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THE YOUNG COMPOSER

A PROGRESSIVE COURSE

ENGLISH COMPOSITION

PART I



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
PARADISE LOST.

WITH RHETORICAL PAUSES AND EMPHASES ;

AND A BRIEF
LIFE OF MILTON.

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LIFE OF CHRIST HARMONISED, HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
SACRED HISTORY, &c. &c.

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1841.

To Jessie Imrie
on her 20th birthday.
With the best regards
of her Brother David
Wm 11/10th/59

D. IMRIE

11/10/59

GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

THE Poem of which the following pages are an abridgement, is universally allowed to be the finest specimen of Blank Verse in the English language. A question may be asked, Why then is it so little read? One reason may be, its great length, which is apt to fatigue the mind of the young, particularly as the subject is of a sublime and serious, rather than of an amusing nature. Another reason may be, that, to relish the beauties of many of the passages, requires more extensive information than young persons in general can be supposed to possess. These, and *other* reasons, suggested the idea of making such a selection, as, while it presented to the reader many of the most beautiful passages, should also give a connected view or abridgement of the whole poem.

In addition to more correct and uniform orthography and punctuation, the Editor has marked the syllables which require to be pronounced with accented force, with a line above the vowel, and those which, though placed in that part of the line where the *ear* would be pleased with a

stress, yet should have none, with a *breve*.—In the First Book, words of more than one syllable, as well as monosyllables, are so marked; but in the other Books, only monosyllables are marked, the polysyllables being sufficiently distinguished by the accent, the syllable containing the accent being reckoned *long*, the unaccented *short*.

One of the chief excellencies of Milton's verse consists in the great *variety* of the feet, and in the equally great variety of their *arrangement*; of which a slight glance at any page in the First Book, will convince the attentive reader. Few lines occur in which some of the syllables are not marked, and those alone are pure iambic verses. Such lines are not more numerous in the other Books, though they appear to be so, owing to the polysyllables not being marked*. The *rhetorical pauses*, (denoted by an upright line) are inserted in all the Books except the last.

GLASGOW, JANUARY, 1841.

* See the author's ENGLISH GRAMMAR, 5th edition, p. 115—130.

LIFE OF MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, the author of *Paradise Lost*, was born in London, 9th December, 1608. Having shown early marks of genius, he was carefully educated by his father, partly in private, and partly at St. Paul's school, under Mr. Gill. From his long hours of study, he greatly injured his eye-sight, and brought on general debility. At 17, when he entered Christ College, Cambridge, he was a good classical scholar, and master of several modern languages. Here he continued seven years, and took the degrees of B. A. and A. M. Before going to the University he had given proofs of his poetical genius; and while there he distinguished himself by his academical exercises, many of which he wrote in verse.

After leaving the University he spent five years at his father's, and during that time, he read the best Latin and Greek historians, and studied mathematics and music, in both of which he took great delight. In 1634, his "Masque" was privately represented at Ludlow castle, and afterwards printed. In the following year he published his "Lycidas." In 1638 he visited France and Italy, where he was introduced to, and well received by, many persons distinguished for rank and literature. He paid a visit to Galileo, then in the prison of the Inquisition, and the freedom he used in speaking on religious subjects exposed him to the resentment of the English jesuits at Rome. Hearing of the disturbed state of England, he returned home after an absence of fifteen months, without having seen, as he intended, Sicily and Greece. Soon

after his arrival in London, he undertook the instruction of his sister's sons and some other young persons, in Latin, Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, Italian, and French; also in mathematics and astronomy. In 1641 he wrote several pamphlets on ecclesiastical reformation and prelatical episcopacy. Two years after, he married Miss Mary Powel, who in a short time left him, and returned to her relations in Oxfordshire;—whether from dislike to his retired way of life, or from the displeasure of her parents at his political principles, which differed from theirs, was not known.

About this time were published his *Treatise on Education*, a pamphlet in favour of *Unlicensed Printing*, and a collection of his poems, in Latin and English. His wife hearing that he was paying his addresses to another lady, contrived to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, and throwing herself at his feet, implored his forgiveness. He received her kindly, and during the distress of the Royalists, used his interest with the party in power, in behalf of her relations. His writings in defence of liberty, procured him the appointment of Latin secretary for foreign affairs under Cromwell and Richard. He was employed to answer "*Eikon Basilike*," which he did under the title of "*Eikonoklastes*." For his answer to a Defence of Charles I. he received £1000. In 1652, his wife died, and his sight was then almost gone, which was said by his enemies to be a judgement for his writing against the king.

After concluding his controversial writings, he resumed what he had long before commenced, "*A History of England*," and a "*Latin Dictionary*:" the latter he left unfinished; but the materials he had collected were used by the editor of the *Cambridge Latin Dictionary* of 1693. His blindness did not diminish, but rather seemed to en-

crease the vigour of his mind, as appears by his writings during that time.

On the Restoration of Charles II. he was deprived of his office as secretary, and obliged to live in concealment ; but through the interest of Sir William Davenant, he was pardoned, and again appeared in public. Being now in his 54th year, blind and infirm, and a second time a widower, he married again. At this time he might have regained his secretariship, but declined it, saying, that he would live and die an honest man. During the plague he left London, and about this time he was occupied with "*Paradise Lost*," which he first sketched out as a tragedy. It was put in the present form in 1655, but was not printed till 1665. He had considerable difficulty in getting it licensed, and also in procuring a publisher, because it was supposed to contain some treasonable passages, which was the more readily believed from the author's politics. All he got for the first edition of 1500 copies was *five pounds* ! and other *five* for the second ! which was not published till the year of his death 1674.* His widow afterwards disposed of the copy-right for *eight pounds*. Its merits were not at first appreciated by the public, but it has long been esteemed the most sublime of modern, and not inferior to any of the ancient epic poems.

His history of England was published in 1670. Many passages were expunged by the licenser, who thought they referred to the bishops of that time, though the allusions were only to the Saxon monks. He published "*Paradise Regained*," and "*Samson Agonistes*," in 1671.

He died at London, 1674, in the 66th year of his age, having been deprived of sight for upwards of twenty years ; and during the latter years of his life was much affected with gout.

* The original contract was lately sold for *Seventy Guineas* !

He was remarkable in his youth for the beauty of his person, and was called the Lady of Christ College. He was temperate in the use of wine, and abstemious in his diet. Having experienced the bad effects of late-sitting, he changed his plan to very early-rising, getting up in summer at 4, and in winter at 5 o'clock. When he rose, a chapter was read to him out of the Hebrew Bible, and he generally studied till noon; he then took some exercise for an hour, dined; and after dinner amused himself with vocal or instrumental music. He then resumed his studies till six; saw friends till eight, and retired to rest at nine, after partaking of a slight supper.

He was undoubtedly a person of wonderful genius, and immense learning, being eminent as a mathematician, a logician, an historian, a linguist, and a divine. Homer, next to the Bible, was his favourite study. He was educated in the principles of the Church of England, but early became a dissenter. He had no desire to accumulate wealth; and though of the victorious party he did not share in the spoils of his country. With the exception of what he received for his "Defence of the people," he got very little for his writings. He composed chiefly in the winter, and during the night, and frequently in the morning, dictated to his wife twenty or thirty verses. He had three daughters by his first wife, all of whom survived him. The youngest was married to a weaver in Spital-fields, and is said to have been a woman of good understanding and genteel manners, though in low circumstances. A grand-daughter, the last of the Milton family, kept a small chandler's-shop near Shoreditch, in 1749.

THE BEAUTIES
OF
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,
With loss of Edën, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Horëb, or of Sinäi, didst inspire
That shëphërd, whö first taught the Chosen Seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Röse out of Chaös: or if Zion-hill
Delight thee more, and Silöä's bröök that flow'd
Fäst by the oräclë of God; I thence
Invoke thine aid to my adventüroüs sōng,
That with nō middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aōnian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spīrit! that dost prefer
Before all tēmples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st: thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Döve-like satt'st broöding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argüment
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Säy first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nör the deep tract of hell; säy first what cause
Möv'd our grand pärents, in that häppy state,
Fävoür'd of heaven so highlÿ, to fall off
From their Creatör, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?

Whō first seduc'd thēm tō that foul revolt?
 Thē infernal serpent; he 't wās, whose guile,
 Stirr'd ūp with envŷ and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother ōf mankind, whāt time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven with all his host
 Of rebel angels; bŷ whōse aid aspiring
 To set himself in glorŷ ābōve his peers,
 He trustēd tō have equal'd thē Mōst High,
 If hē oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchŷ of God
 Rais'd impious wār in heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Hīm thē almighty power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming frōm thē ēthēreāl skŷ,
 With hideous rūn and combustion, down
 To bottōmlēss perdition, there to dwell
 In ādamantine chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy thē Omnipōtēt to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, hē with his horrid crew
 Lāy vāquish'd, rollīng in the firy gulf,
 Confoundēd thōugh immortal: bŷt his doom
 Reserv'd hīm tō mōre wrāth; for now the thought
 Bōth ōf lōst hāppinēss and lasting pain
 Torments him :

At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild;
 A dungeon horriblē on all sides rōund
 Sērv'd ōnly tō discover sights of wo,
 Rēgiōns of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hōpe nēver comes
 That comes to all; but torture withōut ēnd.
 Sūch plāce eternal justice hād prepar'd
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darknēss, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of heaven,
 As frōm the center thrice tō thē ūtmost pole.
 Oh! hōw unlike the place from whence they fell!
 Thēre thē companions ōf his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds ōf tempestuōus fire,
 He soon discerns; and weltēring bŷ his side

One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Lōng after known in Palēstīne, and nam'd
Bēēlzēbūb. To whom the arch-ēnēmŷ,
 And thence in heaven cāl'd *Sātān*, with bōld wōrds
 Breāking the horrid silence, thus began:

“If thou be'st he; but oh! hōw fālleden! hōw chāng'd
 From him, whō in the happy realms of light,
 Clōth'd with transcendent brightnēss, didst outshine
 Mŷriāds though bright! if he whom mutūāl lēague,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hāzard in the gloriōus ēntērprīse,
 Jōin'd with mē ōnce, nōw mīsēry hath join'd
 In equāl rūin; intō whāt pīt thou see'st,
 From what height fālleden, so much the stronger prov'd
 Hē with his thundēr; and till then whō knēw
 The force of those dire ārms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent victōr in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injūr'd mērit,
 Thāt with the Mightiēst rāis'd mē tō contend;
 And tō the fierce contention brought along
 Innumērāble force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign, and me prefer.

Whāt thōugh the field be lost?

All is not lost; thē ūncōnquērāble will,
 And study ōf revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage nevēr tō submit or yield,
 And what is else nōt tō bē ōvercome;
 Thāt glōry nevēr shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliānt knēe, and deifŷ his power
 Whō frōm the terrōr ōf thīs ārm sō lāte
 Doubtēd his empire; that were low indeed,
 Thāt wēre an ignōmīnŷ and shame beneath
 This dōwnfall.

Irreconcilāblē tō ōūr grānd fōe,
 Who now triūmphs, and in thē ēxcēss of joy
 Sōlē rēigning holds the tyrānnŷ of heaven.”

Sō spōke thē āpōstate angel, though in pain;

Vāuntīng aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thūs ānswer'd soon his bold compeer:

“ O Prince! O chief of many throned powers,
That led the ěmbāttl'd Serāphīm to war
Undēr thy conduct, ānd in dreadful deeds
Fēarlēss endanger'd heaven's perpetūāl Kīng,
And put to proof his high supreinācŷ,
Whēthēr upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Tōo wēll I see, and rue the dire event,
Thāt with sād ōvērthrōw and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thūs lōw,
As far as gods, and heavenly essēncēs
Can perish:
Whāt cān it then avail, though yet we feel
Strēngth ūndiminīsh'd ōr eternāl bēīng
Tō ūndergo eternal punīshmēt?”
Whereto with speedy words the ārch-fiend replied:

“ Fāllēn Chērūb! tō be weak is misērāble,
Dōīng or suffērīng; bŭt of this be sure,
To dō ōught gōod, nēvēr wīll bē our task,
But evēr tō dō ill our sole delight,
As bēīng the contrāry to his hīgh wīll
Whōm wē resist. If then his providēce
Oūt ōf ōur ēvil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must bē tō pērvērt thāt ēnd,
And out of good still tō fīnd mēans of evil;
Which oft-tīmes māy succēd, sō ās pērhaps
Shall grieve hīm, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsēls frōm their destin'd aim.”

Thūs Sātan talkīng tō his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkīng blaz'd; his other parts besides,
Prōne ōn the flood, extended long and large,
Lāy flōātīng māny ā roōd, in bulk as huge
As that sēa-bēast, Leviāthān:
Hīm hāply slumbērīng ōn the Norway foam,
The pilōt ōf sōme smāll nīght-fōūnder'd skiff
Deēmīng sōme Island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchōr īn his scaly rīnd

Moors by his side under the lea, while night
Invests the sea, and wish'd-for morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had risen, 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 shown
On man by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.

Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so; since he
Who now is sovereign can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell 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 itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Here at least we shall be free;
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

So Satan spoke, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, they will soon resume

Nēw coũrāge ānd revive, though now they lye
Grōvēlīng ānd prōstrāte ōn yōn lāke of fire,
As we erewhile, astoundēd ānd amaz'd,
Nō wōnder, fallen from such pernicious height."

He scarce had ceas'd, whēn thē superiōr fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his pondēroūs shiēld,
Etherēāl tēinper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumfērēce
Hūng ōn his shouldērs līke the moon.
His spear, (to equal which the tallest pine
Hēwn ōn Norwegiān hills, tō bē the mast
Of some grēāt āmmirāl, wēre būt a wand,)
He walk'd wīth, tō support uneasy steps
Ovēr the burning marl.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. "Princes! Potētātes!
Wārriōrs! the Flower of heaven! ōnce yōurs, nōw lōst,
If such astonishmēt as this can seize
Eternāl spīrits;
Awake! arise! ōr bē for ever fallen."

They heard, ānd wēre abash'd, and up they sprung
Upōn the wing; ās whēn men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Roūse ānd bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nōr did they not perceīve the evil plight
In which they were, ōr thē fiēce pāins not feel;
Yēt tō their genērāl's vōice they soon obey'd
Innumērāble. As whēn the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wāv'd rōūd the coast, ūp cāl'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warpīng ōn the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impīōūs Phāraoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile;
Sō nūmbērlēss were those bād āngels seen
Hōvērīng on wing ūndēr the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nethēr, ānd surrounding fires;
Till, ās a signal given, thē ūplifted spear
Of thēir grēāt Sūltan wāving tō direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On thē fīrm brīmstōne, ānd fill āll the plain;

A multītūde, like which the popūloūs Nōrth
Poūr'd nēvēr frōm her frozen loins, to pass
Rhēne ōr the Danāw, whēn her barbāroūs sōns
Cāme like a delūge ōn the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltār tō the Libyan sands.

Sāy, Mūse! their names thēn knōwn, whō fīrst, whō
Rōus'd frōm the slumbēr, ōn thāt fīry couch, [last,
At their grēāt ēmpērōr's cāll, as next in worth.

First *Mōloch*, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrificē, and parents' tears,
Thōugh fōr the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grīm idol. Even the wisest heart
Of Solōmōn he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobriōūs hill, and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Nēxt, Chēmōs, the ōbscēne dreād of Moab's sons,
Pēōr his other name, when he entic'd
Isrāēl in Sittīm, ōn their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them wo.
With these came they, whō frōm the bordering flood
Of old Euphratēs, tō the brook that parts
Egẏpt from Syriān groūnd, had genērāl nāmes
Of Bāālīm and Ashtārōth; thōse māle,
Thēse fēmīnīne.

For those the race of Isrāēl ōft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bōw'd dōwn in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despīcāble foes. With these in troop
Came *Astōrēth*, whōm thē Phenicians call'd
Astarté, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
In Zion also not unsung, whēre stōōd
Her temple ōn thē ōffēnsive mountain, built
By that uxoriōūs kīng, whose heart, though large,
Beguīl'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. *Thāmmūz* came next behind,

While smooth *Adonis* fröm his native rock
 Rån pürple tō the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly woundēd: Next came one,
 Who mourn'd in earnēst, whēn the captive ark
 Māim'd his brute image, head and hands löpp'd öff
 In his öwn tēple, ön the groundsel edge,
 Whēre hē fell flāt, and sham'd his worshipērs:
Dāgōn his name, sēa-mönster, upward man
 And downward fish;

Him föllow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascüs, ön the fertile banks
 Of Abānā and Pharpar, lucid streams.
 Hē älsö 'gäinst the house of God was bold;
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
 A'hāz, his sottish conquērēr, whöm he drew
 Gōd's ältär tō disparāge, änd displace
 For one of Syrīän mōde, whereon to burn
 His odious öffērings, änd ädöre the gods
 Whöm hē 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 sorcērēs abus'd
 Fanatic Egỹpt, änd her priests. Nor did Isräël 'scāpe
 Thē infēctiōn, whēn their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in Horēb; änd the rebel king
 Doubl'd thāt sīn in Bethēl, änd in Dan,
 Likening his Makēr tō the grazed ox,
 Jehováh, whö in öne nīght whēn he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equäl'd with öne ströke
 Böth hēr first-börn and all her bleating gods.
Bēliäl came last, than whom ä spīrit möre lēwd
 Fēll nōt from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vīce för itself: to him nō tēple stood
 Or altar smok'd; yet who möre öft than he
 In temples änd at altärs, whēn the priest
 Turns äthēist, äs did Eli's sons.
 In courts and palācēs hē älsö reigns,
 And in luxuriöus cīties, where the noise
 Of riöt ascends above their loftiēst towers,
 And injüry and outrāge; änd when night

Dārkenſ the ſtreets, thēn wānder forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſölēnce and wine.
Wiſnēſſ the ſtreets of Sodom.

Thēſe wēre the prime in ordēr ānd in might;
All thēſe and more came flockīng; büt with looks
Dōwn-cāſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obscure ſōme glimpſe of joy, tō hāve found their chief
Nōt in deſpair; but he his wonted pride
Soōn rēcollectīng, with hīgh wōrds, that bore
Sēmblānce of worth, nōt ſūbſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courāge, ānd diſpell'd their fears.
Thēn ſtrāight commands, thāt, āt the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clariōns, bē uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that prōūd hōnour claim'd
Azazēl, ās his right; a Cherub tall,
Who forthwīth frōm the glitterīng ſtāff unfurl'd
Thē impēriāl ēnſign; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which thē ūniverſal hoſt upſent
A ſhout, that tore hēll's cōncave, ānd beyond
Frīghtēd the reign of Chaōs ānd ōld Night.

Thūs thēy
Brēathīng united force, with fix'd thought
Mōv'd ōn in ſilēnce tō ſōft pīpes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps ō'er thē būrn'd ſōil: and now
Awaitīng what command their mighty chief
Hād tō impoſe. Hē thrōugh the armed files
Dārts hīs experiēnc'd ēye, and ſoon traverse
The whole battalion, vīews their order due,
Their viſāgēs and ſtatūre ās of gods;
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hardening in his ſtrength
Glōries: for never ſince created man
Mēt ſūch embodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than thāt ſmall infāntrŷ
Wārr'd ōn by cranes.

Thūs fār thēſe beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly emīnēt

Stōod like a tower; his form had not yet lost
 All hēr origināl brīghtnēss, nōr appear'd
 Lēss thān arch-angel ruīn'd, ānd thē excēss
 Of glōry ōbscūr'd: ās whēn the sun nēw-rīsen
 Looks thrōugh the horizontal misty air
 Shōrn ōf his beams; ōr frōm behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the natiōns, ānd with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all thē ārch-āngel: but his face
 Dēep scārs of thundēr hād entrench'd, and care
 Sāt on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courāge, ānd considērate prīde
 Wāitīng revenge: crūēl his eye, but cast
 Signs ōf remorse and passiōn tō behold
 The fellōws ōf his crime, the follōwers rāthēr,
 (Fār ōther once beheld in bliss,) condemn'd
 For ever now tō hāve their lot in pain;
 Milliōns of spīrits fōr hīs fāult amerc'd
 Of heaven, ānd frōm eternal splendours flung
 For hīs revolt. He now prepar'd to speak;
 Thrīce hē essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
 Tēars, sūch as angels weep, būrst fōrth, at last
 Wōrds interwove with sighs found out their way.

“O myriāds ōf immortāl spīrits! O Powers!
 Māchtlēss, büt with the Almighty; ānd thāt strīfe
 Was not ingloriōūs, thōugh thē ēvēnt was dire,
 As this place testifies and this dīre chānge,
 Hātefūl to uttēr: büt whāt power of mind,
 Foreseeīng ōr presagīng, frām the depth
 Of knowledge pass'd, or presēt, cōuld have fear'd
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever hāve repulse?
 Hēncēfōrth his might we know, and know our own;
 Our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile
 What force effected not: that he nō lēss
 At length from us may find, whō ōvercomes
 By force, hāth ōvercome but half his foe.
 Spāce māy produce nēw wōrlds; whereof so rife

There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intend'd to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolv'd."

He spoke: and to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigade hasten'd: Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erect'd spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific:
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 heaven, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Egean isle.

Mean while the winged heralds, by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets' sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers:

Thēy anon

With hundrēds, ānd with thousands, trooping came
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall.
 Sō thīck the airy crowd
 Swārm'd ānd were straiten'd; till the signal given,
 Behold a wondēr! thēy but now who seem'd
 In bignēss tō surpass ēarth's gīant sons,
 Nōw lēss than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Thrōng numbērlēss, like that pygmean race
 Beyond the Indiān mōunt; or fairy elves,
 Whose midnight-revēls bȳ a forest-side
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
 Sits ārbitrēss, and nearēr tō the earth
 Whēels hēr pāle cōurse; thēy ōn their mirth and dance
 Intent with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

But far within,

And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great Seraphic lords and Cherūbīm
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frēquēt and full. Aftēr shōrt sīlence then,
 And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

HIGH ' on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ōrmus ' and of Ind,
 Or ' where the gorgeous East ' with richest hand '
 Showers on her kings barbaric ' pearl and 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 war with heaven, and, by success untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus display'd:

“ Powers and dominions ! Deities of heaven !
For ' since no deep ' within her gulf ' can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent '
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious ' and more dread ' than from no fall,
And trust themselves ' to fear no second fate.
Me ' though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven,
Did first create your leader, next, free choice ;
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit ; yet this loss '
Thus far at least recover'd, hath been much more
Establish'd ' in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior : but who ' here '
Will envy whom the highest place ' exposes
Foremost to stand ' against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good '
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 than can be in heaven, we now return '
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper ' than prosperity '
Could have assur'd us ; and by what best way
Whether of open war ' or covert guile,
We now debate ; who can advise, may speak.”

