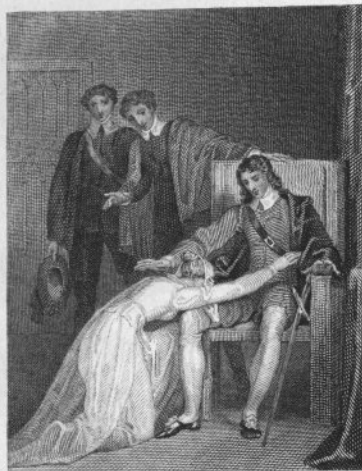


Susan Anne Fallon - 1850.

PARADISE LOST.

\_\_\_\_\_ soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Book X. L. 940.



R. Westall R.A. del.

E. Finden sc.

*Milton's reconciliation to his wife.*

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE.

MDCCCXVI.

PARADISE LOST.

A Poem.

THE AUTHOR,

JOHN MILTON.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCCXXI.





THE ANGELS AND THE DEVILS  
 IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN  
 THE FIRST BOOK OF THE PARADISE LOST

PARADISE LOST  
 IN TEN BOOKS  
 BY JOHN MILTON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.  
 IN THE YEAR 1816.



He, with his consort Eve,  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse,  
 L. 50.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VII.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL R.A. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES HEATH:  
 PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.  
 AUG. 24. 1816.



## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK VII.

---

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of Creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

---

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing!  
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down

Return me to my native element:  
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),  
 Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,  
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere;  
 Standing on earth, not wrapp'd above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,  
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song,  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,  
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam, by dire example, to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven  
 To those apostates; lest the like befall  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,

Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange; things, to their thought  
 So unimaginable, as hate in Heaven,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,  
 With such confusion: but the evil, soon  
 Driven back, redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung; impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of Heaven and Earth conspicuous first began;  
 When, and whereof created; for what cause;  
 What within Eden, or without, was done  
 Before his memory; as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
 Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter! by favour sent  
 Down from the empyréan, to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:

For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive, with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed  
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
 How first began this Heaven which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable; and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfused  
 Embracing round this florid Earth; what cause  
 Moved the Creator, in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity, so late to build  
 In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolved; if unforbid thou mayst unfold  
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring

Silence; and Sleep, listening to thee, will watch;  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.  
 This also thy request, with caution ask'd,  
 Obtain; though to recount almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing; such commission from above  
 I have received, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond, abstain  
 To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,  
 Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
 Enough is left besides to search and know.  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temperance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Know then, that, after Lucifer from Heaven  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among),  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
 Into his place and the great Son return'd



Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,  
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:  
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due, and solemn rites;  
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost; and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here: till, by degrees of merit rais'd,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tried;  
And Earth be changed 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; speak 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;  
Boundless the Deep, because I Am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
Though I, uncircumscribed myself, retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, Necessity and Chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake  
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,  
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;  
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace;  
Glory to Him, whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
And the habitations of the just; to Him  
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create; instead  
Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring  
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Meanwhile the Son  
On his great 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.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd  
 From the armory of God; where stand of old  
 Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,  
 Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled Waves, and, thou Deep, peace,  
 Said then the Omnific Word; your discord end!  
 Nor staid; but, on the wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice: Him all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepared

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he centred, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure;  
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O World!  
 Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound  
 Cover'd the abyss: but on the watery calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purged  
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed  
 Like things to like; the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air;  
 And Earth self-balanced on her centre hung.

Let there be Light, said God; and forthwith Light  
 Etherial, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep; and from her native east  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night,  
 He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:  
 Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;

Birthday of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters; and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffused  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round; partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far removed; lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heaven he named the Firmament: So even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The Earth was form'd, but, in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involved,  
 Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle; but, with warm  
 Prolific humour softening all her globe,  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture; when God said,  
 Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear

Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters: Thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift floods: As armies at the call  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard; so the watery throng,  
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill;  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, Earth; and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas:  
 And saw that it was good; and said, Let the Earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad



Her universal face with pleasant green;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: Last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms: With high woods the hills were  
 crown'd;

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;  
 With borders long the rivers: that Earth now  
 Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was; but from the Earth a dewy mist  
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the Earth,  
 God made, and every herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem: God saw that it was good:  
 So even and morn recorded the third day.

Again the Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
 High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide  
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven,

To give light on the Earth; and it was so.  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, altern; and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
 For of celestial bodies first the sun  
 A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,  
 Though of etherial mould: then form'd the moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And sow'd with stars the Heaven, thick as a field:  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed  
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light; firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heaven's high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,

Shedding sweet influence: Less bright the moon,  
 But opposite in level'd west was set,  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him; for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
 Revolved on Heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere: Then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
 And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings  
 Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven.  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds;  
 And every bird of wing after his kind;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the Earth.  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
 Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,  
 Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves

Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,  
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropp'd with gold;  
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal  
 And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land; and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed  
 Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge  
 They summ'd their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,  
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their aery caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings

Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale  
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays;  
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed  
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid ærial sky: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
 With evening harps and matin; when God said,  
 Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the Earth,  
 Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and straight  
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown: Out of the ground uprose,  
 As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green:  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks: The swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head: Scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth biggest born of earth upheaved  
 His vastness: Fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants: Ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:  
 These, as a line, their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future; in small room large heart enclosed;  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty: Swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored: The rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gavest them  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,



The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
First wheel'd their course: Earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,  
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,  
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:  
There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
Directed in devotion, to adore  
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (for where is not he  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,

Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
The breath of life; in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.  
Male he created thee; but thy consort  
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all 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 mayst not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest;  
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,  
And govern well thy appetite; lest Sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

