentence.
But it was all in vain; when he saw this he stopped
Arguing, and took his household far away;
Then he began cutting down tall trees on the mountain
To make a huge boat,
Measured in cubits, length, breadth and height,
Covered in tar, and in the side he made
A door, and laid in a large store of provisions
For men and animals: then there was a strange sight!
Every beast, bird and small insect
Came in sevens or in pairs and entered in, as
They were ordered; last came Noah, with his three sons
And their four wives, and God sealed up the door.*

*Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with their black wings
Hovering wide, all the clouds of the sky drove together.
The hills sent up all their vapor
And dark moist steam,
And now the thickened sky
Was like a dark ceiling; down rushed the rain
With great force, and continued until the earth
Could no longer be seen; the floating vessel swam,
Lifted up, and safe with a beaked prow
Rode rolling over the waves; all other dwellings
Were overwhelmed with the flood, and all their luxury
Sank deep underwater; sea covered sea,
A sea without a shore, and in their palaces,
Where luxury had recently ruled, sea monsters bred
And lived. All that was left of mankind, that had been so numerous,
Was in that one small boat.*

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view destroyd at once;
And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.
O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispenst
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil shall no less
In apprehension then in substance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warne: those few escapt
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 dayes the race of man;
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,
And whether here the Race of man will end

*How sad you were then, Adam, to see the end
 Of all your offspring, an end so sad,
 Depopulation; you made another flood
 Of tears, and a flood of sorrow drowned you
 And sank you as your sons had been; until gently lifted
 By the angel you stood on your feet again,
 Though comfortless, a father mourning
 His children, with all in view destroyed in an instant,
 And could hardly speak to lament to the angel:
 "Oh, these are terrible visions! It would have been better
 If I had lived ignorant of the future, and had to bear
 Only my part of evil, each day's lot
 Is enough to bear; these evils, which were handed
 Out to be carried by many ages, now all land
 On me at once, gaining false birth through my foreknowledge,
 Tormenting me before they happen
 With the thought that they will come to pass. Let no man
 From now on seek foreknowledge of what will happen
 To him or his children; he may be sure it will be evil,
 And his foreknowledge cannot prevent it,
 And he shall now feel the evil in imagination
 No less painfully than if it was happening
 To him. But that care has now passed,
 Man cannot be warned, and those few escaped
 Will die of famine and grief
 Wandering in that watery desert: I had hoped
 That when violence and war ended on Earth
 All would have gone well, peace would have given
 Ages of happy days to the race of men;
 But I was greatly mistaken; for now I see
 That peace corrupts no less than war destroys.
 How does this happen? Tell me, heavenly guide,
 And tell me if this is the end of mankind."*

And whether here the Race of man will end
 To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou sawst
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
 Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
 Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace.
 The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
 And fear of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aide
 Against invaders; therefore could in zeale
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,

Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
 More then enough, that temperance may be tri'd:
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
 One Man except, the onely Son of light
 In a dark Age, against example good,
 Against allurement, custom, and a World
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, hee of wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
 On thir impenitence; and shall returne
 Of them derided, but of God observd
 The one just Man alive; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and houshold from amidst
 A World devote to universal rack.
 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
 Raine day and night, all fountains 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 flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
 And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
 By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

*Michael answered him: "Those who you last saw
 In triumph, with luxurious wealth, are the same
 You first saw in great acts of skill
 And daring exploits, but they were lacking true virtue;
 Having spilt so much blood, and destroyed so much in
 Subduing nations, and by doing so achieved
 Fame in the world, high titles and great booty,
 Will change their lives to pleasure, ease and laziness,
 Greed and lust, until excess and pride
 Turn friendship into hostility in days of peace.
 The conquered also, and those enslaved by war,
 Shall lose all their virtue along with their freedom,
 And also their fear of God, who gave them no help*

*In battle against the invaders, as all their piety
 Was fake; so they lost their courage
 And learned how to live in safety,
 Wordly or immoral, on what their Lords
 Left them to enjoy; for the Earth shall grow
 More than enough for man's self control to be tested.
 So all shall become degenerate, all depraved,
 And forget justice, temperance, truth and faith;
 Only one man, the only son of light
 In a dark age, good unlike all others,
 Stands against temptation, custom and a world
 Which hated him; fearless of reproach or scorn
 Or violence, he shall admonish them
 For their wicked ways, and set before them
 The way of righteousness, so much safer
 And full of peace, foretelling the punishment which will come
 For their Godlessness; he shall get derision
 In return, but God will see him
 As the one just man alive; by his command
 He shall build a wondrous Ark, as you saw,
 To save himself and his household from
 A world which suffers universal destruction.
 No sooner will he be embarked on the Ark
 With those men and beasts chosen to live,
 And all in shelter, but all the waterfalls
 Of Heaven will pour down on the Earth
 Rain, day and night, all the fountains of the deep
 Will erupt, heaving the ocean beyond
 All boundaries, until the flood rises
 Above the highest hills; then this mountain
 Of Paradise shall be pushed by the strength of the waves
 Out of place, pushed by the boiling flood,
 With all his greenery ruined, and trees will drift
 Down the great river to the gulf,
 And there will grow up an island salty and barren,
 The home of seals and orcs and seagulls.
 This teaches you that God counts no place
 As holy, if no holiness is not brought to it
 By the men who go there, or live there.
 And now, what happened next, watch."*

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,
 Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
 Drivn by a keen North- winde, that blowing drie
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decal'd;
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.

The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listed 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.

*He looked, and saw the Ark drift on the flood,
Which now abated, for the clouds had fled,
Driven by a keen north wind, that blew dry
And wrinkled the face of the flood, as if it rotted;
And the bright sun shone hot on the wide watery
Glass, and drew much water from the fresh waves,
As if it was thirsty, and it made their flow lessen
From the standing lake to a gentle tide, that stole
Softly off towards the deep, which had now closed
Its sluices, as Heaven had closed his windows.
The Ark now floats no more but seems aground
Fixed high on the top of some mountain.
And now the tops of the hills appear like rocks;
With great noise the rapid currents drive
Their furious tide towards the retreating sea.
A raven flies out from the Ark,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent out once and again to find
A green tree or ground on which he can land;
Coming back the second time he carries in his beak
An olive leaf, a sign of peace;
Soon dry ground appears, and from his Ark
The ancient ancestor descends with all his crew.
Then with uplifted hands and worshipping eyes,
Grateful to Heaven, he sees over his head
A misty cloud, and in the cloud a bow,
Shining with three bright colours,
A sign of peace from God, and of a new covenant.
At this, the heart of Adam, which had been so sad,
Greatly rejoiced, and he in his joy burst out:*

O thou that future things canst represent
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
Farr less I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfect 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?

*“Oh you that can show the future as if
It was the present, Heavenly teacher, I recover
At this last sight, assured that man shall live
And all the creatures, and life shall go on.
Now I feel far less sadness for a whole world
Of wicked sons destroyed than I feel happiness
For one man found so perfect and just
That God promises to raise a new world
From him, and to forget all his anger.
But tell me, what do those colored streaks in the sky mean?
They look like the face of God, satisfied,
Or are they a flowery border binding
The edges of that watery cloud,
To stop it dissolving again and raining on the Earth?”*

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

The archangel said, “You have hit the mark;

*It shows how willing God is to soften his anger,
Though recently he was so grieved by the depravity of man,
Hurt to the heart, when he looked down to see
The whole Earth filled with violence, and all flesh
Corrupted in their different ways; but with those removed
One just man shall find such grace from him
That he relents his decision to wipe out mankind,
And makes a covenant that he will never again destroy
The Earth by flood, nor shall he let the sea
Break its boundaries, nor let the rain drown the world
Or the man and beasts within it. So when he puts
A cloud over the earth, he will place in it
His triple colored bow, for men to look on
And remember his promise; day and night,
Seed time and harvest, heat and gray frost,
Shall hold their right places, until fire shall clean all things again,
Both Heaven and Earth, where the just shall live.*

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 Ascension; 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.

The Angel Michael continues to explain what will happen following the flood. At the mention of Abraham he explains by steps who the Seed of Woman shall be that was promised to them in the fall, his birth, death, resurrection and ascension. He tells of the state of the Church until the second coming. Adam is greatly comforted and much satisfied with these stories and predictions and descends the hill with Michael. He wakes Eve, who had slept all through, having gentle dreams which lead her to be obedient and quiet in her mind. Michael takes them by the hand and leads them out of Paradise with the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim set up a guard around 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 perceive
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second sours of Men, while yet but few;
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast,
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;

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

*Like someone who breaks his journey at noon
Even though in a hurry, so here the Archangel paused
Between the world destroyed and the world restored
To see if Adam had any questions,
Then moving on he resumed his sweet speech.
"You have seen one world begin and end,
And Man continue from a second root.
There is still much for you to see, but I notice
Your mortal sight is failing; divine matters
Inevitably tire and impair human senses,
So from now on I'll just tell you about the future,
So listen, and pay attention.
This second source of Men still only numbered a few,
And while the dreadful judgment just given remains
Fresh in their minds, so that they fear God,
And pay some attention to right and wrong
In the way they lead their lives and will multiply quickly,
Working the soil and reaping abundant crops,
Corn, wine and oil; and from the herd or flock
They will often sacrifice a bullock, lamb or kid,
With large offerings of wine and sacred feasting.
They shall spend their lives untroubled in joy, and live
A long time in peace in families and tribes*