He ceas'd ; and next him ' *Moloch*, scepter'd king
Stood up :

“ My sentence ' is for open war : of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
Contrive ' who need ; or when they need, not now.
For ' while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and ' longing ' wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,

Heaven's fugitives, and ' for their dwelling-place '
Accept this dark ' opprobrious ' den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No : let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once '
O'er heaven's high towers ' to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures ' into horrid arms
Against the torturer.

Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe ' hung on our broken rear '
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion ' and laborious flight '
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The 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 '
Than to dwell here, driven 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 '
Inexorable, and the torturing hour '
Calls us to penance? we ' are at worst '
On this side nothing; and ' by proof ' we feel
Our power ' sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And ' with perpetual inroads ' to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look ' denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous '
To less than gods. On the other side ' up rose
Belial, in act more graceful ' and humane:
A fairer person ' lost not heaven; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all ' was false and hollow; though his tongue '
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse ' appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels:
And ' with persuasive accent ' thus began:

"I should be much ' for open war, O Peers!
As not behind ' in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason ' to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most.

The towers of heaven ' are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft ' on the bordering deep '
Encamp their legions; or ' with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide ' into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or ' could we break our way
By force, and ' at our heels ' all hell ' should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would ' on his throne '
Sit ' unpolluted. Thus repuls'd, our final hope '
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
The almighty Victor ' to spend all his rage,
And that ' must end us; that ' must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! 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 their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
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 struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder; and besought
The deep to shelter us? This hell ' then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or ' when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ' sure ' was worse.
What ' if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into seven-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for ' what can force or guile
With him, or who ' deceive his mind, whose eye '

Views all things ' at one view? he from heaven's height '
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides ;
 Not more almighty ' to resist our might,
 Than wise ' to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
 Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd, to suffer here
 Chains ' and these torments? Better these than worse,
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The victor's will.

I laugh, when those ' who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, 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 their conquerer: this ' is now
 Our doom; which ' if we can sustain ' and bear,
 Our Supreme Foe ' in time may much remit
 His anger; and ' perhaps ' thus far remov'd,
 Not mind us ' not offending, satisfied
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath ' stir not their flames,
 Our purer essence ' then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour; or ' enur'd ' not feel;
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive '
 Familiar ' the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror ' will grow mild, this darkness ' light."

Thus *Belial*, with words cloth'd in reason's garb,
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him ' thus *Mammon* spoke.

" Either to disenthroned the King of heaven
 We war, if war ' be best, or ' to regain
 Our own right ' lost; him to unthroned ' we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate ' shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos ' judge the strife:
 The former ' vain to hope, argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us
 Within heaven's bounds, unless heaven's Lord supreme
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
 And promise grace to all, on promise made

Of new subjection; with whāt eyes ' could we
 Stānd īn his presence ' humble, and receive
 Strīct laws ' impos'd to celebrate his throne
 With warbl'd hymns, and ' to his Godhead ' sing
 Fōrc'd halleluiahs; while hē ' lordly ' sits
 Our envied sovereign, and his altar ' breathes
 Ambrosial odours ' and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings? This ' must bē our task
 In heaven, this ' our delight; hōw wearisome
 Eternity ' sō spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate!
 As he ' ōur darkness, cannot we ' hīs light
 Imitate ' whēn we please? This desert soil '
 Wānts nōt her hidden lustre, gems and gold:
 Nor want wē ' skill or art ' from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heaven ' show more?
 All things ' invite
 To peaceful counsels, ānd the settl'd state
 Of order. Ye have whāt I advise."

He scarce had finish'd, when sūch murmur ' fill'd
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks ' retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which ' all nīght long '
 Had rous'd the sea:

Such applause ' was heard '
 As Mammon ' ended, ānd his sentence ' pleas'd,
 Advising peace; for such another field '
 They dreaded worse than hell: sō much ' the fear
 Of thunder ' and the sword of Michaël '
 Wrought still within them; and nō less desire '
 To found this nether empire, whīch might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation ' opposite to heaven.
 Which, whēn *Beëlzebub* perceiv'd, than whom,
 Satan except, nōne ' higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and ' īn his rising ' seem'd
 A pillar of state.

Sage he stood '
 With Atlantean shoulders ' fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies;
 And thus he spoke.

“ Thrones, and imperial Powers! Offspring of heaven !
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles ' now '
 Mūst wē renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
 Princes of Hell' ? for so the popular vote '
 Inclines, hēre to continue, and build ūp here
 A growing empire :

For he, be sure,

In height or depth, still ' first and last ' will reign
 Sōle king, and ' of his kingdom ' lose nō part
 By our revolt ; but ' over hell extend
 His empire, and ' with iron sceptre ' rule
 Us here, as ' with his golden ' those in heaven.
 Whāt ! sit we then ' projecting peace and war ?
 Wār ' hāth determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what pēace ' will be given
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? What ' if we find
 Sōme easier enterprise ? There is a place,
 (If ancient and prophetic fame ' in heaven '
 Err not), another world, the happy seat
 Of some nēw race ' call'd MAN, about this time
 To be created ' like to us.
 Thither ' let ūs bēnd all our thoughts, to learn
 Whāt creatures ' there inhabit, ōf whāt mould '
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force ' or subtlety. Though heaven ' be shut,
 And heaven's high Arbitrater ' sit secure
 In his ōwn strength, this place ' may lye expos'd,
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To thēir defence who hold it : here ' perhaps '
 Sōme advantageous act ' may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either ' with hēll-fire '
 To waste his whole creation ; or possess
 All ' ās our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny habitants ; or ' if not drive,
 Seduce them tō our party, that their God '
 May prove their foe, and ' with repenting hand '
 Abolish his ōwn works. This ' wōuld 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
 Their frail original ' and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise ' if this ' be worth
 Attempting, or ' to sit in darkness here '
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub '
 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 Creator ? But their spite ' still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design '
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy '
 Sparkl'd in all their 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,
 Nearer our ancient seat.

But ' first ' whom shall we send
 In search of this new world ? whom shall we find
 Sufficient ? What strength, what art ' can then
 Suffice, or what evasion ' bear him safe '
 Through the strict sentries ' and stations thick '
 Of angels watching round ? Here ' he had need
 All circumspection, and we now ' no less '
 Choice in our suffrage ; for ' on whom we send
 The weight of all ' and our last hope ' relies.”

This said, he sat ; and expectation ' held
 His look suspense, awaiting ' who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt : but all ' sat mute.

At last '

SATAN, whom now transcendent glory ' rais'd

Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd 't thus spoke.

“ O progeny of heaven! empyreal Thrones!
With reason 'hāth dēep silence and demur '
Sēiz'd ūs, though undismay'd: lōng 'is the way
And hard, that 'out of hell 'leads up to light;
Our prison strong; thīs huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant '
Bārr'd over ūs, prohibit all egrēss. —
But I should ill become thīs throne, O Peers!
And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd '
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty 'or danger, cōuld deter
Mē 'frōm attempting. Wherefore 'dō I assume
Thēse 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 mūch tō him due
Of hazard more, as he 'above the rest
High honour'd sits?

.....Mighty Powers! this enterprise
Nōne shall partake with me.” Thūs saying, rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, frōm his resolution rais'd,
Others 'among the chief 'might offer now '
(Certain to bē refus'd) what erst they fear'd;
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 the adventure 'than his voice
Forbidding; and 'at once 'with him they rose:
Their rising all at once 'wās ās the sound
Of thunder 'heard remote. Tōwards him they bend '
With awful reverence prone: and 'ās a god '
Extol him 'equal to the Highest in heaven;
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That 'for the general safety 'hē despis'd
His own.—

Thus 'they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief.
 O shame to men ! mēn only ' disagree '
 Of creatures rational, though ' under hope
 Of heavenly grace ; and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife '
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth ēach other to destroy.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd ; and forth '
 In order ' came the grand infernal peers :
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
 Alone ' the antagonist of heaven, not less
 Than hell's dread emperor ' with pomp supreme,
 And godlike imitated state ;
 Thēn ' of their session ended ' they bīd cry
 With trumpets' regal sound ' the great result ;
 Tōwards the fōur winds ' fōur speedy Cherubim '
 Pūt ' to their mouths ' the sounding alchymy,
 By herald's voice explain'd ; the hollow abyss '
 Hēard far and wide, and all the host of hell '
 With deafening shout ' return'd them loud acclaim.
 Pārt ' ōn the plain, or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing, or ' in swift race ' contend
 As āt the Olympian games ' or Pythian fields ;
 Pārt ' curb their firy steeds, or shun the goal '
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
 Others ' with vast Typhean rage, mōre fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind.

.....Others ' more mild '
 Retreated ' in a silent valley, sing '
 With notes angelical ' to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds ' and hapless fall '
 By doom of battle ;.....

In discourse mōre sweet,
 (For eloquence ' the soul, sōng ' charms the sense,)
 Others apart ' sāt ōn a hill retir'd '
 In thoughts mōre elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate ;
 Of good and evil ' much they argu'd then,

Of happiness ' and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory, and shame;
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.

.....Through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rôcks, caves, lākes, fens, bôgs, dens, and shades of death,
 A universe of death; which God ' by curse
 Created evil, for evil ' only good,
 Where all life ' dies, dēath ' lives, and nature ' breeds
 Perverse, āll monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear ' conceiv'd,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire.

Meanwhile ' the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and ' towards the gates of hell '
 Explores his solitary flight: sômetimes '
 He scours the right-hand coast, sômetimes ' the left;
 Nôw ' shaves with level wing ' the deep, thên ' soars '
 Up tō the fiery concave ' towering high.

.....At last appear
 Hell-bounds, hīgh reaching to the horrid roof;
 And thrice thrēe-fold the gates; thrēe folds ' were brass,
 Thrēe ' iron, three ' of adamantine rock;
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates ' there sat,
 On either side ' a formidable shape:
 A serpent ' arm'd with mortal sting:

.....the other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd ' that shape had none '
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
 Or substance might be call'd ' that shadow seem'd,
 For each ' sēem'd either; what seem'd his head,
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan ' was now at hand, and ' frōm his seat '
 The monster moving, onward came ' as fast
 With horrid strides; hell ' trembl'd ās he strode.
 The undaunted fiend whāt this might be admir'd;
 Admir'd, not fear'd; Gōd and his Son except,

Created thing nōught ' valu'd he, or shunn'd;
And ' with disdainful look ' thūs first began.

“ Whēnce ' and whāt ' art thōu, execrable Shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front ' athwart my way
To yonder gates; throūgh them ' I mean to pass,
Thāt ' bē assur'd, without lēave ask'd ' of thee;
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn ' by proof,
Hēll-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.”

To whom the goblin ' full of wrath ' replied.
“ Art thou ' thāt traitor angel, ārt thoū ' he,
Who ' first ' broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms '
Drew ' after him ' the third pārt of heaven's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which ' both thou '
And they, oūtcāst from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days ' in wo and pain'?
And reckon'st thou thyself ' with spirits of heaven,
Hēll-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here ' and scorn,
Where I ' reign king, and ' to enrage thee more,
Thy king and Lord? Bāck to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and ' to thy speed ' add wings;
Lest ' with a whip of scorpions ' I pursue
Thy lingering, or ' with one strōke of this dart '
Strānge horror ' seize thee, and pangs ' unfelt before.”

Sō spoke ' the grisly Terror, and in shape,
Sō speaking and sō threatening, grew tēnfold
Mōre dreadful and deform. On the other side '
Incens'd with indignation ' Satan stood '
Unterrified. Eāch ' at the head '
Level'd the deadly aim; and such a frown '
Eāch cast at the other, as when two blāck clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on '
Over the Caspian, then ' stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds ' the signal blow,
To join their dark encounter ' in mid air:
Sō frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell '
Grew darker at their frown; sō match'd they stood;
For never but once more ' was either ' like

To meet so great a foe: and now ' greāt deeds '
 Had been achiev'd, whereof āll hell ' had rung,
 Had nōt the snaky sorceress ' that sat '
 Fāst bẏ hēll-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and ' with hideous outcry ' rush'd between.

" O father ! what intends thy hand, she cried,
 Against thine only son ? Whāt fury, O son !
 Possesses thēe, to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head ?"

She spoke, and ' āt her words ' the hellish pest '
 Forbore; thēn ' these to her ' Satan return'd.

" Sō strange ' thy outcry, and thy words ' sō strange
 Thou interposest, thāt my sudden hand '
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet ' by deeds
 Whāt ĩt intends; till first I know of thee,
 Whāt thing thou art, thūs double-form'd, and why,
 In this infernal vale ' first met, thou call'st
 Mē father, and thāt fantasm ' call'st my son :
 I know thee not, nor ever saw ' till now '
 Sight more detestable ' than him and thee."

To whom ' thūs ' the porteress of hēll-gate replied.
 " Hāst thoŭ forgot me then, and do I seem
 Nōw ' in thine eye ' so foul ? ōnce deem'd so fair——
 All ōn a sudden ' miserable pain '
 Surpris'd thee, dim ' thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head ' flāmes thick and fast
 'Threw forth; till ōn the left sĭde opening wide,
 Likest to thee in shape ' and countenance bright,
a goddess arm'd,
 Oūt of thy head ' I sprung: amazement ' seiz'd
 All the hōst of heaven; bāck ' thēy recoil'd afraid
 At first, and call'd me SĪN, and ' for a sign
 Portentous held me.

.....Meanwhile ' war arose,
 And fields ' were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else ?) to our almighty foe
 Clear victory; to ōur part ' loss and rout,
 Through all the empyrean down they fell,
 Driven headlong ' frōm the pitch of heaven, down
 Into thĭs deep; and ' ĩn the general fall '

I also; at which time ' this powerful key '
 Into my hand ' was given, with charge to keep
 Thēse gates ' for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without mȳ opening."

He ceas'd, for both ' sēem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible ' a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine ' should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw '
 Destin'd to that gōod hour: nō less rejoic'd '
 His mother bad, and thus bespoke her sire.

" The key of this infernal pit ' by due,
 And bȳ command of heaven's āll-powerful King,
 I keep, by him forbidden ' to unlock
 Thēse adamantine gates;—
 But what ōwe I ' to his commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into thīs gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit ' in hateful office ' here confin'd?.....
 Thoū ' ārt my father, thou ' mine author, thou '
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey '
 But thee? whōm follow? thou ' wilt bring me soon
 To that nēw world of light and bliss, among
 The gods ' who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy rīght hand voluptuous, ās beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, frōm her side ' the fatal key,
 Sād instrument of all our wo, she took;
 And ' towards the gate ' rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith ' the huge portcullis high ūp drew;
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers '
 Could once have mov'd; thēn ' in the key-hole turns
 The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron ' or solid rock ' with ease
 Unfastens: ōn a sudden ' open fly,
 With impetuous recoil ' and jarring sound,
 The infernal doors, and ' ōn their hinges ' grate
 Hārsh thunder. She open'd, but ' to shut '
 Excell'd her power.....
 Into this wild abyss ' the wary fiend '
 Stōod ōn the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
 Pondering his voyage; for nō narrow frith

He had to cross. Nor wās his ear lēss ' peal'd
With noises ' loud and ruinous.

..... At last ' his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and ' in the surging smoke '
Uplifted ' spurns the ground; āll unawares '
Fluttering his pinions vain, plūmb ' down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and ' to this hour '
Dōwn hād been falling, hād not ' bȳ ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft; thāt fury stay'd,
Quēnch'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea '
Nor good drȳ land: nīgh founde'r'd, ōn he fares,
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rōūgh, dense, or rare,
With head, hānds, wings, or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

To whom Satan turning, boldly, thus: "Ye powers
And spirits of thīs nethermost abyss!
Chaos and ancient Night! I come nō spy '
With purpose to explore ' or to disturb
The secrets ōf your realm; but ' bȳ constraint '
Wandering thīs darksome desert, ās my way
Lȳes through your spacious empire ' ūp to light.
Alone, and without guide, hālf lost, I seek
What readiest path ' lēads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heaven."

Thūs Satan, and him thus ' the Anarch old,
With faltering speech ' and visage incompōs'd,
Answer'd. "I know thēe, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, whō ' of late '
Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw, and heard."

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But glad that now ' his sea ' should find a shore;
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse; and ' through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sīdes round
Environ'd, wins his way. —

Sin and Death 'amain'

Following his track, sūch 'wās the will of Heaven,
Pāv'd after him 'a broad and beaten way '
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf '
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frāil world; by which 'the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse 'pāss to and fro,
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
Gōd 'and gōod angels 'guard by special grace.

BOOK III.

HAIL, hōly Light, offspring of heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam!
Māy I express thee unblam'd? Since God 'is light,
And never 'but in unapproached light '
Dwēlt from eternity; dwēlt then 'in thee,
Brīght effluence of brīght essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal Stream!
Whose fountain 'whō shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens 'thoū wert, and 'āt the voice
Of God, as wīth a mantle dīdst invest
The rising world of waters 'dark and deep,
Wōn from the void 'and formless infinite.
Thēe I revisit now 'with bolder wing,
Escap'd 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 'than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos 'and eternal Night;
Taught bŷ the heavenly muse 'to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thēe I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not thēse eyes 'that roll in vain '
To find thy piercing ray, and find nō dawn;
Sō thick a drop serene 'hath quench'd their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet 'not the more '
 Cēase I to wander 'where the Muses 'haunt,
 Clēar spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smīt with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thēe Zion! and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit; nor sōmetimes forget
 Those other two 'equal'd with me in fate,
 Sō were I equal'd with thēm in renown,
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
 And Tiresias 'and Phineüs, prophets old:
 Thēn feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; ās the wakeful bird '
 Sings darkling, and 'in shadiest covert hid '
 Tūnes hēr nocturnal note. Thūs 'with the year '
 Seasons 'return, but not to me 'returns
 Dāy, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark '
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and 'fōr the book of knowledge fair '
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom 'at ōne entrance 'quite shut out.
 Sō much the rather 'thou, Celestial Light!
 Shīne inward, and the mind 'through all her powers
 Irradiate, there 'plānt eyes, āll mist 'from thence
 Pūrge and disperse, thāt I may see 'and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Nōw 'hād the Almighty Father 'frōm above,
 From the pūre empyrean 'where he sits
 High thron'd 'above āll height, bēnt down his eye,
 His own wōrks, 'and thēir works 'at once to view:
 About him 'all the sanctities of heaven '
 Stood thick 'as stars, and 'frōm his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude pāst utterance; ōn his right '
 The radiant image of his glory 'sat
 His only Son. On earth 'he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the 'only two

Of mankind 'in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
 In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
 Hēll and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of heaven 'on this sīde night,
 In the dūn air sublime.—
 Hīm God beholding ' frōm his prospect high,
 Wherein pāss'd, present, future, hē beholds,
 Thūs ' to his only Son ' foreseeing ' spoke.

“Only begotten SON! seēst thōu ' whāt rage
 Transports our adversary? Whom ' nō bounds
 Prescrib'd, nō bars of hell, nor all the chains '
 Hēap'd ōn him there, nor yet the main abyss '
 Wide interrupt, can hold; sō bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, which shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now '
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way '
 Not far ōff heaven, in the prēcincts of light,
 Directly ' tōwards the new-created world,
 And man thēre plac'd, with purpose to essay
 If him ' by force ' he cān destroy, or worse,
 By some fālse guile pervert: and shall pervert;
 For man ' will hearken to his glozing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sōle pledge of his obedience; so will fall.
 Whōse fault;
 Whōse ' büt his own? Ingrate! he had of me
 All hē cōuld have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient ' tō have stood, though free ' to fall.—
 Sūch I created all the ethereal powers,
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
 Freely they stood ' who stood, and fell ' who fell.
 They themselves ' decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge ' hād nō influence on thēir fault,
 Which hād nō less prov'd certain ' unforeknown.
 Sō without least impulse ' or shadow of fate,
 Or ought ' by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors tō themselves in all,

Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free ' they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves; I else ' must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom; they themselves ' ordain'd their fall.
 The first sōrt ' by their own suggestion ' fell,
 Sēlf-tempted, self-deprav'd; măn ' falls deceiv'd
 By the other ' first; măn, therefore, shall find grace,
 The other ' none: in mercy and in justice both,
 Through heaven and earth, sō shall my glory ' excel;
 But mercy ' first and last ' shall brightest shine."

Beyond compare ' the Son of God ' was seen
 Mōst glorious; in hīm ' all his Father ' shone
 Substantially express'd; and ' in his face '
 Divine compassion ' visibly appear'd,
 Lōve ' without end, and without measure ' grace,
 Which uttering, thus ' hē tō his Father spoke.

" O FATHER! gracious ' wās thāt word ' which clos'd
 Thy sovereign sentence, thāt măn ' should find grace;
 For which ' both heaven and earth ' shall high extol
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne '
 Encompass'd, shall resound thee ever bless'd.
 Or shall the adversary ' thus obtain
 His end ' and frustrate thine'? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
 Drāw after him ' the whole rāce of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or ' wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him ' whāt fōr thy glory thōu hast made?
 Sō ' should thy goodness ' and thy greatness ' both
 Be question'd and blasphem'd ' without defence."

To whom the great CREATOR ' thus replied.
 " O SON! in whom my soul ' hath chief delight,
 Sōn of my bosom! Son ' who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might!
 All hāst thou spoken ' as mý thoughts are, all

As mý eternal purpose 'hãth decree'd.
 Mãn 'sháll not quite be lost, but sav'd 'who will;
 Yet not of will 'in him, but grace 'in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd; —
 Upheld by me, yet once mōre 'hě shall stand
 On even ground 'against his mortal foe;
 By me upheld, that hě may know hōw frail
 His fallen condition is, and to mē owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Sōme I have chosen 'of peculiar grace,
 Elect 'above the rest; sō 'is mý will:
 The rest 'shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd '
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace '
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 Whãt mãy suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though büt endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear 'shall not be slow, mine eye 'not shut. CONSCIENCE
 And I will place within them 'as a guide,
 My umpire 'conscience, whom 'if thěy will hear,
 Light after light, wěll us'd, they sháll attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.—
 Sãy, heavenly Powers! whěre shall we find sũch love?
 Which ۆf you will be mortal, tۆ redeem
 Mãn's mortal crime, and just 'the unjust to save?
 Dwělls ĩn ãll heaven 'charity sō dear"?

He ask'd; but all the heavenly choir stood mute,
 And silence wãs in heaven:
 And now 'without redemption 'all mankind '
 Must hãve been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell '
 By doom severe, had nۆt the Son of God,
 In whom 'the fullness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation 'thus renew'd.

