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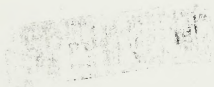
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GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINGS, EDITOR IN CHIEF

32

JOHN MILTON



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English Minor Poems Paradise Lost Samson Agonistes Areopagitica

BY JOHN MILTON

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, on December 9, 1608. "My father," he wrote, "destined me, while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters. . . . Both at the grammar-school and also under other masters at home, he caused me to be instructed daily." At the age of seventeen he was admitted to Cambridge. Here his first years were darkened by unpopularity and a quarrel with the college authorities, but he worked diligently and by the time he received his Master of Arts degree in 1632, his unusual powers had won him recognition and esteem. At Cambridge he decided to abandon his original plan of entering the service of the Church, giving as his reason that he preferred "blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing."

Milton's literary gifts were apparent early. *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* was written while the poet was still at Cambridge. *L'Allegro* and its companion piece, *Il Penseroso*; two masques, *Arcades* and *Comus*; and *Lycidas*, an elegy for a college friend drowned at sea, were the fruit of six years of study, chiefly of the classics, that followed the termination of his university career. These years, passed quietly with his father in the rural setting of a small Buckinghamshire village, were succeeded by fifteen months of travel in France and Italy where he was widely received. He made a special visit to Galileo, "grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

Even in the pastoral setting of *Lycidas* there were unmistakable stirrings of Milton's concern with the problem of church reform. When, in 1641, this became one of the crucial issues in the rising tide of civil war, Milton emerged from his life of study and teaching. Renouncing his poetry for militant prose, he scourged those who favored Episcopacy, holding them responsible for arresting the course of the Reformation. His attack was framed in a series of pamphlets, the most elaborate of these being a treatise entitled *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*.

In 1643, when he was thirty-five, Milton married Mary Powell, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a Cavalier family. After a few weeks she returned to her home and seemed to have no intention of continuing the relationship. Two years later, however, she came back, and their married life was resumed. There were three daughters of this union and a son who died in infancy. Mary Powell herself died in childbirth in 1654.

In the same year that his wife left him, Milton wrote his famous treatise, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, Restored to the good of both sexes from the Bondage of Canon Law and other Mistakes*, asserting that marriage being a "private matter" could be dissolved in cases of incompatibility. This incendiary tract and another on the same subject happened to have been published without a license immediately after the enactment of a

new ordinance requiring the licensing of all works. Accordingly, proceedings against Milton were instituted. His answer was *Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, published the following year, without a license.

With the fall of the Stuarts in 1649, Milton mobilized his energies in the service of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. In answer to *Eikon Basilike*, a work of disputed authorship purporting to be the last meditations of Charles I, he wrote *Eikonoklastes*, a point by point refutation. Published the same year was a pamphlet entitled *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so in all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a Tyrant or wicked King, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected or denied to do it*. This was probably instrumental in Milton's appointment as Latin Secretary to the Council of State, a position he retained until 1660. The poet continued to defend the Commonwealth against the attacks of continental writers in a series of Latin tractates. This controversy raged for four years with an extraordinary degree of violence and personal vituperation; Milton's participation against the advice of physicians brought him to total blindness.

Turning once more to domestic affairs, Milton focused his attention on church reform, advocating the complete separation of Church and State and mutual tolerance between Protestant sects. In 1660, on the eve of the Restoration and with full awareness that his was one of the last voices to be raised against the "readmitting of kingship", Milton published *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* and a number of other pamphlets outlining a plan for a permanent parliament.

The Restoration put an end to Milton's public life and forced him to go into hiding. Just why he was not executed with the other prominent supporters of the Commonwealth is not clear. At the age of fifty-two, after nineteen years of stormy political activity, he again turned to the studious and literary pursuits of his youth. To this last period of his life belong his greatest poetic achievements: *Paradise Lost* (1667); its sequel, *Paradise Regained* (1671); and finally *Samson Agonistes* (1671). His prose writings of these last years include a miscellany of scholarly and historical works and *De Doctrina Christiana*, the final statement of his religious position, which by a series of mischances was not published until 1825.

Underlying this vigorous literary activity was the loneliness of Milton's personal life. Totally blind at the time of Mary Powell's death, he lived in helpless dependence on his motherless daughters, who grew up resenting him and careless of his comfort and wishes. This bleak home life was interrupted briefly in 1656 by the poet's marriage to Katharine Woodcock, who died in childbirth less than a year later. In 1663 he married Elizabeth Minshull, then but twenty-five. She seems to have brightened his last decade, which was passed in quiet study tempered with music and the company of friends. Weakened by the gout and other maladies, he died on November 8, 1674, and was buried beside his father in the church of St. Giles Cripplegate.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

On the Abolition of Chinese Slavery

With a few lines of verse, I would
To the world's ear, I would
Of wretched slaves, I would
Of wretched slaves, I would

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And with a few lines of verse, I would

The golden rule, I would
And that I would
Whom I would
For the sake of
Hundred million, I would
For the sake of
And that I would

For the sake of
And that I would
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of

For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of
For the sake of

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

On the Morning of CHRIST'S Nativity

Compos'd 1629

I

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

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherwith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table, 10
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III

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

IV

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

THE HYMN

I

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

II

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

III

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

IV

No War, or Battails sound
 Was heard the World around,
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
 The hooked Chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V

But peacefull was the night
 Wherin the Prince of light

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

VI

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

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

When such musick sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortall finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:
 The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X

Nature that heard such sound 101
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was don,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight 110
 A Globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
 The helmed Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dislaid,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII

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

XIII

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

XIV

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

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

xv

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

xvi

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

xvii

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

xviii

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

xix

The Oracles are dummm,
 No voice or hideous hummm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell. 180

XX

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

XXI

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

XXII

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

XXIII

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

XXIV

Nor is *Osiris* seen
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
 Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
 In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
 The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark. 220

XXV

He feels from *Juda's* Land
 The dredged Infants hand,
 The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th'infernall jail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
 Heav'ns youngest teemed Star, 240
 Hath fixt her polisht Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114

This and the following *Psalms* were don by the Author at fifteen yeers old.

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from *Pharian* fields to *Canaan* Land,

Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubl'd Sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10
 The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his Crystall Fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm 136

Let us with a gladsom mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 For, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell. 10
 For, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state. 20
 For, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain.
 For, &c.

That by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light.
 For, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run. 30
For, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Égypt* Land. 40
For, &c.

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass. 50
For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wildernes. 60
For, &c.

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.
For, &c.

And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew. 70
For, &c.

And to his Servant *Israel*,
He gave their Land therin to dwell.
For, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For, &c.

80

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therfore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

90

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortall ey.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

The Passion

I

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.

10

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;

O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!
 Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV

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

V

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

VI

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

VII

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

VIII

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unboosom all their Echoes milde,

And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
 Might think th'infection of my sorrows loud,
 Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

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

On Time

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

Upon the Circumcision

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

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

At a Solemn Musick

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai's'd phantasie present,
 That undisturbed Song of pure content,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With Sainly shout, and solemn Jubily,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of WINCHESTER

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

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

Song On MAY morning

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

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630

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

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to
London, by reason of the Plague

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

Another on the same

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

L'Allegro

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
 Find out som uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,

And the night-Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell. 10
 But com thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as som Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing, 20
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek, 30
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee, 40
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,

Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his sithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures, 70
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren brest
 The labouring clouds do often rest:
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Okes,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead, 90
 Som times with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,

Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
 She was pinch't, and pull'd she sed,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend. 110
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.

That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*. 150
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
 Dwell in som idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train. 10
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O're laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memmons* sister might beseem,
 Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above 20
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;
 His daughter she (in *Saturns* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*. 30
 Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gate,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired Leasure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less *Philomel* will daign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke; 60
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musicall, most melancholy!
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way; 70
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
 Over som wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,

Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belmans drousie charm,
 To bless the dores from nightly harm:
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those *Dæmons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine. 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold, 110
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear. 120
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the russling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves. 130
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by som Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portrature display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
 Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light. 160
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain

To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

Arcades

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

I SONG

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry
 Too divine to be mistook:

This this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend,
 Heer our solemn search hath end.

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

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne,
 Shooting her beams like silver threds,
 This this is she alone,
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
 Or the towred *Cybele*, 20
 Mother of a hunderd gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparalel'd?

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

Gen. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
 Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluse, 30

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

If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2 SONG

O're the smooth enameld green
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm Star-proof,
 Follow me, 90
 I will bring you where she sits
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3 SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
 By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.
 On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore, 100
 A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony *Mænalus*,
 Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place.
 Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,
 Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

Lycidas

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

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
 I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,

And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime
 Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bear
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of som melodious tear.

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

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

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown, 40
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*? 51
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.

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

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

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

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold 120
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
 That on the green terf suck the honied showres, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.

Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet.
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore, 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.
 Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,

He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the Western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
 To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

COMUS

A MASK PRESENTED at LUDLOW-Castle,

1634 &c.

The Persons

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of <i>Thyrsis</i> .	The Lady.
<i>Comus</i> with his crew.	1. Brother. 2. Brother.
	<i>Sabrina</i> the Nymph.

The cheif persons which presented, were
The Lord *Bracly*,
Mr. *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,
The Lady *Alice Egerton*.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood
The attendant Spirit descends or enters

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright æreal Spirits live inspear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*, 20
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to severall government,

And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire crowns,
 And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
 The greatest, and the best of all the main
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30
 A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
 And here their tender age might suffer perill, 40
 But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.

Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listed,
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe* 50
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
 With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therfore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Offring to every weary Travailer,
 His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear, 70
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,

All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely then before
 And all their friends, and native home forget
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therfore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star, 80
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

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

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

Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Com let us our rights begin,
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
 Which these dun shades will ne're report.
 Hail Goddesses of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vail *Cotytto*, t' whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame 130
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
 Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the ayr,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
 From her cabin'd loop hole peep, 140
 And to the tel-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
 Of som chast footing neer about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains, I shall e're long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spongy ayr,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well plac't words of glozing courtesie
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible
 Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
 And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appear som harmles Villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her busines here.