*Under paternal rule; until one shall rise
 With a proud ambitious heart, who not content
 With fair equality and a brotherly society
 Will give himself undeserved Lordship
 Over his brothers, and completely remove
 Harmony and the law of Nature from the Earth,
 Hunting (and Men, not beasts, will be his quarry)
 With war and hostile traps those who refuse
 To become subjects of his tyrannous empire:
 A mighty hunter, he shall be named in their lists
 Before God, as if to fight against Heaven
 Or claiming his kingship derives from Heaven;
 He shall take his name from rebellion,
 Although he will accuse others of being rebels.
 He, with a gang who have the same ambition and join
 Him, or act as tyrants under his orders,
 Will find, as they march from Eden into the west,
 The Plain of Shinar, where a black tarry whirlpool
 Boils out from underground, the mouth of Hell;
 They will use that stuff with bricks to build
 A city and a tower, planning to reach right up to Heaven;
 They wanted to make a name for themselves
 So they would be remembered even in foreign lands,
 And they did not care whether the name was good or evil.
 But God, who often comes down to visit men
 Unseen, and walks through their settlements
 To observe their actions, soon saw them
 And came down to see their city, before the tower
 Could tangle with the towers of Heaven. To mock them
 He put a spell on their tongues to erase
 Their native language, and instead
 To start a jangling racket of unknown words:
 At once a hideous loud babble begins
 Among the builders; what each said to the other
 Was not understood until they were all hoarse and all in a rage,
 As they rampaged, mocked; there was great laughter in Heaven
 When they looked down to see the strange hubbub
 And hear the din; so the building became
 Absurd, and it was named Confusion.”*

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.
 O execrable Son so to aspire
 Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
 Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:
 He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but Man over men
 He made not Lord; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud
 Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends

Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

*Adam the father was displeas'd by this.
"Oh terrible Son to have ambitions
To be higher than his brothers, taking authority
For himself, not being given it by God:
He only gave us rule over beasts, fish and birds;
We have that right from his gift,
But Man cannot be Lord over men,
He kept that title for himself
And left humans free from humans.
But this usurper is not content just to rule
Over Man; his tower is intended to besiege and defy
God: wretched man! What food
Will he carry up there to sustain
Himself and his foolish army, where the thin air
Above the clouds will make his innards ache
And starve him of breath, if not of bread?"*

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last

Wearing with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;
 And one peculiar Nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
 His benediction so, that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest; he 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 Chaldæa, passing now the Ford
 To Haran, after a cumbrous Train
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.

*Michael said to him, "You are right to hate
 That son, who brought such trouble on
 The quiet state of men, trying to suppress
 Man's freedom; but you should know
 That since your original sin true freedom
 Is lost, which must always be joined to reason,
 And cannot exist without her:
 When reason in man is hidden, or disobeyed,
 At once excessive desires
 And boiling passions start to rule
 Instead of reason, and they reduce the free man
 To slavery. So, since he allows
 Unworthy powers within himself to rule
 Over free reason, God, in fair judgment,
 Makes him suffer violent Lords on the outside,
 Who often just as wrongly enslave
 His physical freedom; tyranny must exist,
 Though that does not excuse the tyrant.
 But sometimes nations will get so far away
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrongdoing
 Deprives them of their physical freedom
 But Justice and some curse on their race,*

*With their inner freedom lost; you can see the irreverent son
 Of the one who built the Ark, who, for the shame
 He had forced on his father, was given the heavy curse
 That he and all his vicious race would be forever slaves.
 Just like the former world so this second one
 Will go from bad to worse, until God at last,
 Tired of their wickedness, shall withdraw
 His presence from them, and avert
 His holy eyes, resolving from then on
 To leave them to their polluted habits,
 And to choose just one tribe
 Above all the rest, whose prayers he would answer,
 A nation that will spring from a single faithful man,
 Who lived on this side of the Euphrates,
 Who was brought up on idol worship; Oh that men
 (Can you believe it) had grown so stupid
 That while the Patriarch who escaped the flood was still alive
 They abandoned the living God and started
 To worshipping their own works of wood and stone
 As Gods! But God the most high decided
 To call him with a vision from his father's house,
 From his family and his false Gods, into a land
 Which he will show him, and from him he will raise
 A mighty nation, and give him such
 Blessing that in his descendants
 All nations shall be blessed; he obeys at once,
 Not knowing the land he is being taken to but having faith:
 I can see him, though you cannot, with what faith
 He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native land,
 Ur of Chaldaea, now passing the ford, going on
 To Haran, followed by a great procession
 Of cattle and sheep, and many servants;
 He did not wander as a beggar, but took all his wealth, trusting God,
 Who called him, in an unknown land.*

Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
 Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
 From Hamath Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)

From Hermon East to the great Western Sea,
 Mount Hermon, yonder Sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
 Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
 Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of Hills.
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise

The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
 Egypt, divided by the River Nile;
 See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
 Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
 He comes invited by a yonger Son
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that 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
 His people from enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know thir God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire;
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' Egyptian Skie
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls;
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The River-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
 As on drie land between two christal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,

Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
 Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
 By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
 To guide them in thir journey, and remove
 Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
 Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host
 And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command
 Moses once more his potent Rod extends
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
 On thir 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
 Untrained in Armes, where rashness leads not on.

*Now he reaches Canaan, I see his tents
 Gathered around Sechem, and on the neighboring plain
 Of Moreh; there as he was promised he was given
 A gift of all that land for himself and his descendants;
 Stretching from Hamath in the north to the southern desert
 (I call these things by their names, though they had none then),
 From Hermon in the East to the great Western Sea,
 Mount Hermon, that sea, see each place
 As I point to them; there on the shore
 Is Mount Carmel, here the double springed stream
 Of Jordan, the true eastern border; but his sons
 Shall live in Shenir, that long ridge of hills.
 Think of all this, that all the nations of the Earth
 Shall be blessed by his seed; by that seed
 I mean your great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The head of the serpent, about whom soon
 I shall tell you more. This blessed patriarch,
 Who when his time comes will be called Abraham,
 Will leave a son, and from the son a grandchild,
 The same as him in wisdom, faith and fame;
 The grandchild will be blessed with twelve sons and will leave
 Canaan for a land which will come to be called
 Egypt, divided by the River Nile;
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
 Into the sea: he is invited to stay
 In that land by a younger son
 In a time of famine, a son whose worthy deeds
 Elevated him to second in command*

*In the Pharaoh's kingdom; he dies there, leaving his race
Growing into a nation, and now a later Pharaoh
Becomes suspicious of them and wants to stop
Their spread, thinking that his guests are
Too numerous; so he makes his guests into slaves,
And kills their male children:
Until two brothers (by name
Moses and Aaron) were sent by God to take
His people out of slavery and they return
With glory and booty to their promised land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who does not recognize
Their God or his message
Must be warned with terrible signs and judgments;
The rivers must be turned to blood,
Frogs, lice and flies must fill his palace
With horrible invasion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must die of foot and mouth disease,
Boils and swellings must cover his flesh
And that of all his people; thunder mixed with hail
And hail mixed with fire must tear the Egyptian sky
And fall down on the Earth, destroying as it goes;
What it does not destroy, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A dark cloud of locusts will swarm down
And eat, and leave nothing green on the ground:
Darkness will overshadow all his lands,
Thick darkness which will blot out three days;
At last one day on the stroke of midnight all the first born
Of Egypt will die. So, tamed with ten wounds,
The Pharaoh at last allows
His guests to leave, and often
Humbles his stubborn heart, but it remains
Like ice, which is harder when it refreezes after a thaw,
Until in his rage he pursues those he just let go and the sea
Swallows him and his army, but lets the others pass
As if they were on dry land, between two crystal walls,
Ordered by the rod of Moses to stand
Apart until those he was rescuing reached the shore;
God will lend these wondrous powers to his saints,
Though here he was only present through his angel,
Who will go ahead of them in a cloud, and a pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them on their journey and cover
Their tracks, while the stubborn King pursues them;
All night he will chase, but they are
Safe under cover of darkness until morning;
Then through the fiery pillar and cloud
God will look out and disturb all his army
And shatter their chariot wheels; then by order
Moses once more raises his powerful staff
Over the sea; the sea obeys his staff, and
The waves roll back in on the fighting ranks*

*And overwhelm their army: the chosen people
Advance safely towards Canaan from the shore
Through the wild desert, not taking the easiest way,
In case their coming should provoke the Canaanites
To war, at which they were not expert, and their fear
Would make them return to Egypt, choosing
An inglorious life of slavery; for life
To both noble and the common is more sweet
If not trained to fight, so they don't rush in as soldiers would.*

This also shall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
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,
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 fiery gleame by Night,
Save when they journie, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel to the Land
Promisd to Abraham and his Seed: the rest
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still

A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome; so call the third
From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

*They shall also gain by their delay
In the wilderness, where they shall establish
Their government and choose their leaders
From the twelve tribes, to rule by the laws they are given;
God shall descend to Mount Sinai, whose gray top
Will tremble and he will himself,
With thunder, lightning and loud trumpets
Give them laws, some referring to
Civil laws, some to religious rites
Of sacrifice, telling them with theology
And hints of that seed that is destined to bruise
The serpent, and how he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
Is painful to mortal ears; they beg
That Moses might pass on his message
And so the terror would end. He gives them what they asked,
Ordering that there is no access to God
Without a mediator, whose great office now
Moses assumes, the forerunner
Of a greater one, whose coming he will predict,
And all the prophets of the age
Will sing of the coming Messiah. So laws and rites
Are established, and God is so pleased
With Man's obedience that he permits them
To set up his tabernacle among them,
A place where the holy one can live amongst mortal man:
By his order a sanctuary is built
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, and inside
An Ark, and inside the Ark his laws,
The record of his covenant, and over these
A throne of gold between the wings
Of two bright cherubs, and before him burn
Seven lamps as in a sky map, each one representing
The Heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Will float by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Except when they travel. At last they arrive,
Led by the angel to the land
Promised to Abraham and his tribe: the rest
Would take long to tell, how many battles were fought,
Kings destroyed, kingdoms won,
Or how the sun will stand still in Heaven
For a whole day, postponing night's normal entrance,
A man's voice commanding it; 'Sun, wait in Gibeon,
And you moon wait in the Vale of Aialon,*

*Until Jacob triumphs. 'This will be said by the third
Descendant from Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
All will descend, who in this way shall win the land of Canaan.'*

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, 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
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

*Here Adam interrupted. "Oh messenger from Heaven,
Who brings light to my darkness, you have revealed
Wonderful things, mainly those concerning
Just Abraham and his descendants: for the first time I find
My eyes are truly open, and my heart is much eased,
Which before was tormented with thoughts of what
Would become of me and all mankind; but now I see
The light, that He shall bless all the nations,
A favor I do not merit, I who sought to get
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
But I still do not understand this: why does God
Give so many and such complex laws
To those he favors on Earth?
To have so many laws argues that there is much sin
Amongst them: how then can God live with them?"*

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.