"FATHER! thy word 'is pass'd, man 'shall find grace;
he 'her aid
 Can never seek, ۆnce dead in sins, and lost;
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.

Behold mē ' then; mē ' for him, life ' for life
 I offer; on mē ' lēt thine anger fall;
 Account mē ' man; I fōr hīs sake ' will leave
 Thy bosom, and thīs glory ' next to thee '
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Wēll pleas'd: on me ' let Death ' wreak all his rage;
 Under his gloomy power ' I shall not long
 Lye vanquish'd; thou hast given me ' tō possess
 Life in myself ' for ever; by thee ' I live,
 Though now ' to Death I yield, and am hīs due
 All thāt of me can die; yet ' that dēbt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me ' in the lothesome grave
 His prey, nor suffer mine unspotted soul
 For ever ' with corruption ' there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spōil'd ōf his vaunted spoil;
 Dēath ' hīs dēath's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd."

His words ' hēre ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent ' yet spoke, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience: ās a sacrifice
 Glād tō be offer'd ' he attends the will
 Of his greāt Father. Admiration ' seiz'd
 All heaven, what this ' might mean, and whither tend,
 Wondering; but soon the Almighty ' thus replied:

" O Thou in heaven and earth, the only peace
 Fōund out for mankind ' under wrath! O thou
 My sole complacence! well ' thou know'st how dear
 To me ' are all my works; nor man ' the least,
 Though last created; thāt for him I spare
 Thēe frōm my bosom ' and rīght hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole rāce lost.
 Thōu, therefore, whom thōu only ' canst redeem,
 Thēir nature also ' tō thī nature join:
 And bē thyself mān ' among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall bē, of virgin-seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou ' in Adam's room '
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him ' perish all men, so ' in thee,

As frōm a second root, shall bē restor'd
 As many as āre restor'd, without thēe ' none.
 His crime ' makes guilty all his sons; thȳ merit
 Imputed ' shall absolve thēm whō renounce
 Their own ' both righteous and ūnrighteous ' deeds,
 And live ' in thee transplanted, ānd ' from thee '
 Receive nēw life.....
 Nor shalt thōu, bȳ descending to assume
 Mān's nature, lessen ' ōr degrade thine own.
 Hēre shalt thou sit incarnate, here ' shalt reign
 Both God and man, Sōn ' both of God and man,
 Anointed universal King; āll power
 I give thee;.....
 All knees ' to thee shall bow, of them that 'bide
 In heaven, or earth, or under earth ' in hell.
 When thou ' attended gloriously from heaven '
 Shalt ' in the sky ' appear, and frōm thee send
 The summoning ārch-angels ' tō proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith ' from āll winds,
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead '
 Of all pass'd ages, tō the general doom '
 Shall hasten; such a peal ' shall rouse their sleep.
 Thēn ' all thy saints assembled, thōu shalt judge
 Bād men ' and angels.....Mēanwhile
 The world ' shall burn, and frōm her ashes ' spring
 Nēw heaven and earth, wherein the just ' shall dwell;
 And ' after all their tribulations long,
 Sēe golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love ' triumphing, and fāir truth.
 Thēn ' thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal sceptre then ' nō more shall need;
 Gōd ' shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
 Adore him, whō to compass all this dies;
 Adore the Son, and honour him ' as me."

Nō sooner ' hād the Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of angels ' with a shout '
 Lōud ās from numbers without number, sweet
 As frōm blēss'd voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas ' fill'd
 The eternal regions. Lowly reverent,

Towards either throne they bow, and tō the ground '
 With solemn adoration ' down they cast
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant, and gold.

Thēe, Father! first ' they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; the Author ōf āll being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness ' where thou sitt'st
 Thrōn'd inaccessible.....
 Thēe next they sung ' of all creation ' first,
 Begotten SON! Divine Similitude!
 Hē ' heaven of heavens, and all the Powers therein,
 By thee created; and by thee threw down
 The aspiring dominations: while ' o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
 Bäck frōm pursuit ' thy Powers ' with loud acclaim '
 Thēe only extoll'd, Sōn of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance ' on his foes.
 Not so on man: him ' thrōugh their malice fallen,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 Sō strictly, bŭt mŭch more ' to pity incline.
 Nō sooner ' dīd thy dear ' and only Son '
 Perceive thee ' purpos'd not to doom frāil man
 Sō strictly, bŭt mŭch more ' to pity ' inclin'd,
 Hē ' to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice ' in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless ōf the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offence. O unexampl'd love!
 Lōve ' no whēre tō be found lēss thān Divine!
 Hāil! Son of God! Saviour of Men! thy name '
 Shall bē the copious matter ōf my song
 Hēnceforth, and never shall my harp ' thy praise
 Forget, nor frōm thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thŭs they in heaven ' above the starry sphere
 Their happy hours ' in joy and hymning spent.
 Meanwhile.....the fiend
 Wālk'd up and down alone, bent ōn his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place,
 Living or lifeless, tō be found was none:

.....Above them all '
 The golden sun, in splendour ' likest heaven,
 Allur'd his eye; thither ' his course he bends '
 Through the cālm firmament, where the greāt luminary '
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That ' frōm his lordly eye ' keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far; thēy ' ās they move
 Their starry dance ' in numbers thāt compute
 Dāys, months, and years, towards hīs āll-cheering lamp '
 Tūrn swift their various motions, ōr are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and tō ēach inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shōots invisible virtue ' even tō the deep.
 Thēre lands the fiend, a spot ' like which ' perhaps '
 Astronomer ' in the sūn's lucent orb '
 Thrōugh hīs glāz'd optic tube ' yet never saw.
 Whāt wonder then, if fields and regions ' here
 Brēathe forth elixir pure, and rivers ' run
 Potable gold, whēn ' with ōne virtuous touch '
 The ārch-chȳmic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
 Hēre ' in the dark ' so many precious things
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
 The archāngel Uriel...him Satan thus accosts :

“Brightest Seraph! tell

In which of all thēse shining orbs ' hath man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all thēse shining orbs ' his choice to dwell;
 That I may find him, and ' with secret gaze '
 Or open admiration ' him behold,
 On whom the great Creator ' hāth bestow'd
 Wōrlds, and on whom ' hath all thēse graces pour'd;
 That both in him, and all things, ās is meet,
 The universal Maker wē may praise;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes '
 To deepest hell, and ' to repair that loss,
 Created this nēw happy race of men '
 To serve him better: wise ' are all his ways.”

Sō spoke the false Dissembler ' unperceiv'd,
 For neither man nor angel ' cān discern

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks *Hypocrisy.*
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
 And oft ' though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gates, and tō simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness ' thinks nō ill
 Where no ill ' seems: which now ' for once ' beguil'd
 U'riël, though regent of the sun, and held
 The sharpest-sighted spirit of āll in heaven;
 Who ' to the fraudulent impostor foul,
 In hīs uprightness ' answer thus return'd.

“Fair angel! thȳ desire ' which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify
 The great Wōrk-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise,
 The more it seems excess ' that led thee hither
 From thȳ imperial mansion ' thus alone,
 To witness ' with thine eyes ' what some, perhaps,
 Contented with report, hēār only in heaven:
 For wonderful indeed ' are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Hād īn remembrance always ' with delight;
 But what created mind ' can comprehend
 Their number, ōr the wisdom infinite '
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
 Lōok downward ōn thāt globe, whose hither side,
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 Thāt place is earth, the seat of man; thāt light
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
 Night ' wōuld invade; but there ' the neighbouring moon '
 (Sō call ' that opposite fāir star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, throūgh mīd heaven,
 With borrow'd light ' her countenance triform '
 Hēnce fills and empties, tō enlighten the earth,
 And ' īn her pale dominiūn ' checks the night.
 Thāt spot ' to which I point ' is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, thōse lofty shades ' his bower;
 Thy way thou canst not miss, mē mine requires.”

This said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour and due reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd success.

BOOK IV.

OH! for that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse ' heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then ' when the Dragon ' put to second rout,
Came furious down ' to be reveng'd on men,
Wō to the inhabitants on earth ! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply sō 'scap'd ' his mortal snare: for now
Satan, nōw first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ' ere the accuser ' of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man ' his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell.
Begins his dire attempt; horror and doubt ' distract
His troubl'd thoughts, and ' from the bottom ' stir
The hell within him; for ' within him ' hell
He brings, and round about him, nor ' from hell
One step, nō more than from himself, can fly.
Sometimes towards Eden, which ' nōw in his view '
Lāy pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes ' towards heaven, and the full-blazing sun,
Which now ' sat high ' in his meridian tower;
Then ' much revolving, thus ' in sighs began.

“ O thou ' that ' with surpassing glory ' crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion ' like the god
Of this new world! at whose sight ' all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee ' I call,
But ' with nō friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee ' how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance ' from what state

I fell, how glorious once ' above thy sphere;
 Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
 Warring in heaven ' against heaven's matchless King.
 Ah! wherefore? He deserv'd nō such return
 From me, whom hē created what I was '
 In that brīght eminence, and ' with his good '
 Upbraided none; nor ' wās his service hard.
 Whāt could be less ' than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 Hōw due! yet all his good ' prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high '
 I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher '
 Would set me highest, and ' in a moment ' quit
 The debt immense ' of endless gratitude,
 Sō burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful ' what from him I still receiv'd;
 And understood not ' thāt a grateful mind
 By owing ' owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; whāt burden ' then?
Other powers ' as great '
 Fēll not, but stand unshaken, frōm within '
 Or frōm without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thōu ' the same frēe-will and power to stand'?
 Thou hadst. Whōm hāst thou then, or what, to accuse,
 But heaven's frēe love, dēalt equally to all?
 Mē miserable! which wāy ' shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly ' is hell; myself ' am hell;
 And, īn the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening tō devour me ' opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer ' seems a heaven.
 Oh! then ' at last ' relent: is thēre nō place
 Lēft fōr repent'ance, none ' for pardon' left?
 Nōne left ' but bȳ submission; and thāt word '
 Disdain ' forbids me, and my dread of shame '
 Among the spirits beneath, whōm I seduc'd '
 With other promises ' and other vaunts '
 Than tō submit, bōasting ' I could subdue
 The Omnipotent.....
 But say ' I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; hōw soon

Would height ' recall high thoughts, hōw soon ūnsay
 What feign'd submission swore? Ease ' would recant
 Vōws made in pain, as violent and void.

.....So should I purchase dear
 Shōrt intermission ' bought with double smart.
 This ' knows my punisher: therefore ' as far
 From granting ' he, as I ' from begging ' peace:
 Sō ' farewell hope, and with hōpe ' farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse: all good ' to me is lost;
 Evil ' be thou my good: by thee ' at least '
 Divided empire ' with hēaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ' ere long, and this nēw world, shall know."

Thūs ' while he spoke, ēach passion ' dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair.

.....Whereof ' he soon aware,
 Eāch perturbation smooth'd ' with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud; and wās the first
 That practis'd falsehood ' under saintly show,
 Dēep malice tō conceal, cōuch'd with revenge.
 Yet not enough had practis'd ' tō deceive
 Uriel ' once warn'd.....
 Sō ' ōn he fares, and tō the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Nōw nearer, crowns ' with hēr inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of ā stēep wilderness:.....
 Blossoms and fruits ' at once ' of golden hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
 On which the sun mōre glad ' impress'd his beams,
 Than in fāir evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God ' hath shower'd the earth; sō lovely seem'd
 Thāt landscape: and of pure ' nōw purer air '
 Mēets hīs approach, and tō the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness ' but despair: Nōw ' gentle gales '
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper ' whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils.

Nōw ' tō the ascent of that stēep savage hill
 Satan ' had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;
 But farther way found none.
 One gate there only wās, and that ' look'd east '
 On the other side : which ' whēn the arch-felon ' saw,
 Dūe entrance he disdain'd, and ' in contempt,
 At one slight bound ' high overleap'd āll bound '
 Of hill ' or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights ōn his feet..
 Sō climb'd ' this first ' grānd thief ' into Gōd's fold ;
 Sō since ' into his church ' lewd hirelings ' climb.
 Thēnce ' up he flew, and ' ōn the tree of life,
 Sāt ' like a cormorant ; yet not trūe life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat ' devising death
 To them who liv'd. Sō little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, büt perverts bēst things '
 To worst abuse, or tō their meanest use.
 Beneath him ' with nēw wonder ' now he views
 To all delight of human sense expos'd,
 In narrow room, nature's whōle wealth, yea more,
 A heaven on earth : for blissful Paradise '
 Of God ' the garden wās, by him ' in the east
 Of Eden ' planted : in this pleasant soil '
 His far mōre pleasant garden ' God ordain'd :
 Oūt ōf the fertile ground ' he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind ' for sight, smēll, 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 fāst by ;
 Knowledge of good ' bōught dear by knowing ill.
 Southward ' through Eden ' went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but ' through the shaggy hill '
 Pāss'd ' underneath engulf'd ; from whence
 Rōse ā frēsh fountain, and ' with many a rill '
 Water'd the garden ; thence ' united ' fell
 Dōwn the stēep glade, and met the nether flood.
 Thūs was this place
 A happy ' rural seat of various view :
 Grōves whōse rīch trees ' wept odorous gums ' and balm ;

Others, whose fruit ' burnish'd with golden rind,
 Hūng amiable, and of delicious taste :
 Betwixt them ' lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley ' spread her store,
 Flowers of āll hues, and ' without thorn ' the rose :
 Another side ' umbrageous grots and caves '
 Of cool recess, o'er which ' the mantling vine '
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant :.....
 The birds ' their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field ' and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves.
Hēre ' the fiend '
 Sāw ' undelighted ' all delight, āll kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.

Twō ' ōf fār nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, sēem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd ; for, in their looks divine,
 The image of their glorious Maker ' shone,
 Trūth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure.
 For contemplation ' he, and valour ' form'd ;
 For softness ' she, and sweet attractive grace ;
 Hē ' fōr Gōd only, she ' for God in him.
 His fair lārge front ' and eye sublime ' declar'd
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Rōund frōm his parted forelock ' manly hung '
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 Shē, as a veil, dōwn to the slender waist '
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets ' wav'd.
 Sō ' hand in hand they pass'd ;
 Adam ' the goodliest man ' of men since born '
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters ' Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade ' that ōn a green
 Stōod whispering soft, by ā frēsh fountain-side '
 They sat them down ;
 And to their supper-fruits they fell,

Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs '
 Yielded them, side-long ' as they sat ' recline
 On the sôft downy bank ' damask'd with flowers :
 The savoury pulp they chew, and ' in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.
About them ' frisking ' play'd
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase '
 In wood ' or wilderness, forest ' or den;
 Sporting ' the lion ' ramp'd, and ' in his paw '
 Dandl'd the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; close ' the serpent sly '
 Insinuating, wove ' with Gordian twine '
 His braided train, and ' of his fatal guile '
 Gave proof ' unheeded: others ' on the grass
 Cōuch'd, and nōw ' fill'd with pasture ' gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun '
 Declin'd was hasting now ' with prone career '
 To the ocean-isles, and ' in the ascending scale
 Of heaven ' the stars ' that usher evening ' rose:
 When Satan ' still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus ' at length ' fail'd speech recover'd, said.

“ O hell! whāt dô mine eyes ' with grief ' behold!
 Into our room of bliss ' thūs high advanc'd '
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet ' to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts ' pursue
 With wonder, and could love, sō lively shines
 In them ' divine resemblance, and sūch grace '
 The hand that form'd them ' on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair! ye little think ' hōw nigh
 Your change ' approaches, whēn all these delights '
 Will vanish, and deliver you to wo;
 Mōre wo, the more your taste is now ' of joy;
Lēague with you I seek,
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
 That I ' with you ' must dwell, or you ' with me '
 Henceforth: my dwelling ' haply ' may not please,
 Like this fāir Paradise, your sense; yet such '
 Accept your Maker's work; hē ' gave it me,

Which I 'as freely give: if nō better place,
Thānk him who puts me ' loth ' to this revenge '
On you ' who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And shōuld I ' at your harmless innocence '
Mēlt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire ' with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this nēw world, compels me now '
To do what else, condemn'd, I shōuld abhor."

Sō spoke the fiend, and ' with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
... ..When Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thūs moving speech,
Tūrn'd hīm, āll ear ' to hear nēw utterance flow.

" Sōle partner! and sōle part of all thēse joys!
Dearer thyself ' than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and ' for us ' this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and ōf his good '
As liberal and free ' as infinite:
That rais'd us frōm the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who ' āt his hand '
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Oūght ' whereof he hath need; hē whō requires
From us ' nō other service ' thān to keep
Thīs one, thīs easy charge ' of all the trees
In Paradise ' that bear delicious fruit
Sō various, not to taste thāt only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
Sō near grows death to life, whate'er dēath ' is,
Sōme dreadful thing ' nō doubt; for well thou know'st '
Gōd ' hāth pronounc'd it death ' to taste thāt tree,
The only sign of oūr obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule '
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given '
Over āll other creatures ' thāt possess
Eārth, air, and sea. Thēn ' lēt us not thīnk hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Frēe leave so large ' to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights;
But ' lēt us ever praise him ' and extol

His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
Which 'wëre it toilsome, yet 'with thee 'were sweet."

To whom 'thūs Eve replied. "O thou! fōr whom
And frōm whom 'I was form'd, flēsh 'of thȳ flesh,
And without whom 'am tō nō end, my guide
And head, whāt thou hast said 'is just and right.
For we 'to him indeed 'all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I 'chiefly, whō enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee '
Pre-eminent by so mūch odds, while thou ' '
Like consort tō thyself 'canst no where find.
Thāt day I oft remember, whēn 'from sleep '
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flowers, mūch wondering 'where '
And what I was, whēnce thither brought, and hōw.
Not distant far from thence 'a murmuring sound
Of waters 'issu'd frōm a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, thēn stood unmōv'd,
Pūre ās the expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought; and laid me down '
On the grēen bank, to look into the clear '
Smōoth lake, that 'tō mē 'seem'd another sky.
As I bēnt down to look, jūst opposite '
A shape 'within the watery gleam 'appear'd,
Bending 'to look on me: I 'started back,
It 'started back; but 'pleas'd 'I soon return'd,
Plēas'd 'it 'return'd as soon 'with answering looks '
Of sympathy and love: thēre I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd 'with vain desire,
Had nōt a voice 'thūs warn'd me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fāir creature! is thyself;
With thee 'it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee 'where nō shadow 'stays
Thy coming: Whāt cōuld I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thūs led?
Till I espied thēe, fāir indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet 'methought 'lēs fair,
Lēs winning soft, lēs amiably mild,
Than that smōoth 'watery image: back 'I turn'd;

Thōu ' following, cried aloud, ' Return, fāir Eve!
 Whōm fli'st thōu? whōm thōu fli'st, of him thou art,
 Hīs flesh, hīs bone; to give thee being ' I lent
 Oūt of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to hāve thee by my side '
 Henceforth ' an individual solace dear;
 Pārt of my soul ' I seek thee, and thēe claim '
 My other half.' With that ' thy gentle hand '
 Sēiz'd mine: I yielded; and ' from that time ' see
 How beauty ' is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone ' is truly fair."

Aside ' did Satan turn '

For envy; yet ' with jealous leer ' malign '
 Eȳ'd thēm askance: āll is not theirs, it seems;
 One fatal tree ' there stands, of knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden thēm ' to taste. Knowledge forbidden? '
Cān ĩt be sin to know? '
 Can ĩt be death? and do they only stand '
 By ignorance? Is that ' their happy state,
 The proof of thēir obedience, and their faith? '
 O fair foundation laid ' whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence ' I will excite their minds '
 With more desire to know, and tō reject
 Envious commands, invented ' with design
 To keep them low, whom knowledge ' mīght exalt
 Equal with gods: aspiring tō be such,
 They taste, and die: whāt likelier ' can ensue?
 Live ' whīle ye may,
 Yet ' happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Shōrt pleasures, fōr lōng woes ' are tō succeed."
 Sō saying, hīs prōud step ' he scornful turn'd,
 But with slȳ circumspection, and began [roam.
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his

Nōw ' came stīll evening on, and twilight gray '
 Had ĩn her sober livery ' all things clad;
 Silence ' accompanied; for beast and bird '
 Thēy ' to their grassy couch, thēse ' to their nests '
 Were slunk; āll ' but the wakeful nightingale;
 Silence ' was pleas'd; nōw ' glow'd the firmament '

With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rōde brightest, till the moon '
Rising 'in clouded majesty, at length '
Apparent queen 'unveil'd her peerless light,
And 'o'er the dark 'her silver mantle threw.

When Adam 'thus to Eve. "Fāir consort, 'the hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind ũs of like repose, since God 'hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep '
Nōw falling 'with sōft slumberous weight 'inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures 'all day long '
Rōve idly 'unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Mān 'hāth his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven 'on all his ways;
While other animals 'unactive range,
And 'ōf their doings 'God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere frēsh morning 'streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And āt our pleasant labours, tō reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
Mōre hands than ours 'to lop their wanton growth:
Thōse blossoms also, and thōse dropping gums,
That lye bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature 'wills, nīght bids us rest."

To whom 'thūs Eve, with perfect beauty 'adorn'd.
"My author 'and disposer, what thou bidd'st '
Unargu'd 'I obey; so God 'ordains:
God 'is thy law; thōu 'mine: to know nō more '
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing 'I forget āll time;
All seasons, and their change, āll 'please alike.
But neither breath of morn, when shē ascends '
With charms 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 star-light, without thee ' is sweet.
But wherefore all night long ' shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep ' hath shut all eyes?"

To whom ' our general ancestor ' replied:
" Daughter of God and man! accomplish'd Eve!
Thēse hāve their course to finish ' round the earth,
By morrow evening, and ' from land to land '
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness ' should by night ' regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things;.....
Thēse ' then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think ' though men were none,
That heaven ' would want spectators, God ' want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures ' walk the earth
Unseen, bōth whēn we wake, and whēn we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise ' his works behold '
Both day and night."

Thūs talking, hand in hand ' alone they pass'd '
On tō their blissful bower:.....