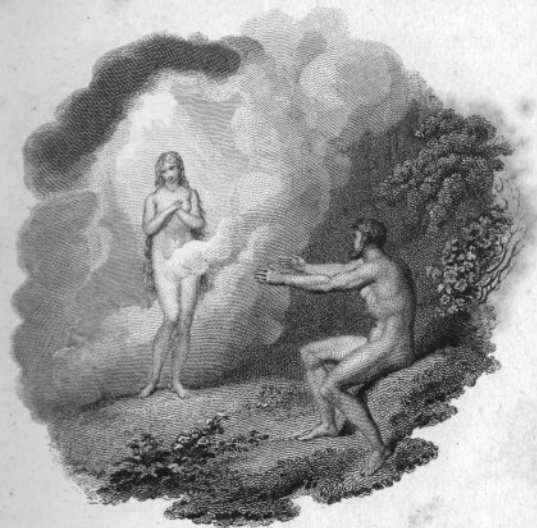
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode;  
Thence to behold this new created world,

The addition of his empire, how it show'd  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
 Angelic harmonies; The earth, the air  
 Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),  
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,  
 The planets in their station listening stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 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. So sung  
 The glorious train ascending: He through Heaven,  
 Then open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
 To God's eternal house direct the way;  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest  
 Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the seventh  
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night; 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 arrived, and sat him down  
 With his great Father; for he also went  
 Invisible, yet staid (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence), 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: the harp  
 Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds,  
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.  
 Creation and the six days acts they sung:  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite  
 Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
 Relate thee! Greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant Angels: Thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnified; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire! Easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,  
 Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves

To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence createst more good.  
 Witness this new-made world, another Heaven  
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destined habitation; but thou know'st  
 Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,  
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,  
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,  
 And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanced!  
 Created in his image, there to dwell  
 And worship him; and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
 And multiply a race of worshipers  
 Holy and just: Thrice happy, if they know  
 Their happiness, and persevere upright!

So sung they, and the empyréan rung  
 With hallelujahs: 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 the beginning; that posterity,  
 Inform'd by thee, might know: If else thou seek'st  
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.



\_\_\_\_\_ : on she came  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice. \_\_\_\_\_ L. 404.

# PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.



## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK VIII.

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Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

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THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;  
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things, else by me unsearchable; now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator! Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can 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 compared  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
 Their distance argues, and their swift return  
 Diurnal), merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
 One day and night; in all her vast survey  
 Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,  
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated; while the sedentary Earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Served by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd  
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve  
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,

To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,  
 And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;  
 Her husband the relater she prefer'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip  
 Not words alone pleased her. O! when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanor forth she went,  
 Not unattended; for on her, as Queen,  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,  
 Benevolent and facile thus replied.

To ask or search, I blame thee not; for Heaven  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:  
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought

Rather admire; or, if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter; when they come to model Heaven  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
 The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances; how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit: Consider first, that great  
 Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,  
 Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,  
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines;  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first received,  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
 Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious; but to thee, Earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretched out so far;  
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,

Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless to his Omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual: Me thou think'st not slow,  
 Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
 In Eden; distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
 Be centre to the world; and other stars,  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
 Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different motions move?  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities;  
 Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,

Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day  
 Traveling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star,  
 Enlightening her by day, as she by night  
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields, and inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soften'd soil for some to eat  
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps,  
 With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,  
 Communicating male and female light;  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,  
 Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd  
 By living soul, desert and desolate,  
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not;  
 Whether the sun, predominant in Heaven,  
 Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the sun;  
 He from the east his flaming road begin;  
 Or she from west her silent course advance,  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps

On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
 Leave them to God above; him serve, and fear!  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee, and thy being;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree;  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven.  
 To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied.  
 How fully hast 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  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us; unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,  
 That, not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle; but, to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom: What is more, is fume,



Or emptiness, or fond impertinence:  
 And renders us, in things that most concern,  
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deign'd.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance: now, hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
 And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise;  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate;  
 Fond! were it not in hope of thy reply:  
 For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek.  
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:  
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee; and each word, each motion, forms;  
 Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth

Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man:  
 For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set  
 On Man his equal love: Say therefore on;  
 For I that day was absent, as befell,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell;  
 Squared in full legion (such command we had),  
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work;  
 Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt;  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sov'reign King; and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light  
 Ere sabbath-evening: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine.  
 So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
 For Man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,

In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,  
 And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on 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 lived and moved, and walk'd, or flew;  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?—  
 Not of myself;—by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power preeminent:  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier 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 seized  
 My drowsied sense, untroubled, 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 moved  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And lived: 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 prepared.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me raised,  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bowers; that what I saw  
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree,  
 Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadow'd: Here had new begun  
 My wandering, had not he, who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence Divine. 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 thy 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 woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounced  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 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; understand the same  
 Of fish within their watery residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their element, to draw the thinner air.  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I named them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
 My sudden apprehension: But in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still;  
 And to the heavenly Vision thus presumed.

O, by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught 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 spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implored,  
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?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Given and received; but, in disparity  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight: wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort: They rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeased.  
A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam! and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd

Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all eternity; for none I know  
Second to me or like, equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferior, infinite descents  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceased; I lowly answer'd. To attain  
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found: Not so is Man,  
But in degree; the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagate, already Infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though One:  
But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiplied,  
In unity defective; which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication; yet, so pleased,  
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deified:  
I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
From prone; nor in their ways complacency find.  
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom used



Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased;  
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself;  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute;  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;  
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spakest,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone;  
And no such company as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee; for trial only brought,  
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,  
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  
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,  
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth  
In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down; and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he closed, 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:

Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex: so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
And in her looks; which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I waked  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,  
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd  
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.  
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me: Woman is her name; of Man  
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.  
 She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,  
 The more desirable; or, to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:  
 I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approved  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
 I led her blushing like the morn: All Heaven,  
 And happy constellations, on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,  
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such

As, used or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds: but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved; here only weak  
 Against the charm of Beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain;  
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who 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 she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;  
 Authority and Reason on her wait,

As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and Nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;  
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.  
For, what admirest thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;  
Not thy subjection; Weigh with her thyself;  
Then value: Ofttimes nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
And to realities yield all her shows:  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
Is propagated, seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other; think the same vouchsafed  
The cattle and each beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulged, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her society thou find'st  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true love consists not: Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat  
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale  
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