So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
 From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
 Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;
 But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.

*Michael answered, "Do not doubt that sin
 Will be there with them, as they are born of you,
 So law was given to them to show them
 Their natural wickedness, by stirring up
 Sin to fight against law; so when they see
 Law can punish sin, but not forgive it,
 Which can only be done by these shadowy weak payments,
 With the blood of bulls and goats, they may see
 That some more precious blood must be paid for Man,
 Just for unjust, so that in the righteousness
 Given to them by faith they may find
 A way to speak with God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law cannot achieve
 With ceremonies, and it cannot help man
 To live morally, and without morals he cannot live.
 So the law is not perfect, and is only given
 To fill the time until they exchange it in the end
 For a better covenant, moving
 From obscure theology to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From rule by strict law to free
 Acceptance of great mercy, from servile fear
 To respect for our parent, from works of law to works of faith.
 And so Moses, though greatly loved by God,
 Being only the Minister of the Law,
 Shall not lead his people into Canaan;
 That shall be done by Joshua, whom the Gentiles call Jesus,
 Taking his title and office, and he will crush
 The enemy, the serpent, and bring back
 Through all the world's wilderness from his long wanderings
 Man safe to the eternal Paradise of rest.*

Meanwhile they in thir earthly Canaan plac't
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
 National interrupt thir public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:

From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
 The second, both for pietie renownd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
 Of David (so I name this King) shall rise
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,
 Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
 Remembering mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
 To David, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.
 Returnd from Babylon by leave of Kings
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
 They first re-edifie, and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
 The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King Messiah might be born
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
 Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend

The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

*Meanwhile in their Earthly Canaan
They shall live and prosper for a long time, but when
General wickedness disturbs the public peace
God will send enemies;
Just as often he will save them when they repent,
First through Judges and then through Kings;
The second king, who will be famous both for piety
And bravery, will receive an unbreakable promise
That the royal throne
Shall last forever; all prophecies
Will sing that from the royal line
Of David (so I call this King) there shall rise
A son, the seed of Woman prophesied to you,
Predicted to Abraham, to be handed down to
All nations, and predicted to Kings, for he will be the
Last King, and his reign shall never end.
But first there is a long line of succession.
The next son was famous for his wealth and wisdom,
And he will take the mysterious Ark of God, kept in
Tents until then, and enshrine it in a glorious temple.
Those who follow him will be written down
As some good, some bad – the bad being the longer list,
Whose foul idolatry, and other faults
Piled up against the nation, will so incense
God that he will abandon them, and expose their land,
Their city, his Temple and his holy Ark,
With all his sacred things, a joke and a victim
For the proud city, that you last saw with its walls
Throne into confusion, then called Babylon.
He lets them live in captivity there
For seventy years, then brings them back,
Remembering his mercy and the promise he made
To David, as unshakeable as Heaven itself.
Returned from Babylon with the permission of the Kings,
Their rulers, whom God made willing, they first
Rededicate the house of God, and for a while
They live modestly and humbly, until grown
In wealth and numbers they become argumentative;
First among the priests dissent begins,
The men who look after the altar, who should be
The ones promoting peace. Their strife brings pollution
To the temple itself: at last they seize power,
And ignore the claims of the sons of David,
Then they lose it to a stranger, so the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Without his rights; but at his birth a star
Never before seen in the sky announces his coming,
And guides the wise men, who ask for*

*His location, to offer him incense, myrrh and gold;
His place of birth is told by a solemn angel
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly rush there, and hear his praises
Sung by a massed choir of angels.
His mother is a virgin, but his father
Is God; he shall climb
Onto the hereditary throne, and his kingdom
Will be the Earth and his glory will be in Heaven.”*

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.
O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddier thoughts have searcht in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
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

*He stopped, seeing that Adam was so full of joy
That he was wet with tears as if sad,
Beyond words, but now he spoke.
“Oh prophet of glad tidings, ending your story
With the greatest hope! Now I clearly understand
What my deepest thoughts have not revealed,
Why our great hope should be called
The seed of woman: hail to you, virgin mother,
High in the love of Heaven, but from my loins
You shall come, and from your womb shall come the son
Of God Almighty; so God unites with man.
Now the serpent must expect to get his bruised head
With mortal pain; tell me where and when
They will fight, and what blow will bruise the victor's 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 enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl'd not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,

Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
 On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
 The penaltie to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,
 Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption, and that his obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
 To save them, not thir own, though legal works.
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd
 A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
 By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;
 But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
 But soon revives, Death over him no power
 Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
 Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
 His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
 Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
 By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
 In sin for ever lost from life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on Earth then certaine times to 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
 Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day
 Not onely to the Sons of Abrahams Loines

Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
 Of Abrahams Faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the aire
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
 Through all his Realme, and 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 and dead
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Then this of Eden, and far happier daies.

*Michael answered, "Don't think of their fight
 As being like a duel, or of causing local wounds
 To heads or heels; this is not why the Son
 Joins Man and God, with more strength to beat
 Your enemy; nor can Satan be so easily overcome,
 The one whose fall from Heaven, a far deadlier bruise,
 Did not stop him giving you your fatal wound:
 The wound which he who comes as your savior shall cure,
 Not by destroying Satan but by destroying his works
 In you and your children; and this cannot happen
 Unless man sticks to that which you could not,
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The sentence due for your sin
 And due to all who descend from you:
 This is the only way God's justice can be satisfied.
 He shall completely follow the law of God
 Through obedience and love, though love
 Is enough to follow the law; he shall endure
 Your punishment by coming in the flesh
 To hatred in life and a cursed death,
 Offering life to all who believe
 In his forgiveness, and that his obedience
 Becomes theirs if they believe in him, and that
 It is his merit, not their own, which will save them.
 For this he shall live hated, be cursed,
 Seized by force, judged and condemned to death,
 A shameful and cursed death, nailed to the cross
 By his own people, killed for bringing life;
 But he nails your enemies to the cross,
 The punishment that hangs over you, and the sins
 Of all mankind, are crucified with him,*

*And will never more hurt those who truly believe
 That he has paid the price for them. So he will die
 But soon come back to life, as Death has no power
 To hold him for long; before the third morning
 He will come back, the stars of the morning will see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the morning light,
 Your ransom will be paid and Man will be freed from death;
 His dying for Man, for all of those who were ever born,
 Do not forget, and give thanks for it
 With faith and deeds: this Godlike act
 Cancels your sentence, the death you should have died,
 When your sin should have brought you death; this act
 Will bruise the head of Satan, crush his power
 By defeating Sin and Death, his two main weapons,
 And cause him far more pain in his head
 Than brief physical death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or those of whom he redeems, for that shall be a death just like sleep,
 A gentle drifting to immortal life.
 After resurrection he shall not stay
 Longer on Earth except to appear a few times
 To his disciples, Men who had followed him
 In his life; he shall leave orders with them
 That they are to teach all nations what they learned from him,
 And also his salvation, baptizing those who believe
 In running water, the sign of washing
 Away the guilt of sin and making life
 Pure, and making them prepared in their minds for death
 If it comes, a death such as the redeemer died.
 They shall teach all nations; for from that day
 Salvation shall not only be preached
 To the descendants of Abraham but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith throughout the world,
 So in his seed all nations shall be blessed.
 Then he shall ascend to the highest Heaven,
 Victorious, triumphing through the air
 Over his enemies and yours; there he shall ambush
 The serpent, the Prince of Air, and drag him in chains
 All through his kingdom, and leave him there defeated;
 Then he shall enter into glory and take up
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all others in Heaven. He will come from there,
 When it is time for this world to be dissolved,
 With power and glory to judge the living and the dead,
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and to receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heaven or on Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, a far happier place
 Than this Eden, and it will see far happier days."*

So spake th' Archangel Michael, then paus'd,
 As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire

Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.
 O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Then that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By mee done and occasion'd, or rejoyce
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
 To God more glory, more good will to Men
 From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.
 But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
 Must reascend, what will betide the few
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deale
 Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?

*So spoke the archangel Michael, then paused,
 As he reached the end of the world; and our ancestor
 Answered, full of joy and wonder.
 "Oh infinte goodness, immense goodness!
 That all this evil shall come from this goodness,
 Which will then be turned back to good; more wonderful
 Than the power which in creation first brought
 Light from the darkness! I am now full of doubt,
 Not knowing whether I should repent of the sin
 Done by me which caused all this, or rejoyce
 Much more, that much more good will spring from it;
 To God more glory, to Men more good will
 From God, and forgiveness shall triumph over anger.
 But tell me, if our redeemer must go back
 To Heaven, what will happen to the few,
 His faithful, left amongst the unfaithful herd
 With the enemies of truth? Who will guide
 His people and defend them? Will they not treat
 His followers worse than they treated him?"*

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

Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the Nations, then on all
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
 To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
 As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each Nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
 Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
 Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
 They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
 To thir own vile advantages shall turne
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left onely in those written Records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places and titles, and with these to joine
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
 Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
 His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
 Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume:
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
 Well deem in outward Rites and specious formes
 Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire
 Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
 Under her own waight groaning till the day
 Appeer of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted World, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,

New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

*“You can be sure they will,” said the angel, “But he will send
A comfort to them from Heaven,
The promise of the Father, who shall place
The Holy Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love will be written on their hearts,
To guide them towards the truth, and to arm them
With spiritual armour which can resist
Satan’s assaults, and extinguish his fiery darts.
They are not afraid of what men can do to them,
Even if it leads to death, for they are consoled
Against such cruelties by their inner faith,
And with that support their hardiness will often amaze
Their cruelest persecutors. The Spirit
Landed first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To teach the Nations, and then it fell on all
Baptized and it will give the wondrous gifts,
To speak all languages and to perform miracles
As their Lord did before them. So they will win
Great numbers of each Nation over to receiving
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven. Eventually,
With their Ministry performed and their job well done,
Their theology and their stories written down,
They die; but in their place, as they warned,
Will come wolves for teachers, terrible wolves,
Who will take all the holy mysteries of Heaven
And turn them to serve their own vile desires
For money and fame, and they will taint
The truth and traditions with superstition,
And the traditions shall only be pure in the written records,
Though only understood by the Spirit.
Then they will try to get names,
Places and titles, and with these they will take
Secular power, even though they will pretend that
They are still spiritual, claiming only they have
The Spirit of God, which was promised and given to all
Believers alike. From that pretence
They shall force spiritual laws on everyone
Through physical power; laws which none shall feel
Leave them close to God, and not what the Spirit
Will write on the heart. Then they will
Enslave the Spirit of Grace itself, and tie up
His companion, liberty; they shall destroy
His living temples, built with faith,
Their own faith, not another’s; for on Earth
Who, who has faith and conscience, would call themselves
Infallible? But many will try:
And so great persecution will start*