Thēn, at their shady lodge arriv'd, bōth ' stood,
Bōth turn'd, and ' under open sky ' ador'd
The God that made both sky, āir, earth, and heaven,
Which thēy beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: " Thou ' also ' mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou ' the day,
Which wē ' in ous appointed work ' employ'd '
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss '
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us ' tōo large, where thine abundance ' wants
Partakers, and ' uncropp'd fālls to the ground;
But thou ' hast promis'd frōm ūs two ' a race
To fill the earth, who shall ' with us ' extol
Thy goodness infinite, both whēn we wake,
And whēn we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed,
 Search ' through the garden; Satan there they find
 Squāt like a toad, clōse āt the ear of Eve,
 Essaying ' by his devilish art ' to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and ' with them ' forge
 Illusions as he list, fantasms and dreams;
 Him thus intent ' Ithuriel ' with his spear '
 Toūch'd lightly; for nō falsehood ' can endure
 Toūch of celestial temper, but returns '
 Of force ' to its ōwn likeness: up he starts '
 Discover'd ' and surpris'd, in his own shape.
 Back stepp'd ' those two fair angels, half amaz'd '
 So sudden ' to behold the grisly king;
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

" Which of thōse rebel spirits ' adjudg'd to hell '
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
 Whỹ satt'st thou ' like an enemy ' in wait,
 Hēre watching ' āt the head of these that sleep?"

" Knōw ye not ' then," said Satan; fill'd with scorn,
 " Knōw ye not me? Ye knew me once ' nō mate
 For you, thēre sitting ' where ye durst not soar;
 Nōt to knōw me ' argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest ōf your throng; or ' if ye know,
 Whỹ ask ye, and ' superfluous ' begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?"

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
 " 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."

Sō spoke the Cherub; abash'd the Devil ' stood,
 And felt how awful ' goodness ' is, and saw
 Virtue ' in her shape now lovely; saw, and pin'd
 His loss.....

To him with stern regard ' thūs Gabriēl spoke:
 " Whỹ hāst thou, Satan! broke the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
 Of others, whō approve not ' to transgress
 By thy example?"

To whom thūs Satan ! with contemptuous brow.
 “Gabriel! thou hadst in heaven ! the esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee ; but this question ask’d !
 Pūts mē in doubt. Līves thēre ! who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
 Though thither doom’d? Thou would’st thyself, no doubt,
 And boldly venture ! to whatever place !
 Farthest from pain, whēre thoū might’st hope ! to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dōle with delight, which ! in this place ! I sought.”

Thūs ! hē in scorn. The warlike angel ! mov’d
 Disdainfully ! half smiling, thus replied:
 “Wherefore thou alone? Wherefore ! with thee !
 Cāme nōt āll hell ! broke loose? Is pain ! to them
 Lēss pain, lēss ! to be fled? or thou ! than they !
 Lēss hardy ! to endure? Courageous chief!
 The first ! in flight ! from pain, hadst thoū alledg’d
 To thȳ deserted host ! thīs cause of flight,
 Thou surely hādst not come sōle fugitive.”

To which the fiend ! thūs answer’d, frowning stern.
 “Nōt thāt I less endure ! or shrink from pain,
 Insulting angel ! well thou know’st ! I stood
 Thy fiercest, whēn ! in battle ! to thine aid !
 The blasting volley’d thunder ! made āll speed,
 And seconded thine ! else nōt dreaded ! spear.”

To whom the warrior angel ! soon replied.
 “To say ! and straight ūnsay, pretending first !
 Wīse tō fly pain, professing next ! the spy,
 Argues nō leader, but a liar trac’d,
 Satan! and could’st thou faithful add? O name!
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan’d!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends, fīt body ! to fīt head.
 But mark whāt I areed thee now, Avaunt !
 Fly thither ! whence thou fledd’st: if ! frōm this hour !
 Within thēse hallow’d limits ! thou appear,
 Bāck tō the infernal pit ! I drag thee ! chain’d,
 And seal thee so, as henceforth ! not to scorn
 The facile gates of hell ! too slightly barr’d.”

Sō threaten'd he; but Satan ' tō nō threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied.
 " Thēn ' whēn I am thy captive ' tālċ of chains,
 Proūd limitary Cherub, but ' ere then '
 Far heav'ier load ' thyself expect to feel '
 From my prevailing arm."

BOOK V.

NOW ' morn, her rosy steps ' in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam ' wak'd; sō ' custom'd; so much the more
 His wonder wās ' to find unwaken'd Eve.

..... " Awake,
 My fairest! mŷ espous'd! my latest found!
 Hēaven's last ' bēst gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the frēsh field '
 Cālls ūs; we lose the prime, to mark hōw spring
 Our tended plants, hōw ' blows the citron grove,
 Whāt ' drops the myrrh, and what ' the balmy reed,
 Hōw nature ' paints her colours, how the bee '
 Sīts ōn the bloom ' extracting liquid sweet."

Sūch whispering ' wak'd her, bŭt with startl'd eye
 On Adam ' whom embracing, thus she spoke.

" O sole! in whom my thoughts ' find all repose,
 My glory! my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face ' and morn return'd; for I ' this night
 (Sūch night till this ' I never pass'd), have dream'd,
 If dream'd, nōt ās I oft am wont, of thee,
 Wōrks ōf dāy pass'd, or morrow's next design,
 But ōf offence and trouble, which my mind '
 Knēw never ' till this irksome night: Methought,
 Clōse āt mine ear ' ōne call'd me forth to walk,
 With gentle voice: I thought it thine: it said,
 Why sleep'st thou ' Eve? nōw ' is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence ' yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now ' awake '
 Tūnes sweetest ' his love-labour'd song; nōw ' reigns

Füll orb'd ' the moon, and ' with mōre pleasing light,
Shadowy ' sets off the face of things : in vain,
If none ' regard : hēaven wakes ' with all his eyes ;
Whōm to behold ' but thee, Nature's desire ?
In whose sight ' all things joy, with ravishment '
Attracted by thy beauty ' still to gaze.
I rose ' as āt thȳ 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 ' ōn a sudden ' tō the tree
Of interdicted knowledge : fair ' it seem'd,
Mūch fairer tō my fancy ' than by day ;
And ' ās I wondering ' look'd, beside it ' stood '
One shap'd and wing'd ' like one of those ' from heaven
By us ōft seen ; his dewy locks ' distill'd
Ambrosia ; ōn thāt tree ' hē also gaz'd ;
And ' O fāir 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 envy, or what reserve ' forbids to taste ?
Forbid who will, nōne ' shall from me withhold
Longer ' thy offer'd good ; why else ' set here ?
Thīs said, he paus'd not, bŭt ' with venturous arm '
He pluck'd, he tasted : me ' dāmp horror chill'd
At such bōld words ' vōuch'd with a deed so bold.
But he thūs ' overjoy'd ; O fruit divine',
Swēet ōf thyself, but much more sweet ' thūs cropp'd,
Forbidden here, it seems ' as only fit
For gods, yet able ' tō make gods of men :
And why nōt ' gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author ' nōt impair'd ' but honour'd more ?
Hēre, happy creature ! fair ' angelic Eve !
Partake ' thōu also ; happy ' thōugh thou art,
Happier ' thou may'st be, worthier ' cānst not be :
Tāste this, and bē henceforth ' among the gods
Thyself ' a goddess, nōt to earth confin'd,
But sometimes ' in the air, as we ; sometimes '
Ascend to heaven, by merit ' thine, and see
Whāt life ' the gods live there, and such ' live thou !
Sō saying, hē drēw nigh, and ' tō me held,

Even to my mouth, of that sāmē fruit ' held part
 Which hē had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell '
 Sō quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could nōt but taste. Fōrthwith ' ūp tō the clouds
 With hīm I flēw, and underneath ' beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect ' wide
 And various; wondering āt my flight ' and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My guide ' was gone, and I, methought, sūnk down,
 And fell asleep; but, Oh! hōw glad ' I wak'd,
 To find thīs but a dream." Thūs Eve ' her night
 Related, and thūs Adam ' answer'd sad.

" Bēst image ōf myself, and dearer half,
 The trouble ōf thy thoughts ' thīs night in sleep '
 Affects me equally: nor cān I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung ' I fear:
 Yet evil ' whence? In thee ' can harbour none,
 Created pure. Resemblances methinks, I find
 Of oūr lāst evening's talk, in this thy dream,
 But ' with addition strange; yēt ' bē not sad.
 Evil intō the mind of God or man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 Nō 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 dishearten'd then."

Sō ' cheer'd he hīs fāir spouse, and shē wās cheer'd;
 But silently ' a gentle tear let fall '
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
 Twō other precious drops ' that ready stood,
 Each ' in their crystal sluice, hē ' ere they fell '
 Kīss'd, ās the gracious signs ' of sweet remorse '
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

Sō ' all was clear'd, and tō the field they haste.
 But ' first ' from under shady arborous roof
 Sōon ās they forth were come ' to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who ' scarce uprisen,
 With wheels ' yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
 Shōt ' parallel to the earth ' his dewy ray,
 Discovering ' in wīde landscape ' all the east

Of Paradise ' and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd ' adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style '
Nor holy rapture ' wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence '
Flōw'd frōm their lips ' in prose or numerous verse,
Mōre tunable ' than needed lute or harp
To add mōre sweetness; and they thus began.

“Thēse ' āre thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine ' this universal frame,
Thūs wondrous fair; thyself ' hōw wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above thēse heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest works; yet these ' declare
Thy goodness ' beyond thōught, and power divine.
Spēak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light!
Angels! for ye behold him, and ' with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven;
On earth ' join all ye creatures ' to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars! lāst in the train of night,
If better ' thou belong not tō the dawn,
Sūre pledge of day ' that crown'st the smiling morn '
With thỹ bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day ' arises, that swēet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this grēat world ' both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise '
In thy eternal course, both whēn thou climb'st,
And whēn high noon hast gain'd, and whēn thou fall'st.
Mōon! thāt nōw meet'st the orient sun, nōw flī'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And yē five other wandering fires ' that move
In mystic dance ' not without song ' resound
His praise, who ' out of darkness ' call'd ūp light.
Air! and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion ' run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix

And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change '
 Vary to our great Maker ' still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations! that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun ' paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great author ' rise,
 Whether to deck ' with clouds ' the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth ' with falling showers,
 Rising or falling ' still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds! that ' from four quarters ' blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines!
 With every Plant, in sign of worship ' wave.
 Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs! warbling ' tune his praise.
 Join voices ' all ye living souls! ye Birds!
 That singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings ' and in your notes ' his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread ' or lowly creep;
 Witness ' if I be silent ' morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail ' universal Lord! be bounteous still '
 To give us only good; and ' if the night '
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light ' dispels the dark."
 So pray'd they ' innocent, and ' to their thoughts '
 Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.

Then heaven's high King thus spoke:
 " Raphael! thou hear'st what stir on earth '
 Satan, from hell-scaped ' through the darksome gulf,
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd!
 This night the ' human pair, how ' he designs
 In them ' at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go ' therefore, half this day ' as friend with friend '
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade '
 Thou find'st him ' from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labour ' with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him ' of his happy state,

Happiness in his power ' left free to will,
 Lēft tō his own frēe-will; his will ' though free,
 Yet mutable; whēnce ' warn him tō beware '
 He swerve not ' too secure. Tēll hīm withall '
 His danger, and from whom; whāt enemy,
 Lāte fallen himself from heaven, is plotting now
 The fall of others ' frōm like state of bliss;
 By violence? nō, for that ' shall bē withstood;
 But bȳ deceit and lies: thīs lēt him know,
 Lēst willfully transgressing ' he pretend
 Surprisal; unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd."

Sō spōke the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
 All justice: nōr delay'd the winged saint '
 After his charge receiv'd.

..... Soon he comes
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
 A wilderness of sweets;
 Him ' through the spicy forest ' onward come '
 Adam discern'd, as ' in the door he sat
 Of hīs cōol bower.
 And Eve within, dūe ' āt her hour, prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 Trūe appetite, and ' not disrelish'd ' thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
 Berry or grape: to whom ' thūs Adam call'd.

" Hāste hither, Eve! and worth thy sight behol
 Eastward ' among thōse trees, whāt glorious shape '
 Cōmes this wāy moving; seems another morn '
 Risen ōn mīd-noon; some great behest from heaven
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to bē our guest. But go with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
 Abundance, fit to honour ' and receive
 Our heavenly stranger: well we māy afford
 Our givers ' their ōwn gifts, and large bestow '
 From large bestow'd, where nature ' multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and ' bȳ disburdening ' grows
 Mōre fruitful, whīch instructs us ' not to spare."

To whom ' thūs Eve. " Adam, ēarth's hallow'd mould,

Of God inspir'd, smäll store ' will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use ' hāngs ǒn the stalk;
 But I will haste, and frōm ēach bough and brake
 Eāch plant and juciest gourd, will pluck sūch choice '
 To entertain our angel-guest, as he
 Beholding ' shāll confess, that here ' on earth
 Gōd ' hāth dispens'd his bounties ' ās in heaven."

Sō saying, with dispatchful looks ' in haste '
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
 Whāt choice to choose ' for delicacy best,
frūit of āll kinds, in coat
 Rōugh ' ǒr smōoth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers tribute large, and ' ǒn the board
 Hēaps ' wīth unsparing hand; for drink ' the grape
 She crushes; thēn ' strows the ground
 With rose ' and odours frōm the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile ' our primitive grēāt sire, to meet
 His godlike guest, walks forth.
 Nearer his presence ' Adam, thōugh not aw'd,
 Yēt wīth submiss approach ' and reverence meek,
 As tō a superior nature, bowing low,
 Thūs said, " Native of heaven! for other place
 Nōne cān ' than heaven sūch glorious shape contain;
 Since ' bȳ descending frōm the thrones above,
 Thōse happy places thōu hast deign'd ' a while
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe wīth us
 Twō only, whō yēt ' by sovereign gift ' possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 To rest, and ' what the garden choicest bears '
 To sit and taste, tīll this meridian heat '
 Be over, and the sun mōre cool ' decline."

Whom thus ' the angelic Virtue ' answer'd mild.
 " Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
 Created, ǒr sūch place hast here to dwell,
 As māy not oft invite, thōugh spirits of heaven '
 To visit thee: lead on then ' where thy bower
 O'er shades. Sō ' tō the silvan lodge they came '
 With flowerets dēck'd, and fragrant smells; but Eve
 Stood to entertain her guest from heaven;
 On her the angel " Hail!"

Bestow'd, the holy salutation ' us'd
Lōng after ' tō bless'd Mary, second Eve.
..... A while ' discourse they hold,
Nō fear lest dinner cool; when thus ' began
Our author. " Heavenly stranger! please to taste
Thēse bounties, whīch our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us ' for food and fōr delight ' hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unsavoury food ' perhaps '
To spiritual nātures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father ' gives to all."

Sō ' down they sat, and tō their viands ' fell :
With keen dispatch of real hunger.
..... Meanwhile ' at table ' Eve
Minister'd alone, and their flowing cups '
With pleasant liquors ' crown'd.

Thūs ' whēn ' with meats and drinks ' they hād suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature,... Adam...his wary speech '
Thūs ' tō the empyreal minister ' he fram'd.

" Inhabitant with God! nōw ' know I well
Thy favour, in this honour ' done to man;
Under whose lowly roof ' thou hāst vouchsaf'd
To enter, and thēse earthly fruits to taste,
Fōod ' nōt of angels ' yet accepted so,
As that ' mōre willingly thou could'st not seem '
At heaven's high feasts to have fed; yet what compare?"

To whom ' the winged Hierarch ' replied.
" O Adam! one Almighty is, from whom
All things ' proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good ;
And from those corporal nutriments ' perhaps
Your bodies ' māy at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal as we, or may at choice
Hēre ' ōr in heavenly paradises dwell ;
If yē be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny ye are."

To whom the patriarch of mankind ' replied.

“ O favourable Spirit! propitious guest!
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and how
 We may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, if yě be found
 Obedient? can we want obedience then '
 To him, or possibly his love desert '
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss '
 Human desires ' can seek or apprehend? ”

To whom ' the angel. “ Son of heaven and earth!
 Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thine obedience; therein stand.
 This ' was that caution given thee; be advis'd.
 God ' made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good ' he made thee, but to persevere '
 He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will '
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity: for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve '
 Willing or not, who will ' but what they must
 By destiny, and can none other choose?
 Myself ' and all the angelic host, that stand
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
 Hold, as you ' yours, while our obedience ' holds;
In this we stand or fall:
 And some ' are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
 And so from heaven ' to deepest hell.”

To whom ' our great Progenitor. “ Thy words
 Attentive, and ' with much delighted ear,
 Divine Instructor! I have heard:
 Though what thou tell'st
 Hath pass'd in heaven, some doubt ' within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation.”
 Thus Adam ' made request; and Raphael,
 After short pause ' assenting, thus began.

“ High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men!
 Sad task, and hard: for how shall I relate

To human sense ' the invisible exploits
 Of warring spirits?.....
 As yet this world ' was not, and Chaos wild '
 Rēign'd where thēse heavens ' nōw roll, where earth ' nōw
 Upōn her center pois'd; when ōn a day [rests
 Came forth, the empyreal host
 Of angels, bŷ imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith, from all the ends of heaven, appear'd
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd.
Thūs ' whēn in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible ' they stood,
 Orb ' within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom ' in bliss embosom'd ' sat the Son,
 Thūs spōke:

“ Hēar, all ye Angels! progeny of light!
 Thrōnes! Dominations! Princedoms! Virtues! Powers!
 Hēar mŷ decree, which ' unrevok'd ' shall stand.
 This day I have begot ' whōm I declare
 My only Son, and ' ōn this holy hill '
 Hīm hāve anointed, whom ye now behold '
 At mŷ right hand: your head ' I him appoint;
 And bŷ myself have sworn, to him shall bow
 All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
Him who disobeys,
 Mē ' disobeys, brēaks union, and ' thāt day '
 Cast out from God ' and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep engulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd ' without redemption, without end.”

Sō spoke the Omnipotent, and ' wīth his words '
 All ' seem'd wēll pleas'd; āll seem'd, but were not all.

.....
 “ O alienate from God! O spirit accurs'd!
 Forsaken ōf āll good; I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew ' involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud: henceforth '
 Nō more be troubl'd ' how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws '
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees '

Against thee 'are gone forth 'without recall;
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
 Is now 'an iron rod 'to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Soon expect to feel
 His thunder ǒn thy head, devouring fire.
 Thēn 'who created thēe 'lamenting 'learn,
 When 'who can uncreate thee 'thōu shalt know."

Sō spoke the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
 Among the faithless,.....
Frōm amidst them 'forth he pass'd,
 Lōng way through hostile scorn, which hē sustain'd
 Superior, nor 'ōf violence 'fēar'd ought;
 And 'with retorted scorn 'his back he turn'd
 On those prōud towers 'to swift destruction doom'd.

BOOK VI.

ALL night 'the dreadless angel, unpursu'd, [morn,
 Through heaven's wide champaign 'held his way 'till
 Wāk'd bȳ the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light.

.....And now went forth 'the morn
 Sūch ās in highest heaven 'array'd in gold
 Empyrean; frōm before her vanish'd night,
 Shōt through 'with orient beams.

.....On 'tō the sacred hill
 They led him 'high applauded, ānd present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice '
 From midst a golden cloud, thūs mild 'was heard.

"Servant of God! wēll done, wēll hāst thou fought
 The better fight, who 'single 'hāst maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes 'the cause
 Of truth, in word 'mightier than they 'in arms;
 Go, Michael! ōf celestial armies prince;
 And thou 'in military prowess 'next,
 Gabriel! lead forth 'to battle 'these my sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed saints,
 That godless crew 'with fire and hostile arms '

Fearless ' assault; and 'tō the brow of heaven
Pursuing, drive them out ' from God and bliss,
Intō their place of punishment."

Sō spoke ' the sovereign voice. At last '
Fār in the horizon ' to the north appear'd
The banded powers of Satan ' hasting on
With furious expedition; fōr they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise
To win the mount of God, and ' on his throne '
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts ' prov'd fond and vain.
High ' in the midst ' exalted ās a god
The Apostate ' in his sun-bright chariot ' sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted frōm his gorgeous throne:
.....before the cloudy van '
On the rouġh edge of battle ' ere it join'd,
Satan ' with vast and haughty strides ' advanc'd,
Cāme ' towering ' arm'd in adamant and gold:
Abdiel ' thāt sight endur'd not, where he stood '
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus ' his own undaunted heart explores.

"O heaven! that such resemblance ōf the Highest '
Should yet remain, where faith and reality '
Remain not:.....
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid '
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried '
Unsound and false."
Sō pondering, and ' frōm his armed peers '
Fōrth stepping opposite, hālf-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention ' more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defied.

"Prōud! ārt thou met'? Thy hope ' was tō have reach'd
The height of thine aspiring ' unoppos'd:
.....Fōol! nōt to think hōw vain
Against the Omnipotent ' tō rise in arms;
.....who ' āt ōne blow '

Unaided ' could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions ' under darkness."

Whōm the grānd foe ' with scornful eye askance,
Thūs answer'd:

"I thought ' that liberty and heaven '
To heavenly souls ' had bēen āll one; but now
I see ' that most ' through sloth ' had rather serve,
Ministering spirits, train'd up in feast and song;
Sūch hāst thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven,
Servility ' with freedom tō contend,
As both their deeds compar'd ' thīs day shall prove."

To whom ' in brief ' thūs Abdiel ' stērn replied.
"Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, frōm the path of truth remote:
Unjustly ' thōu deprav'st it wīth the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature. Thīs ' is servitūde,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thīne ' now sērve thee,
Thyself ' not free, but tō thyself enthrall'd;
Yet ' lewdly ' dar'st our ministering upbraid.
Rēign thou ' in hell, thy kingdom; let mē ' serve
In heaven ' Gōd ever bless'd, and hīs divine
Behests obey, worthiest to bē obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect."

Sō saying, a noble stroke ' he lifted high,
Which hung not, bŭt sō swift ' with tempest ' fell
On the prōud crest of Satan, thāt nō sight,
Nor motion ōf swift thought, lēss cōuld his shield '
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge '
He back recoil'd: the tenth ' on bended knee '
His massy spear upstay'd. Amazement ' seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage ' to see '
Thūs foil'd ' their mightiest; ours ' jōy fill'd, and shout,
Prēsāge of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michael ' bid sound
The Arch-angel trumpet.

.....Nōw ' storming fury rose,
And clamour ' such as heard in heaven till now '

Was never; arms on armour 'clashing 'bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels '
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire 'was the noise
 Of conflict; overhead 'the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts 'in flaming volleys 'flew,
 And 'flying 'vaulted either host with fire.
 Sō 'under fiery cope 'together rush'd
 Bōth battles main, with ruinous assault '
 And inextinguishable rage: all heaven '
 Resounded; and had earth been then, āll earth
 Had tō her centre shook.