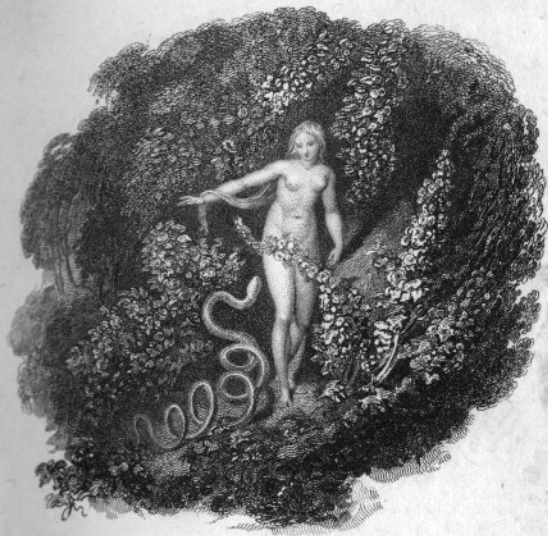
To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied.  
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem),  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing; yet still free,  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love, thou blamest me not; for Love, thou say'st,  
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:

Love not the heavenly Spirits, and how their love  
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,  
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy  
In eminence; and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;  
Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring, nor restrain'd conveyance need,  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more; the parting sun  
Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles  
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happy, and love! But, first of all,  
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command: take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will  
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,  
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware!  
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
And all the Bless'd: Stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.  
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus

Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful memory: Thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!  
So parted they; the Angel up to Heaven  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.





His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
The eye of Eve to mark his play:—

L. 527.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK IX.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A. ENGRAVED BY JOHN PYE.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE PICCADILLY.

AUG. 24 1816.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK IX.

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Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise; enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not; alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her: and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

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No more of talk where God or Angel guest  
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used,  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast; permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change

Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
 And disobedience: on the part of Heaven,  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,  
 That brought into this world a world of woe,  
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery  
 Death's harbinger: Sad task! yet argument  
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;  
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;  
 If answerable style I can obtain  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumbering; or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse:  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights  
 In battles feign'd; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,

Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament; then marshal'd feast  
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person, or to poem. Me, of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains; sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, 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 improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth; cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
 That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driven,  
 The space of seven continued nights he rode  
 With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled; four times cross'd the car of night

From pole to pole, traversing each colure;  
 On the eighth return'd; and, on the coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought  
 Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd, and land,  
 From Eden over Pontus and the pool  
 Maëotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
 Downward as far antarctic; and in length,  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd  
 At Darien; thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus: Thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found  
 The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake  
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power

Active within, beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolved, 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?  
 Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven  
 Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,  
 Centring, receivest from all those orbs: in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries: all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven  
 To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;



Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my 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 to him link'd in weal or woe;  
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
 Continued making; and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: He, to be avenged,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More Angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,  
 Determined to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed,  
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounced; 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, to elude, thus wrapp'd in mist  
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the highth of Deity aspired!  
 But what will not ambition and 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, back on itself recoils:  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
 Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
 From dust: Spite then with spite is best repaid.  
 So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on  
 His midnight-search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent; him fast-sleeping soon he found  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,

Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,  
 Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth  
 The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.  
 Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,  
 From the Earth's great altar, send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
 Then commune, how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work: for much their work outgrew  
 The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide,  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but, till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
 Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present:  
 Let us divide our labours; thou, where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,  
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:  
 For, while so near each other thus all day  
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on; which intermits  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
 Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare above all living creatures dear!  
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
 How we might best fulfil the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass  
 Unpraised: for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,  
 To brute denied, and are of love the food;  
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us: But, if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder;  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need:  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our féalty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects,  
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or 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 Earth's Lord!  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,

And from the parting Angel overheard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.  
 But, that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam replied.  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!  
 For such thou art; from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul; supposed  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation: Thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare?  
 Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.

Nor thou his malice and false guile condemn;  
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.  
 I, from the influence of thy looks, receive  
 Access in every virtue; in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or overreach'd,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not endued  
 Single with like defence, wherever met;  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe,  
 Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise proved false; find peace within,  
 Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event.  
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd

Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combined.  
 As not secure to single or combined.  
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed.

To whom thus Adam fervently replied.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them: His creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created, much less Man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
 Against his will he can receive no harm.  
 But God left free the will; for what obeys  
 Reason, is free; and Reason he made right,  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect;  
 Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,  
 She dictate false; and misinform the will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;  
 Since Reason not impossibility may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely if from me



Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience; the other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But, if thou think, trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue; summon all!  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
 So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve  
 Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied.  
 With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only; that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
 Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew; and, like a Woodnymph light,  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd, and Goddesslike deport,  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such gardening tools as Art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,

Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated; she to him as oft engaged  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presumed return! event perverse!  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
 Such ambush, hid among sweet 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,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
 In bower and field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,

Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round  
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
 Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,  
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers  
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
 Much he the place admired, the person more.  
 As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance, with nymphlike step, fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold

This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone: Her heavenly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action, overawed  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the Evil-one abstracted stood.  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge:  
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.  
 Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported, to forget  
 What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying; other joy  
 To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles; behold alone  
 The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;

Foe not formidable! exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain  
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods!  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd;  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed  
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve  
Address'd his way: not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,  
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
Fold 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 on the grass  
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape  
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind  
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed,  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen;  
He with Olympias; this with her who bore  
Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.  
As when a ship, by skilful steersmen wrought  
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:

So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
To such disport before her through the field,  
From every beast; more duteous at her call,  
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,  
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad  
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovereign Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole wonder! much less arm  
Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair.  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,  
Where universally admired; but here  
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,

Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be seen  
A Goddess among Gods, adored and served  
By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned:  
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marveling; at length,  
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of man pronounced  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
The first, at least, of these I thought denied  
To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,  
Created mute to all articulate sound:  
The latter I demur; for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endued;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How camest thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied.  
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be  
I was at first as other beasts that graze [obey'd:  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd  
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced

A goodly tree far distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved  
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
For, high from ground the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: Round the tree  
All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spared not; for, such pleasure till that hour,  
At feed or fountain, never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of reason in my inward powers; and speech  
Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.  
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Consider'd all things visible in 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 beheld; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second! which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sovereign of creatures, universal Dame!