*Of all who in their worship keep
To Spirit and Truth; the rest, the far greater part,
Will be happy with the external shows and superficial
Forms of religion; truth shall retreat,
Stuck with lying darts, and works of faith
Will rarely be found: so the world will go on,
Bad to the good and good to the bad,
Groaning under her own weight until the day
Comes of reward for the just
And punishment for the wicked, at the return
Of him so recently promised for your help,
The woman's seed, foretold obscurely then,
Now more openly known as your Savior and Lord,
At last revealed in the clouds from Heaven
In the glory of the father, to destroy
Satan and his perverted world, then raise
From the great fire, cleaned and refined,
New Heavens, a new Earth, never-ending ages
Of righteousness and peace and love,
Creating joy and eternal bliss."*

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

*He finished, and Adam gave his last reply.
"How quickly your prophecies, blessed seer,
Have measured this passing world, this race of time,
Until time stands still: beyond that is an abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
I will leave here having learned much,
And I will leave with great peace of mind, I am full*

*Of knowledge, all this vessel can hold;
It was foolish of me to try and get more than this.
From now on I know that to obey is best
And to love with fear the only God, to walk
As if in his presence, always remembering
His care, and only depending on him,
Who is merciful above all, with good
Still overcoming evil, and with small things
Accomplishing great things, with things thought weak
Beating the world strong and worldly wise
Simply through their meekness; suffering for truth
Brings the greatest victory,
And the way to life after death;
I learn this from the example of the one
Whom I now acknowledge as my blessed redeemer.”*

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, Aire, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
Add vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happie end.

*And the angel also gave his last words to him:
“Having learnt this you have achieved the highest*

*Wisdom; you can hope for no higher, even if you knew
 The names of all the stars and of all the Heavenly powers,
 All the secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in Heaven, Air, Earth or Sea,
 And enjoyed all the riches of this world,
 And ruled over it all as Emperor; you must add
 Deeds influenced by your knowledge, faith,
 Virtue, patience, temperance, love,
 Which in future will be called charity, the soul
 Of all the rest. Then you will not hate
 To leave this Paradise, for you shall have
 A Paradise within you, far greater.
 Now let us climb down from this viewing peak,
 For it is the hour
 Set for our leaving; and you see the guards
 Placed by me on that hill, waiting for
 Their orders, with a flaming sword in front of them
 Which is waving fiercely to signal you to go.
 We can stay no longer; go and wake Eve;
 I have calmed her with gentle dreams,
 Promising future good and making her spirit
 Meekly submissive: at the right time
 Tell her what you have heard,
 Especially what specifically concerns her,
 The great redemption to come from her seed
 (For from the seed of woman) to all mankind.
 And so you can live for many days,
 Together in one faith, though sad,
 Rightly so, thinking of past evils, but more happy
 Thinking about the happy 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, and whither wentst, I know;
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
 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,
 Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

He finished, and they both came down the hill;

*Adam ran to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping, but found her awake,
And she welcomed him with words which were not sad.
“Where you have come from and where you went, I know;
For God can be found in sleep, and advice in dreams,
Which he has sent with great favor, foretelling
Some great good, because I fell asleep worn out
With sorrow and heart’s distress: but now lead on.
I will not delay; to go with you
Is like staying here; to stay here without you
Would be like going out unwillingly; you to me
Are the whole world, you are all places,
You who are banished from here by my willful crime.
And I carry a further consolation with me
As I leave; though all is lost through me,
I have been given a great gift I do not deserve,
That through me the Promised Seed shall restore everything.”*

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
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
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd.
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through Eden took thir solitarie way.

*So our mother Eve spoke, and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but he did not answer, for now
The archangel stood close, and from the other hill
To their posts the Cherubim descended,
All in shining armor; they glided fast
Over the ground, like an evening mist*

*Rising from a river, gliding over the marshes,
Snapping at the heels of the laborers
On their way home. High in front of them
The brandished sword of God blazed,
Fierce as a comet, and its burning heat
And steam like the scorching Libyan air
Began to parch that moderate place, and
The hurrying angel caught our lingering parents,
One in each hand, and led them directly
To the eastern gate, and just as quickly down the cliff
To the lower plain, and then disappeared.
Looking back they saw all the eastern side
Of Paradise, so recently their happy home,
Waved over by that flaming sword, the gate
Was crowded with dreadful faces and fiery weapons.
They naturally shed some tears, but soon wiped them away;
The world was set out before them, from which they could choose
Their place of rest, with the kindness of God guiding them:
Hand in hand, with wandering slow steps,
They made their lonely way through Eden.*

Historical Context

John Milton was a poet and scholar living in England in the 1600's. He was born on Bread Street, in London, in 1609. Even today, you can visit Bread Street and see the plaque announcing Milton's birthplace.

Milton's father was a composer, and his mother was a scrivener (someone who read and wrote letters for the illiterate for a small fee), so it's safe to say that John grew up in an artistic and literate household. His father had been persecuted by his grandfather for embracing Protestantism, which no doubt led to many of John Milton's religious and philosophical views. Milton indeed grew up with a private tutor and later attended St Paul's School in London, where he learned Latin and Greek. Later, Milton would write essays and poetry in English, Latin, and Italian, thanks to this classical education. He then went on to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he studied all the way to a Master of Arts degree. He also served as an Anglican Priest.

After school, Milton spent a good deal of time writing and traveling Europe. Because of great political upheaval in his lifetime, Milton was inspired to write about justice and loss. He was even an outlaw himself for a time, when his political and philosophical view went against those in power.

Milton was a big fan of something called Monism, which is the belief that there is no difference between body and soul, physical and spiritual. We are a whole person, the philosophy says, and angels are just like us, only they are more spiritual while we are more bodily. Milton was also a proponent of freedom of choice, self-determination, and freedom of the press. Many of his poems and writings highlight those ideas.

Characters

There are only a few main characters in Paradise Lost. Here is a small description for each one.

God

The God that Milton paints in Paradise Lost is very charming and compassionate, although he really doesn't do much of anything in the entire poem. He is all-knowing all the time, so often in the poem someone will be doing something (like Satan or Adam) and Milton will tell us, "God knew all along he was going to do that," or, "God saw what he had done." God would then send someone (His Son or an angel) to do something about it. God in Paradise Lost is seen as a fair and compassionate person. He punishes Adam and Eve, sure, but only after he'd worked to warn them of the consequences of sinning. And then he still made plans to help Mankind out later on.

The Son

The Son, later named Jesus, when he goes to Earth to die for humanity, is a powerful being, more powerful than any of the angels. He was used by God to help make the physical universe. God also elevates him above all the other angels, basically making him his second in command. When Man sins, the Son volunteers to go to Earth and die for mankind's salvation.

Adam

Adam is a very important character in Paradise Lost, but he is a character with two major design flaws. First, he puts too much importance in Eve's beauty. He says that he can't live without her, that she is everything to him. In the end, he eats the forbidden fruit simply because he can't imagine Eve (who's already eaten at this point) to be punished without him. Raphael even warns Adam about being too attached to Eve, saying he should adore her and love her, but not be subject to her by worshiping her beauty. The other flaw Adam seems to have is his curiosity. He asks too many questions, and he irritates the angels he talks to because of this. This sets the reader up for the fact that He'll eat the fruit, since it does come from the Tree of Knowledge, after all.

Eve

Eve is probably the second most important person in the entire Poem. We see her way of thinking from the start. She is very innocent and gullible. She also loves Adam's attention. She even prefers to hear things from Adam instead of from an angel because Adam will give her little kisses while he speaks. Eve makes the horrible decision to eat of the forbidden fruit and afterward, she gets Adam to eat of it, too.

Satan

Satan is the most important character in the poem. We see him after having fallen from Heaven, waking up in Hell. He is taller than all the other angels, like a giant among them. He leads the council they form in Hell, and he volunteer to travel to Earth and ruin God's new creation, man. Satan convinces Eve to eat of the fruit, and he is responsible for letting Sin and Death loose among mankind.

Michael, Raphael, and Other Angels

There are plenty of other angels in this poem, and some of them are mentioned by name. God sends Raphael to warn Adam of Satan's tricks, and the man and angel have a lengthy talk about creation and the war in Heaven. Later, God also send Michael to kick Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden, and he also gives Adam visions about the future. Uriel is another angel named specifically, an angel that resides in the sun. He is the first to recognize Satan down on Earth.

The Fallen Angels

About a third of the angels side with Satan in the war in Heaven, and they are cast down to Hell. They seem to worship Satan, and they even build a great council, called Pandemonium, which Satan presides over. Only a few of the fallen angels are named, and they have names like pagan gods of the bible and ancient cultures, like Belial, Beelzebub or Moloch.

Sin and Death

Death and Sin are first seen standing at the gates of Hell when Satan wants to leave. Sin was conceived in Satan's mind in Heaven, when he first thought of rebelling. So she is his daughter. But later, Satan had sex with her to produce Sin, Satan's son. (Fun Fact—Sin is first introduced on line 666 on the poem.) Sin later had sex with his mom/sister Sin and produced a batch of hellhounds, which hang out around Sin's waste. When Satan succeeds in misleading Adam and Eve, Sin and Death are let loose on Earth to wreak havoc.

Themes

Fate and Free Will

Milton is a big fan of free will, and this is seen several times in *Paradise Lost*. It is stated outright in a couple of places that, even if God can see what people/angels are going to do, he still allows them to do as they wish, even if those actions can cause great pain to others. God knows that Satan will succeed, but he warns Adam anyway. In the end, it is sure that choice, and not fate, brought man to their situation.