... ..Deeds of eternal fame '
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread '
 Thāt war 'and various; sometimes 'ōn firm ground '
 A standing fight; thēn 'soaring ōn māin wing '
 Tormented all the air; āll air 'seem'd then
 Conflicting fire. Long time 'in even scale '
 The battle 'hung; till Satan, whō 'that day '
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 Nō equal, ranging 'through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim 'confus'd, at length '
 Sāw where the sword of Michāel 'smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once. At his approach '
 The great Archangel 'frōm his warlike toil '
 Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here 'to end
 Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdu'd '
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

“ Author of evil! unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in heaven, now 'plenteous, ās thou seest
 Thēse acts of hateful strife, hateful to all:
hōw 'hast thōu instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now 'prōv'd false? but think not here '
 To trouble holy rest; hēaven 'casts thee out
 From all her confines.
 Hēnce then, and evil go with thēe along,
 Thine offspring, tō the place of evil, hell,
 Thou 'and thy wicked crew.”

Sō spoke 'the Prince of angels; tō whōm thus '

The adversary. "Nor thīnk thōu ' with wind
Of airy threats ' to awe whom yet with deeds '
Thou canst not. Err not, that so ' shall end
The strife which thou cāl'st evil, bŭt wē style
The strife of glōry; which we mean to win,
Or turn thīs heaven itself intō the hell
Thou fablest."

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or tō whāt things
Likē ' on earth conspicuous, thāt may lift
Human imagination ' tō sŭch height
Of godlike power? for likēst gods ' they seem'd,
Stōod thēy ' or mov'd, in stature, motiōn, arms,
Fīt tō decide the empire of grēāt heaven.
Nōw ' wav'd their firy swords ' and in the air
Made horrid circles; two brōad suns ' their shields
Blāz'd opposite, while expectation ' stood
In horror:.....but the sword
Of Michael ' frōm the armoury of God
Was given him ' temper'd so, that neither keen '
Nor solid ' mīght resist thāt edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with stēep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But ' with swift wheel ' reverse, dēep entering ' shar'd
All hīs right side; thēn Satan ' first knēw pain,
And writh'd him tō and fro ' convolv'd; sō sore
The grinding sword ' with discontinuous wound '
Pass'd through him:.....

Forthwith ' on all sīdes ' to his aid was run
By angels ' many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others ' bore him ōn their shields
Bāck tō his chariot, where it stood retir'd '
From off the files of war; there ' thēy him laid
Gnashing for anguish, ānd despite and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence ' to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part,
Cannot ' but bŷ annihilating, die.

Nōw night ' her course began, and ' over heaven '
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence ' ōn the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert ' both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd.
 Satan ' with his rebellious ' disappear'd,
 Fār in the dark dislodg'd; and, void of rest,
 His potentates ' to council call'd by night;
 And ' in the midst ' thūs undismay'd began.

“Oh! now ' in danger tried, nōw ' known in arms
 Nōt to be overpower'd, Companions dear!
 True is, lēss firmly arm'd,
 Sōme disadvantage wē endur'd, and pain
 Till now nōt known, but known ' as soon contemn'd;
 Since now ' we find thīs oūr empyreal form '
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and ' though pierc'd with wound '
 Sōon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.”

Nisroch, of principalities the prime:
 And cloudy in aspect, thus answering spoke:
 “Meanwhile revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd '
 Think nothing hard, mūch less ' to bē despair'd.”

He ended, and his words ' their drooping cheer
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid-āir aloud thūs cried:

“Arm, warriors! arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit '
 This day; fēar not this flight.....
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
 Which God hath in his mighty angels ' plac'd!)
 Their arms away they threw, and ' tō the hills '
 (For earth ' hath this variety from heaven '
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
 Light ' ās the lightning glimpse ' they ran, they flew;
 Frōm thēir foundations loosening ' to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and ' by the shaggy tops
 Up-lifting ' bore them in their hands.

“Effulgence of my glory, Son belov’d !
 For thee ! I have ordain’d it, and thūs far !
 Have suffer’d, that the glory ! may be thine
 Of ending thīs greāt war, since none but Thou !
 Canst end it.....
 Gō then, thou Mightiest ! in thy Father’s might ;
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heaven’s basis,
 Pursue thēse sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all heaven’s bounds ! into the utter deep ;
 Thēre lēt them learn, as likes them, to despise
 Gōd, and Messiah ! his anointed King.”
 And thus the Filial Godhead answering spoke.

“O Father ! O Supreme of heavenly Thrones !
 First ! Highest ! Holiest ! Best ! thou always seek’st
 To glorify thy Son, I ! always thee,
 As is mōst just : this ! I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou ! in me wēll pleas’d, declar’st thy will
 Fulfill’d, which to fulfil ! is all my bliss.
I shall soon,
 Arm’d with thȳ might, rid heaven of these rebcll’d,
 To thēir prepar’d ill mansion ! driven down
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm,
 That ! frōm thy just obedience ! cōuld revolt,
 Whōm to obey ! is happiness entire.”

Sō said, hē ! o’er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory ! where he sat.
Forth rush’d ! with whirlwind sound !
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,
 Flashing thīck flames,.....
 Hē ! in celestial panoply ! all arm’d
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrōught,
 Ascended ; āt his right hand ! victory
 Sāt ! eagle-wing’d ;.....
 Attended with tēn thousand thousand saints,
 Hē onward came ; fār off ! his coming shone ;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, hālf ! ōn ēach hand ! were seen,
but ! by his own !

First seen: them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the greāt ensign of MESSIAH 'blaz'd
 Aloft ' by angels borne, his sign in heaven;
 Under whose conduct ' Michael ' soon reduc'd
 His army.....
 At his command ' the uprooted hills retir'd
 Eāch to his place; they heard his voice, and went,
 Obsequious; Heaven ' his wonted face renew'd,
 And ' with frēsh flowerets ' hill and valley ' smil'd;
when the greāt Son of God '
 To all his host ' on either hand ' thūs spoke:

“Stand still ' in bright array, ye Saints! hēre stand,
 Ye angels arm'd! thīs day ' from battle rest;
stānd only, and behold
 Gōd's indignation ' on thēse godless pour'd
 By me; not you, but me, they hāve despis'd;
 Therefore ' to me their doom he hāth assign'd,
 That thēy may hāve their wish, to try with me
 In battle ' which the stronger proves.”

Sō spoke the Son, and 'into terror ' chang'd
 His countenance, too severe to bē beheld,
 And full of wrath ' bēnt ōn his enemies.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder ' in mīd volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
headlong ' themselves they threw
 Dōwn frōm the verge of heaven; eternal wrath '
 Būrn'd after thēm ' to the bottomless pit.

Hēll ' heard the unsufferable noise;
 Nīne days they fell: confounded Chaos ' roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall '
 Througħ hīs wild anarchy, sō huge a rout '
 Encumber'd hīm with ruin; Hell ' at last '
 Yawning ' received them whole, and ' on them clos'd;
 Hēll, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of wo and pain.

Sōle Victor frōm the expulsion ōf his foes '
 MESSIAH ' hīs triumphal chariot turn'd;
 To meet him ' all his saints, who silent stood '

Eye-witnesses ' of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd : he ' celebrated ' rode
 Triumphant ' through mid heaven, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father ' thron'd
 On high ; who ' into glory ' him receiv'd,
 Where now he sits ' at the right hand of bliss.

Thūs ' measuring things in heaven ' by things on earth,
 At thy request, and ' that thou may'st beware
 By what is pass'd, to thee I have reveal'd '
 Whāt might have else ' to human race been hid :
 The discord which befell, and war in heaven
 Among the angelic powers, and the dēep fall
 Of those tōo high aspiring, whō rebell'd
 With Satau ; he who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting ' how he mǎy seduce
 Thēe also frōm obedience, thāt ' with him
 Bereav'd of happiness ' thou may'st partake
 His punishment, eternal misery :
 Which wōuld be all his solace ' ānd revenge,
 As a despite ' done against the Most High,
 Thēe once to gain ' companion of his wo.
 But listen not to his temptations, warn
 Thy weaker ; lēt it profit thee ' to have heard '
 By terrible example ' the reward
 Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell ; remember, and fear tō transgress."

BOOK VII.

SAY, goddess ! what ensu'd ' when Raphael,
 The affable archangel, hād forewarn'd
 Adam, by dire example, to beware
 Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven
 To those apostates ; lēst the like befall,
 In Paradise ' to Adam ' ōr his race,
 Chārg'd ' nōt to touch the interdicted tree,
 If thēy transgress, and slight thāt sole command,
 Sō easily obey'd, amid the choice

Of all tāstes else ' to please their appetite,
 Though wandering. He ' with his consorted Eve '
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and dēep muse ' to hear
 Of things so high ' and strange.

.....Whence Adam ' soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
 Lēd on, yet sinless, with desire ' to know
 What nearer might concern him, how thīs world '
 Of Heaven and Earth conspicuous ' first began;
 Whēn, and whereof created, for whāt cause,
 Whāt ' within Eden, or without ' was done
 Before his memory,.....
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

“ Greāt things, and full of wonder ' in our ears,
 Fār differing frōm thīs world ' thou hāst reveal'd,
 Divine Interpreter!.....
 For which ' to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive ' with solemn purpose ' tō observe
 Immutably ' his sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. Būt ' since thou hast vouchsaf'd ' '
 Gently ' for our instruction ' to impart
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
 Dēign tō descend nōw lower, and relate
 Hōw first began ' thīs Heaven, which wē behold
 Distant sō high, with moving fires adorn'd '
 Innumerable.”

“ Thīs ' also ' thȳ request ' with caution ask'd '
 Obtain: though ' tō recount Almighty works '
 Whāt words ' or tongue of seraph ' cān suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
 But knowledge ' is as food, and needs nō less
 Her temperance ' over appetite, to know
 In measure ' what the mind ' may well contain;
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and sōon turns
 Wisdom ' to folly, as nourishment ' to wind.

Knōw then, that after Lucifer ' from Heaven
 Fēll ' with his flaming legions ' through the deep'

Into his place, and the greāt Son 'return'd
Victorious 'with his saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father 'frōm his throne beheld
Their multitude, and 'to his Son 'thūs spoke.

“At least 'our envious foe 'hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself 'rebellious,
Yet far the greater part 'have kept, I see,
Their station,.....
But 'lest his heart 'exalt him 'in the harm
Already done, to hāve dispeopl'd Heaven,
.....I cān repair
That detriment, and 'in a moment 'will create
Another world, oūt of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there 'to dwell,
Nōt here: till 'by degrees of merit 'rais'd,
They open to themselves 'at length 'the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried;
And Earth 'be chang'd to Heaven, and Heaven 'to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union 'without end.
Meanwhile 'inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven;
And thou 'my WORD, begotten SON! by thee
This I perform: spēak thou 'and be it done;
My overshadowing Spirit 'and might 'with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep '
Within appointed bounds 'be Heaven and Earth.”

Sō spoke the Almighty, and 'to what he spoke '
His WORD, the filial Godhead gave effect.
Greāt triumph and rejoicing 'wās in heaven,
When such was heard 'declar'd the Almighty's will:
Glory they sung to the Mōst High, gōod-will
To future men, and 'in their dwellings 'peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly 'frōm his sight.

Sō sung the hierarchies. Meanwhile 'the Son
On his greāt expedition 'now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd '
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father 'in him shone.
.....Heaven 'open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound '

On golden hinges moving, tō let forth
The King of Glory ' in his powerful Word '
And Spirit ' coming tō create nēw worlds.
On heavenly ground ' they stood, and ' frōm the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous ' ās a sea, dārk, wasteful, wild,
Up frōm the bottom turn'd ' by furious wind
And surging waves, as mountains, tō assault
Hēaven's height, and ' with the centre ' mix the pole.

“ Silence, ye troubled Waves ! and thou Dēep ! peace,”
Said then the omnific Word, “ your discord end.”
Thēn stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things ;
One foot ' he center'd ' ānd the other turn'd
Rōund ' through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, “ Thūs far extend, thūs far ' thy bounds,
Thīs ' bē thy just circumference, O World !”

Thūs ' God ' the Heaven created, thus ' the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void ; darkness profound '
Cover'd the abyss : but ' ōn the watery calm '
His brooding wings ' the Spirit of God ' outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass ;
And Earth ' sēlf-balanc'd ' ōn her center hung.

Heaven ' in all her glory ' shone ; and roll'd
Her motions, ās the great fīrst Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course ; earth ' in hēr rīch attire '
Consummate ' lovely smil'd ; āir, water, earth,
By fowl, fīsh, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent ;therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father ' thus to his Son ' audibly spoke.

“ Lēt ūs make now Mān in our image, Man
In ous similitude, and lēt them rule '
Over the fish ' and fowl ' of sea and air,
Bēast ōf the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing ' that creeps the ground.”
Thīs said, he form'd thēe, Adam ! thee, O Man !
Dūst ōf the ground, and ' in thy nostrils ' breath'd

The breath of life; in his own image ' he
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable ' both to behold and taste ;
 And ' freely ' all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee; all sorts are here ' that all the earth yields,
 Variety ' without end; but ' of the tree,
 Which ' tasted ' works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
 Death ' is the penalty impos'd; beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin '
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant ' Death."

Hère finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold! all ' was entirely good.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates! they sung,
 Open, ye Heavens! your living doors; let in
 The great Creator ' from his work return'd '
 Magnificent, his six days' work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign '
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted, and ' with frequent intercourse '
 Thither will send his winged messengers '
 On errands of supernal grace.
And now ' on earth ' the seventh
 Evening ' arose in Eden;
when ' at the holy mount
 Of heaven's high-seated top, the Imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever ' firm and sure,
 The Filial Power ' arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father; and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and ' from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day ' from all his work;
 But not in silence holy kept:

"Great ' are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
 Thy power; what thought ' can measure thee, or tongue
 Relate thee?

..... ..Thrice happy men,

And sons of men, whom God 'hath thus advanc'd!
 Created in his image, there to dwell,
 And worship him; thrice happy, if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright!"

Sō 'sung they, and the empyrēan 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 memory 'was done
 From thē beginning, thāt posterity,
 Inform'd by thee, might know: if else thou seek'st
 Oūght, not surpassing human measure, say.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel 'ended, and 'in Adam's ear '
 Sō charming left his voice, that hē a-while
 Thōught him still speaking, still 'stood fix'd to hear:
 Thēn, ās nēw-wak'd, thūs gratefully replied.

"Whāt thanks sufficient, or whāt recompense '
 Equal have I 'to render thee, divine
 Historian! whō 'thūs largely hāst allay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge.
Something yet of doubt 'remains,
 Which only thy solūtion 'cān resolve.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world
 Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute
 Their magnitudes, this earth 'a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
 Spaces incomprehensible, (for such
 'Their distance 'argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) merely tō officiate light '
 Rōund this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night, in all their vast survey '
 Useless besides; reasoning 'I oft admire,
 How Nature 'wise and frugal 'cōuld commit
 Sūch disproportions, with superfluous hand '

So many nobler bodies tō create,
Greater sō manifold ' to this ōne use,
For ought appears."

Sō spoke our sire, and ' bŷ his countenance ' seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving,
Rose and went forth ' among her fruits and flowers
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery;.....
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, ōr nōt capable her ear
Of what was high: sūch pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sōle auditress;
Her husband ' thē relater shē preferr'd '
Before the angel, ānd of him to ask
Chōse rather;.....
And Raphael now ' to Adam thus replied.

" To ask or search ' I blame thee not; for Heaven '
Is ās the book of God ' before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
Already ' bŷ thy reasoning ' this I guess,
Who art to lead thine offspring, and suppoest
That bodies bright and greater ' should not serve
The less not bright, nor heaven ' such journeys run,
Eārth sitting still, when she alone ' receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright ' infers not excellence : the earth '
Thōugh īn comparison of heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may ' of solid good ' contain
Mōre plenty thān the sun, thāt barren shines,
Whose virtue ' ōn itself works no effect,
But īn the fruitful earth... Whāt īf the sun '
Be center to the world, and other stars '
By his attractive virtue ' and their own '
Incited, dance about him ' various rounds?
Their wandering course, nōw high, nōw low, thēn hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest : and what īf seventh to these '
The planet Earth ' sō steadfast ' thōugh she seem,

Insensibly ' thrēe different motions move ?
which needs not thy belief,
 If earth industrious ' of herself fēch day '
 Traveling east, and ' with her part averse
 Frōm thē sūn's beam ' mēet night, her other part '
 Still luminous by his ray. Whāt if thāt light '
 Sēnt from her ' through the wide transpicious air,
 To the terrestrial moon ' be ās a star
 Enlightening her by day, as she ' by night
 This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fiēlds ānd inhabitants ; her spots thou seest
 As clouds, and clōuds ' may rain, and rain ' produce
 Frūits ' in her soften'd soil, for some to eat '
 Allotted there.....
 But whether thus ' thēse things, or whether not :
 Whether the sun ' predominant in heaven '
 Rise ōn the earth, or earth ' rise ōn the sun ;
 Hē ' frōm the east ' his flaming road begin,
 Or she ' from west ' her silent course advance '
 With inoffensive pace, that ' spinning ' sleeps
 On hēr sōft axle, while she paces even,
 And bears thee soft ' with thē smōoth air along ;
 Solicit nōt thy thought ' with matters hid ;
 Lēave them to God above, hīm serve ' and fear ;
jōy thou
 In what he gives to thee, thīs Paradise '
 And thy fāir Eve ; Hēaven ' is for thee tōo high '
 To know what passes there."

To whom ' thūs Adam ' clear'd of doubt, replied.
 " Hōw fully hāst thou satisfied me, pure
 Intelligence of heaven ! angel serene !
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live
 The easiest way, nor ' with perplexing thoughts '
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which '
 Gōd ' hāth bid dwell fār off ' āll anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves '
 Sēek thēm ' with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.
 Thāt not to know at large ' of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 Thāt which before us lyes in daily life,

Is thē prime wisdom; what is more 'is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence."

"Thēe I have heard 'relating whāt was done
Ere mȳ remembrance; now 'hēar me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard.

"For man to tell hōw human life 'began
Is hard; for who himself 'beginning knew?
Desire 'with thee still longer to converse '
Induc'd me. As nēw-wak'd from soundest sleep,
Sōft 'ōn the flowery herb 'I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which 'with his beams 'the sun
Sōon dried, and 'ōn the reeking moisture 'fed.
Straight 'toward heaven 'my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a-while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion 'up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, ānd upright
Stōod ōn my feet: about me 'round 'I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Bīrds 'ōn the branches warbling; all things 'smil'd
With fragrance, ānd 'with joy 'my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself 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 frōm whāt cause,
Knēw nōt; to speak I tried, and forthwīth spoke;
My tongue 'obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thōu Sun! said I, fāir light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth! sō fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales! ye rivers! woods! and plains!
And ye that live and move! fāir creatures! tell,
Tēll 'if ye saw, hōw 'came I thus, hōw 'here?
Nōt ōf myself; by some greāt Maker then,
In goodness ānd in power 'pre-eminent;
Tēll mē, hōw 'māy I know him, how 'adore,
From whom I have 'that thus I move and live,
And feel 'that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd 'I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld

This happy light; when answer ' none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive ' I sat me down: there ' gentle sleep
First found me, and ' with soft oppression ' seiz'd
My drowsed 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.
..... ..Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration ' at his feet I fell
Submit: he rear'd me, and ' Whom thou sought'st ' I am,
Said mildly, 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 eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows '
Eat freely ' with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree ' whose operation ' brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thine obedience, and thy faith,
Amid the garden ' by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die;
From that day mortal; and this happy state '
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence ' into a world
Of wo and sorrow.....
Not only 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 air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof ' each bird and beast ' behold
After their kinds; I bring them ' to receive

From thee ' their names, and pay thee fealty '
 With low subjection ;.....
 As thus he spoke, 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
 Their nature, with such knowledge ' God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension. But in these
 I found not what ' methought ' I wanted still ;
 And ' to the heavenly vision ' thus presum'd.

“ Oh! by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpaskest far 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 me '
 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 brighten'd, thus replied.

“ What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth '
 With various living creatures, and the air,
 Replenish'd, and all these ' at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not '
 Their language and their ways? They also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm ' is large.”
 So spoke the universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I, with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation, thus replied.

“ Let not my words ' offend thee, heavenly Power!
 My Maker! be propitious ' while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here ' thy substitute,
 And these ' inferior ' far beneath me set?
 Among unequals ' what society
 Can sort, what harmony ' or true delight?
Of fellowship I speak '

Sūch ās I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute !
 Cannot be human consort :.....
 Wōrse then ' can man ' with beast, and least of all."

Whereto the Almighty ' answer'd ' not displeas'd.
 " A nice and subtle happiness ' I see
 Thoū tō thyself proposest, in the choice
 Of thŷ associates, Adam ! ānd wilt taste
 Nō pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary."

He cēas'd ; I lowly answer'd :
 " Thoū ' in thyself art perfect, and in thee '
 Is no deficiēce found : not so ' is man,
 But in degree, the cause of hīs desire '
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace hīs defects."

Thūs ' I embolden'd spoke, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd
 This answer ' frōm the gracious voice divine.

" Thūs far ' to try thee, Adam ! I was pleas'd ;
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 Which thoū hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself.
I, ere thou spok'st
 Knēw it not good for man ' to bē alone ;
 And no sūch company ' as then thou saw'st '
 Intended thee,.....
 What next I bring ' shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish ' exactly to thy heart's desire."

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
 Mŷ earthly ' by hīs heavenly ' overpower'd,.....
 Dazzl'd and spent, sūnk down ' and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell ōn me, call'd
 By nature ās an aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
 Abstract ' as in a trance ' methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious, before whom ' awake I stood ;
 Whō ' stooping ' open'd my lēft side, and took

From thence a rib,.....
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd ' with his hands:
 Under his forming hands ' a creature grew,
 Mānlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair, in all the world ' seem'd now
 Mēan, ōr in her sūmm'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks, which ' frōm thāt time ' infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before.
 She disappear'd and left me dark ; I wak'd
 To find her, ōr ' for ever ' tō deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Sūch ās I saw her ' in my dream, adorn'd
 With what āll earth ' or heaven ' could bestow
 To make her amiable : on she came,
 Lēd bȳ her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
 Grāce ' wās in all her steps, hēaven ' in her eye,
 In every gesture ' dignity and love.
 I ' overjoy'd ' cōuld not forbear aloud.

“ Thīs turn ' hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign !
 Giver of all thīngs fair, but fairest this '
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I nōw see
 Bōne ' ōf mȳ bone, flēsh ' ōf mȳ flesh, myself
 Before me : WOMAN ' is her name, of man
 Extracted.....
 She heard me thus ; and ' thōugh divinely brought,
 Yet innocence ' and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue ' and the conscience ōf her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and ' not ūnsought ' be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd.