The Lady enters

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
 Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
 Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Wassailers; yet O where els
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
 Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus* wain. 190
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darknes, e're they could return,
 Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
 Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely Travailer? 200
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,

Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.—
 O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
 I see ye visibly, and now beleeve
 That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistring Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG

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

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould

Breath such Divine inchanting ravishment?
 Sure somthing holy lodges in that brest,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testifie his hidd'n residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night 250
 At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
 Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
 Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
 Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
 Unlesse the Goddes that in rurall shrine
 Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood. 270
La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending Ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.
Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?
La. They left me weary on a grassie terf. 280
Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?
La. To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.
La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
La. No less then if I should my brothers loose.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips. 290

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
 Their port was more then human, as they stood;
 I took it for a faëry vision
 Of som gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live 300
 And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
 And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
 To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?
 Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
 Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet. 310
 Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
 From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
 I can conduct you Lady to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
 Till further quest'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended: In a place
 Less warranted then this, or less secure
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.— 330

The Two Brothers

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that rains here

In double night of darknes, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
 Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
 Of som clay habitation visit us
 With thy long leuell'd rule of streaming light, 340
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumeros bowes.
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister 350
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite 360
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincip'l'd in vertues book,
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various bussle of resort
 Were all to ruffl'd, and somtimes impair'd. 380

He that has light within his own cleer brest
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

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

390

400

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

410

2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?
Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,

420

Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
 Yea there, where very desolation dwels
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench't majesty, 430
 Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
 Som say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,
 No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurttull power o're true virginity.
 Do ye beleeve me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
 To testifie the arms of Chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow
 Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
 Wherwith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of Chast austerity, 450
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape, 460
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
 The divine property of her first being.

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

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfet reigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear
 Som far off hallow break the silent Air. 481

2. *Bro.* Me thought so too; what should it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
 Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.
 2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
 If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd

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

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

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

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? Whose artful strains have oft delaid

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,

And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,

How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any ram

Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook?

How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

Spir. O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth

That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

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

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

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

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

Within the navel of this hideous Wood, 520
 Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
 Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
 Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likenes of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
 Character'd in the face; this have I learn't 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
 Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
 To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks 540
 Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sate me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance, 550
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence

Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all eare, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place 570
 Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prævent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him som neighbour villager;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But furdur know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades, 580
 How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
 Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd, 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the greisly legions that troop

Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyies and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

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

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

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
 In every vertuous plant and healing herb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
 And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Countrey, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
 He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use
 'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp 640
 Or gastly furies apparition;
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off: if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the lushious liquor on the ground,
 But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
 And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

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

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster, 660
 And you a statue; or as *Daphne* was
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
 Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.
Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
 Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial Julep here
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
 Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,
 In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to your self,
 And to those dainty limms which nature lent 680
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
 This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not false traitor,

690

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty

That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode

Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,

These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!

Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence

With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,

And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here

With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?

700

Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,

I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none

But such as are good men can give good things,

And that which is not good, is not delicious

To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,

And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,

Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.

Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,

710

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,

Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,

Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,

But all to please, and sate the curious taste?

And set to work millions of spinning Worms,

That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk

To deck her Sons, and that no corner might

Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns

She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems

To store her children with; if all the world

720

Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,

Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,

Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,

And we should serve him as a grudging master,

As a penurious niggard of his wealth,

And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,

Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,

And strangl'd with her waste fertility;

Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their Lords,

731

The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 List Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity,
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
 Unsavoury in th'injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; course complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.
La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
 Obruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she good cateress
 Means her provision onely to the good
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770
 Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,
 Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
 In unsuperfluous eeven proportion,
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank't,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude

Cramms, and blasphem'es his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness then this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.
 Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by som superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To som of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And setlings of a melancholy blood; 810
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

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

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me, 820
 Som other means I have which may be us'd,

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

SONG

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

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great *Oceanus*,
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
 And *Tethys* grave majestick pace, 870
 By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,
 And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,
 By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
 By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb, 880
 Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings

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

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

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity;

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

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*
 Sprung of old *Anchises* line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills:
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood 930
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
 May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrass round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the Sorcerer us intice 940
 With som other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound
 Till we com to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithfull guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Fathers residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish't presence, and beside 950
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,

And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere;
 Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

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

SONG

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

This second Song presents them to their father and mother

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own,
 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth, 970
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless Praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that ly
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid ayre 980
 All amidst the Gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowres
 Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
 The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal Summer dwels,
 And West winds, with musky wing
 About the cedar'n alleys fling 990*

Nard, and *Cassia's* balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,
 And drenches with *Elysian* dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth*, and roses
 Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd son advanc't,
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc't
 After her wandring labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal Bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
 Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.
 But now my task is smoothly don,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earths end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the Moon.
 Mortals that would follow me,
 Love vertue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to clime 1020
 Higher then the Spheary chime;
 Or if Vertue feeble were,
 Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

POEMS ADDED IN THE 1673 EDITION

Anno aetatis 17

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough

I

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

II

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

III

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

IV

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

V

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe, 30

Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
 Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI

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

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

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

X

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe

To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art. 70

XI

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

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

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
 Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
 Where he had mutely sate two years before:
 Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task:
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee: 10
 Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
 For this same small neglect that I have made:
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;
 And wearie of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;

Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
 Look in, and see each blissful Deitie
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
 To th'touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire, 40
 And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
 And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
 In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,
 While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest 50
 Are held with his melodious harmonie
 In willing chains and sweet captivitie.
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament:
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my Roome.

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

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
 The Faery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth; 60
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
 And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass

Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.

O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.

80

To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
Devouring war shall never cease to roare;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

90

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

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

100

The rest was Prose

The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I

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

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
 Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable 10
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindfull. Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

SONNETS

I

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

VII ¹

How soon hath Time the suttile thief of youth,
 Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n, 10
 To that same lot, however mean, or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
 If ever deed of honour did thee please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,

¹ Sonnets II–VI, written in Italian, are omitted.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends 10
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Chæronéa*, fatal to liberty
 Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
 Though later born, then to have known the dayes 10
 Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you
 Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble vertues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
 And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;

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

XII *On the same*

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

XIII

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
 First taught our English Musick how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth aire couldst humor best our
 tongue.
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
 To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus* Quire 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher

Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth
sever.

Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams 10
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV

On the late Massacher in Piemont

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

XVI

When I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,

I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best 10
 Bear his milde yoaik, they serve him best, his State
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and waite.

XVII

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

XVIII

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

XIX

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
 Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,

Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight, 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

*On the new forcers of Conscience under the
 Long PARLIAMENT*

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

*On the Lord Gen. Fairfax at the seige of
 Colchester*

Fairfax, whose name in armes through Europe rings
 Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshak'n vertue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Thir Hydra heads, & the fals North displaies
 Her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,
 O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand;

For what can Warr, but endless warr still breed, 10
 Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
 And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
 Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed
 While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

To the Lord Generall Cromwell May 1652

On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospell

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

To Sr Henry Vane the younger

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

To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon his Blindness

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

PSALMS

PSAL. I *Done into Verse, 1653*

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

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

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth upstand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear.
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th'Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd

Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With Iron Scepter bruise'd, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son least he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III Aug. 9. 1653

When he fled from Absalom

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

PSAL. IV Aug. 10. 1653

ANSWER me when I call
 God of my righteousness;
 In straights and in distress
 Thou didst me disintrall

And set at large; now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.
 Great ones how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity, 10
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose
 Chose to himself a part
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to chuse he knows)
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone, 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say
 Who yet will shew us good?
 Talking like this worlds brood;
 But Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light
 Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright. 30
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put
 Then when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where ere I lie 40
 As in a rocky Cell
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug. 12. 1653*

JEHOVAH to my words give ear
 My meditation waigh
 The voyce of my complaining hear
 My King and God for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voyce

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

PSAL. VI *Aug.* 13. 1653

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake

For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 It'h mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
 With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
 They shall return in hast the way they came
 And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII Aug. 14. 1653

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite
 against him*

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

Lord my God if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not fre'd my foe for naught;

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

Rise Jehovah in thine ire
 Rouze thy self amidst the rage 20
 Of my foes that urge like fire;

And wake for me, their furi' asswage;
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire.

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

30

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

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

40

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

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

50

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

60

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

PSAL. VIII *Aug. 14. 1653*

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

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

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

And think'st upon him; or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

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

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

April, 1648 J. M.

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

PSAL. LXXX

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

¹ Gnorera. ² Gnashanta. ³ Shalish. ⁴ Jilgnagu.

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

PSAL. LXXXI

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
The Timbrel hither bring
The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along
And Harp *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound*,
Th' appointed time, the day wheron
Our solemn Feast *comes round*.10
- 4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe*
A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Ægypt land;
The Tongue I heard, was strange.20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle*
Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not faile*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in ¹ *thunder deep*
With clouds encompass'd round;30
I tri'd thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well*,
I testifie to thee
Thou antient flock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to mee,
- 9 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee.40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land

¹ *Be Sether ragnam.*

- Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*
Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandering mind; 50
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind.
- 13 O that my people would *be wise*
To serve me all their daies,
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous waies.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies. 60
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, His people, should remain*,
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their Meat*.

PSAL. LXXXII

- 1 God in the¹ great¹ assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,
Among the gods² on both his hands
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye³ pervert the right
With³ judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3⁴ Regard the⁴ weak and fatherless
⁴ Dispatch the⁴ poor mans cause, 10
And⁵ raise the man in deep distress
By⁵ just and equal Lawes.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate

¹Bagnadath-el. ²Bekerev. ³Tishphetu gnavel. ⁴Shiphtu-dal.⁵Hatzdiku.