Innocence

Adam and Eve are both pure and innocent at the beginning of the poem. In fact the entire universe was at one time innocent, a place where lying and death didn't exist. Satan brought an end to that, though. Even is seen as especially innocent in the poem, in the way she acted, almost like a child.

Sin and Death

In *Paradise Lost*, Sin and Death are real people. Sin is Satan's daughter/bride, and Death is Satan and Sin's son. Death actually rapes Sin to produce a pack of hellhounds. Satan let's Sin and Death loose when Adam and Eve sin by eating the fruit, a symbol of the fact that now humans will by imperfect (make mistakes and sin) and die.

Obedience

The pivotal moment of *Paradise Lost* is when Adam and Eve choose to disobey God. Obedience is the moral or lesson for us. There was an angel in the war in Heaven that chose to obey God and leave Satan's side when he would only talk of rebellion. God commended this angel for making the right choice. Too bad Adam and Eve didn't make such a good choice. Later, when Michael give Adam a series of visions to see the future of mankind, Adam learns the lesson of obedience, only after seeing the grave consequences of disobeying God.

Lies and Trickery

Satan uses lies and trickery to accomplish his plans. He tricks other angels by transforming his appearance to look good and faithful. He tricks Eve by looking like a snake. He lies to her, saying that he (a snake) ate the fruit and can now talk. Eve falls for his lies and disobeys God.

Curiosity and Knowledge

Adam is seen as a very curious person in *Paradise Lost*. He's always asking angels questions about creation and Heaven and spiritual things. He's reprimanded on occasion to not worry about such things, but to leave them for God to know. Later, when Eve is considering eating of the forbidden fruit, the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge, she decides that knowledge can't lead to any harm. She desires more wisdom and believes she is somehow superior after filling up on forbidden fruit.

Love and Sex

Adam and Eve kiss and make love often in the garden, for this is part of what God wants for them. But they desire each other more than they love God's commands. Adam only eats that fruit because he can't imagine living without Eve. After they both have eaten of the fruit they have passionate love for the first time.

Book Summary

Book I

This first book of the epic poem begins with an invocation to the muses—ancient spirits that were supposed to inspire poetry and art. The speaker (or writer of the poem) asks the muses to inspire him, to sing to him about man's first disobedience, the forbidden fruit, and the exile from Eden. And so begins the story...

We start off in Hell with Satan. Hell is outside of the realm of the earth and planets, in a place Milton calls Chaos. Satan had just fallen from heaven. He wakes up, a little disoriented, his second in command, Beelzebub, is close by. Satan doesn't recognize him at first, since in falling from heaven, the angels have changed appearance.

Satan talks about how he fought God in heaven and lost. Beelzebub is worried about what will happen to them now. He even thinks that they (Satan and Beelzebub) feel alive and strong so that God can make them suffer even more, as punishment. Satan, on the other hand, has found clarity. He says that their purpose is to do evil and foil any good God can do.

At this point, Satan and Beelzebub are basically standing on a lake of lava. Satan suggests they go to a nearby plain to discuss how they can war against God. The narrator describes Satan as he moves toward the plain—he's basically a giant, like the size of a mountain. Satan fled off the lake of fire and comes to the plain.

Satan says this is the perfect place to plan because they are as far from God as possible. He gathers together all the fallen angels, which are all waking up scattered along the surface of this lake of fire. He is armed with a massive shield and a wickedly long spear. The narrator describes how the fallen angels are completely scattered on this sea of lava.

Once the angels have been gathered, Satan addresses them all at once. Yes, they have been vanquished, yes, they are now exiled to Hell, but they now need to rise up, for fear that they'll be fallen forever. Satan organizes the fallen angel army into squadron. Each squadron has a leader, who comes in closest to Satan, as if he is their great general.

Now we get a description of some of the squadron leaders. They will later become the pagan gods described in the Old Testament. We see Moloch, who is covered in blood. He will one day trick Wise Solomon into building a temple for him. Chemos, a pagan deity the Israelites will one day worship. We also see Baalim and Ashtaroth—the male and female pagan gods many nations around Israel worshiped. Astoreth, a female, was worshipped by Phoenicians.

Another God, Thammuz, is there as a fallen angel. He colored the river Adonis with his blood each year, because he was somehow wounded each year. Dagon, another god/angel is like a merman, half man, half fish. Rimmnon is also there, along with Egyptian gods like Isis, Osiris, and Orus. Finally, there's Belial, who never had his own temple, but he is everywhere, spurring on vice and debauchery.

The narrator says there were so many more gods, it would take forever to name them all. There also the Greek gods of Olympus, as well as many other devils, who look very unhappy.

Satan gives a speech to give his army hope again. The narrator, though, says the speech is meaningless. When Satan has a flag unfurled, which shines like a meteor, all the fallen angels raise their spears and flags and cry out. The armies then start marching, coming right up in front of Satan, awaiting his command. Satan is taller and bigger than anyone else in the army. This giant Satan, commander of such a great army of gods and devils, begins to cry! Every time he tries to speak, he gives way to tears and has to stop. When he finally starts speaking, he talks about how unexpected it was that they—such a great army—be defeated. But, Satan insists, they can rise again, but this time they'll have to use trickery to win, not force.

God, it has been heard, wants to make a new world, and Satan is intent on ruining that world. Everyone draw their swords in agreement. Some of the fallen angels, headed by Mammon—a greedy god—march to a volcano and start mining out gold ore. Another group separates the ore from the rock, and still another uses the nearby lake of fire to purify the gold. They use the gold to build a great building, filled with beautiful carvings. All the fallen angels enter inside to form a great council, which they call Pandemonium. The leaders (the pagan gods described before) stay their normal giant size, but all the other fallen angels—the soldiers—shrink down to tiny size, so that the entire groups of them can fit inside the building.

So, inside Pandemonium, Satan and his demons sit down to have a great date in Hell.

Book II

Inside the council on Pandemonium, Satan sits on his throne, talking to his legions. But, if they have any hope of capturing heaven, they must debate on the best way to fight God. Which is better—open war or something more subtle?

Moloch says he is in favor of open war. Things are so bad, they have to strike out with everything they have.

Belial, on the other hand, think open war will fail because Heaven is too well protected and fortified. Being a fallen angel, he argues, is better than being dead or being tortured forever here in Hell. God, Belial argues, will certainly figure out what they're planning and stop them. It's better to just take the punishment and wait for God to have a change of heart and relax the punishment.

Mammon claims it is impossible to defeat God, so why even try? Whether God forgives the fallen angels or not, they will all still be His slaves. Mammon says they should do as they please in Hell, because at least down here they are free. The fallen angels applaud his speech, obviously afraid of fighting and losing another war.

Beelzebub stands up next and says that staying Hell and being free isn't an option because they won't be truly free in Hell for long. Eventually God will just exert His dominion down here, too. But, Beelzebub says, there may be a way to beat God without a war. He says that God is building a new world. If they destroy mankind, they will beat God at His own game. The fallen angels vote for Beelzebub's plan, so he asks who is willing to go find this new world and investigate. No one volunteers, too afraid of gain more of God's wrath.

Satan stands up and says that leaving Hell, which is like their prison, won't be easy. And outside Hell is some kind of darkness, something unknown. But, after saying that, Satan also admits that he cannot be their leader if he's not willing to do the hard stuff. So he'll go look for this new world, and he leaves his demons in charge while he's gone. He basically tells them to take care Hell while he's away. The angels are happy with this plan and the praise and worship Satan like a god.

Satan and his high-ranking angels come out of Pandemonium and trumpet sound. All of Hell cheers for Satan's mission. The leaders go their own ways, looking for solitude to think things through. The rest of the angels do a variety of things. Some begin tearing up rocks (it's not clear why), while other go off to meditate in the mountains of Hell, and still others have foottraces. Some go off to look for a nice place in Hell to make a home. Some fallen angels are organized into platoons to explore the rest of Hell. Several rivers are described (including the River Styx from the myths), after that, Hell is basically a frozen tundra. (So much for the expression "when hell freezes over.") Such intense cold feels just like fire, Milton explains. Satan makes his way to the gates of Hell. On either side there are these guards. One is a woman with a snake tail instead of legs. She has little hounds that surround her waist, always barking. On the other side of the gates (there are three gates in a row) is a shapeless shadow person with a fake crown on his head.

Satan and the shapeless shadow man face each other, and each one plans how to kill the other with a single stroke. Then the female snake-lade interrupts and explains that she is Sin. She was born when Satan first planned a revolt in Heaven. After that, Satan had a sexual relationship with her (who is like his daughter). When she was thrown down with all other fallen angels, she gave birth to the shadow-person, who is called Death. So the two men are actually father and son!

Death (the son) raped Sin (his mother/sister) and she gave birth to the hounds that stay around her waist.

Satan explains why he needs to get out of Hell—he even says that if he finds the new world, he will let Sin and Death roam free there. Sin opens the door and Satan steps out into the darkness of Chaos.

Satan moves through Chaos in a strange way. He has to walk, fly, crawl, and swim. The darkness is both hot and cold, wet and dry, and it is very loud. He finally finds the throne of Chaos Himself. Satan explains that he is looking for the new world. Chaos says he knows who Satan is and he points out where to find the earth. Satan takes off. Satan finds the great orb that is Heaven, and he sees the World, which hangs from Heaven by a golden chain.

Having found his destination, Satan heads towards the new world.

Book III

This book starts off in Heaven, after two books down in Hell. The poet talks about the heavenly light, calling it God's first offspring. Because the poet can't see anything, he asks the celestial light to shine on him, inwardly, so as to give him a vision to inspire more poetry. The inspiration shows us Heaven.

God in looking down on His angels and at Adam and Eve. He also sees Satan and His son (who will later be called Jesus). God knows what Satan is doing and planning, and he knows that Satan will succeed in corrupting mankind.

Even though God knows what's going to happen, he stresses the existence of choice. All living persons, man or angel, have a choice, and they can choose to obey or not. Without that choice, obedience would be meaningless. God also says that man will find grace, because they were deceived.

God's son praises him for such a resolution regarding man. It isn't right that Satan have victory. God says that man will still have a choice regarding receiving grace or not. Some will be saved, but others won't. God will give man a conscience to help him make that choice. But what about Man's sins? Someone must go and become mortal and die to save mankind. Who would volunteer?