Thūs ' have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story ' tō 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, wōrks in the mind nō change,
 Nor vehement desire ' thēse delicacies '
 I mean of taste, sīght, smell, hērbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Wālks, ānd the melody of birds ; but here '
 Fār otherwise,.....

For well I understand ' in thẽ prime end
 Of nature ' hẽr the inferior; in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel,
 In outward ' her resembling less
 His image ' whõ made both, and less expressing
 The character ' of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures: yet ' when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what shẽ wills to do or say,
 Sẽems wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best.

To whom the angel ' with contracted brow.
 "Accuse not Nature, she ' hath done hẽr part;
 Do thou ' but thine; and be not diffident
 Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her.....
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside? Fair nõ doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
 Nõt thỹ subjection. Weigh her with thyself;
 Thẽn value: oft-times ' nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem ' grounded on just and right '
 Wẽll manag'd; õf thåt skill ' the more thou know'st,
 The more ' she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And ' tõ realities ' yiẽld all her shows:
 Made so adorn ' for thy delight the more,
 So awful, thåt ' with honour ' thoũ may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees ' when thou art seen least wise.
 Whåt higher ' in her society ' thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, lõve still;
 In loving ' thoũ dost well; for love ' refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hãth his seat
 In reason, and is judicious; is the scale '
 By which ' to heavenly love ' thou mãy'st ascend."

To whom thũs ' half-abash'd ' Adam replied.
 "Neither her outside form sõ fair, nor ought
 So much delights me ' ãs thõse graceful acts,
 Thõse thousand decencies ' that daily flow
 From all her words and actions ' mix'd with love '
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd

Union of mind, or in us both òne soul.
 Yet thèse ' subject not: I to thee disclose
 Whāt inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, fròm the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow whāt I approve."
 "The parting sun '
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant isles
 Hesperian ' sets,—my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but ' first of all '
 Hīm whòm to love ' is tō obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed ' lest passion ' sway
 Thy judgement ' tō do ought, which else frēe-will '
 Would not admit; thine ' ānd of all thy sons '
 The weal or wo ' in thee is plac'd; beware.
 I ' in thy persevering ' shall rejoice,
 And all the Bless'd: stand fast; to stand or fall '
 Frēe ' in thine own arbitrement ' it lyes."

Sō saying, hē arose; whom Adam ' thus
 Follow'd ' with benediction. "Since ' to part,
 Go, heavenly Guest! Ethereal Messenger!
 Sēnt fròm whose sovereign-goodness I adore.
 Gentle to me ' and affable ' hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever '
 With grateful memory: thoū ' tō mankind
 Be good ' and friendly still, and oft return."

Sō parted they, the angel ' up to Heaven '
 From thē thīck shade, and Adam ' tō his bower.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk ' where God ' or angel guest '
 With Man, as wīth his friend, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, ānd ' with him ' partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse, unblam'd: I now must change
 Thōse notes ' to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal ' òn the part of Man, revolt
 And disobedience; òn the part of Heaven,
 Nōw alienated, distance ānd distaste,

Anger ' and just rebuke, and judgement given,
 That brought into this world, a world of wo,
 Sin, and her shadow ' Death, and Misery
 Death's harbinger:....
 If answerable style ' I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation ' unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me ' slumbering, or inspires
 Easy ' my unpremeditated verse.
 The sun ' was sunk, and now ' from end to end '
 Night's hemisphere ' had veil'd 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 man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun ' descried
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim '
 That kept their watch;.....he on the coast ' averse
 From entrance ' or Cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way, and then sought
 Where to lye hid:.....
 With narrow search and ' with inspection deep '
 Consider'd every creature, which of all '
 Most opportune ' might serve his wiles, and found
 The serpent ' subtlest beast of all the field.
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide '
 From sharpest sight:
 Thus ' he resolv'd, but ' first ' from inward grief '
 His bursting passion ' into plaints thus pour'd.

" O Earth! how like to Heaven, 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?
 With what delight ' could I have walk'd thee round,
 If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now ' land, now ' sea, and shores ' with forest crown'd,

Röcks, dens, and caves! but I 'in none of these '
 Find place or refuge; änd the more 'I see
 Pleasures 'about me, so mûch more 'I feel
 Torment 'within me, äs from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; äll good 'to me becomes
 Bäne, änd 'in heaven 'mûch worse 'would bë my state.
 But neither here 'sēek I, nō 'nör in heaven
 To dwell, unless by mastering heaven's Supreme;
 Nor hope 'to be myself 'lëss miserable
 By what I seek, but others 'tō make such
 As I, though thereby 'worse to me redound:
 For 'only in destroying 'I find ease
 To mÿ relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
 Or won 'to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom 'all this 'was made; all this 'will soon
 Follow, as tō hīm link'd 'in weal or wo;
 In wo 'thēn; thāt destruction 'wide may range:
 To me 'shall bë the glory sole 'among
 The infernal Powers, in one day 'tō have marr'd
 Whāt he 'Almighty styl'd 'sìx nights and days '
 Continu'd making, änd whō knows 'hōw long
 Before 'had bëen coutriving.

.....He, to be aveng'd,
 And 'tō repair his numbers,.....
 Determin'd tō advance 'into our room '
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted fröm so base original,
 With heavenly spoils, òur spoils: whāt hě decreed,
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built '
 Magnificent 'this world, and earth 'his seat,
 Him 'lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
 Subjected 'to his service angel-wings,
 And flaming ministers 'to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge. Of these 'the vigilance
 I dread, and 'tō elude, thūs wrapp'd 'in mist
 Of midnight vapour 'glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap 'may find
 The serpent sleeping.....
 O foul descent! that I 'who erst contended
 With gods 'to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,

This essence tō incarnate, ānd embrute,
 That ' tō the height of deity ' aspir'd.
 But what ' will not ambition ānd revenge '
 Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low '
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ' ere long, bāck on itself ' recoils:
 Lēt it; I reck not, so it light ' wēll aim'd,
 Since higher ' I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this nēw favourite
 Of Heaven, this man of clay, sōn ōf despise,
 Whom ' us the more to spite ' his Maker ' rais'd
 From dust; spīte ' then ' with spite ' is best repaid."

Sō saying, through ēach thicket, dank or dry,
 Like ā blāck mist ' lōw creeping, hē held on
 His midnight search, where soonest hē might find
 The serpent: him ' fāst sleeping soon he found '
ōn the grassy herb '
 Fearless ' unfear'd ' he slept. In āt his mouth '
 The devil ' enter'd, ānd his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential; but his sleep '
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Nōw ' whēn a sacred light ' began to dawn
 In Eden, fōrth came ' the human pair,
 And join'd their vocal worship ' tō the choir
 Of creatures wanting voice; thāt done,
 Thēn commune ' how thāt day ' they best may ply
 Their growing work.....
 And Eve ' first ' tō her husband thus began.

" Adam ! wēll māy we labour still ' to dress
 This garden, still ' to tend plānt, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but whāt wē ' by day '
 Lōp overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two ' with wanton growth ' derides,
 Tending to wild. Thōu ' therefore ' now advise,
 Or hear whāt ' tō mȳ mind ' first thoughts ' present:
 Let ūs divide our labours;.....
 For while so near ēach other thus ' āll day '
 Our task we choose, whāt wonder ' if sō near '

Lōoks ' intervene, and smiles, or object new '
 Casual discourse draw ōn, which intermits
 Our day's wōrk, brought to little, thōugh begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes ' unearn'd."

To whom, mīld answer ' Adam ' thus return'd.
 "Sōle Eve! associate sole! to me beyond
 Compare, above āll living creatures ' dear,
 Wēll ' hāst thou motion'd, well ' thy thoughts employ'd,
for nothing lovelier ' cān be found
 In woman, thān to study household good,
 And good works ' in her husband ' tō promote.
 Yet not sō strictly ' hāth our lord ' impos'd
 Labour, as tō debar us ' whēn we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Fōod ōf the mind, or thīs swēet intercourse '
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles ' from reason flow,
 To brute denied, and āre of love the food.
 Thēse paths and bowērs ' dōūbt nōt ' but ōūr jōint hands '
 Will keep from wilderness ' with ease, as wide
 As we nēēd walk, bŭt ' if much converse ' perhaps '
 Thee satiate, to shōrt absence ' I could yield:
 For solitude ' sometimes ' is best society,
 And short retirement ' urges sweet return.
 But other doubt ' possesses mē, lest harm
 Befall thēe ' sever'd frōm mē; fōr thou know'st '
 Whāt hāth been warn'd us, what malicious foe '
 Envyng our happiness, and ōf his own
 Despairing, seeks to work ūs wō and shame '
 By sly assault; and somewhere ' nigh at hand '
 Watches, nō doubt, with greedy hope ' to find
 His wish ' and best advantage, us asunder;
 Hopeless to circumvent us jōin'd, where each
 To other ' speedy aid might lend at need;
 Whether his first design be ' tō withdraw
 Our fealty from God,.....
 Or this, or worse, lēave nōt the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee ' ānd protects.
 Thē wife, where danger ōr dishonour ' lurks,
 Safest and seemliest ' by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, ōr with her ' the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure ' thus replied.

“ Offspring of heaven and earth, and all ēarth's Lord!
That such an enemy ' we have, who seeks
Our ruin, this ' by thee inform'd ' I learn,
But thāt thou shoūld'st my firmness ' therefore ' doubt
To God ' or thee, because we hāve a foe '
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.”

To whom ' with healing words ' Adam replied.
“ Daughter of God and man! immortal Eve!
For such ' thou art, from sin and blame entire :
Nōt diffident of thee, do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but ' tō ayoid
The attempt itself, intended bŷ our foe.
Nor thou ' his malice and false guile ' contemn ;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous ' other aid.”

Sō spoke domestic Adam ;but Eve,
Thūs hēr reply ' with accent sweet ' renew'd.

“ If this ' be oŷr condition, thus to dwell '
In narrow circuit ' straiten'd bŷ a foe,
Subtle or violent, wē not endu'd '
Single ' with like defence, wherever met,
Hōw āre we happy, still in fear of harm?
Let ūs not ' then ' suspect our happy state '
Left so imperfect bŷ the Maker wise,
As not secure to single ' ōr combin'd.
Frāil 'is our happiness, if this ' be so,
And Eden ' wēre nō Eden ' thus expos'd.”

To whom ' thūs ' Adam ' fervently replied.
“ O woman! best are all things ' ās the will
Of God ' ordain'd them: his creating hand '
Nothing imperfect ' ōr deficient left
Of all that hē created; much lēss man :
..... Within himself '
The danger lyes, yet lyes within his power:
Against his will ' he cān receive nō harm.

Nôt then mistrust, but tender love ' enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Sêek nôt temptation ' then, which tō avoid
 Were better, ănd mōst likely if from me
 Thou sever not: trial ' will come unsought.
 But if thou think, trial unsought ' may find
 Us both securer ' thăn ' thūs warn'd ' thou seem'st,
 Gō; fōr thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 God ' towards thee ' hath done hīs part, dō thine."

Sō spoke ' the patriarch of mankind; but Eve '
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, replied.

" With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd '
 Chiefly by what thine own lăst reasoning words
 Tōuch'd only, thăt our trial, whěn lēast sought,
 May find us both ' perhaps ' făr less prepar'd,
 The willinger I go; nor much expect
 A foe sō proud ' will ' first ' the weaker seek;
 Sō bent, the more ' shall shame him ' hīs repulse."

Thūs saying, frōm her husband's hand ' her hand
 Sōft shē withdrew,.....
 Hēr ' long ' with ardent look ' his eye pursu'd '
 Delighted, bût desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to hēr ' his charge of quick return '
 Repeated; shē ' to him ' as oft engag'd
 To bē return'd by noon ' amid the bower,
 And all thīngs ' in bēst order ' tō invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 Oh! much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
 Thou never ' frōm thăt hour ' in Paradise
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
 Sūch ambush ' hid among swēet flowers ' and shades,
 Waited ' with hellish rancour imminent '
 To intercept thy way ' or send thee back '
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
 Mēre serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And ' ōn his quest, where likeliest he might find
 The only two of mankind, bût in them .
 The whole included race ' his purpos'd prey.

He sought them both, but wish'd ' his hap might find
 Eve separate: he wish'd ' but not with hope
 Of what sō seldom chanc'd; when tō his wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eve ' separate ' he spies,
 Vēil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood
 Hālf spied, sō thick the roses ' bushing round
 About her ' glow'd; oft stooping ' tō support
 Eāch flower of slender stalk,.....thēm shē upstays
 Gently ' with myrtle band; mindless the while
 Herself, thou fairest ' unsupported flower,
 From hēr bēst prop so far, and storm so nigh.
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd '
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm:
 Thēn voluble and bold, nōw ' hid, nōw ' seen
 Among thīck-woven arborets and flowers '
 Emborder'd ǒn ēach bank, the hand of Eve;
 Mūch ' he thē place admir'd, the person ' more.
 Greāt pleasure took the serpent ' tō behold
 Thīs flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve '
 Thūs early, thus alone; her heavenly form
 Angelic, bŭt mōre soft and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture, ǒr lēast action ' over-aw'd
 His malice,.....
 But thē hōt hell that always in him burns
 soon ended his delight; thēn soon,
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thūs excites.

“Thōughts! whither ' hāve ye led me? with whāt sweet
 Compulsion ' thus transported, tō forget
 Whāt hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for hell, hōpe here to taste
 Of pleasure, bŭt āll pleasure tō destroy,
 Sāve what is in destroying; other joy '
 To me is lost. Thēn ' lēt me not let pass
 Occasion whīch nōw smiles. Behold ' alone '
 The woman! opportune to all attempts;
 Her husband, fōr I view fār round, nōt nigh;
 Whose higher intellectual ' more I shun;
 Shē ' fair, divinely fair, fīt love for gods.”

Sō spoke the enemy of mankind, enclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad, and ' toward Eve '
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prōne ōn the ground, as since, but ōn his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd '
 Fōld above fold ' a surging maze, his head '
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle ' his eyes;
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that ' ōn the grass '
 Floated redundant: pleasing ' wās his shape,
 And lovely; never since ' of serpent-kind
 Lovelier. With track oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way;
and ' ōf his tortuous train '
 Cūrl'd many a wanton wreath ' in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye. Shē, busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves; but minded not.
 Hē ' bolder now, uncall'd ' before her stood,
 But ' ās in gaze ' admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb ' expression turn'd ' at length '
 The eye of Eve ' to mark his play: hē, glad
 Of hēr attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, ōr impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

“ Wonder not, Sovereign Mistress! if perhaps
 Thou canst, who ārt sōle wonder; much lēss ' arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd ' that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I ' thūs single, nōr have fear'd
 Thine awful brow, mōre awful ' thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance ōf thy Maker fair,
 Thēe ' all things living ' gaze on.

.....thou should'st be seen
 A goddess ' among gods, ador'd and serv'd
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.”

Sō ' gloz'd the tempter, ānd his proem tun'd;

Into the heart of Eve ' his words ' made way,
 Though ' at the voice ' mŭch marveling; at length '
 Not unamaz'd ' she thus in answer spoke.

“ Whāt ' mǎy thīs mean? language of man ' pronounc'd
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
 The first ' at least ' of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God ' on thēir creation-day
 Created mute ' to all articulate sound:
 The latter I demur: for ' in their looks '
 Mŭch reason, and ' in their actions ' oft appears.
 Thēe, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field '
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
 Redouble ' then ' thīs miracle, and say,
 Hōw cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how '
 To me ' sō friendly grown ' above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily āre in sight:
 Sāy, fōr sŭch wonder ' claims attention due.”

To whom the guileful Tempter ' thus replied.
 “ Empress of this fāir world! resplendent Eve!
 Easy to me it is ' to tell thee all
 Whāt thōu command'st, and right ' thou should'st be
 I wās ' at first ' as other beasts ' that graze [obey'd.
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts ' and low:
 Till ' ōn a day ' roving the field, I chanc'd
 A goodly tree ' fār distant ' tō behold,
 Laden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When ' frōm the boughs ' a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, mōre pleas'd my sense '
 Than smell of sweetest fennel.
To pluck and eat my fill '
 I spar'd not; fōr sŭch pleasure ' till that hour '
 At feed or fountain ' never hād I found.
 Sated at length, ere long ' I mīght perceive
 Strange alteration in me, tō degree
 Of reason ' in my inward powers, and speech
 Wanted not long, though tō thīs shape retain'd.
 Thēncefōrth ' to speculations high or deep '
 I turn'd my thoughts; and ' with capacious mind '
 Consider'd all things visible ' in Heaven,

Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
 But all that fair and good 'in thy divine
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
 United 'I behold; nō fair 'to thine
 Equivalent 'or second, which compell'd
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd
 Sovereign of creatures, universal Dame."

Sō talk'd the spirited 'slȳ Snake; and Eve '
 Yēt more amaz'd 'unwary 'thus replied.
 "Serpent! thy overpraising 'leaves in doubt
 The virtue ōf thāt fruit, in thee first prov'd;
 But say, whēre grows the tree, from hence 'hōw far?
 For many 'āre the trees of God 'that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us: in such abundance 'lyes our choice."

To whom 'the wily Adder, blithe and glad.
 "Empress! the way 'is ready, ānd nōt long;
 Beyond a row of myrtles, ōn a flat,
 Fāst by a fountain, one smāll thicket pass'd '
 Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lēad 'then," said Eve. Hē 'leading 'swiftly roll'd
 In tangles, ānd made intricate 'seem straight,
 To mischief swift.

..... ..The dire Snake, then 'into fraud '
 Lēd Eve 'our credulous mother, tō the tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our wo:
 Which whēn she saw, thūs 'tō her guide 'she spoke.
 "Serpent! we mīght have spar'd our coming hither,
 For 'ōf thīs tree 'we may not taste 'nor touch;
 Gōd 'so commanded."

To whom the Tempter 'guilefully replied.
 "Indeed? hath God thēn said, that 'ōf the fruit
 Of all thēse garden-trees 'ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declar'd 'of all in earth or air'?"

To whom thūs Eve 'yēt sinless. "Of the fruit
 Of each trēe īn the garden 'we may eat;

But 'ōf the fruit of this fāir tree 'amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall nōt eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

She scarce had said, though brief, when 'now 'mōre
The Tempter, bŭt with show of zeal and love [bold
To man, and indignation 'āt his wrong,
Nēw part puts on :.....
And all impassion'd 'thus began:

"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant!
Mother of science! now 'I feel thy power.
Quēen ōf thīs universe! dō not believe
Thōse rigid threats of death; ye shall nōt die:
Hōw should ye? By the fruit'? It gives you life
To knowledge: By the threatener'? look on me,
Mē 'whō have touch'd 'and tasted, yet both live,
And life mōre perfect 'hāve attain'd than fate '
Mēant mē, by venturing higher thān my lot.
Shall that 'be shut to man, which 'tō the beast '
Is open'? ōr will God 'incense his ire
For such a petty trespass'?.....
Gōd 'therefore 'cannot hurt you, ānd be just;
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nōr obey'd:
Your fear itself of death 'removes the fear.
Whŷ 'then 'was this 'forbid? Whŷ 'bŭt to awe,
Whŷ 'bŭt to keep you low 'and ignorant,
His worshipers: he knows, that 'in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes 'that seem sō clear,
Yēt āre but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and yē shall bē 'as gods,
Knowing both good and evil 'ās thēy know.
And what are Gods, that Man 'may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
.....And wherein lyes
The offence, that man 'should thus attain to know?
Whāt 'can yōur knowledge 'hurt hīm, or thīs tree '
Impart against his will, if all 'be his?
Or 'is it en'vy? ānd can envy 'dwell
In heavenly' breasts? Thēse, these, and many more
Causes, import your need of this fāir fruit.
Goddess humane! rēach then, and freely taste."

He ended; and his words 'replete with guile '
 Into her heart 'tōo easy entrance won:
 Fix'd ōn the fruit 'she gaz'd, which 'tō behold '
 Might tempt alone; and 'īn ber ears 'the sound
 Yēt rung 'of hīs persuasive words,.....
 Meanwhile 'the hour of noon 'drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rāis'd bȳ the smell '
 Sō savoury 'of thāt fruit, which 'wīth desire,
 Inclinalē nōw grown 'to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye: yet 'first,
 Pausing a while, thūs tō herself 'she mus'd.

“Greāt 'āre thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits !
 Though kept from man, and worthy 'to bē admir'd ;
 Whose taste, tōo long forborne, at first essay '
 Gave elocution tō the mute, and taught
 The tongue 'nōt made for speech 'to speak thy praise :
 'Thȳ praise 'hē also whō forbids thy use,
 Conceals not frōm 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 infers the good '
 By thee communicated, and our want :
 In plain 'thēn, what forbids he 'but to know ?
 Forbids us 'good, forbids us 'tō be wise.
 Sūch prohibitions 'bind not.

.....In the day 'we eat
 Of this fāir fruit, our doom 'is, wē shall die.
 Hōw 'dies the serpent ? he hath eat 'and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone '
 Was death 'invented' ? ōr to us 'denied
 This intellectual food, for beasts' reserv'd ?
 Hēre grows 'the cure of all, thīs fruit divine,
 Fāir 'tō the eye, inviting 'tō the taste,
 Of virtue to māke wise : wbāt hinders then
 To reach, and feed 'at once 'both bodȳ and mind ?”

Sō saying, her rāsh hand 'in evil hour '
 Fōrth reaching tō the fruit, she pluck'd, sbe ate :
 Eārth 'felt the wound ; and Nature 'frōm her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo,

That all ' was lost. Bäck tō the thicket ' slunk
The guilty Serpent; and wēll might: for Eve
Intent, nōw ' wholly ōn her taste, nōught else
Regarded, such delight ' till then, as seem'd,
In fruit ' she never tasted, whether true '
Or fancied so, through expectation high '
Of knowledge: nōr was godhead ' frōm her thought.
Greedily she engorg'd ' without restraint,
And knew not ' eating death. Satiated at length,
And heighten'd ' ās with wine, jocund and boon,
Thūs tō herself ' she pleasingly began :

“ O sovereign, virtuous, precious ōf āll trees
In Paradise! Experience, next to thee ' I owe,
Bēst guide; not following thee, I hād remain'd
In ignorance; thou openest wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret ' shē retire.
And I ' perhaps ' am secret; Heaven ' is high,
High, and remote ' to see from thence ' distinct '
Eāch thing on earth; and other care ' perhaps '
May hāve diverted ' frōm continual watch '
Our great forbiddē, safe ' with all his spies
About him. But ' to Adam ' in whāt sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known '
As yet ' my change, and give him tō partake
Fūll happiness with me', or rather not;
But keep the odds of knowledge ' in my power
Without co-partner? so to add ' whāt wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me mōre equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometimes
Superior; for ' inferior ' who is free?
Thīs ' māy be well. But what if God ' have seen,
And death ' ensue? thēn ' I shall be nō more,
And Adam ' wedded tō another Eve,
Shall live with her ' enjoying, I extinct;—
A death to think. Confirm'd ' thēn ' I resolve,
Adam ' shall share with me ' in bliss or wo;
Sō dear ' I love him, thāt ' with him ' āll deaths
I could endure, without him ' live nō life.”