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

PSAL. LXXXIII

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit not thou still O God of *strength*
 We cry and do not cease.
 2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* ¹ swell
 And ¹ storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full hie.
 3 Against thy people they ² contrive
 ³ Their Plots and Counsels deep, 10
 ⁴ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
 ⁵ Whom thou dost hide and keep.
 4 Come let us cut them off say they,
 Till they no Nation be
 That Israels name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.
 5 For they consult ⁶ with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite
 And in firm union bind. 20
 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood
 That in the Desert dwell,
 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*,
 And *hateful* Amalec,
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre
 Whose bounds the Sea doth check.

⁶ Jimmotu. ⁷ Shipta. ¹ Jehemajun. ² Jagnarimu. ³ Sod.

⁴ Jithjagnatsu gnal. ⁵ Tsephuneca. ⁶ Lev jachdau.

- 8 With them *great* Asshur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the Sons of Lot. 30
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold
That wasted all the Coast.
 To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabins boast,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulst and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
 As dung upon the plain. 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
 So let their Princes speed
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
 So let their Princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said
 By right now shall we seize
 Gods houses, and *will now invade*
¹ Their stately Palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
No quiet let them find,
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind. 50
- 14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden straies,
 The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
 Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 ² And till they ² yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face.
- 17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, 60
 Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehova is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O're all the earth *art one.*

¹Neoth Elohim bears both. ² They seek thy Name. Heb.

PSAL. LXXXIV

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

- Whose waies are just and right.
 12 Lord God of Hoasts *that raign'st on high*,
 That man is *truly* blest
 Who *only* on thee doth relie.
 And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXXV

- 1 THY Land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* Captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.
 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And *calmly* didst return 10
 From thy ¹ fierce wrath which we had prov'd
 Far worse then fire to burn.
 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Toward us, *and chide no more*.
 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us? 20
 6 Wilt thou not ² turn, and *hear our voice*
 And us again ² revive,
 That so thy people may rejoyce
 By thee preserv'd alive.
 7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew
 Thy saving health to us afford
And life in us renew.
 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
 I will go *strait* and hear, 30
 For to his people he speaks peace
 And to his Saints *full dear*,
 To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
 9 Surely to such as do him fear

¹ Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.* ² Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*

- Salvation is at hand
 And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land. 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,
 And Justice from her heavenly bow
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good 50
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
 Then ¹ will he come, and not be slow
 His footsteps cannot err.

PSAL. LXXXVI

- 1 THY *Gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
 O hear me *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul, for ² I have trod
 Thy waies, and love the just,
 Save thou thy servant O my God
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
 I call; 4 O make rejoyce 10
 Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice*,
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication Lord
 Give ear, and to the crie
 Of my *incessant* praiers afford
 Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid*;

¹ Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.* ² Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

- For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none
 O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30
 To bow them low before thee Lord,
 And glorifie thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide. 40
- 12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for ever more.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast free'd my Soul
 Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God the proud against me rise
 And violent men are met 50
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
 Most mercifull, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy hand-maids Son. 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see
 And be asham'd, because thou Lord
 Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII

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

PSAL. LXXXVIII

- 1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry;
 And all night long, before thee *weep*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my praier
With sighs devout ascend
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie, 10
 My life *at death's uncherful dore*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

- 4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal* pit
 I am a ¹ man, but weak alas
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead *to sleep*,
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep*. 20
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*
 Full sore doth press on me; 30
² Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
² And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread. 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise
 And praise thee *from their loathsom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold*,
 Or they *who* in perdition dwell
 Thy faithfulness *unfold*?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
 Or wondrous acts be known, 50
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
 Of *dark* oblivion?
- 13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
E're yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my praier doth hie
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

¹ Heb. *A man without manly strength.* ² The Heb. *bears both.*

- And hide thy face from me,
 15 That am already bruised, and ¹ shake
 With terror sent from thee; 60
 Bruised, and afflicted and *so low*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
 Thy threatnings cut me through.
 17 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me persue.
 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd 70
 And sever'd from me far.
 They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
 And as in darkness are.

¹ Heb. *Prae Concussione*.

PARADISE LOST

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BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

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

OF MANS First Disobedience, and the Fruit
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
 Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
 With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose out of *Chaos*: or if *Sion Hill* 10
 Delight thee more, and *Silod's Brook* that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' *Aonian Mount*, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
 Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
 And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That to the highth of this great Argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creator, and transgress his Will
 For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
 Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
 The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
 Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 40
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
 With hideous ruine and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night 50
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
 Confounded though immortal: But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once as far as Angels kenn he views
 The dismal Situation waste and wilde, 60
 A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd 80
Bēēlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd 90
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?

That Glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
 Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

110

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

120

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

130

140

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

150

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160

As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170

Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde, 180
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briarios or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
 Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence 210
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On Man by him seduc't, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
 Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid Vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundring *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,
 Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best

Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than hee
 Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So *Satan* spake, and him *Bēēlzebub*
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyle,
 If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lye
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands, 290
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast

Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd 300
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
Busiris and his *Memphian* Chivalrie,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating Carkases 310
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can sieze
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toyl of Battel to repose
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330
 They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
 Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt*s evill day

Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
 That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain; 350
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
 Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones; 360
 Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him, that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various Names,
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.
 Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide

Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
 Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,
 From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild
 Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
 And *Horonaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond
 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines, 410
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
 Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bording flood
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts 420
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
 Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
 Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their aerie purposes, 430
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.

For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock 450
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile Banks
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold: 470
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,

Osiris, Isis, Orus and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek 480
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
 From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smok'd; yet who more oft then hee
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
 Turns Atheist, as did *Elys* Sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God.
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
 Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towns,
 And injury and outrage: And when Night 500
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
 In *Gibeah*, when hospitable Dores
 Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
 Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held
 Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
 Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first born 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*
 And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
 Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
 Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
 Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
 Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields, 520
 And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears. 530
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds: 540
At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood 550
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impose: He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,

Thir visages and stature as of Gods, 570
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
 Glories: For never since created man,
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more then that small infantry
 Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
 That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son 580
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisonde*,
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Thir dread Commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
 Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face 600
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung 610
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd

To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630

For who can yet beleave, though after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
Self-raisd, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his Regal State 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread

New warr, provok't; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:

For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyesse
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird, 660
For who can think Submission! Warr then, Warr

Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top 670
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
Rif'd the bowels of their mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound

And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire 690
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.

Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,
Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,

As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge 710
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,
 Nor great *Alcaïro* such magnificence
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine 720
Belus or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat
 Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendant by suttile Magic many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land
 Men called him *Mulciber*; and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony

And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held
 At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
 From every Band and squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
 Defi'd the best of *Panim* chivalry
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh dewes and flowers
 Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
 The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
 New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer
 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race 780
 Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon
 Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth
 Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance
 Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large, 790
 Though without number still amidst the Hall
 Of that infernal Court. But far within
 And in thir own dimensions like themselves
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Propheſie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral wayes and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'n'd, and diſcover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the ſight of this new World which he ſought.

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Houſhon the wealth of *Órmus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Shows on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplaid. 10
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſt and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial vertues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate:
Mee though juſt right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did firſt create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what beſides, in Counſel or in Fight, 20
Hath bin achiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus farr at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſht in a ſafe unenvied Throne
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Formoſt to ſtand againſt the Thunderers aime

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
 More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper then prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile, 40
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, Scepter'd King
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
 That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather then be less
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
 He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
 The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
 Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
 The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns 60
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
 O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
 Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire, 70
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,

That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing houre
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
 We should be quite abolisht and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier farr
 Then miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,
 And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120

Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what Revenge? the Towers of Heav'n are fill'd
With Armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest Insurrection, to confound
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould 140
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost 150
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought

The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires 170
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view, he from heav'ns highth 190
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisf'd

With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
 Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light, 220
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appeers
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
 Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild
 To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supream
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent
 And publish Grace to all, on promise made
 Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
 With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits
 Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty before the easie yoke
 Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e're 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of Warr; ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard 290
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another Field
They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By pollicy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which when *Bēēlzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,

Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as Night
 Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n, 310
 Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new League
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude: For he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
 Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss 330
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
 Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy seat
 Of som new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350

Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole Creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
 May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Bëelzebub*
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of Fate,
 Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance

Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air, 400
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and wee now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspence, awaiting who appeer'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt; but all sat mute, 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance red his own dismay
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
 So hardie as to proffer or accept
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones, 430
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr
 Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping; and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into what ever world,

Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deterre
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign, 450
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honourd sits? Go therfore mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'rspread
 Heavn's chearful face, the lowring Element 490
 Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction waite.