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,  
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved:  
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us; in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long;  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket pass'd  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night

Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.  
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;  
 God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves; our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied.  
 Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet Lords declared of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat;  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die. [bold]

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
 The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on; and, as to passion moved,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd,  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute! to some great cause address'd,  
 Stood in himself collected; while each part,  
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue;  
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:  
 So standing, moving, or to highth up grown,  
 The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear; not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe! do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:  
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,  
 Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass? and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,

Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil.  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just; not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;  
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshipers? He knows that in the day  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
 I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,  
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.  
 And what are Gods, that Man may not become  
 As they, participating Godlike food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
 I question it; for this fair earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind;  
 Them, nothing: if they all things, who enclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies

The offence, that Man should thus attain to know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his?

Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste!

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
So savourous of that fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired;  
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:  
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:

For good unknown sure is not had; or, had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!  
How dies the Serpent? he hath eaten and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us denied  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?  
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first  
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise: What hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!  
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty Serpent; and well might; for Eve,

Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancied so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.  
 Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death: Sate at length,  
 And bighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise! of operation bless'd  
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the Gods, who all things know;  
 Though others envy what they cannot give:  
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd  
 In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And givest access, though secret she retire.  
 And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies

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

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd;  
 But first low reverence done, as to the Power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
 Into the plant sciential sap, derived  
 From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown;  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so 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  
 That morn when first they parted: by the tree  
 Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
 Came prologue and apology, too prompt;  
 Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.  
 Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived  
 Thy presence; agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Opening the way, but of divine effect  
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
 And hath been tasted such: The serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 Endued with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration; and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 The effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,

Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;  
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;  
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit.  
 Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On the other side Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve  
 Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed;  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,  
 Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!  
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,

And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die:  
 How can 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 from my heart: no, no! I feel  
 The link of Nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.  
 So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.  
 Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,  
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or done undo?  
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profaned first by the serpent, by him first  
 Made common, and unhallow'd, ere our taste;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly; yet he lives;  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as Man,  
 Higher degree of life; inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain

Proportional ascent; which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels, demi-Gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,  
 Set over all his works; which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependant made; so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose;  
 Not well conceived of God, who, though his power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary  
 Triumph, and say; "Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now Mankind; whom will he next?"  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the Foe.  
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom: If death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of Nature draw me to my own;  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,  
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.  
 So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied.  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate; but, short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,

And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;  
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known?  
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful, love unequal'd: but I feel  
 Far otherwise the event; not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough

She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge; not deceived,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;  
 Sky lour'd; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original: while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth  
 Him with her loved society; that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings,  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: But that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,

For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
 For never did thy beauty, since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent; well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,  
 He led her nothing loath; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth; Earth's freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Incumber'd, now had left them: up they rose  
 As from unrest; and, each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;

Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
 And honour, from about them, naked left  
 To guilty Shame; he cover'd, but his robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all their virtue: Silent, and in face  
 Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:  
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfeit Man's voice; true in our fall,  
 False in our promised rising; since our eyes  
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;  
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know;  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
 Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
 And in our faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
 Be sure then.—How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes  
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O! might I here  
 In solitude live savage; in some glade



Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable  
 To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
 And brown as evening: Cover me, ye Pines!  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more!—  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;  
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,  
 And girded on our loins, may cover round  
 Those middle parts; that this new comer, Shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose  
 The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day, to Indians known,  
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:  
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;  
 And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,  
 To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame! O, how unlike  
 To that first naked glory! Such of late

Columbus found the American, so girt  
 With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep; nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now toss'd and turbulent:  
 For Understanding ruled not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore; both in subjection now  
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovereign Reason claim'd  
 Superior sway: From thus distemper'd breast,  
 Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and staid  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then  
 Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good; shamed, naked, miserable!  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve,  
 What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe!  
 Imputest thou that to my default, or will

Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger, as thou saidst?  
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay;  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied.  
 Is this the love, is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! express'd  
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;  
 Who might have lived, and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
 And am I now upbraided as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: What could I more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this, had been force;  
 And force upon free will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on; secure

Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
 I also err'd, in overmuch admiring  
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue  
 The error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 Him, who, to worth in women overtrusting,  
 Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;  
 And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

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



— soon his heart relented  
Tow'rd's her his life so late and sole delight  
Now at his feet submissive in distress.  
L.940.

## PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL R.A. ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM FINDEN:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.

AUG. 24. 1816.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK X.

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Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

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MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act  
Of Satan, done in Paradise; and how  
He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,



Was known in Heaven; for what can scape the eye  
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
 Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of Man, with strength entire and free will arm'd,  
 Complete to have discover'd and repulsed  
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
 Forstill they knew, and ought t'have still remember'd,  
 The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;  
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
 Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste  
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,  
 For Man; for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stolen  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
 From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased  
 All were who heard; dim Sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss.  
 About the new-arrived, in multitudes  
 The etherial people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell: They towards the throne supreme,  
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear,  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approved: when the Most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,  
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.  
 Assembled Angels, and ye Powers return'd

From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent;  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
 On his bad errand; Man should be seduced,  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fallen he is; and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounced that day?  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with Justice, sending thee,  
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen.  
 So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son

Blazed forth unclouded Deity: He full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree;  
Mine, both in Heaven and Earth, to do thy will  
Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,  
Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge  
On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,  
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,  
When time shall be; for so I undertook  
Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
On me derived; yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,  
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
Of high collateral glory: Him Thrones, and Powers,  
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant,  
Accompanied to Heaven-gate; from whence  
Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.  
Down he descended straight; the speed of Gods  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the sun in western cadence low  
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,  
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in

The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,  
Came the mild Judge, and Intercessor both,  
To sentence Man: The voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,  
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought:  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains?—Come forth!

He came; and with him Eve, more loath, though first  
To offend; discountenanced both, and discomposed;  
Love was not in their looks, either to God,  
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.

Whence Adam, faltering long, thus 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; how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.