Sō saying, frōm the tree ' her step she turn'd:

But 'first' lōw reverence done, as tō the Power
 That dwelt within, whose presence 'hād infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
 From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while '
 Waiting 'desirous 'hēr return, had wove '
 Of choicest flowers 'a garland tō adorn
 Her tresses, ānd her rural labours crown,
 As reapers 'oft are wont 'their harvest-queen.
 Greāt joy he promis'd tō his thoughts, and new
 Solace 'in hēr return, sō long delay'd:
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him, he the faltering measure felt;
 And forth 'to meet her 'went, the way she took
 Thāt morn 'when first they parted. By the tree
 Of knowledge 'hē must pass; thēre 'hē her met,
 Scārce frōm the tree returning; in her hand '
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
 Nēw gather'd, ānd ambrosial smell diffus'd,
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse,
 Came prologue 'ānd apology tōo prompt,
 Which 'with blānd words at will 'she thus address'd.

“Hast thoŭ not wonder'd, Adam! āt my stay?
 But strange '
 Hath beēn the cause, and wonderful to hear.
 This tree 'is not, as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted..... The serpent wise,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
 Nōt dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
 Endu'd with human voice 'and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, ānd with me '
 Persuasively 'hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 The effects to correspond;.....
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss:
 Tedious 'unshar'd with thee, ānd odious soon.
 Thoŭ 'therefore 'also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love.”

Thus Eve 'with countenance blithe 'her story told;
 But 'in her cheek 'distemper flushing glow'd.

On the other side, Adam, sōon ās he heard
 The fatal trespass ' done by Eve, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood, and blank, while horror chill '
 Rān through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slāck hand ' the garland ' wreath'd for Eve '
 Dōwn dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed:
 Speechless ' he stood, and pale ; till thus ' at length '
 First tō himself ' he inward silence broke.

“ O fairest ōf creation ! last ' and best
 Of all Gōd's works ! creature ' in whom excell'd
 Whatever cān ' to sight or thought ' be form'd,
 Holy, divine, gōod, amiable, or sweet !
 Hōw ' ārt thou lost ! hōw ' ōn a sudden ' lost,
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now ' to death devote !
Some cursed fraud
 Of enemy ' hāth beguil'd thee, yet unknown :
 And me ' with thee ' hath ruin'd : fōr with thee '
 Certain ' my resolution is to die ;
 Hōw ' cān I live without thee, how ' forego
 Thy sweet converse, and love ' so dearly join'd,
 To live again ' in these wild woods forlorn ?
 Should God ' create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee '
 Would never frōm my heart ; nō, no, I feel
 The link of nature ' draw me : flesh of flesh,
 Bōne ōf mȳ bone ' thou art, and ' frōm thȳ state '
 Mīne ' never shall be parted, bliss ' or wo.”
 Thēn, in cālm mood ' his words to Eve he turn'd.

“ Bōld deed thou hāst presum'd, adventurous Eve !
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
 Had it been only ' coveting ' to eye
 Thāt sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Mūch more ' to taste it, under ban to touch.
 But pass'd ' whō cān recall, or done ' ūndo ?
 Not God omnipotent, nor fate ; yet so '
 Perhaps ' thou shalt not die, perhaps ' the fact
 Is not sō heinous now,
 Nor cān I think ' that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatening, will ' in earnest ' so destroy
 Us ' his prime creatures, dignified so high,

Sēt over all his works; who, though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
 Us tō abolish, lest the Adversary '
 Triumph, and say, Fickle 'thēir state 'whom God '
 Mōst favours; who 'can please hīm long? Mē 'first
 He ruin'd, now 'mankind: whom 'will he next?
 If death '
 Consort with thee, dēath 'is to me as life;
 So forcibly 'within my heart 'I feel
 The bond of nature 'draw me tō my own,
 My own in thee, for what thoū art 'is mine;
 Oūr state 'cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thēe 'wēre to lose myself."

Sō Adam; ānd thūs Eve 'to him replied.
 "O glorious trial 'ōf exceeding love!
 Illustrious evidence,...good proof
 Thīs day 'affords, declaring thee 'resolv'd,
 Rather than death, or ought than death mōre dread '
 Shall separate us, link'd in love 'sō dear,
 To undergo 'with me 'ōne guilt, ōne crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fāir fruit;
 Tāste so divine, that what 'of sweet before '
 Hath touch'd my sense, seems flat 'to this, and harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver tō the winds."

Sō saying, shē embrac'd him, ānd 'for joy '
 Tenderly wept; mūch won 'that he his love '
 Had so ennobl'd, ās 'of choice 'to incur
 Divine displeasure 'fōr hēr sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad '
 Sūch recompense 'bēst merits) frōm the bough
 She gave him 'ōf thāt fair enticing fruit '
 With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome 'with female charm.
 Eārth 'trembl'd frōm her entrails, ās again
 In pangs; and Nature 'gave a second groan;
 Sōon 'ās the force of that fallacious fruit,
 That 'with exhilarating vapour bland '
 About their spirits 'had play'd, and inmost powers

Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep'
Brēd ōf unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
As frōm unrest, and each ' the other viewing,
Sōon found their eyes ' hōw open'd, and their minds '
Hōw darken'd; innocence, that 'ās a veil '
Had shadow'd thēm ' from knowing ill, was gone;
Jūst confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour ' frōm about them, naked left
To guilty shame. Thēy ' destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, ānd in face
Confounded ' long they sat, as stricken mute,
Till Adam ' thōugh nōt less than Eve ' abash'd,
At length ' gave utterance tō thēse words constrain'd.

“ O Eve! in evil hour ' thou dīdst give ear '
To that fālse worm, of whomsoever taught '
To counterfeit mān's voice, trūe ' in our fall,
False ' in our promis'd rising; since our eyes '
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, gōod ' lost, and evil ' got,
Bād fruit of knowledge, if thīs ' bē to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments ' nōw soil'd and stain'd.
.....Hōw ' shall I behold the face '
Henceforth ' of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture ' so oft beheld? Thōse heavenly shapes '
Will dazzle now this earthly ' with their blaze
Insufferably bright. Oh! might I here '
In solitude ' live savage, in sōme glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods ' impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown ' as evening! Cover mē, ye pines,
Ye cedars! with innumerable boughs '
Hide mē, whēre I may never see them more.”
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears '
Rāin'd āt their eyes, but high winds ' worse ' within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, ānd shōok sore
Their inward state of mind, cālm region once '

And full of peace, nōw toss'd and turbulent:
 For understanding ' rul'd not, and the will
 Hēard ' not her lore.....
 Adam, estrang'd in look ' and alter'd style,
 Spēech intermitted ' thus to Eve renew'd.

“ Wōuld thoŭ hadst hearken'd tō my words ' and stay'd
 With mē, as I besought thee, whēn thāt strange
 Desire of wandering ' thīs unhappy morn,
 I know not whence, possess'd thee ; wē had then '
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, shām'd, naked, miserable.”

To whom ' sōon mov'd with touch of blame ' thūs Eve ;
 “ Whāt words ' have pass'd thy lips? Adam severe!
 Imput'st thou that ' to mŷ default, or will
 Of wandering, ās thou call'st it, which whō knows '
 But might as ill have happen'd ' thou being by,
 Or tō thyself perhaps? hadst thou been there,
 Was I tō have never ' parted frōm thy side ?
 As good have grown thēre still ' a lifeless rib.
 Being ās I am, whŷ didst not thou ' the head '
 Command me absolutely ' not to go,—
 Going into sūch danger ' ās thou said'st?
 Tōo facile ' then ' thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nāy ' didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hādst thoŭ been firm and fix'd in thŷ dissent,
 Neither had I ' transgress'd', nor thou ' with me.”

To whom thēn ' first incens'd ' Adam replied.
 “ Is this ' the love, is this ' the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve ! express'd
 Immutable ' when thou wert lost, nōt I,
 Who mīght have liv'd ' and ' joy'd immortal bliss,
 Yet ' willingly ' chose rather death with thee ?
 And am I now upbraided ' ās the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 It seems ' in thy restraint? Whāt cōuld I more ?
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy '
 That lay in wait ; beyond thīs ' hād been force,
 And force ' upon frēe-will ' hath here nō place.
 But confidence ' thēn ' bore thee on, secure '

Either to meet nō danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
 I also 'err'd, in over much admiring
 Whāt seem'd in thee sō perfect, thāt I thought '
 Nō evil 'durst attempt thee, but I rue
 The error 'now, which is become my crime,
 And thou 'the accuser. Thūs 'it shall befall
 Hīm whō 'to worth in woman over-trusting '
 Lets hēr will 'rule; restraint she will not brook,
 And 'left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
 Shē 'first 'hīs weak indulgence will accuse.

Thūs thēy 'in mutual accusation 'spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither 'self-condemning,
 And of their contest vain 'appear'd nō end.

BOOK X.

..... The voice of God they heard '
 Nōw 'walking in the garden, bȳ sōft winds '
 Brōught tō their ears, while day 'declin'd; they heard,
 And 'frōm his presence 'hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

“ Whēre 'ārt thou, Adam! wont 'with joy 'to meet
 My coming 'seen fār off? I miss thee here,
 Nōt pleas'd, thūs entertain'd with solitude,
 Come forth.”

He came, and with him Eve, mōre loth, though first
 To offend; discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd:
 Lōve 'wās nōt in their looks, either 'to God '
 Or tō ēach other; but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whēnce Adam 'faltering long, thūs answer'd brief.
 “ I heard thee in the garden, and 'of thy voice,
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
 The gracious Judge 'without revile 'replied.
 “ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd; hōw is it now 'become
 Sō dreadful tō thee? Thāt thōu art naked, who

Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge ' thou should'st' nōt eat?"

To whom thus Adam 'sore beset ' replied.
" O Heaven! in evil strait ' this day I stand '
Before my judge, either to undergo
Myself ' the total crime, or tō 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 necessity '
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lēst ' on my head ' both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd.....
This woman, whom thou mad'st to bē my help,
And gav'st me ' as thy perfect gift, sō good,
Sō fit, sō acceptable, so divine,
Shē gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the Sovereign Presence ' thus replied.
" Was she thy God, that her ' thou didst obey
Before his voice?Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely ' tō attract
Thy love; nōt thy subjection."

Sō having said, he thus to Eve ' in few.
" Sāy, Woman! what is this ' which thou hast done?"

To whom sād Eve ' with shame nigh overwhelm'd.
" The serpent ' me beguil'd, and I did eat."

Which ' when the Lord Gōd heard, without delay
He proceeded,... And on the serpent thus ' his curse let fall.
" Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd,
Above all cattle, each bēast of the field;
Upon thy belly ' groveling ' thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman ' I will put
Enmity, and between thine and hēr seed;
Hēr seed ' shall bruise thy head, thou ' bruise his heel."
And tō the woman ' thus his sentence turn'd.
" Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply '
By thy conception; children shalt thou bring '

In sorrow ' forth; and tō thy husband's will '
Thīne ' shall submit; hē ' over thee shall rule."

On Adam last ' thūs judgement hē pronounc'd:
"Because thou hāst hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten ōf the tree ' concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, Thoŭ shalt nōt eat thereof:
Cŭrs'd is the ground for thy sāke; thou ' in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof ' āll the days of thy life;
Thōrns also and thistles ' it shall bring thee forth '
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field.
In the sweat of thy face ' shalt thou eat bread,
Till thoŭ return unto the ground; for thou '
Oūt ōf the ground ' wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust ' thou art, and shalt to dust return."

Meanwhile ' in Paradise ' the hellish pair
Tōo soon arriv'd; SĪN ' there in power before,
Once actual, now ' in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her ' DEATH '
Clōse following ' pace for pace, not mounted yet
On hīs pāle horse: to whom SĪN ' thus began.

"Second of Satan sprung, āll-conquering Death!
Whāt think'st thou ōf our empire now, though earn'd
With travel difficult, nōt better far '
Than still ' at hell's dārk threshold ' to have sēt watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself hālf starv'd?"
Whom thus the Sin-bōrn monster ' answer'd soon.
"To me, who ' with eternal famine ' pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
Thēre best, whēre most with ravin I may meet;
Which there, though plenteous ' all tōo little seems
To stuff thīs maw, thīs vast unhide-bound corpse."

"O miserable of happy! is this ' the end
Of this nēw glorious world, and me ' sō late
The glory of that glory, who now ' become
Accurs'd of blessed? hide me frōm the face
Of God, whōm tō behold ' was then my height
Of happiness! yet well ' if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but thīs ' will not serve.

Whō ' ōf āll ages tō succeed, but feeling
 The evil ōn him brought by me, will curse
 My head? ill fare ' our ancestor impure,
 For this ' we mǎy thānk Adam : but his thanks '
 Shall bē mȳ execration. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise ! dēar bought with lasting wōes !
 Gōd ' made thee ōf choice his own, and ōf his own
 To serve him ; thy reward ' was ōf hīs grace ;
 Thy punishment ' then ' justly is āt hīs will.
 Bē it sō, fōr I submit ; his doom ' is fair,
 That dust ' I am, and shall ' to dust return :
 Both Death and I '
 Am found eternal, ānd incorporate both ;
 Nor I ' on my part ' single, in me ' all
 Posterity ' stānds curs'd : fair patrimony '
 That I must leave you, sons ; ōh ! were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave yōū none !
 Sō disinherited, hōw ' wōūld ye bless
 Mē, now your curse !

O Conscience ! into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hāst thou driven me ; out of which
 I find nō way, from deep to deeper plung'd !"

O woods ! O fountains ! hillocks ! dales ! and bowers !
 With other echo ' late ' I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound fār other song."

Whom thus afflicted ' whēn sād Eve ' beheld,
 Desolate ' where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Sōft words ' to his fiērcē passion ' she essay'd :
 But her ' with stern regard ' he thus repell'd.

" Oūt ōf my sight, thou Serpent ! that nāme ' best
 Befits thee ' with hīm leagu'd, thyself ' as false
 And hateful ; Būt for thee '
 I hād persisted happy, had nōt thy pride '
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Nōt tō be trusted ; longing tō be seen '
 Though bȳ the devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach ; but ' with the serpent meeting,
 Foōl'd and beguil'd ; by him ' thoū, I ' by thee ;
 Oh ! why did God, Creator wise !

Not fill the world 'at once ' with Men as Angels?
..... This mischief ' had nôt thên befallen,
And more that shall befall ; for either
Hē ' never shall find out fît mate, but such
As some misfortune ' brings him, òr mistake ;
Or whom he wishes most ' shall seldom gain
Through hēr perverseness ; but shall see her gain'd
By ã fãr worse ; or ' if she love, withheld
By parents ; òr his happiest choice ' tōo late '
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound '
To ã fêll adversary, his hate or shame :
Which infinite calamity ' shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turn'd ; but Eve '
Nôt so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, ãt his feet
Fêll humble, ãnd ' embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

" Forsake me not thūs, Adam ! witness heaven !
Whãt love sincere, and reverence in my heart '
I bear thee, ãnd ' unweeting ' hãve offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd ; thy suppliant
I beg ' and clasp thỹ knees ; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thine aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
Whither ' shall I betake me, where ' subsist ?
While yet we live, scãrce one shōrt hour perhaps.
Between us two ' let thêre be peace, bōth joining,
As join'd in injuries, òne enmity '
Against a foe ' by doom express ' assign'd us,
That cruel serpent : on mē ' exercise not
Thy hatred ' for this misery befallen,
On me ' already lost, mē ' thãn thyself
Mōre miserable ; both ' have sinn'd, but thou '
Against Gōd only, I ' 'gainst God and thee ;
And ' tō the place of judgement ' will return,]
Thêre ' with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence ' frõm thỹ head remov'd ' may light

On me, sōle cause to thee ' of all thī wo,
Mē, me only, jūst object ōf his ire."

She ended weeping; ānd her lowly plight
Immovable ' till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd ānd deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon ' his heart relented
Towards her, his life sō late ' and sole delight,
Nōw ' āt his feet submissive ' in distress,
Creature sō fair ' his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid:
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus ' with peaceful words ' uprais'd her soon.

" Unwary, and tōo desirous, ās before,
Sō now ' of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment ' āll on thyself; alas!
Bēār thine ōwn first, ill able ' tō sustain
His full wrāth, whose thou feel'st ' as yet ' lēast part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers '
Could alter high decrees, I ' tō thāt place '
Would speed before thee, ānd be louder heard,
That ' ōn m̄y head ' āll mīght be visited,
Thy frailty ' and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me ' committed, ānd by me ' expos'd.
But rise, let ūs nō more contend, nor blame
Eāch other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of lōve, hōw we may lighten
Eāch other's burden, in our share of wo.
Whāt better cān we do, than ' tō 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 whōse look serene,
When angry most ' he seem'd, and most severe,
What else ' but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

Sō spoke our father penitent; nor Eve '

Felt less remorse: they ' forthwith ' tō the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd '
 Humbly ' their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and ' with their sighs ' the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI.

THUS ' they ' in lowliest plight ' repentant ' stood '
 Praying; for ' frōm the mercy-seat above
 Prevenient grace descending ' hād remov'd
 The stony frōm their hearts, and made nēw flesh
 Regenerate ' grow instead, that sighs nōw breath'd
 Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer '
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for heaven ' with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory:.....then ' clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
 By thēir grēat Intercessor, came in sight '
 Before the Father's throne: thēm thē glād Son
 Presenting, thus ' to intercede began.

“ Sēe, Father! what first-fruits ' on earth are sprung
 From thine implanted grace in man; thēse sighs
 And prayers, which ' in thīs golden censer ' mix'd
 With incense, I ' thy Priest ' before thee bring.
Now, therefore, bend thine ear
 To supplication: hear his sighs ' though mute;
 Unskillful with whāt words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me ' his Advocate '
 And Propitiation; all his works ' on me,
 Gōod or nōt good, engraft; mȳ merit ' those
 Shall perfect; ānd for these ' my death ' shall pay.
 Accept me, ānd in me ' frōm these ' receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live
 Before thee ' reconcil'd, at least ' his days
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
 To mitigate ' thūs plead, nōt tō reverse,)

To better life ' shall yield him; where ' with me '
 All mý redeem'd ' may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I ' with thee ' am One."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
 " All thý request for Man, accepted Son!
 Obtain; ãll thý request ' was my decree.
 But longer ' in thāt Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to Nature ' him forbids:
 Lēst, therefore, his nōw bolder hand '
 Rēach also ǒf the tree of life, and eat,
 And live ' for ever, to remove him ' I decree,
 And send him frōm the garden forth ' to till
 The ground ' whēnce hē was taken, fitter soil."

" Michael! thīs ' my behest ' have thou in charge,
 Hāste thēe, and ' frōm the Paradise of God '
 Without remorse ' drive out the sinful pair ;
 Yēt, lest they faint '
 At thē sād sentence ' rigorously urg'd,
 ãll terror hide.
 If ' patiently ' thy bidding thēy obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
 To Adam ' what shall come in future days
 As I shall thee enlighten;...
 And ' ǒn the east sīde ǒf the garden ' place,
 Where entrance up from Eden ' easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and ' ǒf a sword the flame '
 Wide-waving, all approach fār off to fright."

Thēn Adam thus to Eve ' his welcome words renew'd.
 " Eve! easily may faith admit, that all
 The good which wē enjoy, from Heaven descends;
 But ' thāt from us ' ǒught shōuld āscend to Heaven,
 Sō prevalent ' as tō concern the mind
 Of God hīgh-bless'd, or ' tō incline his will,
 Hārd tō belief ' may seem; yet this ' will prayer '
 Or one shōrt sigh of human breath, upborne
 Even tō the seat of God. For ' since I sought '
 By prayer ' the offended Deity to appease,
 Knēel'd, and ' before him ' humbl'd all my heart,
 Methought ' I saw him placable ' and mild,

Bending his ear; persuasion 'in me grew '
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd '
 Hōme tō my breast, and 'tō my memory '
 His promise thāt thy seed 'shall bruise our foe;
 When then 'nōt minded in dismay, yet now '
 Assures me 'thāt the bitterness of death '
 Is pass'd, and wē shall live. Whēnce 'hail to thee,
 Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all thīngs living, since 'by thee '
 Mān 'is to live, and all things 'live for Man."

To whom thūs Eve 'with sad demeanour 'meek.
 "Ill worthy I 'sūch title 'shoūld belong
 To me 'transgressor, whō 'for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare; to me 'reproach '
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
 But 'infinite in pardon 'wās my Judge,
 That I 'who first brought death on all, am grac'd
 The source of life;.....
while 'here we dwell,
 Whāt cān be toilsome 'in thēse pleasant walks?
 Hēre 'lēt us live, though in fallen state, content."

Sō spoke, sō wish'd 'mūch-humbl'd Eve; but fate '
 Subscrib'd not: Nature 'first 'gave signs, impress'd
 On bird, bēast, air; āir suddenly eclips'd '
 After shōrt blush of morn; nīgh 'in her sight '
 The bird of Jove, stōop'd frōm his airy tour,
 Twō birds of gayest plume 'before him drove:
 Dōwn frōm a hill 'the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
 Direct to the eastern gate 'was bent their flight.
 Adam 'observ'd, and 'wīth his eye 'the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd 'to Eve thūs spoke.
 "O Eve! sōme farther change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heaven 'by these mūte signs in nature 'shows.
 Fore-runners ōf his purpose, ōr to warn
 Us 'haply too secure of oūr discharge
 From penalty, because 'from death releas'd
 Sōme days; hōw long, and what till then our life,
 Whō knows, or more than this, that wē are dust,

And thither müst return, and be nō more?"

.....The archangel 'soon drew nigh,
Nōt ĩn his shape celestial, büt as man '

Clād tō mēet man;.....

Adam 'bōw'd low; hē 'kingly 'frōm his state
Inclin'd not, büt his cōming thus declar'd.

"Adam! Hēaven's high behest 'no preface needs:
Sufficient 'thāt thy prayers 'are heard, and death,
Thēn due by sentence 'whēn thou didst transgress,
Defeated ۆf his seizure 'many days
Gĭven thēe of grace, wherein thou mǎy'st repent.
But longer 'ĩn thĭs Paradise to dwell '
Permits not; tō remove thee 'I am come,
And send thee 'frōm the garden forth 'to till
The ground whēnce thōu wast taken, fitter soil."