The *Stygian* Council thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,
 Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream, 510
 And God-like imitated State; him round
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
 By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields; 530
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush

To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
 Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast *Typhœan* rage more fell
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
 As when *Alcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
 Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate 550
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Thir song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
 Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal World, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yeild them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
 Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton* 580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rouses
 Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice 600
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous Bands
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe, 620
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
 A Universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse

Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; som times
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave touring high.
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the *Iles*
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood 640
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
 Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
 Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her wombo,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these
 Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore:
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head

The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast,
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave askt of thee:
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.
 To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then 690
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
 Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
 Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
 Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
 Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood
 Utterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge 710
 In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
 Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
 With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
 To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:

So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood; 720
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
 Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom; 730
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
 His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
 Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
 Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
 In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight 750
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seisd
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign 760
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing

Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
 Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
 And in embraces forcible and foule
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his Parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
 When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810

His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the suttler Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know

I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss

In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen

Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The key of this infernal Pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above

Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born, 860
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as be seems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And towards the Gate rousing her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
 Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
 Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie 880
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
 That with extended wings a Banner'd Host
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear 890
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise
 Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag 900
 Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss, 910
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his Voyage: for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to rase
 Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In mutinie had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuitie: all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
 Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950
 At length a universal hubbub wilde
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lyes
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
 Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon*; Rumor next and Chance,
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spie, 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place
 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course; 980
 Directed, no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the Standerd there of *ancient Night*;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old
 With faultring speech and visage incompas'd
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing, I upon my Frontieres here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend 1000
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
 Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
 So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wilde Expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks:
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse 1030
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
 As from her outmost works a brok'n foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040

That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

1050

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

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

HAIL holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes then to th' *Orphean* Lyre
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor somtimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
 And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
 Presented with a Universal blanc
 Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou Celestial light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.
 Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure Empyrean where he sits
 High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view:
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
 Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,
 His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two

Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80
 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
 On desperat revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay 90
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
 Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers 100
 And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
 Made passive both, had servd necessitie, 110
 Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,

So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown. 120
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,
 Or aught by me immutable foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I formed them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
 Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.
 The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd 130
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd, and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd,
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
 With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
 That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge
 Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
 Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill

His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell 160
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deitie while offerd grace
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with sincere intent,
Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,

Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns
 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,
 Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posteritie must die,
 Die hee or Justice must; unless for him
 Som other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,
 Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf
 Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
 Happie for man, so coming; he her aide
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
 Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
 I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
 Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long
 Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue 250
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilment; wrauth shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shon
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save, 280
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit 290
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,

And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
 So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310
 Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King; all Power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce: 320
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
 Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,

Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground 350
With solemn adoration down they cast
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect 360
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine 370
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer, 380
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee

Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 Th' Aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
 Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n, 400
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die
 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love, 410
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd 420
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
 Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant farr som small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
 Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey

To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plaines
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;
Those argent Fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came single; hee who to be deemd
A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames 470
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryos, and Idiots, Eremites and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,

Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket seems
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
 A violent cross wind from either Coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see
 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost 490
 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
 Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since calld
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
 To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
 And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd, 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.

Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
 Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by farr then that of after-times
 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
 To *Bēersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
 Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair 540
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
 Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some forein land
 First seen, or some renownd Metropolis
 With glistening Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd, 550
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopie
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
 Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantick* Seas
 Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole 560
 He views in bredth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570
 He stayd not to enquire: above them all

The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move
 Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute 580
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The Univers, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
 If mettall, part seem'd Gold, part Silver cleer;
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
 In *Aarons* Brestplate, and a stone besides
 Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
 Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
 Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now

Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray 620
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledg'd with wings
Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;
Under a Coronet his flowing haire 640
In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
Admonisht by his care, and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
Who in God's presence, neerest to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O're Sea and Land; him *Satan* thus accostes.

Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
In sight of Gods high Throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;
And here art likeliest by supream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye 660
To visit oft this new Creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,

His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happie Race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his wayes. 680
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguill'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held 690
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar 710
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
The rest in circuit walles this Universe.

Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,
With borrowd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' *Ecliptic*, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

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

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
 Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
 While time was, our first Parents had bin warn'd
 The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage came down,
 The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind, 10
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
 Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
 Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
 And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
 His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
 The Hell within him, for within him Hell 20

He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less then to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher 50
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood 60
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?

Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie
 Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
 Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left? 80
 None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
 Under what torments inwardly I groane:
 While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
 With Diadem and Scepter high advanced 90
 The lower still I fall, onely Supream
 In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.
 But say I could repent and could obtaine
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse, 100
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
 From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this World.
 So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
 Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least 110
 Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
 By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;

As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.

For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme, 120
Artificer of fraud; and was the first

That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd all unobserv'd, unseen. 130

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wilde,
Access deni'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre

Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
And higher then that wall a circling row
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole

Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretchd her Line 210
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towrs
Of Great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life 220
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksom passage now appeers,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc't shade
Imbound the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and
Balme,
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde

Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true, 250
 If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
 Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
 Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
 Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
 Of coole recess, o're which the mantling Vine
 Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
 Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
 Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathring flours
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis* 270
 Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
 Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring might with this Paradise
 Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile
 Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
 Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*,
 Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
 Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;
 Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard, 280
 Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd
 True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line
 By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
 A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
 From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all, 290
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd 300
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disshaveled, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking playd 340
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase

In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
 Or Bedward ruminating; for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone carrear
 To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
 Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
 When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.

O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd.
 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
 And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,
 To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
 And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.

And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conquering this new World, compels me now
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unesp'd
To mark what of thir state he more might learn 400
By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* first of men
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep 420
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n 430
Over all other Creatures that possesse
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His bountie, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,
 Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.

For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
 Preëminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.

Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer
 Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.

As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
 Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt

Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies 470
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee

Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy
 Inseparable thine, to him shalt beare
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
 Less winning soft, less amiable milde,

Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd, 480
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
 Whom flī'st thou? whom thou flī'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excelld by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unreprou'd,
 And meek surrender, half imbracing leand
 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds 500
 That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms
 The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire, 510
 Among our other torments not the least,
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbid'n?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
 Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
 Can it be death? and do they onely stand
 By Ignorance, is that thir happy state,
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith? 520
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with designe
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt

Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
 Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began
 Thro' wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his
 roam.

Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun 540
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
 Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
 Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night; 550
 About him exercis'd Heroic Games
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
 Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
 In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
 Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
 From what point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n
 Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
 No evil thing approach or enter in;
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
 Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
 But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570

Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
 See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come 580
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
 No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
 But if within the circuit of these walks
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
 Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd 590
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
 Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
 The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
 Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird, 600
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
 Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
 And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour 610
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long

Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies; 620
 While other Animals unactive range,
 And of thir doings God takes no account.
 To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
 Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop thir wanton growth:
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gums, 630
 That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adorn'd.
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and thir change, all please alike. 640
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
 Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends 650
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*, 660
 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
 By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land

In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Least total darkness should by Night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
 Of various influence foment and warme,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
 Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note
 Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
 Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sovrان Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to mans delightful use; the rooffe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin*
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet, 700
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess

With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed, 710
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd
 More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
 Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
 The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
 Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
 And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
 Which we in our appointed work imployd
 Have finisht happie in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place 730
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into thir innmost bower
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off 740
 These troublesom disguises which wee wear,
 Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
 Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
 Of puritie and place and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true sourse 750
 Of human offspring, sole proprietie,
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee

Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, 760
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade, 780
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
 From these, two strong and suttel Spirits he calld
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wingd speed
 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, 790
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*; 800

Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear 810
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King;
 Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
 Why satst thou like an enemy in waite
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
 Know yet not then said *Satan*, filld with scorn
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown, 830
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?
 To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.
 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
 Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
 As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;
 That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule. 840
 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
 Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
 Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
 His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd 850
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
 Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can doe
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
 But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
 His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of Regal port, 870
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
 Not likely to part hence without contest;
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
 And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
 How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.
 Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee; but this question askt
 Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
 Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place 891
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change

Torment with ease, & soonest recompence
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
 To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
 But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer barr
 His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
 The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900
 But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
 Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However, and to scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provok't.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief, 920
 The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
 The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves
 From hard assaies and ill successes past
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
 Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.
 I therefore, I alone first undertook
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie
 This new created World, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire; 940
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first
 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
 Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more then thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope 960
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre
 Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines, 970
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
 Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
 From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
 Us'd to the yোক, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
 Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
 Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves

Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,
 Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
 Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
 What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise 991
 In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
 Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
 Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
 To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
 Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
 And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
 Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how weak,
 If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

NOW morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime
 Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
 When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for his sleep
 Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin Song*
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
 With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek, 10
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial Love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
 Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
 What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night, 30
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksom night; methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
 Why sleepest thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake 40
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
 Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd? 60
 Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?
 This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme
 He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
 But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crompt,
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: 70
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?

Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
 Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wondring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
 Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule 100
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve
 Reason as chief; among these Fansie next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes 110
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Som such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope

That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream, 120
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do:
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more chearful and serene
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
 And let us to our fresh imployments rise
 Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
 Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feard to have offended.

So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
 But first from under shadie arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim, 140
 Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
 Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, 150
 More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
 Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160
 Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,
 On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high Noon hast gaine'd, & when thou fallst.
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flie'st
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth 180
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiiform; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncoloured skie,
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk 200
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm. 210
On to thir mornings rural work they haste

Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
 Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too far
 Thir pamp'rd boughes, and needd hands to check
 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine
 To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her down th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
 With pittie Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

Raphael, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap't through the darksom Gulf
 Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happie state,
 Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
 Yet mutable, whence warne him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy
 Late falln himself from Heaven, is plotting now 240
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;
 By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld
 All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint
 After his charge receivd; but from among
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opend wide
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,

Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crownd 260
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
 Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes
 Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
 Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* first appeering kenns
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie
 Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare 270
 Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
 A *Phoenix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
 Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair 280
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loines and thighs with downie Gold
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise;
 For on som message high they guessd him bound. 290
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flouing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
 A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
Adam discern'd, as in the dore he sat
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* needs
 And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd

For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,
 Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn 310
 Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
 This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
 Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
 But I will haste and from each bough and break,
 Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice
 To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
 Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields
 In *India* East or West, or middle shoare
 In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
 She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes
 From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet 350
 His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompani'd then with his own compleat
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,
 More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
 Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
 Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior Nature, bowing low, 360

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
 None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,
 Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
 Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline. 370

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answered milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
 To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
 Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Evening rise
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
 They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*
 Undeck't, save with her self more lovely fair 380
 Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
 And on her ample Square from side to side
 All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;

No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
 The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require
 As doth your Rational; and both contain 410
 Within them every lower facultie
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
 Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
 The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompence
 In humid exhalations, and at Even
 Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
 Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist 440
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn

Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
 Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell. 450

Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
 In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
 Given him by this great Conference to know
 Of things above his World, and of thir being
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech
 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
 O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
 If not deprav'd from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
 As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
 Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves 480
 More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
 Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fanie and understanding, whence the soule
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance; time may come when men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend
 Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happie state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 From center to circumference, whereon 510
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found*
Obedient? can wee want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert
 Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God; 520
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
 God made thee perfet, not immutable;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;
 Our voluntarie service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him 530
 Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must