O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge; either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint: but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolved; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.—  
 This Woman, whom thou madest to be my help,  
 And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
 She 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? or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior, or but equal, that to her  
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
 Were such, as under government well seem'd;

Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.  
 So having said, he thus to Eve in few.

Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?  
 To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied.  
 The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on the accused  
 Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him, who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation; justly then accursed,  
 As vitiated in nature: More to know  
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew),  
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:  
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed  
 Above all cattle, each beast 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 her seed;  
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verified  
 When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from Heaven,

Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave,  
 Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumph'd  
 In open show; and, with ascension bright,  
 Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;  
 Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise;  
 And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring  
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will  
 Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced.  
 Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,  
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which  
 I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof:  
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow  
 Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life;  
 Thorns 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 thou return unto the ground; for thou  
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent;  
 And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,  
 Removed far off; then, pitying how they stood  
 Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;

As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now,  
 As father of his family, he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies:  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
 Into his blissful bosom reassumed  
 In glory, as of old; to him appeased  
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judged on Earth,  
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening; who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven  
 By his avengers; since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large



Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite,  
 With secret amity things of like kind,  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along:  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious; let us try  
 Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine.  
 Not unagreeable, to found a path  
 Over this main from Hell to that new world,  
 Where Satan now prevails; a monument  
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon,  
 Go, whither Fate and inclination strong,  
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savour of death from all things there that live:  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,

Against the day of battle, to a field,  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured  
 With scent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight:  
 So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air;  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
 Then both from out Hell-gates, into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
 Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great)  
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Toss'd up and down, together crowded drove,  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:  
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
 Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way  
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident, smote; and fix'd as firm  
 As Delos, floating once; the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;  
 And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
 Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
 Over the foaming deep high-arch'd, a bridge  
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world,  
 Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,

Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.  
 So, if great things to small may be compared,  
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
 From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
 Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont  
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendant rock,  
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
 Of Satan to the selfsame place where he  
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
 And durable! And now in little space  
 The confines met of empyréan Heaven,  
 And of this World; and, on the left hand, Hell  
 With long reach interposed; three several ways  
 In sight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to Earth they had descried,  
 To Paradise first tending; when, behold!  
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:  
 Disguised he came; but those his children dear  
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape,  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
 He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present; fearing, guilty, what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict; that pass'd, return'd  
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped  
 Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies! which thou view'st as not thine own;  
 Thou art their author, and prime architect:  
 For I no sooner in my heart divined,  
 My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt,  
 That I must after thee, with this thy son;  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three!

Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds;  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined  
 Within Hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay,  
 With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.  
 Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged  
 Our foil in Heaven; here thou shalt monarch reign;  
 There didst not; there let him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudg'd; from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated;  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;  
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd glad.  
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both;  
 High proof ye now have given to be the race  
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
 Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King),  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
 Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm,  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,

To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice;  
 You too this way, among these numerous orbs,  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
 There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise and in the air,  
 Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared;  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell  
 No detriment need fear; go, and be strong!

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
 Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down  
 The causeway to Hell-gate: On either side  
 Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
 And all about found desolate; for those,  
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
 Flown to the upper world; the rest were all  
 Far to the inland retired, about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium; city and proud seat

Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd;  
 There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand  
 In council sat, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their emperor sent; so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observed.  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
 Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
 To Tauris or Casbeen: So these, the late  
 Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell  
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis; and now expecting  
 Each hour their great adventurer, from the search  
 Of foreign worlds: He through the midst unmark'd,  
 In show plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high throne; which, under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter; clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amazed  
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,

Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention, won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers;  
 For in possession such, not only of right,  
 I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,  
 And dungeon of our tyrant: Now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious world, to our native Heaven  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achieved. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd; with what pain  
 Voyaged the' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion; over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forced to ride  
 The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild;  
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found  
 The new created world, which fame in Heaven  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection! therein Man  
 Placed in a Paradise, by our exile



Made happy: Him by fraud I have seduced  
 From his Creator; and, the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up  
 Both his beloved Man, and all his world,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm;  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled:  
 True is, me also he hath judged, or rather  
 Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape  
 Man I deceived: that which to me belongs,  
 Is enmity which he will put between  
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
 His seed (when is not set) shall bruise my head:  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain?—Ye have the account  
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
 But up, and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout, and high applause,  
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;  
 His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,

Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power  
 Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories  
 To his bold riot: Dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,  
 Cerastes horn'd, Hydus, and Elops drear,  
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
 Bedropp'd with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
 Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
 Engender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,  
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain; they all  
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array;  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief;  
 They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for, what they saw,  
 They felt themselves, now changing; down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast;  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd, by contagion; like in punishment,

As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Used by the Tempter: on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;  
 Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;  
 This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,  
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man [plagued  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they  
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;

Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride and joy, for Man seduced.  
 However, some tradition they dispersed  
 Among the Heathen, of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-  
 Enroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arrived; Sin, there in power before,  
 Once actual; now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began.

Second of Satan sprang, all-conquering Death!  
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd  
 With travel difficult, not better far  
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have set watch,  
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half starved?

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.  
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;  
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.  
 To whom the incestuous mother thus replied,  
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers  
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;

No homely morsels! and, whatever thing  
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;  
Till I, in Man residing, through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice.

See, with what heat these dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created; and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me; so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer then to enter and possess  
A place so heavenly; and, conniving, seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit  
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,  
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure; till, cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst,  
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,

Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave, at last,  
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
Then Heaven and Earth renew'd shall be made pure  
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:  
Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes.