At first, everyone in Heaven is silent, but then God's son stands up and says he'll go and die for man's sins. The Son admits that he'll be sacrificing a lot by leaving heaven, but he also sees that he won't really die, since he's immortal. He'll come back and defeat Satan and Death. Then, with Hell his captive, the Son will return to heaven.

God gives thanks for such a wonderful Son, and declares that the human race will be saved because of this. Even though becoming a man is a degradation, the Son will be glorified and exalted because of his sacrifice. Also, God says that He will make the Son ruler over the universe, king of Heaven and Earth and Hell. In the last judgment, God says, the Son will judge all, sending some to Heaven and some to Hell. After that, Hell will be sealed and Earth burned. A new Heaven and Earth will come about. All of Heaven praises these plans, cheering the Son on.

Elsewhere, Satan emerges from Chaos, having found the world. He enters at the edge of the created universe. He sees the gates of Heaven, golden and decorated with jewels. He then finds a portal to the new world God has made. This new world is bright and sunny. Satan sees an angel in the sun, a tiara on his head.

Satan transforms into a Cherub and approaches the angel in the sun, a creature named Uriel, one of God's seven closest angels. Satan lies, saying he's a good angel and he wants to look upon God's newest creation. He asks which planet is man's. Uriel shows Satan where man's world is, and he points out Paradise (the garden of Eden). Satan lands on Earth, on Mount Niphates.

Book IV

The narrator laments that mankind was never warned about Satan's plans. They might have been able to avoid so much suffering.

Satan, on the other hand, is angry about his defeat in the battle in Heaven, and he plans to get his revenge through mankind. The narrator admits that Satan cannot escape hell, because the True Hell is inside him all the time. Satan tells the sun he hates its beams because they remind him of the glorious creature he was once. But even in that glorious situation, Satan couldn't resist the chance to defeat God and gain greater glory, breaking free from subjection to God. He's so upset about all this that he calls himself Hell. He knows God will never forgive him, and for good reason, knowing that Satan, once in Heaven again, would just try and overthrow God once again. There will never be true peace, only struggle. Satan says that evil is his new god. Satan's anger changes the color of his face, and even Uriel notices this change from his vantage point in the sun.

Satan comes to the edge of Paradise, at the top of a hill, overgrown and covered in bushes and trees along the sides. There is a wall around Paradise and it is very tall. But Satan can see the tops of beautiful trees above the top of the wall, filled with fruit and treasure of Paradise.

Satan can't climb the overgrown hill, but he's so strong that he can jump over it. He lands on top of the tree of life and looks down over all of Eden. He sees it as Heaven on Earth. He also see the Tree of Knowledge right next to the Tree of Life. Paradise is very beautiful, the narrator describes it as so amazing that even the roses don't have thorns. Then Satan notices two very special creations: man and woman.

To Satan, these two creatures seem unequal. The woman is soft and sweet, while the man is strong. They are both naked and with long hair, although the woman's hair is much longer than the man's. The woman is also subservient to the man, but not like a slave. They are a loving couple, bonded by love, and she yields to him with love. They have finished working—gardening—and they sit down for a meal of fruit. All kinds of animals play near the. Satan sees this couple as some easy victims. They have no idea what is about to happen to them.

Satan then springs into action. He jumps down from the tree and transforms into an animal. He listens in as Adam and Eve speak.

Adam talks about how good God must be because he's given them such a wonderful paradise. They need for nothing here. The only rule they must follow is the command to not eat of the Tree of Knowledge. Eve agrees, and talks about when she was first born. She says that when she first wandered to a lake and saw her own reflection in the water, she was startled by it. But then a voice led her to Adam, her husband. When she first saw him, she saw him as not as sweet and soft as she was, so she tried to turn away from him, but Adam called her back and explained that she was his other half. Satan is sickened by all this. These humans have each other, love, and they live in Paradise, while he gets Paradise? It's all too much for him. So Satan decides to trick Adam and Eve into disobeying God, since he thinks it's wrong that they can't even have knowledge. But first, Satan needs to get some more information about Eden and Man. He decides to find any more Angels in the garden and talk to them.

Meanwhile, the sun is setting over Paradise. Gabriel, another angel, watches over Eden. Uriel comes up to him, riding on a sunbeam, like a shooting star. He tells Gabriel that another angel, a stranger, came to the sun asking for information about Paradise and mankind. Later, Uriel saw that he was one of the banished angels. Gabriel says that if a fallen angel has gotten into Eden, he'll find out who it is by morning.

Adam tells Eve that it's time for bed. It seems that God has instructed time periods for work and rest. Adam is talking about some of the gardening projects they'll need to start the next day. Eve says she obeys Adam because it is God's will and also because she loves him so much that nothing in Paradise would please her without him.

Adam answers back by talking about the shining stars of Heaven and the celestial voices he hears at night. They enter their home together and praise God for everything they have. Then they make love, a pure love, something God wanted them to enjoy because He told them to be fruitful and multiply.

After that, they sleep, and Gabriel tells Uzziel, his second in command, to take a squadron to the south side of Eden to look for intruders. Meanwhile Gabriel himself will check the north side.

Also, Ithuriel and Zephon are sent to search inside Eden for the rebel angel. They find Satan in the form of a toad, whispering poisonous thoughts into Eve's ear. When Ithuriel touches the toad with his spear, Satan takes his true form. They don't recognize him, so they ask which rebel angel he is.

Satan basically says that if they don't know who he is, they don't deserve to know who he is. The angels say that he looks different than when he was in Heaven, so they may not recognize him in his fallen form. He looks like his new home, Hell,

and, whoever he is, he must answer to Gabriel.

They take Satan to Gabriel, who recognizes Satan as the leader of the rebel angels. Everyone gets ready for a fight. Gabriel asks Satan why he is here, why he has left Hell, and Satan says he was exploring for his people. Gabriel doesn't accept the explanation, saying Satan must be lying.

A fight is about to start, as Gabriel and Satan exchange insults. Finally, God intervenes by dropping some huge scales nearby, weighing the better option—to fight or to part. Parting wins and Satan is told to leave. Satan takes off.

Book V

Adam wakes up with the rising sun. When he looks over at his wife, he sees that she is still sleeping, and she appears to have had a bad dream. Adam speaks to her and she wakes up. She tells Adam that she didn't dream of him, like usual, but of someone else, whispering in her ear.

In this dream, Eve wandered out, following the voice's beckoning, and she ended up by the Tree of Knowledge. There, an angel was standing, and he asked her why the knowledge was forbidden. As if to prove his point, he took a bite of the fruit himself. Even though Eve was at first shocked to see this, at the angel's invitation, she also ate of the fruit, and then she woke up.

Adam is concerned about that dream. He blames something called the "Fancy"—something that affects one's dreams, causing one to see strange images and have strange ideas. Adam tells Eve not to worry about the dream, because he knows she will never eat that fruit in real life. Besides, they need to think about the day's labors.

They leave their home and praise God for the day in prayer. They ask for the cooperation of nature in making the garden a better place. Then they get to work.

God, on the other hand, sees something is wrong in Paradise. He calls Raphael over and tells him to go and tell Adam about how Satan is in Eden with them. Raphael immediately goes off. He lands on the eastern cliff of Eden, looking over the entire garden. Other angels are there, and they recognize him right away. Raphael looks like a very special angel. He has six wings—a pair at his shoulders, a pair at his waist, and a pair at his ankles. When he shakes them, a heavenly fragrance fills the air. Raphael walks off to look for Adam.

It's high noon when Raphael comes and finds the couple. They are back at their home. Adam is waiting at the door while Eve is preparing fruit. The couple starts preparing a meal for their guest, and Adam describes Raphael's approach like another sunrise at midday.

Eve goes to find the best fruits they have in their garden. Adam walks out to greet Raphael and invite him to eat a meal with them. When they get back to the home, Eve is there with some fine fruits. They all sit down to eat. Adam asks Raphael about Heaven and angels. He wants to know about the food in Heaven. Raphael says that everything in the world comes from the same materials, just in different combinations and proportions. Things in Heaven are more spiritual, while things on Earth are more bodily.

Raphael says that Adam and Eve may have the chance to become spiritual and go to Heaven if they obey God's laws. Adam finds it hard to believe that they would ever disobey God in the first place. Raphael reiterates that they must do as God instructs and not disobey. He explains that everyone is free and able to make their own decisions. They are not dominated by fate. If they had no free will, their service to God would mean nothing. The same is true about the angels, Raphael says. They can choose to obey God or not.

This grabs Adam's attention. He wants to know more, but Raphael says it's hard to communicate to Adam in words he'll understand. But he attempts to tell the story, anyway.

Before the universe, Raphael says, there was only Heaven and Chaos. God gathered all the angels into a council. There, God elevates His Son. The angels must obey him like they do God, or they will be sent to hell. While most angels rejoice over this new, Satan is bitter. He was also an important angel and he apparently got jealous.

At midnight, Satan tells his second in command to assemble his forces in the north side of Heaven. Satan gathers commanders and sub-commanders there—he's actually gathered a third of the angels. Under the pretence of conversing about how best to glorify God's Son, Satan really plans an attack.

God, meanwhile, knows what Satan is doing, and he tells His Son to be ready for an assault. Back on the northern mountain, Satan claims that this elevating of the Son is an insult to the freedom all angels have.

Only one angel argues with Satan, Abdiel, saying that such arguments are blasphemy. God is always looking for the best interest of His faithful angels, and Satan better repent while there is still time to take advantage of God's mercy.

No one else agrees with Abdiel. Satan responds to the faithful angel by saying that since no one remembers his/her birth, how can they say that God really created them in the first place? Abdiel leaves the scene to tell the Son what's happening.

Book VI

Raphael's story to Adam continues in this book. Abdiel goes back to where the faithful angels are in Heaven. Everyone is gearing up for war, and God commends Abdiel for making the right choice, even though it was most likely the hardest option. God then orders Michael and Gabriel to wage war against Satan and his fellow rebels. Dark clouds come down upon Heaven, a trumpet sounds, and the angels start to march out to war. The two sides come closer to each other, and Abdiel sees Satan descend on a bright chariot.