He added not, for Adam 'āt the news '
Heārt-struck 'with chilling gripe of sorrow 'stood,
That all his senses bound: Eve, whō 'unseen '
Yet all had heard, with audible lament '
Discover'd soon the place of hēr retire.

"O unexpected stroke! wōrse 'thān of death!
Müst I thūs leave thee, Paradise? thūs leave
Thēe, native soil, thēse happy walks 'and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? whēre I had hope 'to spend,
Quiet 'though sad, the respite ۆf thāt day
That müst be mortal tō us both. O flowers!
That never wĭll 'in other climate 'grow,
My early visitation 'ānd my last '
At even, which I bred up 'with tender hand
From thē fĭrst opening bud, and gave you names,
Whō 'now 'shall rear you tō the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water 'frōm the ambrosial fount?
.....Hōw shall we breathe in other air '
Lēss pure, accustom'd tō immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the Angel 'interrupted mild.
"Lament not, Eve! but 'patiently 'resign '
Whāt justly thōu hast lost; nor set thy heart '
'Thūs over fond, on that which ĩs not thine,
Thy going 'is not lonely; with thee 'goes

Thy husband; him to follow ' thoũ art bound;
Where he abides, think ' there thy native soil."

Adam ' by this ' from thẽ cõld sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd.
To Michael thus ' his humble words address'd.

" Celestial!... .. gently hãst thou told
Thy message, which might else ' in telling ' wound,
And ' in performing ' end us.....

.....If ' by prayer
Incessant ' I could hope ' to change the will
Of him who all things can, I wouõd not cease
To weary him ' with mỹ assiduous cries:
But prayer ' against his absolute decree '
Nõ more avails ' than breath ' against the wind;
Therefore, to his greãt bidding ' I submit.
Thiẽ ' most afflicts me, thãt ' departing hence,
As frõm his face ' I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed countenance.....
In yonder nether world ' whẽre shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?"

To whom thũs ' Michael, with regard benign.
" Adam ! thou know'st hẽaven ' his, and all the earth,
Not this rõck only, his omnipresence ' fills
Lãnd, sea, and air, and every kind that lives:
All the earth he gave thee ' tõ possess and rule,
Nõ despicable gift ; surmise not ' then '
His presence ' tõ thẽse narrow bounds ' confin'd
Of Paradise ' or Eden :.....
Yet ' doubt not ' bũt ' in valley ' ãnd in plain '
Gõd ' is as here, and will be found ' alike
Present.....
Which ' thãt thou may'st believe, and bẽ confirm'd '
Ere thoũ from hence depart, knõw ' I am sent
To show thee ' what shall come ' in future days '
To thee and tõ thine offspring; good with bad '
Expect to hear, thereby ' to learn
Trũe patience, ãnd to temper joy ' with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd '
By moderation ' either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: sõ shãlt thou lead '

Safest ' thy life, and ' best prepar'd ' endure
 Thy mortal passage, when it comes. Ascend '
 This hill, let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
 Here sleep below, while thou ' to foresight wak'st ;
 As once thou slept'st, while she ' to life was form'd."

To whom thus Adam ' gratefully replied. '
 " Ascend ; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and ' to the hand of Heaven ' submit,
 However chastening." So ' both ' ascend '
 In the visions of God : It was a hill
 Of Paradise ' the highest, from whose top '
 The hemisphere of earth ' in clearest ken '
 Stretch'd out ' to the 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 show him all earth's kingdoms ' and their glory.
 His eye ' might there command ' wherever stood
 City of old ' or modern fame, the seat
 Of mightiest empire.

..... " Behold
 The effects which thine original crime ' hath wrought
 In some ' to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 The 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 open'd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon ' were sheaves
 New reap'd ; the other part ' sheep-walks and folds ;
 In the midst ' an altar ' as the land-mark ' stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sward ; thither ' anon '
 A sweaty reaper ' from his tillage ' brought
 First-fruits, the green ear, 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 their fat, with incense strow'd '
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd,
 His offering ' soon ' propitious fire from heaven '
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam ;

The other's not, for his ' was not sincere ;
 Whereat he inly rag'd ; and ' ās they talk'd,
 Smōte him intō the midriff' with a stone
 That beat out life ; he fell, and ' deadly pale '
 Grōan'd out his soul ' with gushing blood effus'd.
 Mūch ' āt thāt sight ' was Adam ' in his heart '
 Dismay'd, and thus ' in haste ' to the angel cried.

“ O teacher ! some greāt mischief ' hāth befallen
 To that mēek man, who well had sacrific'd.
 Is piety thus ' and pure devotion ' paid' ?”

To whom thūs Michael, he also mov'd, replied.
 “ These two ' are brethren, Adam ! ānd to come
 Out of thy loins ; the unjust ' the just hath slain,
 For envy ' thāt his brother's offering ' found
 From Heaven ' acceptance ; but the bloody fact '
 Will bē aveng'd ; and the other's faith ' approv'd '
 Lōse no reward, though here ' thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust ' and gore.” To which ' our sire.

“ Alas ! bōth fōr the deed ' and fōr the cause !
 But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way
 I mūst return to native dust ? O sight
 Of terror ! foul and ugly ' tō behold,
 Horrid ' to think, hōw terrible ' to feel !”

To whom thūs ' Michael. “ Dēath thou hast seen '
 In his fīrst shape ' on man ; but many shapes
 Of death, and many ' āre the ways that lead
 To his grīm cave, āll dismal ; yet ' to sense '
 Mōre terrible at the entrance ' thān within.
 Sōme, ās thou saw'st ' by violent stroke ' shall die,
 By fire, flōod, famine, bỹ intemperance ' more '
 In meats and drinks, which ' on the earth ' shall bring
 Diseases dire.....Immediately ' a place '
 Before his eyes ' appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
 A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid '
 Numbers of all diseas'd, āll maladies ;
 Dire ' wās the tossing, deep ' the groans ; Despair '
 Tended the sick, busiest ' from couch to couch ;
 And ' over them ' triumphant Death ' his dart
 Shōok, büt delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
 With vows, as thēir chiēf good, and final hope.

“O miserable mankind! tō whāt fall '
 Degraded, tō whāt wretched state ' reserv'd!
 Better ēnd here ' unborn..... Can thus
 The image of God in man, created once
 So goodly ' and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings ' bē debas'd
 Under inhuman pains? Whȳ should not man '
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities ' be free,
 And ' fōr his Maker's image sake, exempt?"

“Their Maker's image,” answer'd Michael, “then
 Forsook them, whēn themselves they vilified '
 To serve ungovern'd appetite,
 Therefore, sō abject ' is their punishment,
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, bŭt their own,
 Or ' if hīs likeness, bȳ themselves defac'd,
worthily, since they
 Gōd's image did not reverence ' in themselves.”

“I yield it just,” said Adam, “and submit.
 But is there ' yet ' nō other way, besides
 Thēse painful passages, hōw wē may come
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust'?"

“There is,” said Michael, “if thou well observe
 The rule of not tōo much, by temperance taught,
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking ' from thence '
 Dŭe nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years ' over thy head ' return ;
 Sō māy'st thou live, till ' like rīpe fruit ' thou drop
 Intō thy mother's lap, or bē ' with ease '
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature :
 This ' is ōld age ; but ' then ' thou mŭst outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and gray ; thy senses then
 Obtuse, āll taste of pleasure mŭst forego,
 To what thou hast, and fōr the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood ' will reign
 A melancholy damp ' of eold and dry '
 To weigh thy spirit down, and last consume
 The balm of life.....
 Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st,

Live well; how long ' or short ' permit to Heaven."
 To whom thūs Adam :
 " Still ' I see the tenor of Man's wo
 Holds on the same, from Woman tō hegin."

" From man's effeminate slackness ' it begins,"
 Said the Angel, " whō should better hold his place
 By wisdom, ānd superior gifts receiv'd.
 But ' now ' prepare thee ' fōr another scene."

He look'd, and saw wide territories ' spread
 Before him, towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of men ' with lofty gates ' and towers ;
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces ' threatening war,
 Giants of mighty bone, and hold emprise :
 Pärt ' wield their arms, pärt ' curh the foaming steed,
 Single ' or in array of hattle ' rang'd
 With cruel tournament ' the squadrons join ;
 Where cattle ' pastur'd late, nōw ' scatter'd lyes
 With carcasses and arms ' the ensanguin'd field
 Deserted :
 On each hānd ' slaughter ānd gigantic deeds.
 Adam ' was all in tears, and ' tō his guide '
 Lamenting ' turn'd füll sad : " Oh! what are these,
 Dēath's ministers, not men, who thus dēal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply '
 Ten thousand fold ' the sin of him who slew
 His brother : fōr ' of whom ' sūch massacre
 Māke thēy ' but ōf their brethren, men ' of men ?"
 To whom thus Michael:
 " Thūs ' fame shall bē achiev'd, renown on earth,
 And what mōst merits fame ' in silence hid,
 At length a reverend sire ' among them came,
 And ' ōf their doings ' great dislike declar'd,
 And testified against their ways,... ..
and tō them preach'd
 Conversion and repentance,
 But all ' in vain : which, whēn he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, ānd remov'd his tents ' far off;
 Thēn ' frōm the mountain ' hewing timher tall,
 Began to build a vessel ' ōf hūge bulk,
 And ōf provisions ' laid in large "

For man and beast : when 'lo ! a wonder strange !
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small '
 Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
 Their order : lāst ' the sire, and hīs thrēe sons,
 With thēir fōur wives ; and God ' made fast the door :
all dwellings else '
 Flōod overwhelm'd, and them ' with all their pomp '
 Dēep under water roll'd ; sēa ' cover'd sea,
 Sēa ' without shore."
 Thēn tō the angel Adam utter'd thus his plaint.

“ O vision ! ill foreseen ! better ' had I
 Līv'd ' ignorant of future, so ' had borne
 My part of evil only, each dāy's lot '
 Enough to bear ; Let nō mǎn ' seek
 Henceforth ' to bē foretold whāt shāll befall
 Hīm ' ōr his children ; evil ' he may be sure '
 Which ' neither his foreknowing ' can prevent ;
 And he ' the future evil shall nō less '
 In apprehension ' thān in substance ' feel
 Grievous ' to bear : ”
 Thēn ' with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to heaven, over his head ' beholds
 A dewy cloud, and ' in the cloud ' a bow,
 Conspicuous ' with thrēe listed colours ' gay,
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam ' erst so sad '
 Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy ' broke forth.

“ O thou ! who ' future things canst represent
 As present, heavenly instructor, I revive
 At this lāst sight, assur'd ' that Man ' shall live
 With all the creatures, ānd their seed preserve.
 Fār less ' I now lament ' for one whōle world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice '
 For one mǎn ' found sō perfect ' ānd sō just,
 That God ' vouchsafes ' to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger ' tō forget.
 But say, whāt mean ' those colour'd streaks in heaven ? ”

To whom the Archangel :
 “ Sō ' willingly doth God remit his ire,
 And makes a covenant ' never tō 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 'whēn he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple colour'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant : day and night,
Sēed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire 'pūrge all things new,
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just 'shall dwell.

BOOK XII.

AS one who ōn his journey baits at noon,
Though bent on speed ; sō here the Archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose :
Thēn with transition sweet nēw speech resumes.

“Thūs thōu hast seen ōne world begin and end ;
And Man as frōm a second stock proceed.
Mūch thōu hast yet to see ; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense :
Henceforth whāt is to come I will relate,
Thōu therefore give dūe audience, ānd attend.

This sēcond source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement pass'd remains
Frēsh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace ;
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Cōrn, wine, and oil, and frōm the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Lōng time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule ; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, nōt content
With fair equality, 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 war and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous :
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord.
 Hē, with a crew whom like ambition joins,
 Marching from Eden towards the west shall build
 A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven ;
 And get themselves a name ;
 But God, who oft descends ' to visit men '
 Unseen, and ' through their habitations ' walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see their city, and sets
 Upōn their tongues a various spirit, to raze
 Quite out their native language :
 Forthwith ' a hideous gabble ' rises loud
 Among the builders ; each to other calls '
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm ; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work ' *Confusion* nam'd."

Whereto thus Adam ' fatherly displeas'd.
 " O execrable son ! sō to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming
 Authority usurp'd ' from God not given :
 man ' over men
 He made not lord ; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stāys not on man ; to God his tower intends
 Siēge and defiance."

To whom thus Michael. " Justly thou abhorr'st
 That son, who ōn the quiet state of men
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty ; yet know withall,
 Since thine original lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being :
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,

Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions ' catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Mān till then free. Therefore, since hē permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over frēe reason, God in judgement just
Subjects him frōm without to violent lords ;
Who oft ās undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom. Tyranny ' mūst be,
Though ' tō the tyrant ' thereby no excuse.
Yet ' sometimes ' nations ' will decline sō low
From virtue, whīch is reason, thāt nō wrong,
But justice, and sōme fatal curse annex'd '
Deprives them ōf their outward liberty,
Their inward lost ; witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark ; who ' fōr the shame
Dōne tō his father, heard thīs heavy curse,
Servant of servants, ōn his vicious race.
Thūs ' will thīs latter, ās the former world,
Stīll tend from bad ' to worse ; till God ' at last '
Wearied with thēir iniquities, withdraw
His presence ' frōm among them, and avert
His holy eyes : resolving frōm henceforth '
To leave them ' tō their own polluted ways ;
And one peculiar nation tō select
From all the rest, of whom to bē invok'd ;
A nation ' frōm ōne faithful man to spring :
Hīm ' ōn thīs side Euphrates ' yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship. Oh ! that men '
(Cānst thou believe ?) should bē sō stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the flood,
As tō forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thēir ōwn work ' in wood and stone
For gods ! yet him ' Gōd thē Mōst High ' vouchsafes
To call ' by vision ' frōm his father's house,
His kindred ' and fālse gods, intō a land
Which he will show him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation ; and upon him shower
His benediction so, that ' in hīs seed '
All nations shāl be bless'd ; he straight obeys,
Not knowing tō whāt land, yet firm believes.

I see him, but thoū canst not, with whāt faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil,
Ur ōf Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran, after hīm '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.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents '
Pitch'd about Shechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there 'by promise 'he receives
Gift tō his progeny 'of all thāt land,
From Hamath northward 'tō the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon east 'to thē greāt western sea:
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, ēach place behold,
In prospect, ās I point them; on the shore '
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream,
Jordan, trūe limit eastward; bŭt his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that lōng ridge of hills.
Thīs ponder, thāt āll nations ōf the earth '
Shall 'in hīs seed 'be blessed: bŷ thāt seed
Is meant thy Great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head: whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall bē reveal'd. Thīs patriarch bless'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and ōf his son a grand-child leaves,
Like hīm in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The graud-child with twēlve sons encreas'd departs,
From Canaan, tō a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided bŷ the river Nile:
Sēe where it flows, disgorging āt sēven mouths
Intō the sea. To sojourn in thāt land
He comes, invited bŷ a younger son '
In time of dearth; a son whose worthy deeds
Rāise hīm 'to bē the second in thāt realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies and leaves his race
Growing intō a nation, and nōw grown
Suspected tō a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Tōo numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males;

Till by twō brethren (those twō brethren ' call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people frōm enthrallment, they return
With glory and spoil ' bāck tō their promis'd land.
But first the lawless tyrant, whō denies
To know their God, or message tō regard,
Mūst bē compell'd ' by signs and judgement dire;
To blood unshed ' the rivers mūst be turn'd;
Frōgs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loth'd intrusion, ānd fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die:
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
Whāt it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts 'swarming down
Must eat, and ' ōn the ground ' leave nothing green;
Darkness ' must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, ānd blot out thrēe days;
Lāst, with ōne midnight stroke, āll thē first-born
Of Egypt ' mūst lye dead. Thūs, with tēn wounds '
The river dragon ' tam'd at length ' submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still ' as ice
Mōre harden'd after thaw, till ' in his rage '
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him ' with his host; but them lets pass '
As ōn drȳ land ' between twō crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore;
Sūch wondrous power Gōd tō his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel, whō shall go
Before them ' in a cloud and pillar of fire,
By day ' a cloud, by night ' a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, ānd remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:
All night he will pursue; but his approach
Darkness defends between ' till morning-watch:
Thēn through the firy pillar ānd the cloud
Gōd looking forth will trouble all his host,

And craze their chariot wheels; when bŷ command
 Moses ōnce more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
 On thēir embattl'd ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm the war. The race elect
 Sāfe towards Canaan frōm the shore advance
 Through thē wild desert, not the readiest way,
 Lest entering ōn the Canaanite, alarm'd,
 Wār terrify them inexpert, and fear
 Return them back to Ēgypt, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life
 To noble ānd ignoble is mōre sweet
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by thēir delay
 In thē wīde wilderness; thēre thēy shall found
 Their government, and thēir grēāt senate choose
 Through thē twēlve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
 Gōd frōm the mount of Sinai, whōse grāy top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In thunder, lightning, ānd lōud trumpets sound,
 Ordain them laws; pārt ' such as appertain
 To civil justice, part ' religious rites
 Of sacrifice, informing thēm by types
 And shadows, ōf thāt destin'd Seed to bruise
 The serpent, bŷ whāt means hē shall achieve
 Mānkīnd's deliverance. Būt the voice of God '
 To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech '
 That Moses ' might report to them his will,
 And terror ' cease; he grants whāt thēy besought,
 Instructed ' that ' to God ' is no access
 Without Mediator, whose hīgh office now
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, ōf whose day he shall foretell,
 And all the prophets ' in their age ' the times
 Of great MESSIAH ' shall sing. Thūs laws and rites '
 Establish'd, such delight ' hath God in men
 Obedient tō his will, that hē vouchsafes '
 Among them ' tō set up his tabernacle,
 The Holy One ' with mortal man ' to dwell."

Hēre Adam interpos'd. " O sent from heaven !
 Enlightener of my darkness ! gracious things

Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day in whom all nations shall be bless'd,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them: how can God with such reside?"

To whom thus Michael. "Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy 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 find
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 imperfect, and but given
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws, to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly lov'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 adversary serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness, long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd,
Long time shall dwell and prosper; but when sins
National interrupt their 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 piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, 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
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd
Part ' good, part ' bad; of bad the longer scroll:
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of Seventy Years, then brings them back,
Remembering mercy and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify, 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,
Mēn whō attend the altar, ānd should most
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;
Thēn lose it tō a stranger thāt the true
Anointed king MESSIAH might be born
Bārr'd ōf his right; yēt āt his birth a star,
Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, whō inquire
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 bȳ a choir
Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.
A Virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of thē Mōst High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wīde bounds, his glory with the heavens."

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with sūch joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.

"O prophet ōf glād tidings! finisher
Of utmost hope! nōw clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
Whȳ ōur Greāt Expectation should be call'd
The Sēed of woman: Virgin-mother, hail!
High in the love of heaven: yet frōm my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and frōm thy womb the Son
Of God Mōst High; sō God with Man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: sāy where and when
Their fight, whāt stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?"

To whom thūs Michael. "Dream not ōf their fight,
As ōf a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with mōre strength to foil
Thine enemy: nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,

Disabl'd not to give thee thy dēath's wound:
Which he who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,
Nōt bȳ destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thȳ seed; nor cān this be,
But bȳ fulfilling that which thoū didst want,
Obedience tō the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
Sō only can hīgh justice rest appaid,
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both bȳ obedience ānd by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To ā reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, ānd that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, bē blasphem'd,
Sēiz'd ōn by force, jūdg'd, ānd to death condemn'd,
A shameful and accurs'd; nāil'd tō the cross
By his ōwn nation; slain for bringing life;
But tō the cross he nails thine enemies,
The law that is against thee, ānd the sins
Of all mankind, with him thēre crucified,
Never to hurt thēm more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction. Sō he dies,
But soon revives; dēath over him no power
Shall long usurp; ēre thē third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out ōf his grave, frēsh ās the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, ānd the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have died,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two māin arms;
And fix fār deeper in his head their stings,

Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom hē redeems, a death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting tō immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth, than certain times to appear
To hīs disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him: to them shall leave in charge
To teach āll nations what of him they learn'd
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptising in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing thēm from guilt of sin to life
Pūre, ānd in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations thēy shall teach: for frōm thāt day
Not only tō the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but tō the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
Sō in hīs seed āll nations shall be bless'd.
Thēn tō the heaven of heavens he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over hīs foes and thine; thēre shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Thēn enter intō glory, ānd resume
His seat at God's rīght hand, exalted high
Above āll names in heaven; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead;
To judge the unfaithful dead, but tō reward
His faithful, ānd receive them into bliss,
Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and fār happier days."

Sō spoke the Archangel Michāel, thēn paus'd,
As āt the world's greāt period; ānd our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied.

"O Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; mōre wonderful
Than that which bẏ creation first brought forth

Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the Angel; "but from heaven
He 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 their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts:
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd,
And oft supported so, as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelise the nations, then on all
Baptis'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heaven: at length,
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,

Left only in thōse written records pure,
 Though not but bŷ the Spirit understood.
And from that pretence
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find
 Lēft thēm enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall ōn the heart engrave. Whāt will they then
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
 His consort liberty? whāt būt unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
 Whō against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible?.....
 Lāst in the clouds from heaven to bē reveal'd
 In glory ōf the Father, tō dissolve
 Satan with hīs perverted world, then raise
 From thē conflagrant mass pūrg'd ānd refin'd,
 Nēw heavens, nēw earth, ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
 To bring forth fruits, joy ānd eternal bliss."

He ended; ānd thūs Adam last replied.
 "How soon hath thŷ prediction, Sēer bless'd!
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
 Till time stands fix'd? Beyond is all abyss,
 Eternity, whose end nō eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and hāve my fill
 Of knowledge, whāt this vessel cān contain;
 Beyond which was my folly tō aspire.
 Henceforth I learn, that tō obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever tō observe
 Hīs providence, and on hīm solē depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, ānd by small
 Accomplishing grēat things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering fōr trūth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory,
 And, tō the faithful, death the gate of life:

Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd."

To whom thus also the Angel last replied.
" This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom ;only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee happier far.
We may no longer stay ; go, waken Eve ;
Hear 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 woman's seed) on all mankind:
That yet may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils pass'd, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended; and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

" Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stop here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou
Who for my willful crime art banish'd hence.
This farther consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,

Sūch favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore."

Sō spoke our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ;.....
.....High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fiērcē ās a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour, ās the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, ānd to the eastern gate
Lēd thēm direct, and down the cliff as fast
To thē subjected plain; then disappear'd.
Thēy, looking back, āll the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, sō late their happy seat,
Wāv'd over by thāt flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Sōme natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

END OF BOOK TWELFTH.