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud  
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom  
New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,  
Or down from Heaven descend.—Such was their song;  
While the Creator, calling forth by name  
His mighty Angels, gave them several charge,  
As sorted best with present things. The sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call  
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring  
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
Her office they prescribed; to the other five  
Their planetary motions, and aspects,  
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd  
Their influence malignant when to shower,  
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: To the winds they set

Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
 Some say, he bid his Angels turn askance  
 The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,  
 From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe: Some say, the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road,  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
 Up to the Tropic Crab: thence down amain  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west; which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the Heavens, though slow, produced  
 Like change on sea and land; sideral blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,

Corrupt and pestilent: Now from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds  
 From Serraliona; thwart of these, as fierce,  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
 Euris and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy;  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him; or, with countenance grim,  
 Glared on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;  
 And, in a troubled sea of passion toss'd,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.  
 O miserable of happy! Is this the end  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessed? hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth



Of happiness!—Yet well, if here would end  
 The misery; I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve:  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard  
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*:  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase,  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration: so, besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me Man? did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust;  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I received; unable to perform  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable

Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest; then should have been refused  
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed:  
 Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? and, though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient; and, reproved, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity, begot.  
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;  
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse  
 To me, and to my offspring, would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man

Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal clod; then, in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? The body properly had neither.  
 All of me then shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?  
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held; as argument  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,  
 In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour,  
 Satisfied never? That were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law;  
 By which all causes else, according still  
 To the reception of their matter, act;  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward; which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me; and so last  
 To perpetuity;—Ah me! that fear  
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution!

On my defenceless head; both Death and I  
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both;  
 Nor I on my part single; in me all  
 Posterity stands cursed: Fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, Sons! O, were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited, how would you bless  
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,  
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
 Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear;  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus, what thou desirest,  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future;  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,  
Through the still night; not now, as ere Man fell,  
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
Accompanied; with damps, and dreadful gloom;  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror: On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground; and oft  
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accused  
Of tardy execution, since denounced  
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
Said he, with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice Divine not hasten to be just?  
But Death comes not at call; Justice Divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song.—  
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.  
Out of my sight, thou Serpent! That name best  
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false  
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show  
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended,  
To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee  
I had persisted happy; had not thy pride

And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,  
Though by the Devil himself; him overweening  
To overreach; but, with the serpent meeting,  
Fool'd and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side; imagined wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;  
And understood not all was but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib  
Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister, from me drawn;  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found. O! why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With Spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With Men, as Angels, without feminine;  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,  
And more that shall befall; innumerable  
Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late

Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound  
To a fell 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,  
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

For sake me not thus, Adam! witness, Heaven,  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay: Forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befallen;  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable? Both have sinn'd; but thou  
Against God only; I against God and thee;  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;  
Me, me only, just object of his ire!

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,  
Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration: Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight;  
Now at his feet submissive in distress;  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid:  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou know'st not, who desirest  
The punishment all on thyself; alas!  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited;  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
To me committed, and by me exposed.  
But rise;—let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced, evil;



A long day's dying, to augment our pain;  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.  
Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous; thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate; Nevertheless,  
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.

If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By Death at last; and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last  
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent  
The race unblest'd, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death  
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two  
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,

Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rights, nuptial embraces sweet;  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire; which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we dread;  
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,—  
Let us seek Death;—or, he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves:  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That show no end but death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?—

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.  
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had raised; and thus to Eve replied.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;  
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee; and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounced; doubt not but God

Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so soon  
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,  
 So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain;  
 We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 The Serpent's head; piteous amends! unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,  
 Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contrived  
 Against us this deceit: To crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed! which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe  
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads,  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope; and savours only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard, and judged,  
 Without wrath or reviling; we expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day; when lo! to thee  
 Pains only in childbearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth; soon recompensed with joy,

Fruit of thy womb: On me the curse aslope  
 Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn  
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
 My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath, unbesought, provided; and his hands  
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged;  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!  
 Which now the sky, with various face, begins  
 To show us in this mountain; while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected may with matter sere foment;  
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind  
 The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds  
 Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,  
 Tine the slant lightning; whose thwart flame, driven  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine;  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun: Such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him; so as we need not fear

To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest, and native home.  
 What better can we do, than, to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent; and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy, shone?

So spake our father penitent; nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent; and both confess'd  
 Humbly 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.



Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
 L. 107.

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XI.

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PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY,

AUG. 21. 1816.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK XI.

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

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Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood  
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
Prevenient grace descending had removed  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed  
Unutterable; which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspired, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory: Yet their port  
Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds



Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs  
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring:  
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen  
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear  
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him; me, his advocate  
And propitiation; all his works on me,  
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive  
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live  
Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
Number'd, though sad; till death, his doom (which I  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),  
To better life shall yield him: where with me  
All my 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 thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:  
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The law I gave to nature him forbids:  
Those pure immortal elements, that know  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,  
And mortal food; as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
Created him endow'd; with happiness  
And immortality: that fondly lost,  
This other served but to eternize woe;  
Till I provided death: so death becomes  
His final remedy; and, after life,  
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Waked in the renovation of the just,  
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd.  
But let us call to synod all the Bless'd,  
Through Heaven's wide bounds: from them I will not  
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed,  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw,  
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew  
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps

When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general doom. The angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers  
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high;  
 And took their seats; till from his throne supreme  
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended fruit; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;  
 Happier; had it sufficed him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
 My motions in him; longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain,  
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,  
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:

Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair;  
 From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce  
 To them, and to their progeny, from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged  
 (For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame  
 Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life:  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey  
 With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceased; and the arch-angelic Power prepared  
 For swift descent; with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim: four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus; all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,

To resalute the world with sacred light,  
Leucothea waked; and with fresh dews embalm'd  
The earth; when Adam and first matron Eve  
Had ended now their orisons, and found  
Strength added from above; new hope to spring  
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;  
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily my faith admit, that all  
The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends;  
But, that from us aught should ascend to Heaven  
So prevalent as to concern the mind  
Of God high-bless'd, or to incline his will,  
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer  
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought  
By prayer the offended Deity to appease;  
Kneel'd, and before him humbled 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  
Home to my breast, and to my memory  
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;  
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now  
Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is pass'd, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,  
Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live; and all things live for Man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.  
Ill-worthy I such title should belong

To me transgressor; who, for thee ordain'd  
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
The source of life; next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,  
Far other name deserving. But the field  
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,  
Though after sleepless night; for see! the morn,  
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth;  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?  
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but Fate  
Subscribed not: Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclipsed,  
After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight  
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,  
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;  
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.  
Adam observed, and with his eye the chase  
Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,