Abdiel says he can't believe Satan is still so bright and angelic in nature; he should have fallen in appearance by now. Satan says that Abdiel only chose God's side out of fear, that he's choosing servitude over freedom. Abdiel will be the first to fall to him.

Abdiel claims Satan is wrong. Worshiping God is not servitude. Abdiel strikes Satan so quickly that no one has time to respond the rebel angels are shocked that someone has treated their leader that way.

The armies now clash, after Michael giving the order to attack. Abdiel concludes that, if the earth had existed at that time, it would have shaken from the battle above. Some of the angels fight in the air, while others stay on the ground.

Satan approaches Michael, and the faithful angel see an opportunity to attack the leader of the rebels and stop this civil war.

Michael accuses Satan of bringing misery upon all of Heaven. The exchange insults and they begin to fight. Their fight is epic, like two planets hitting each other.

Michael manages to cut Satan's sword in half and then strikes him on the side.

Satan's cut heals right away, but, according to Raphael, that is when he first experienced pain.

Satan's soldiers rush to defend their leader. Meanwhile, other commanders of Satan's army fall to Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, and Abdiel.

Night falls, and the fighting stops. Both sides go off to rest and recover for the next day's fighting. Satan calls a council to think of new ways to defeat God. Satan tells his followers that God must not be all-powerful, since they are still not beaten.

One of the soldiers, Nisroc, responds by saying that the rebellion isn't winning, either, so they need to improve their plan.

Satan says he'll build cannons, and the army gets to work making them.

The next morning, the faithful angels gather for war, and a scout warns them that Satan's forces are coming again. Satan's forces are shaped like a giant cube, with a hollow middle, where they are concealing the cannons. When they get close they reveal the cannons and fire them, smoke and flames and thunder exploding out. Satan and Belial are very happy about this, sarcastically criticizing the trapped Angel army. Satan is sure victory is his.

But then the faithful army begins to tear into the surrounding hills. God's angels start to throw the hills at them. Many of the rebel angels are crushed. The rebels start throwing the hills back at God's army.

God watches everything and tells his son that his is as bad as he'd expected. He also says that only His Son has the power to stop this war. The Son takes God's chariot and sword and, with God's power goes to drive them out and down to Hell.

The chariot is pulled by Cherubs with eyes on their wings. The Son, with his bow and arrows, gets on the chariot and rides off to battle. The faithful army divides to make room for the Son.

As the Son rides into battle, the rebels drop their weapons, amazed at the sight. The Son gathers the rebels up and throws them down to Hell. They fall for nine days until they reach Hell.

Back in Heaven, things start to repair themselves, and the angels rejoice at the victory, thanks to God's Son.

Raphael has told all this as a lesson to Adam and Eve about the dangers of disobedience.

Book VII

Book Seven opens with the narrator calling upon his muse again. He calls Urania, not a traditional Greek muse of myth, but someone older. She helped him see into heaven and sing about it (or compose this poem about it), and now he begs her to take him back to Earth. He'll finish the rest of his poem on Earth. He claims Earth is safer, even though it's obviously still dangerous. He prays that he be protected from a violent end, so he can continue his poem.

Adam and Eve have been listening to Raphael's story about the events in Heaven, events that happened right before the beginning of Book One of the poem. But Adam isn't satisfied. He wants to know why God created the World. Raphael insists that the answer will be difficult for Adam to understand, but he agrees to tell the tale anyway. He also warns Adam about having too much curiosity, since, like food, too much knowledge can make one sick.

God, Raphael explains, saw Satan fall to Hell. He then looked over at his Son and told him that he would now create a new World, so that Satan couldn't get too prideful and boast about taking so many angels down to Hell with him. So, because so many angels had left Heaven, God would create a new race, called Man, and out of one man the whole race would spring. But, God said, this new race would not live in Heaven, but somewhere else. So God gave his Son the power to create a new world, and this work caused much rejoicing in Heaven among the faithful angels. The new creation begins.

The gates of Heaven are opened, and the Son steps out into Chaos. Angel follow him. The Son takes a golden compass and measures the bounds of the universe. He causes the black matter of chaos away and begins to fashion spheres, like planets. Then God says, "let there be light," and day and night are made.

The second day of creation starts with the making of a firmament, dividing the waters of the earth with the waters of the heaven. A breathable atmosphere is born. On the third day, the Son make dry land, and vegetation begins to grow. God names the bodies of water seas. On the fourth day, the sun, moon, and stars become clear, marking night and day, and seasons begin. On the fifth day, God make animals—reptiles, birds, and whales. On the sixth day, more beasts of the earth are made, as well as insects and other little creatures.

Finally, God gets to the part when he creates Man and Woman in God's image. He puts them in Eden, giving them dominion over everything they see except for the Tree of Knowledge.

The Son then returns to Heaven, all the angels rejoicing around him, and sits at God's side. The sixth day ends and the seventh comes, filled with music and cheer.

Raphael tells all this to Adam, and then asks if he has any more questions, or anything else he'd like to hear about.

Book VIII

Adam thanks Raphael for telling him so many things, but he says there is still some things he wants to know about, like why do the stars and planets seem to move over the Earth? Eve, meanwhile, leaves the conversation and walks out to the garden. She would prefer for Adam to tell her these things later, since he gives her little kisses while he talks to her.

Inside, Raphael tells Adam that it doesn't matter what is moving—heaven or earth. Some things are for God alone to know. Adam doesn't know the big picture. As if to prove his point, Raphael describes for Adam several complex theories about the stars and heavenly bodies. He tells Adam at the end not to worry about such things that are concealed but to leave them for God. Adam is satisfied by this answer and agrees not to worry about such difficult things.

Now it's Adam's turn to tell a story—some of his earliest memories. Raphael is happy to listen because he was sent off to guard the gates of Hell when Adam was first created. Adam says he first woke up in immediately looked to Heaven, and after he looked around himself. He walked around and explored his surroundings. He found out that not only could he speak but he could also name things. But he still didn't know who he was or why he was here. He figured he was created by someone. After at time, he sat down and fell asleep. He had a dream in which a spirit guided him to the Garden of Eden. When Adam woke up, he found that he'd been transported to that same garden.

The same spirit from his dream came out and told Adam that he was the creator of everything, God. God then told him that everything around him was his, the garden and all the plants and animals inside. Only the Tree of Knowledge was off limits to Adam. If he ate from that tree, he'd be banished from the garden and become mortal.

God finishes the explanation and animals start to come to Adam, in pairs, so he can name them. But Adam is looking for something that he doesn't see in these animals. He tells God that he can't be happy if he's all alone. He, too, needs a companion. God insists that Adam is not alone, since he has all these animals around him, but Adam responds that the animals are too different from him. He needs someone he can have a conversation with. God tells Adam that he, God, doesn't need anyone. Adam is perfect, so he shouldn't need anyone, either. But Adam does.

God says that he's been testing Adam to see how he'd fare alone. God puts Adam into a deep sleep, although some part of Adam can still see what's happening. He sees as God creates Eve, and when he awakens, he looks for her and finds her, being led to him by God's voice.

Adam thanks God. God marries the two of them. Adam is so incredibly happy with Eve, seeing that she is the perfect fit for him.

Raphael warns Adam at this point not to regard Eve too highly. She deserves love, not worship. Adam says he understands, and he asks Raphael if angels make love. Raphael reluctantly responds that without love there is no happiness, and angels are happy. Raphael has to go now, and he leaves Adam with one final exhortation to serve God always and resist temptation. He and the other angels have faith in him. Raphael then leaves for Heaven.

Book IX

Milton opens Book Nine saying that from now on his book will take a tragic turn. He claims that what he has to say now is more epic and heroic than other great poems of history.

The sun sets over paradise, and Satan returns after some time away from the garden. The river Tigris runs underground and springs out in Eden as a fountain. Satan uses that as a way to get back into Paradise. He's determined to ruin man forever now. He's decided that he'll transform into a serpent and act to destroy Adam and Eve.

First, he talks out loud about his travels around the earth, how beautiful it is and so forth. But, in the end, Satan is unable to enjoy it truly, he is so overcome with anger. That anger drives him to ruin other's lives, even though that won't really make him happy, either. He searches all night, looking for the serpent, when he finds the creature, he enters through the snake's mouth. Once inside, he waits until dawn, for his plan to come to fruition.

Morning comes, and Adam and Eve get ready for their day of work. Eve suggests that they work apart today, since they usually don't get a lot done when they are together. Adam doesn't think getting a lot of work done is so important, but he agrees that spending some time alone isn't such a bad idea. But, he does take time to warn Eve about Satan. If they are apart, that fallen angel may take the opportunity to attack one of them with a trick. For that reason, Adam suggests they stay together.

Eve takes the warning personally and claims that Adam doubts she can be alone and stay strong. Adam says he doesn't think her weak, but at the same time, he thinks it would be better for them to face temptation together.

Eve says that temptation would be like a test, that it would prove how strong her and Adam are and how wicked Satan is. Adam yields, saying that tests are important and that he doesn't want to force her to work with him if she doesn't want to. Eve says that Satan would likely not tempt her, since she's the weaker sex. That would be dishonorable for such a proud creature as Satan. She goes off, promising she'll be back by noon. Meanwhile, Satan is waiting for her, in the form of the serpent. He sees how beautiful she is, and he's glad he has a chance to talk to her alone. He focuses on his mission, on all the reasons he has for hate and vengeance. He follows her through the garden, just watching her. He makes some noises to get her attention, but she doesn't seem to notice, then he makes even bolder noises, even coming to lick the ground she walks on. When he finally has her attention, he tells her that she is beautiful. Eve is surprised that a snake can talk and asks how it is possible. Satan starts lying here. He says that he was unable to talk, like a dumb animal, until he ate the fruit of a certain tree and it made him a superior creature than before. When Eve asks which tree that was, he brings her to the Tree of Knowledge. Eve says she cannot eat of that fruit.

But Satan doesn't give up. He insists that the fruit won't kill her. He ate from it and didn't die, after all. And if an animal could eat of it, why can't she? He says that God will comment her boldness if she eats of it and becomes filled with knowledge. God wouldn't hurt Eve just for eating, Satan goes on, because that is unfair. Satan claims that God only denies Adam and herself the fruit of knowledge because he wants to keep them ignorant and low. If she eats of the fruit, Satan says, she'll become like a God and begin to see things very differently. She would only die in the face that she would shed her human self become like more god-like.