By Destinie, and can no other choose?
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none; freely we serve
 Because wee freely love, as in our will
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540
 And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted eare
 Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
 Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
 Our maker, and obey him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
 Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*
 After short pause assenting, thus began.
 High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
 This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best, though what if Earth
 Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
 Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde
 Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth
 now rests

Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd 580
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future) on such day
 As Heav'n's great Year brings forth, th' Emphyreal Host
 Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
 Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
 Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve 590
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
 Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 A midst as from a flaming Mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
 United as one individual Soule 610
 For ever happie: him who disobeyes
 Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
 Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd but were not all.
 That day, as other solem dayes, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
 Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare 620
 Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolve'd, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem:

And in thir motions harmonie Divine
 So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
 Listens delighted. Eevning approachd
 (For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
 In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
 They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
 Are fill'd before th' all bounteous King, who showrd
 With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.
 Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade 640
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
 In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspread,
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard, 650
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course
 Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
 In favour and præminence, yet fraught
 With envie against the Son of God, that day
 Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd 660
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaired.
 Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipt, unbey'd the Throne supream
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.
 Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close 670

Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
 Of Heav'n's Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;
 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou 680
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
 Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
 And all who under me thir Banners wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we possess
 The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,
 Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws. 690
 So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
 Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
 Of his Associate; hee together calls,
 Or severall one by one, the Regent Powers,
 Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
 That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
 Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,
 The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound 700
 Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
 His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
 The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Host:
 Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
 And from within the golden Lamps that burne 710
 Nightly before him, saw without thir light
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
 And smiling to his onely Son thus said.
 Son, thou in whom my glory I behold

In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
 Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
 Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim 720
 Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe

Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie
 In battel, what our Power is, or our right.

Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all imploy
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer 730

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

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers 740

Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
 Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
 Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.

Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which

All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
 Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
 And all the Sea, from one entire globose 750
 Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd

At length into the limits of the North
 They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat

High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
 Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
 From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
 The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call
 That Structure in the Dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after, hee
 Affecting all equality with God, 760

In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,

The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
 For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
 Pretending so commanded to consult
 About the great reception of thir King,
 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
 Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,
 If these magnific Titles yet remain 770

Not meerly titular, since by Decree
 Another now hath to himself ingross't
 All Power, and us eclips'd under the name
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
 This onely to consult how we may best
 With what may be devis'd of honours new
 Receive him coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
 Too much to one, but double how endur'd, 780
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?

But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
 Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist. 790

Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchie over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,
 In freedome equal? or can introduce
 Law and Edict on us, who without law
 Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration to th' abuse
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule 800
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
 The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate

In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne 810
 The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
 That to his only Son by right endu'd
 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let Reigne,
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of libertie, who made 820
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignitie
 How provident he is, how farr from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happie state under one Head more neer
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count, 830
 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
 By him created in thir bright degrees,
 Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,
 But more iilustrious made, since he the Head
 One of our number thus reduc't becomes, 840
 His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
 Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
 While Pardon may be found in time besought.
 So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
 Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
 That we were formd then saist thou? & the work 850
 Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
 Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
 When this creation was? rememberst thou

Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
 Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons. 860
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause 870
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
 Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
 Of Gods *Messiah*: those indulgent Laws 880
 Will not now be voutsaf't, other Decrees
 Against thee are gon forth without recall;
 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
 These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire. 890
 Then who created thee lamenting learne,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
 Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshak'n, uneduc'd, untterrifi'd
 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he passd, 900

Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

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

ALL NIGHT the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till
Morn,

Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Heav'n

Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
Light issues forth, and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre 10
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold
Empyrean, from before her vanisht Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present

Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintaind 30
Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow: 60
At which command the Powers Militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides 70
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore

Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summond over *Eden* to receive
 Their names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht 80
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
 The banded Powers of *Satan* hasting on
 With furious expedition; for they weend
 That self same day by fight, or by surprize
 To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
 To set the envier of his State, the proud
 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in Festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate 100
 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd
 With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
 'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
 On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,
 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold; 110
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
 O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
 Remain not; wherefore should not strength & might
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?

His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd 120
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seemed in thy World erroneous to dissent
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre 150
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me som Plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n

To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring Spirits, trained up in Feast and Song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,
 Servilitie with freedom to contend,
 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.
 Apostat still thou errst, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
 From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout, 200
 Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
 Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound
 Th' Arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
 The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles 210

Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.
So under fierie Cope together rush'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could weild
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
Armie against Armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited thir might; though numberd such 230
As each divided Legion might have seemed
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame 240
Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread
That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then
Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd 250
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vast circumference: At his approach

The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
 To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along
 Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
 The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
 Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win, 290
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,
 I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth 300
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms

Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
 Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth 310
 Great things by small, if Natures concord broke,
 Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
 Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
 Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeate,
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword 320
 Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God
 Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd 330
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
 And all his Armour staind ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of warr: there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In Entrailles, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound

Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare, 350
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd
 Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
 Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,
 And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
 Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile.
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
 Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and thir names
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
 Seek not the praise of men; the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
 Canceled from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
 Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap
 Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd 390
 And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
 Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
 Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd: 400
 Such high advantages thir innocence
 Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
 Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
 Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field 410
Michael and his Angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
 His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismai'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
 Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone, 420
 Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
 Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
 (And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
 What Heavens Lord had powerfulest to send
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
 Since now we find this our Empyreall forme
 Incapable of mortal injurie
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small as easie think
 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440

Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In Nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake. 450
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfet miserie, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturnes
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
 Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves
 No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Beleivst so main to our success, I bring;
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
 Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
 With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
 Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hollow Engins long and round
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth

From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
 Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
 To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have 500
 thought

Impossible: yet haply of thy Race
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude

Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with suttile Art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
 Whereof to found thir Engines and thir Balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespi'd.

Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,
 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,

In motion or in alt: him soon they met
 Under spread Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
 But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.

Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see 540
 Sad resolution and secure: let each

His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,
 Born even or high, for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
 But ratling storm of Arrows barb'd with fire.
 So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment;

Instant without disturb they took Alarm,
 And onward move Embattel'd; when behold 550
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
 Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
 On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open brest 560
 Stand readie to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
 But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part: yee who appointed stand
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd. 570

Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,
 A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
 Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
 With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
 Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,

Portending hollow truce; at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense, 580
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
 Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscurd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
 From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar
 Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
 Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail
 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host 590
 Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
 That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
 Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.
 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode thir second tire
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee, 610
 To entertain them fair with open Front
 And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
 Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
 For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were heard
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood. 620
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,

And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
 Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might

630

To match with thir inventions they presum'd
 So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
 And all his Host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
 Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
 Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)

640

Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
 From thir foundations loosning to and fro
 They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
 Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
 Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
 Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,
 When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
 Till on those cursed Engins triple-row
 They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
 Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
 Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
 Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
 Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,
 Thir armor help'd their harm, crush't in and brus'd
 Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

650

660

The rest in imitation to like Armes
 Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
 So Hills amid the Air encountered Hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n

Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:

Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr 700
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Uction, thy deserved right.

Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might, 710
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out

From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd declarst thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st;
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-wind
sound

The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, 750
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd 760

Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
 Attended with ten thousand Saints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770

Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
 Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head imbodied all in one.

Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd; 780
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewed,
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790

They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
 Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
 Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
 Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
 Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
 Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
 And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
 Invincibly: but of this cursed crew

The punishment to other hand belongs,
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
 Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold 810
 Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
 By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
 Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream
 Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
 Hath honourd me according to his will.
 Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assign'd;
 That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee
 In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
 At once the Four spread out thir Starrie wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host. 830
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
 Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles
 The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
 All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;
 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode 840
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheelles,
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength, 850
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
 Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide, 860
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
 Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
 Nine dayes they fell; confounded *Chaos* roard,
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
 Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
 Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes 880
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
 With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
 Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd 890
 On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
 At thy request, and that thou maist beware
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human Race bin hid:
 The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall

Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld
 With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state, 900
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
 His punishment, Eternal miserie;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite don against the most High,
 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
 By terrible Example the reward 910
 Of disobedience; firm thy might have stood,
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

BOOK VII

THE ARGUMENT

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

DESCEND from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race

Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.

Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,
 The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
 To those Apostates, least the like befall
 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
 If they trangress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obeyd amid the choice
 Of all tasts else to please thir appetite.

Though wandring. He with his consorted *Eve*
 The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
 Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
 With such confusion: but the evil soon
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What neerer might concern him, how this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within *Eden* or without was done
 Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
 Divine Interpreter, by favour sent
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemne purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovrain will, the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't 80
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps availe us known,
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause 90
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternitie so late to build
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
 To magnifie his works, the more we know.
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares, 100
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.
 Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:
 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde. 110
 This also thy request with caution askt
 Obtaine: though to recount Almightye works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King,
 Onely Omniscient hath suppress 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 Surfet, and soon turns
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde. 130

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
 Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
 Into his place, and the great Son returnd
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
 Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deitie supream, us dispossess,
 He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
 Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
 Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
 With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:

But least his heart exalt him in the harme 150
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can reparaire
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create
 Another World, out of one man a Race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
 And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth, 160
 One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heav'n,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire, 170
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free

To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.
 So spake th' Almightye, and to what he spake
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
 Then time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180
 When such was heard declar'd the Almightye's will;
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
 Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
 And th' habitations of the just; to him
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, in stead
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
 Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
 On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 200
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
 Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
 Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
 And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
 Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.
 Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
 Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn; 220
 For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Traine
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand
 He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
 In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things:
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds, 230
 This be thy just Circumference, O World.
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
 Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
 And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
 Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd
 Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
 To journie through the airie gloom began,
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
 Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 250
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld:
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,
 And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd
 God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn. 260
 Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide
 The Waters from the Waters: and God made

The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide 270
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Ev'n
 And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
 Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme 280
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said
 Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
 Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they 290
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as Armies at the call
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill, 300
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now
 Stream, and perpeutal draw thir humid traine.
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth

Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding Seed, 310
 And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
 Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept 320
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
 Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread
 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit: or gemm'd
 Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crown'd,
 With tufts the vallies & each fountain side,
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
 Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
 Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide 340
 The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
 For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
 And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
 Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
 To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.
 And God made two great Lights, great for thir use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
 The les by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,
 And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day 350
 In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
 And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,

Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
 Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
 And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
 Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
 Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
 So farr remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
 His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in 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 keepes
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
 Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.
 And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n. 390
 And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by thir kindes,
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales 400
 Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales

Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
 Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
 Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledg'd 420
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
 Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane 430
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit 440
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,

Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said, 450
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
 Each in thir kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green: 460
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould 470
Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
 These as a line thir long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd
 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,

Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand 500
 First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
 Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end
 Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
 And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
 With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in Devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee
 Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
 Created thee, in the Image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankind, and said, 530
 Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;

And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
Varietie without end; but of the Tree
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, least sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish't the Sixt day: 550
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
Followd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire 560
Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)
The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
The great Creator from his work returnd
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged Messengers
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh
Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne

Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down
 With his great Father, for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
 Choral or Unison; of incense Clouds
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount. 600
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
 Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
 Is greater then created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine 610
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
 On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's 620
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
 Of destind habitation; but thou know'st
 Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
 Created in his Image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers 630
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know

Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With *Halleluiabs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd

How first this World and face of things began,

And what before thy memorie was don

From the beginning, that posteritie

Informd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st

Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

640

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT

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

THE ANGEL ended, and in *Adams* Eare
 So Charming left his voice, that he a while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
 Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.] ¹
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine
 Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't
 This friendly condescention to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glorie attributed to the high
 Creator; some thing yet of doubt remains,
 Which onely thy solution can resolve.
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
 Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
 And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
 Thir distance argues and thir swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all thir vast survey
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler Bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,
 For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose 30

¹ The four bracketed lines were added in the second edition (1674), when Book vii was divided into two at line 640. Line 641 had read: "To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd."

Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
 That better might with farr less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
 Her end without least motion, and receaves,
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.
 So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve* 40
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her eare
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen 60
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
 And from about her shot Darts of desire
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.
 And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
 His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares;
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire; or if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns

Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild 80
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest
 That Bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves
 The benefit: consider first, that Great 90
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good containe
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigor find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak 100
 The Makers high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftnes of those Circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could adde
 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow, 110
 Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
 In *Eden*, distance inexpressible
 By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
 God to remove his wayes from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight, 120
 If it presume, might erre in things too high,
 And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun

Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
 By his attractive vertue and thir own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different Motions move? 130
 Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
 Travelling East, and with her part averse
 From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part 140
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious aire,
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
 This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
 Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
 Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie
 Communicating Male and Female Light, 150
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in Nature unpossess
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n 160
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;

Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair *Eve*: Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,
 Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure 180
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we our selves
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vaine.
 But apte the Mind or Fancie is to roave
 Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn 190
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and suttle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concerne
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
 Of something not unseasonable to ask
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
 Thee I have heard relating what was don
 Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
 My *Storie*, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
 And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
 How suttly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
 Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,

Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220

Inward and outward both, his image faire:

Speaking or mute all comliness and grace

Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes

Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth

Then of our fellow servant, and inquire

Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:

For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set

On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;

For I that Day was absent, as befell,

Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230

Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;

Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)

To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,

Or enemie, while God was in his work,

Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,

Destruction with Creation might have mixt.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt,

But us he sends upon his high behests

For state, as Sovran King, and to enure

Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240

The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;

But long ere our approaching heard within

Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,

Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light

Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.

But thy relation now; for I attend,

Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.

For Man to tell how human Life began 250

Is hard: for who himself beginning knew?

Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep

Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid

In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun

Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.

Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,

And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd

By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,

As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260

Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
 And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams, by these,
 Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
 My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
 What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
 And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power præminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier then I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
 This happie Light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
 Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
 My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state 290
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
 To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
 A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees
 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree

Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submit: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,
Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate: 320
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye; 330
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After thir kindes; I bring them to receive
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowering low 350
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood

Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still;
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
 Surpasest farr my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360
 And all this good to man, for whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
 With various living creatures, and the Aire 370
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
 Among unequals what societie
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
 Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

A nice and suttie happiness I see
Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice 400
Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents 410
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine
The high and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite; 420
And through all numbers absolute, though One;

But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, this Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.
Thou in thy secresie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt 430
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;

I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
 And no such companie as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
 Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
 Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
 In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes. 460
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
 Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
 Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew, 470
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,
 That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
 In every gesture dignitie and love.
 I overjoyd could not forbear aloud. 490

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
 Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.
 She heard me thus, and though divinely brought, 500
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
 Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all,
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
 And with obsequious Majestie approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre 510
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
 And happie Constellations on that houre
 Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr
 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp. 520
 Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
 My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
 I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits & Flours,
 Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
 Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 530
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
 Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
 Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps

More then enough; at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end 540
 Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
 And inward Faculties, which most excell,
 In outward also her resembling less
 His Image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that Dominion giv'n
 O're other Creatures; yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in her self compleat, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best; 550
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
 Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;
 Authoritie and Reason on her waite,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.
 To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560
 Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self; 570
 Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
 And to realities yeild all her shows;
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou maist love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't
 To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be

To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
 What higher in her societie thou findst
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kindes
 (Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule:
 Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free 610
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
 Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:
 Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need

As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
 But I can now no more; the parting Sun 630
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperean sets, my Signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed least Passion sway
 Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
 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 sovran goodness I adore.
 Gentle to me and affable hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind 650
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
 So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
 From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

BOOK IX

THE ARGUMENT

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

NO MORE of talk where God or Angel Guest
 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change
 Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
 And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
 That brought into this World a world of woe,
 Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
 Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
 Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd
 Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
 Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;
 If answerable style I can obtaine 20
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires

Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite
 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name
 To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
 Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument
 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climat, or Years damp may intended wing
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

30

40

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
 Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
 Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
 Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
 When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
 Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
 By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
 From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd
 His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
 That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
 On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,

50

60

Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the
change,

70

Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob*;

Downward as farr Antarctic; and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd

80

At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent sottlest Beast of all the Field.
Him after long debate, irresolute

Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom

90

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native sottletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute.

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd

More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built

100

With second thoughts, reforming what was old!

For what God after better worse would build?

Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns

That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,

Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,

In thee concentrating all thir precious beams

Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n

Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou

Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,

Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers

110

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth

Of Creatures animate with gradual life

Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.

With what delight could I have walk't thee round

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
 Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crownd,
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream;
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
 For onely in destroying I finde ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd, 130
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed 140
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
 More Angels to Create, if they at least
 Are his Created or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original, 150
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils; What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Thir earthie Charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde 160

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mазie foulds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last 170
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.
 Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
 In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd
 Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
 With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
 And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires: 200
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
 And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.

Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
 One night or two with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
 With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day 220
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.
 Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures deare,
 Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd
 How we might best fulfill the work which here 230
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, then to studie houshold good,
 And good workes in her Husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
 To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food, 240
 Love not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksom toile, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.
 These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt 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 yeild.
 For solitude somtimes is best societie,
 And short retirement urges sweet returne. 250
 But other doubt possesses me, least harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst

What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
 To other speedie aide might lend at need; 260
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*, 270
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd.

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
 That such an Enemie we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
 And from the parting Angel over-heard
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
 Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His violence thou fearst not, being such,
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,
 Can either not receave, or can repell.
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest,
Adam, misstthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd. 290
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof

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

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
 And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who thought
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere, 320
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
 Single with like defence, wherever met,
 How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns 330
 Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feared
 By us? who rather double honour gaine
 From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?
 Let us not then suspect our happie State
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd.
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so, 340
 And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordaind them, his creating hand

Nothing imperfet or deficient left
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,
 Or ought that might his happie State secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
 Against his will he can receive no harme. 350
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet 360
 Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
 Were better, and most likelie if from mee
 Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde 370
 Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, relie
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
 So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.
 With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought, 380
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
 The willinger I goe, nor much expect
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
 Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,
 Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
 In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver arm'd, 390

But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
 To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adorn'd,
 Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,
 Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd 400
 To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
 O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that houre in Paradise
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend.
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
 The onely two of Mankind, but in them
 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet 420
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,
 Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support
 Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,
 Hung drooping unsustained, them she upstaies 430
 Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
 From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.
 Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen

Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renew'd 440
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapiient King
 Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
 As one who long in populous City pent,
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine. 450
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her looks summs all Delight.
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
 Of gesture or lest action overaw'd 460
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remaind
 Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
 But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us, hate, nor love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying, other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone 480
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,

Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
 Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.
 Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
 Not terrible, though terrour be in Love 490
 And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
 In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
 Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd
 Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes; 500
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
 In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen,
 Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique 510
 At first, as one who sought access, but feard
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
 As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,
 To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
 Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the Field, 520
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
 Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad

Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd: but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound;
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be
obeyd: 570

I was at first as other Beasts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd

Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
 Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
 A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
 Ruddle and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
 Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
 Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
 To satisfie the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd
 Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.
 About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
 For high from ground the branches would require 590
 Thy utmost reach or *Adams*: Round the Tree
 All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech 600
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
 I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd
 Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.
 So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and *Eve*
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
 For many are the Trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown

To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth. 620

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way 640
 To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.
 So glisten'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
 God so commanded, and left that Command
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
 Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit
 Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate, 660
 But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
 The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
 The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
 Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act
 Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.
 As when of old som Orator renound 670
 In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
 Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause address,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
 The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power 680
 Within me cleere, not onely to discern
 Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
 Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
 Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
 Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
 How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
 To Knowledge: By the Threatner? look on mee,
 Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfet have attaind then Fate 690
 Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
 Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
 Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
 To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700
 Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:
 Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers; he knows that in the day
 Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,

I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.
 And what are Gods that Man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see, 720
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
 Impart against his will if all be his?
 Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
 In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more 730
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd
 With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;
 Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
 So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
 Inclinaire now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye; yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
 Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use, 750
 Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
 By thee communicated, and our want:
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death 760
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us deni'd
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
 The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then, rather what know to feare
 Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
 The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*
 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
 In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fansied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought. 790
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
 And knew not eating Death: Sate at length,
 And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.
 O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To Sapiencie, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise 800
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
 Though others envie what they cannot give;
 For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
 High and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
 About him. But to *Adam* in what sort
 Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power 820
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants
 In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not 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, 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove 840
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown
 As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,

Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand 850
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address.

Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay?
 Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence, agonie of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
 Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought, 860
 The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:
 This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,
 Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth 870
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
 Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes
 Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
 Thou therfore also taste, that equal Lot
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
 Least thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told;
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
 On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard
 The fatal Trespass done by *Eve*, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
 Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
 Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
 Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
 And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to Die;
 How can I live without thee, how forgoe
 Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,
 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? 910
 Should God create another *Eve*, and I
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
 The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
 Submitting to what seemd remediless,
 Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous *Eve*
 And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
 Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
 But past who can recall, or don undoe?
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first 930
 Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attaine
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high, 940
 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

For us created, needs with us must faile,
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
 Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
 Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
 Us to abolish, least the Adversary
 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
 Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first
 He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next? 950
 Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
 Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
 Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
 One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd. 960
 O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high!
 Ingaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,
Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,
 One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare, 970
 To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
 Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion hath presented
 This happie trial of thy Love, which else
 So eminently never had bin known.
 Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die
 Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact 980
 Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful Love unequald; but I feel
 Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life
 Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
 Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love

Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.

In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough

She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat

Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.

Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops

Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,

Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate

Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd societie, that now

As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel

Divinitie within them breeding wings 1010

Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
Farr other operation first displaid,

Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*

Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him

As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:

Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,

And elegant, of Sapience no small part,

Since to each meaning savour we apply,

And Palate call judicious; I the praise 1020

Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.

Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd

From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now

True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be

In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,

For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.

But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,

As meet is, after such delicious Fare;

For never did thy Beautie since the day

I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030

With all perfections, so enflame my sense

With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now

Than ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
 Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
 That with exhilerating vapour bland
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds
 How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour from about them, naked left
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe
 Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong
Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap 1060
 Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
 Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,
 Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abasht,
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.
 O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes 1070
 Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
 Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
 And in our Faces evident the signes
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first

Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
 Insufferably bright. O might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round
 Those midde parts, that this new commer, Shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd hee, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose 1100
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to *Indians* known
 In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heate
 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those
 Leaves 1110

They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* so girt
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 Rained at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore

Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd 1130
 Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
 Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve 1140
 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*.
 What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe,
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou bin there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
 No ground of enmitie between us known,
 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent, 1160
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incenst *Adam* repli'd.
 Is this the Love, is this the recompence
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 1170

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

BOOK X

THE ARGUMENT

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

MEANWHILE the hainous and despihtfull act
 Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how
 Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,
 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
 Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye
 Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart
 Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
 Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde
 Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,
 Complete to have discover'd and repulst 10
 Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
 The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad

For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the suttler Fiend had stoln 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance, 30
And easily approv'd; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayd,
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free Will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easie it may be seen that I intend
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son

Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
 Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd 70
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
 Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none 80
 Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
 Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
 Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
 From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
 Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertaind with solitude,
 Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
 He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first
 To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd; 110

Love was not in thir looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
 Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
 Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
 Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* sore beset repli'd.
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergoe
 My self the total Crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
 By my complaint; but strict necessitie
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Least on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
 This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
 And what she did, whatever in it self,
 Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;
 Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.
 Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
 Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd 150
 Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
 Were such as under Government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
 And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few:
 Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?
 To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.
 The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
 The Guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his Creation; justly then accurst,
 As vitiated in Nature: more to know
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
 Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field;
 Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.
 Between Thee and the Woman I will put
 Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed; 180
 Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
 When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,
 Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
 Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave
 Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
 In open shew, and with ascention bright
 Captivity led captive through the Aire,
 The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
 Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
 By thy Conception; Childern thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
 Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
 Because thou has heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
 And eaten of the Tree concerning which
 I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof, 200
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
 Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;

Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
 In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
 Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day 210
 Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood
 Before him naked to the aire, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
 As Father of his Familie he clad

Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
 Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
 And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
 Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins 220
 Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
 Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
 In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
 All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,
 Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death, 230
 In counterview within the Gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Farr into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
 Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
 In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
 For us his offspring deare? It cannot be
 But that success attends him; if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
 By his Avenger, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
 Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
 Or sympathie, or som connatural force
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kinde

By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
 Inseparable must with mee along: 250
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But least the difficultie of passing back
 Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
 Impassable, impervious, let us try
 Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable, to found a path
 Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
 Where Satan now prevales, a Monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,
 Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse, 260
 Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.
 Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
 The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
 The savour of Death from all things there that live:
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
 Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
 Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
 With sent of living Carcasses design'd
 For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
 So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air, 280
 Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.
 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
 Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark
 Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
 Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive 290
 Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond *Petsora* Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
 Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
 As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
 And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on 300
 Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
 Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world
 Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
 Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,
 From *Susa* his *Memmonian* Palace high
 Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*
 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, 310
 And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
 Over the vext Abyss, following the track
 Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee
 First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
 From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
 Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
 And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space 320
 The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
 With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
 Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* stearing
 His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear 330
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth 340

Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
 And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
 Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight 350
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
 Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks 360
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy Son;
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd
 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay 370
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.
 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
 Of all things, parted by th' Empyrean bounds, 380
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
 Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
 Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,

Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
 Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm
 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
 Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
 Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
 You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
 There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
 Dominion exercise and in the Aire, 400
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
 If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
 No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.
 So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed 410
 Thir course through thickest Constellations held
 Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
 And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
 Then sufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down
 The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
 Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,
 And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,
 And all about found desolate; for those 420
 Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
 Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
 Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
 Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud seate
 Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,
 Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.
 There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
 In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
 Might intercept thir Emperiour sent, so hee
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
 As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
 By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines

Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the hornes
 Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreat
 To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late
 Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch
 Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour thir great adventurer from the search 440
 Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
 In shew plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
 Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end
 Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
 And shape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad 450
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
 Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 For in possession such, not onely of right, 461
 I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine 470
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride
 Th' untractable Abyссе, plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd

My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 480
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man,
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
 A World who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Thir universal shout and high applause
 To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more; 510
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories 520
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters, head and taile,
 Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,

Cerastes hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,
 And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
 Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle
Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
 Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime, 530
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw, 540
 They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
 Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that 550
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them furdur woe or shame;
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not obtain,
 But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snakie locks
 That curld *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd 560
 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
 Chew'd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570

Into the same illusion, not as Man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they
 plagu'd
 And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd 580
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
 Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
 And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began. 590

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,
 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earn'd
 With travail difficult, not better farr
 Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have sate watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?
 Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
 To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
 Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours
 Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing
 The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,
 Till I in Man residing through the Race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several wayes, 610
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing
 From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wastful Furies, who impute 620
 Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
 And his Adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratifie my scornful Enemies,
 That laugh, as if transported with some fit
 Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yeilded up to their misrule;
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last
 Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
 Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes. 640
 Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
 Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mightie Angels gave them several charge, 650
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects
 In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*,
 Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne 660
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt

Their influence malignant when to showre,
 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, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd 670
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
 Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
 Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine
 By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
 As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
 Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight
 Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
 From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr
 Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit
 The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd
 His course intended; else how had the World
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now, 690
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud
 And *Thracias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn; 700
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
 From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Windes
Eurus and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and *Libeccio*. Thus began
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first

Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle, 710
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;
 All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*, 730
 Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
 On mee as on thir natural center light 740
 Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
 To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will
 Concurd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resigne, and render back
 All I receav'd, unable to performe 750
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficent penaltie, why hast thou added

The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne: 770
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
To mee and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself

Impossible is held, as Argument 800
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he draw out,
 For angers sake, finite to infinite
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of thir matter act,
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuities; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenseless head; both Death and I
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
 Not to do onely, but to will the same
 With me; how can they acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
 Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, leads me still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,
 Then all the World much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future, 840
 To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
 Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud

Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil Conscience represented
 All things with double terror: On the ground 850
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, 860
 With other echo late I taught your Shades
 To answer, and resound farr other Song.
 Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,
 Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
 Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended
 To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
 I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
 And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a shew
 Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last 890
 This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect

Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
 With Men as Angels without Feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
 And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake, 900
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind
 By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
 By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
 To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
 Which infinite calamitie shall cause
 To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910
 And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
 My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
 As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
 Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
 On me already lost, mee, then thy self
 More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou 930
 Against God onely, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgement will return,
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,

Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wrought
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,
 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine 950
 His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
 And my displeasure bearest so ill. If Prayers
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
 To me committed and by me expos'd.
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive 960
 In offices of Love, how we may light'n
 Each others burden in our share of woe;
 Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,
 A long days dying to augment our paine,
 And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
 Tending to som relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
 By Death at last, and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring

Into this cursed World a woful Race,
 That after wretched Life must be at last
 Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
 It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
 The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, Childless remaine:
 So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two 990
 Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
 From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope,
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be miserie
 And torment less then none of what we dread,
 Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
 Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply
 With our own hands his Office on our selves;
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
 That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
 Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire
 Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
 Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
 But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive minde
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade
 The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacie will provoke the highest
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek
 Som safer resolution, which methinks

I have in view, calling to minde with heed 1030
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on our selves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee 1050
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams 1070
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grinde
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down

Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supply the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, then to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air 1090
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?
 So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT

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

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
 Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
 The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair 10
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
 The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine
 Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
 Flew up, nor missd the way, by envious windes
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd
 Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son 20
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare 30
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee

Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
 And propitiation, all his works on mee
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
 Shall perfer, and for these my Death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I 40
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal Elements that know 50
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
 Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endowd, with Happiness
 And Immortalitie: that fondly lost, 60
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
 His final remedie, and after Life
 Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
 Wak't in the renovation of the just,
 Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
 But let us call to Synod all the Blest
 Through Heavn's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
 My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw; 70
 And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watch'd, hee blew
 His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom. Th' Angelic blast
 Fild all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowrs

Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
 By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
 In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light 80
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
 And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite, 90
 My motions in him, longer then they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till
 The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
 From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
 To them and to thir Progenie from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I behold them soft'nd and with tears 110
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
 To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame 120
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove

To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those 130
Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,
Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dew's imbalmd
The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd. 140

Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends
But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my brest, and to my memorie
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I such title should belong
To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
The sourse of life; next favourable thou,

Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field 170
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
 Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where ere our days work lies, though now enjoin'd
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
 The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
 First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.