Which Heaven, by these mute signs in Nature, shows  
 Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn  
 Us, haply too secure, of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death released  
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return, and be no more?  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,  
 One way the selfsame hour? why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;  
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch  
 In their bright stand there left his Powers, to seize  
 Possession of the garden; he alone,  
 To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,

Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed; for I desery,  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
 One of the heavenly host! and, by his gait,  
 None of the meanest; some great Potentate  
 Or of the Thrones above; such majesty  
 Invests him coming! yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear; nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphaël, that I should much confide;  
 But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended: and the Archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof;  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
 As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear,  
 Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:  
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,



Defeated of his seizure many days  
 Given thee of grace; wherein thou mayst repent;  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover: Well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not: to remove thee I am come;  
 And send thee from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

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

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world; to this obscure

And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild,  
 Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
 What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,  
 Thus overfond, on that which is not thine:  
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

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

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named  
 Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes! gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us; what besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes! all places else  
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate;  
 Nor knowing us, nor known: And, if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of Him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
 But prayer against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth;

Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance: Here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
 Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd; under this tree  
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd;  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages; and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory; and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth;  
 Not this rock only; his Omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:  
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread

All generations; and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor.  
 But this preeminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:  
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,  
 God is, as here; and will be found alike  
 Present; and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad  
 Expect to hear; supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow; equally inured  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepared 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 wakest;  
 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; to the evil turn

My obvious breast; arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain.—So both ascend  
 In the visions of God. It was a hill,  
 Of Paradise the highest; from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth, in 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, from the destined wall  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinaean kings; and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,  
 Down to the golden Chersonese; or where  
 The Persian in Ecabatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan; or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco; or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola furthest south;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,

Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,  
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd,  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd  
 Adam, now ope thine eyes; and first behold  
 The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd  
 The excepted tree; nor with the snake conspired;  
 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;  
 I' the midst an altar as the land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassy sord; 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  
 Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell; and, deadly pale,  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the Angel cried.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befallen  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed;  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied.  
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact  
 Will be avenged; and the other's faith, approved,  
 Lose no reward; though here thou see him die,  
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire.

Alas! both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight

Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus Michaël. Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on Man; but many shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
 More terrible at the entrance, than within.  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;  
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know  
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on Men. Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;  
 A lazarus-house it seem'd; wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased; all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heartsick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,  
 Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,  
 And moonstruck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.



Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather, why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down;  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 The image of God in Man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungovern'd Appetite; and took  
 His image whom they served, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced;  
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules

To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.

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

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
 The rule of *Not too much*; by temperance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return:  
 So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature:  
 This is Old Age; but then, thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change  
 To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,  
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge;  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michaël replied.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest

Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:  
And now prepare thee for another sight.

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hue; by some, were herds  
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound  
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
Was heard, of harp and organ; and, who moved  
Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch,  
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue:  
In other part stood one who, at the forge  
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream  
From underground); the liquid ore he drain'd  
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd  
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought  
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
But on the hither side, a different sort  
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,  
Down to the plain descended; by their guise  
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve  
Freedom and peace to Men; they on the plain  
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!  
A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung

Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:  
The men, though grave, eyed them; and let their eyes  
Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net  
Fast caught they liked; and each his liking chose;  
And now of love they treat, till the evening-star,  
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat  
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:  
With feast and music all the tents resound.  
Such happy interview, and fair event  
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart  
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd.  
True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bless'd;  
Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful days portends, than those two pass'd;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;  
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.  
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best  
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
Who slew his brother; studious they appear  
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare;  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledged none.  
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and trol the tongue, and roll the eye:  
To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious titled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,  
Erelong to swim at large; and laugh for which  
The world erelong a world of tears must weep.  
To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft,  
O pity and shame, that they, who to live well  
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said the Angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory 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 bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,

Single or in array of battle ranged  
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,  
Deserted: Others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the sceptred heralds call  
To council, in the city-gates; anon  
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,  
In factious opposition; till at last,  
Of middle age one rising, eminent  
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
And judgment from above: him old and young  
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,  
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
Unseen amid the throng; so violence  
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O! what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother: for of whom such massacre  
 Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?  
 But who was that just man, who had not Heaven  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus Michael. These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
 For in those days might only shall be admired,  
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd;  
 To overcome in battle, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human glory; and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,  
 Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods;  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;  
 And what most merits fame, in silence hid.  
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes, for daring single to be just,

And utter odious truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his Saints: him the Most High  
 Wrapp'd in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from death; to show thee what reward  
 Awaits the good; the rest what punishment;  
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.  
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed;  
 The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance;  
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
 Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
 At length a reverend sire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declared,  
 And testified against their ways; he oft  
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or festivals; and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison, under judgments imminent:  
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceased  
 Contending, and removed his tents far off;  
 Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;  
 Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth;  
 Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door  
 Contrived; and of 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: last the sire and his three sons,  
 With their four wives; and God made fast the door.  
 Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and, with black wings  
 Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove  
 From under Heaven; the hills to their supply  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous; and continued, till the earth  
 No more was seen: the floating vessel swum  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp,  
 Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore; and in their palaces,  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
 And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd  
 By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Though comfortless; as when a father mourns  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once;  
 And scarce to the Angel utter'st thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! Better had I

Lived ignorant of future! so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot  
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispensed  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall  
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel,  
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is pass'd,  
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escaped  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wandering that watery desert: I had hope,  
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well; peace would have  
 With length of happy days the race of man; [crown'd  
 But I was far deceived; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial Guide,  
 And whether here the race of Man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those, whom last thou  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they [saw'st  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
 Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste  
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;

Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose  
 And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
 Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried;  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved;  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;  
 One man except, the only son of light,  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world  
 Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish; and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observed  
 The one just man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself, and household from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast won  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,

And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts  
 Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour  
 Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills: Then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare  
 The haunt of seals, and ores, and seamews' clang;  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell  
 And now, what further shall ensue, behold.  
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
 Driven by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew  
 As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stopp'd  
 His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut,  
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,

Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide:  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies;  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light:  
 The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends, with all his train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new:  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke forth.  
 O thou, who future things canst represent  
 As present, heavenly Instructor! I revive  
 At this last sight; assured that Man shall live,  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect, and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heaven  
 Distended, as the brow of God appeared?  
 Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?