Finally, Eve buys Satan's lies. She's hungry anyway, and she can't stop looking at it. She even starts talking to the fruit, calling it powerful, and she admits that because it is forbidden, it is desired even more. Besides, why would she be forbidden from taking in knowledge?

Eve eats the fruit, and she doesn't stop until she is full. She exclaims that this precious fruit will be her food every day until it makes her wise. She wonders if she should tell Adam about what she has done. She decided to do so, even when she considers that telling him may lead to death.

Elsewhere, Adam has been waiting for Eve to show up, since it's about lunch time. He decides to go off looking for her and he finds her close to the forbidden tree, arms full of fruit. Eve tries to explain, saying that the tree isn't as bad as they'd thought and that it's opened her eyes. But Adam is shocked.

He says, mostly to himself, saying that Eve is lost. Even though he knows he can't eat the fruit, he feels he's doomed to because he can't live without Eve. Then Adam starts to justify. He calls Eve bold, and says that surely God won't kill them, the first of His new creation. The whole purpose of all the World around them was for them to live. God wouldn't throw all that away.

Eve encourages Adam to eat of the fruit. When he does, the earth groans and nature shakes, just like when Eve ate of it. A storm comes and it starts to rain. They make love then and there, and then they fall asleep, but without good rest. When they wake up they realize they are naked and that the serpent lied to them. They find some fig leaves to cover their privates, and they are overtaken by horrible emotions.

Adam blames Eve, saying that they should have stayed together. But Eve says that the serpent was so sly that they'd have fallen anyway. They spend the rest of the afternoon accusing each other.

Book X

God knows exactly what has happened down in Paradise. The narrator comments that Adam and Eve deserve what's coming to them, since they could have simply said no to temptation but they didn't. Heaven is collectively sad, and God sends His Son down to execute judgment on Adam and Eve. The Son says he'll temper justice with mercy, saying only Adam and Eve must pay for this, and not the innocent serpent, that was played like a puppet.

So the Son descends to the garden, late in the afternoon. Adam and Eve hear his voice and hide. The Son asks where Adam is, and they come out. Something has changed inside them, and they are upset. Adam says that he hid himself because he realized he was naked and he was afraid. The Son asks how he knew he was naked. Did he eat of the Tree of Knowledge? Adam doesn't answer directly, but he eventually admits that Eve brought him the fruit and he ate it.

The Son reproves Adam, saying he shouldn't have given in to Eve. Eve freely admits her mistake. The Son turns and curses the serpent first, saying he will now crawl on his belly. He also punishes Adam and Eve, saying that Eve will now experience pain in childbirth and be dominated by her husband. Adam, for his part, will have to work hard to grow anything from the cursed ground. The Son makes them some better clothes and returns to Heaven.

Back in Hell, Sin and Death have been waiting for this moment. Sin tells Death that Satan must have won, since he would have been thrown back to Hell by now otherwise. She is very excited and feels strong again, so much so that she doesn't want to wait for Satan. She suggests they build a bridge from Hell to Earth. Death likes the idea, since he's also excited about getting to Earth. They work together to build a bridge, separating the chaos to make room. As they build, they travel along the bridge, where they eventually find Satan.

Sin tells Satan that she could tell when he'd succeeded, since she has a connection with anyone that sins. Now, she says, Satan is lord of the earth, and the three of them—Satan, Sin, and Death—are free to roam Earth. Satan, in turn is proud of his daughter/wife and son. He tells them to continue on into Paradise. Satan, however, must report back to his minions in Hell. Satan enters Hell and sees that many of the fallen angels are either in or around Pandemonium. Satan transforms into a normal angel and sneaks into the council. While other are talking and debating, he turns invisible and sits upon his throne, only to appear suddenly there. Everyone shouts when they see him, obviously very happy he's back.

Satan begins to tell about how he tricked Eve into eating the fruit, and Adam after that. His listeners start to hiss. Suddenly, Satan and all his angels start to turn into hissing snakes—their punishment from God. Satan and his minions exit the council. Outside, more of the fallen angels are becoming serpents. A grove of trees appears, and the angels/snakes are compelled to eat the fruit, which resembles the forbidden fruit of Eden. The fruit becomes ashes in the snakes' mouths. After a time, many of the angels are able to regain their original shapes.

Elsewhere, Sin and Death arrive in Eden. They divide to explore and cause trouble in Paradise. God sees what's happening, but he apparently was expecting it.

Things in nature start to change. The animals are no longer at peace with each other, and they fear man. This has a deep impact on Adam. He goes so far as to regret having been made in the first place, wishing to return to dust!

But Adam also sees that he has brought this upon himself. He knows he will now die one day, and he wonders if death will lead to more suffering for him.

Eve takes thing hard, too. She falls to the ground, at Adam's feet, and cries. She begs Adam not to abandon her, even though she accepts the guilt for what has happened. Adam decides that enough blaming has gone on. Better to now focus on what they're going to do. Eve says that they should stop making love, and that would somehow fix things. She then suggests they go ahead and kill themselves.

Adam says no. Instead, he thinks they should pray to God for help. There must be some reason they haven't been executed. May God will help them move on, if they pray and water the ground with their tears.

Book XI

Adam and Eve send their prayers up to Heaven, and those prayers are received by the Son. The Son, in turn, presents them to the Father. The Son also asks God to give mankind peace, or in other words, to give them a second chance. God is willing to work with mankind, but he insists that they must leave Paradise, and that they will eventually die, even if that death leads to a second birth. God sends Michael to go to Earth and banish them from the garden.

Down on Earth, Adam and Eve finish praying, hope in their hearts. Adam tells Eve that things may get better now, but Eve insists that she deserves every bit of the punishment she gets but that her judge is gracious and willing to pardon them.

The couple gets back to work on the garden, but things aren't the same as they used to be. Now the animals are chasing and wanting to hurt each other. Some are predators, like the eagle and the lion, and they hunt other animals. When Adam sees this, he realizes that their troubles are far from over. Michael and some other angels arrive and come up to Adam, saying that the couple must leave Eden. Adam and Eve are shocked, and Eve is especially sad.

Michael consoles her by saying that at least the couple will still be together. Adam is worried about something else: Paradise is the only place Adam has talked with God. Will he still be able to do so out in the rest of the world? Michael reassures him that God fills the whole world and so he can be reached from anywhere.

Michael also agrees to show Adam the future, so he takes the man to the top of a very tall mountain beside Paradise. While they are gone, Michael causes Eve to sleep so she will not worry.

The first part of the vision Adam receives is about Cain and Abel. He sees the two brothers and witnesses as one kills the other. Adam is horrified. Then, Adam is "taken" to the farther future, where he sees hospitals full of sick and dying people. Adam is crying at this point—so much sadness and death. The angels show him a happy scene next, of men and women dancing, but he explains that these are the descendants of Cain. The scene shifts to one of battle. More people die. Adam is upset, but the pain isn't finished. There is lust and adultery and all kinds of sin. Finally, Michael shows Adam the good actions of some men. One did what was right and gained everlasting life. Another was told to build an ark and fill it with animals and food. He and his three sons and their wives enter the ark just before a flood destroys everything in the world. At this point Adam falls down, crying. Michael helps him up. The vision continues, and Adam sees the flood water recede. Noah and his family leave the ark and start a new world. Michael says that there will never be another flood, but in the end, He will allow fire to consume the world.

Book XII

Michael pauses his narration and vision to that Adam can take a breath. After that, the angel continues, saying that after the flood there will be a time of peace. But eventually that peace must come to an end. A man named Nimrod will begin to build an empire. He will use war and violence to rule and grow his empire. He will have a tall tower built to rival Heaven. God responds by confusing the languages of the people. If they can't understand each other, how can they work together. Adam doesn't like what he sees, and the angel tells him this is just another part of the Fall of Man.

Michael continues, talking about how God will eventually choose a nation of people to be His own, and this nation will grow out of one man—Abraham. That man will leave his home and put his trust in God, who will lead him to the Promise Land. Abraham's descendants will go to Egypt and become slaves. Later, two brothers—Moses and Aaron—will be used by God to lead the people out of Egypt. When the pharaoh refuses and makes the people suffer more, God will send plagues upon the Egyptians. Pharaoh will have to let them go, but then he will chase after them. God will give Moses the power to divide the Red Sea, and the people will pass, but when Pharaoh tries to cross, the water will fall on him and he'll drown.

God, now through Moses, will give the people Laws and a government. They will eventually enter the Promised Land again. Adam interrupts now and wonders why there are so many laws in the world. Is sin so rampant that so much law is needed.

Michael continues with the story. He says that there will be wars, but God protects His people through Judges and then through Kings. David, the second King will have a descendant named Jesus.

Jesus will be the last king forever, and his rule will never end.

But in the meanwhile, David's son, Solomon, rules over God's people. Things don't go so well for the people starting with Solomon's rule, and they end up in exile to the Babylonians for 70 years. After that, things go back to normal for a time, but later a stranger will rule the kingdom. Adam is excited. In fact, he begins to cry out of joy. He wants to know when Jesus will battle Satan.

Michael says things won't go that simply. Jesus will come down to Earth as a man and will suffer and die to man's sins. He will rise three days later. When Jesus returns to Heaven, he promises to go back to Earth and judge the living and the dead. Adam is pleased that so much good will come from his sin, and he wants to know what happens to Jesus' disciples. Michael says that things get complicated after that. They will be persecuted, but they will get courage from Jesus. Evil people will disguise themselves and good people. But in the end, Jesus will return and put an end to all of it. Adam says he's learned his lesson, that it's best to obey always.

Michael says it's time to descend from the mountain and return to Eve. They will have to leave Paradise shortly. Eve wakes up as they return. She's had pleasant dreams, and she is also confident that good will come from their sins, all in good time. Adam and Eve have to leave the garden now. They go to a plain below the great hill Eden is seated upon. They look back at Paradise, seeing the flaming sword that blocks any chance of return. They cry, hold hands, and walk away.

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