To whom the Archangel: Dexterously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire,  
 Though late repenting him of Man depraved;  
 Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind;  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The earth again by flood; nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world;  
 With man therein or beast; but, when he brings  
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
 His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look,  
 And call to mind his covenant: Day and night,  
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
 Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,  
 Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.





## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK XII.

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The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

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As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed; so here the Archangel paused  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;  
And Man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense:  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second source of Men, while yet but few,

And while the dread of judgment past remains  
 Fresh 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,  
 Corn, wine, and oil; and, from 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 unblamed; and dwell  
 Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
 Under paternal rule: till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 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 styled  
 Before the Lord; as in despite of Heaven,  
 Or from Heaven, claiming second sovereignty  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell:  
 Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build

A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;  
 And get themselves a name; lest, far dispersed  
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost;  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 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, ere the tower  
 Obstruct Heaven-towers; and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
 Quite out their native language; and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,  
 Among the builders; each to other calls  
 Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in Heaven,  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
 And hear the din: Thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* named.

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased,  
 O execrable son! so to aspire  
 Above his brethren; to himself assuming  
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given:  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation; but man over men  
 He made not lord; such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on Man; to God his tower intends

Siege and defiance : Wretched man ! what food  
 Will he convey up hither, to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army ; where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?  
 To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhor'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty ; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being :  
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires,  
 And upstart passions, catch the government  
 From reason ; and to servitude reduce  
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords ;  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom : Tyranny must be ;  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty ;  
 Their inward lost : Witness the irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark ; who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,

*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse ; till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes ; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways ;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring :  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship : O, that men  
 (Canst thou believe ?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived, who scaped the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For Gods ! Yet him God the Most High vouchsafes  
 To call by vision, from his father's house,  
 His kindred, and false Gods, into a land  
 Which he will show him ; and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation ; and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed  
 All nations shall be bless'd : he straight obeys ;  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes :  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil,  
 Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford  
 To Haran ; after him 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 Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the Desert south  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed);  
 From Hermon east to the great western Sea;  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shore  
 Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,  
 Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed: By that seed  
 Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves;  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown:  
 The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs  
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea: To sojourn in that land  
 He comes, invited by a younger son  
 In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh: There he dies, and leaves his race

Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:  
 Till by two brethren (these two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
 His people from enthralment, they return,  
 With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.  
 But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
 With loathed intrusion, and 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;  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
 Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 The river-dragon tamed at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice



More 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 on dry land, between two crystal walls;  
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:  
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
 Though present in his Angel; who 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, and remove  
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues;  
 All night he will pursue; but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
 Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war: The race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way;  
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay

In the wide wilderness; there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate choose  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,  
 Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain  
 To civil justice; part, religious rites  
 Of sacrifice; informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruiſe  
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful: They beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without Mediator, whose high office now  
 Moses in figure bears; to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
 And all the Prophets in their age the times  
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his tabernacle;  
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:  
 By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein  
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
 The records of his covenant; over these

A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn  
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing  
 The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel, to the land  
 Promised to Abraham and his seed:—The rest  
 Were long to tell; how many battles fought;  
 How many kings destroy'd; and kingdoms won;  
 Or how the sun shall in mid Heaven stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou, moon, in the vale of Aialon,  
 'Till Israel overcome!' so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interposed. 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 eased;  
 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 mortal 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; disciplined  
 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 beloved, 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 placed,  
 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, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations; and to kings foretold of kings  
 The last; for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first, a long succession must ensue;  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
 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 disposed, the house of God  
 They first re-edify; and for awhile  
 In mean estate live moderate; till, grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factions they grow;  
 But first among the priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself: at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,  
 Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come;  
 And guides the eastern sages, who 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 by a quire  
 Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High: He shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens.

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
Without the vent of words; which these he breathed.

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;  
Why our great Expectation should be call'd  
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail,  
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins  
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
Of God Most High: so God with Man unites!  
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
Expect with mortal pain: Say where and when  
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight,  
As of a duel, or the local wounds  
Of head or heel: Not therefore joins the Son  
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabled, not to give thee thy death's wound:  
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee, and in thy seed: Nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
On penalty of death, and suffering death;  
The penalty to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow;  
So only can high Justice rest appaid.

The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment  
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh  
To a reproachful life, and cursed death;  
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption; and that his obedience,  
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits  
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd  
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross  
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives; Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offer'd life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works: This Godlike act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst 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 main arms;



And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his salvation; them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died.  
 All nations they shall teach; for, from that day  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd.  
 Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all 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 to reward

His faithful, and 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 far happier days.

So spake the Archangel Michaël; then paused,  
 As at the world's great period; and 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; more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin,  
 By 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 reascend, 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 recompensed,  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecutors: For the Spirit,  
 Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelize the nations, then on all  
 Baptized, 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 those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular power; though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike and given  
 To all believers; and, from that pretence,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force

On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave: What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind  
 His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for, on earth,  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume:  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all, who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far great part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found: So shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign;  
 Under her own weight groaning; till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,  
 The Woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,  
 Now ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord;  
 Last, in the clouds, from Heaven to be reveal'd  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
 New Heavens, new Earth, ages of endless date,  
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last replied.  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd,  
 Measured this transient world, the race of time,  
 Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;  
 Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God; to walk  
 As in his presence; ever to observe  
 His providence; and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory,  
 And, to 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; hope no higher, though all the stars  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the æthereal powers,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
 Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
 And all the rule, one empire; 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 loath  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.—  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,  
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:  
 We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
 To meek submission: thou, at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come  
 (For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,  
 With cause, for evils past; 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 waked;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received.

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 stay 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 wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answer'd not: For now, too nigh  
 The Archangel stood; and, from the other hill  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed,  
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat  
 In either hand the hastening Angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:  
 Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped 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.

FINIS.