O *Eve*, some furdur change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penaltie, because from death releast
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more. 200
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
 Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, 210
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;

Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
 In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
 Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize
 One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
 Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch 220
 In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
 Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
 To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,
 Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,
 While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determin, or impose
 New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie
 From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
 One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate 230
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
 He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes 240
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd
 Livelier then *Melibæan*, or the graine
 Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old
 In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come, 260
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till

The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

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

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades, 270
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes 290
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words addressd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To wearie him with my assiduous cries: 310
 But prayer against his absolute Decree
 No more avails then breath against the winde,
 Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
 With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
 Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
 On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree 320
 Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful Altars I would reare
 Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
 Or monument to Ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd 330
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.
 To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.
Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
 Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
 Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
 But this præminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
 God is as here, and will be found alike 350
 Present, and of his presence many a signe
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal Love, his Face

Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
 Which that thou mayst beleave, and be confirmd,
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
 To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
 With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn 360
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
 By moderation either state to beare,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
 As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd. 370
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
 However chast'ning, to the evil turne
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain. So both ascend
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
 His Eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
 To *Paquin* of *Sinaean* Kings, and thence 390
 To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritime Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,

And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme 400
 Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South;
 Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
 The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;
 On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*,
 And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat
 Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons 410
 Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights
Michael from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
 Eeven to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intran: 420
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves 430
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd. 440
 His Offering soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
 The others not, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone

That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.
 Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart
 Dismaid, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
 Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid? 450

T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.
 These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
 Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,
 For envie that his Brothers Offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
 Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
 Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
 To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance then within. 470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
 In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
 What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,
 A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies 480
 Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
 Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
 Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
 Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,¹
 Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
 Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;

¹ After this line, 1674 adds:

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

And over them triumphant Death his Dart
 Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't
 With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope. 490
 Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
 Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,
 Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
 Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why 500
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 Th' Image of God in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas't
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
 Retaining still Divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free, 510
 And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then
 Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.
 Therefore so abject is thir punishment,
 Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules 520
 To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
 Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

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

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
 In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight, 530
 Till many years over thy head return:
 So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
 Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease

Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To withered weak & gray; thy Senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne 540
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry
 To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day
 Of rendring up, *Michael* to him repli'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livst
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n: 550
 And now prepare thee for another sight.

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
 Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
 Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
 Of Instruments that made melodious chime
 Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
 Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions low and high
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part stood one who at the Forge 560
 Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
 Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
 To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
 From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
 Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
 First his own Tooles; then, what might else be wrought
 Fusil or grav'n in mettle. After these,
 But on the hether side a different sort 570
 From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
 Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise
 Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
 Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
 Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
 A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
 In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung

Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on: 580
 The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
 And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
 Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours, 590
 And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.
 True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
 Much better seems this Vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
 Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet, 600
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end
 Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
 Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
 Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
 Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
 Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
 Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;
 For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd 610
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
 Bred onely and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
 Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame
 Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles 620
 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
 (Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which
 The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.
 To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.
 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well

Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Mans effeminate slackness it begins, 630
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatening Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd 640

Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;
One way a Band select from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field 650
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong

Lay Siege, encamp't; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon

Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon

In factious opposition, till at last 660
Of middle Age one rising, eminent

In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,

And Judgement from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,

Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence

Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law

Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide 670

Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,

Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
 His Brother; for of whom such massacher
 Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?

To whom thus *Michael*; These are the product
 Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st; 680
 Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves
 Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,
 Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
 Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
 For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,
 And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;
 To overcome in Battel, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done 690
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
 Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
 Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.
 But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
 The onely righteous in a World perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With Foes for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious Truth, that God would come 700
 To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High
 Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
 Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God
 High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
 Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;
 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game, 710
 To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
 Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
 Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
 At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
 And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
 And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft

Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls 720
 In prison under Judgements imminent:
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
 Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
 For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!
 Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small 730
 Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
 Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons
 With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.
 Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings
 Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
 From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie
 Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
 Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth 740
 No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
 Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
 Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
 Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces
 Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.
 How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold 750
 The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation; thee another Floud,
 Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
 His Children, all in view destroyd at once;
 And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.
 O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne 760
 My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispenst
 The burd'n of many Ages, on me light

At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his Children, evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And hee the future evil shall no less 770
 In apprehension then in substance feel
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't
 Famin and anguish will at last consume
 Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope
 When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
 All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
 With length of happy days the race of man;
 But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste. 780
 How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,
 And whether here the Race of man will end.
 To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
 Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth, 790
 Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace.
 The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
 And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aide
 Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
 Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear 800
 More than anough, that temperance may be tri'd:
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
 One Man except, the onely Son of light
 In a dark Age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a World
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish, and before them set

The paths of righteousness, how much more safe, 810
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence; and shall returne
Of them derided, but of God observd
The one just Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and houshold from amidst
A World devote to universal rack.

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

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass 840
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde. 850
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill

An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:
 Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds 860
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
 Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
 Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou that future things canst represent
 As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
 With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
 Farr less I now lament for one whole World 870
 Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
 For one Man found so perfet and so just,
 That God voutsafes to raise another World
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
 Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
 Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
 The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
 Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st; 880
 So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
 Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
 Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
 Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
 And makes a Covenant never to destroy
 The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World 890
 With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
 Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
 His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
 And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
 Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
 Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

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

[**A**S ONE who in his journey bates at Noone,
Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.] ¹
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense: 10
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, 20
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;

¹ The five bracketed lines were added in the second edition (1674), when the original Book x was divided into Book xi and Book xii.

Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) 30
 With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
 Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde 40
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
 And get themselves a name, least far disperst
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
 To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, 50
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
 Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets
 Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
 Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the Builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange 60
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.
 Whereeto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.
 O execrable Son so to aspire
 Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
 Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:
 He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but Man over men
 He made not Lord; such title to himself 70
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud
 Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
 Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain

Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men 80

Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,

Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits 90

Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall

His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
Deprives them of thir outward libertie, 100

Thir inward lost; Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.

Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes; 110

And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes 120
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,

His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
 His benediction so, that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford 130
 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
 Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receaves
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
 From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd) 140
 From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,
 Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
 Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
 Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,
 Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
 From *Canaan*, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
 See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
 Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
 He comes invited by a yonger Son 160
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that Realme
 Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime 170
 His people from enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know thir God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire;
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss, 180
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould;
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
 This River-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
 As on drie land between two christal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200
 Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
 Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
 By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
 To guide them in thir journey, and remove
 Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
 Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host
 And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command 210
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
 On thir imbattel'd ranks the Waves return,

And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance
 Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
 Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd
 Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
 Return them back to *Egypt*, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untraine in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by thir delay
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
 Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
 Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
 God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
 Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine 230
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise
 The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
 Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
 That *Moses* might report to them his will,
 And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without Mediator, whose high Office now 240
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
 And all the Prophets in thir Age, the times
 Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
 Establisht, such delight hath God in Men
 Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein 250
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these
 A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
 Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
 The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
 Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land

Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest 260
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n, 270
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n 300
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear

To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
 And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call, 310
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
 National interrupt thir public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom 320
 The second, both for pietie renownd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust
 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end. 330
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,
 Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark 340
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
 Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
 To *David*, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.
 Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
 They first re-edifie, and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
 The Scepter, and regard not *Dauids* Sons,
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King *Messiah* might be born
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr 360
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
 Of 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 hereditarie, and bound his Reign 370
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes 380
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd

On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
 The penaltie to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,
 Proclaming Life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption, and that his obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
 To save them, not thir own, though legal works. 410
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
 A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
 By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;
 But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with him there crucifi'd,
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
 But soon revives, Death over him no power 420
 Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
 Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
 His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
 Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
 By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
 In sin for ever lost from life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength 430
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
 And his Salvation, them who shall beleieve
 Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life

Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day
 Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines
 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
 Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest. 450

Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the aire
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
 Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power to judge both quick & dead 460
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receave them into bliss,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.

So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
 As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire
 Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Then that by which creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
 To God more glory, more good will to Men
 From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.

But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deale
 Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
 Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
 Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth, and also arme
 With spiritual Armour, able to resist 490
Satans assaults, and quench his fierie darts,
 What Man can do against them, not affraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompenc't,
 And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit
 Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the Nations, then on all
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 500
 To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
 As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each Nation to receave
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
 Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
 Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
 They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
 To thir own vile advantages shall turne 510
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left onely in those written Records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places and titles, and with these to joine
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promisd alike and giv'n
 To all Beleevers; and from that pretense, 520
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
 Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
 His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
 Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heave persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
 Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes
 Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire

Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own waight groaning, till the day
Appeer of respiration to the just, 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid,
The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveald
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart.
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
And love with feare the onely God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie, 570
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst, 580
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
 Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier farr.
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of Speculation; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards, 590
 By mee encamp't on yonder Hill, expect
 Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
 We may no longer stay: go, waken *Eve*;
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her Seed to come 600
 (For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
 That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
 Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happie end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;
 Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
 And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know; 610
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
 In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
 This further consolation yet secure 620
 I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
 Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
 To thir fixt Station, all in bright array

The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd. 640
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

Of that sort of Drama, I think it is well d

People

SAMSON AGONISTES

SAMSON AGONISTES

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

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sowr against sowr, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse. The Apostle *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinisht. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at lest the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen* a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Antients and

Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd *Allæostropa*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

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

SAMSON AGONISTES

THE ARGUMENT

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

The Persons

Samson.	Harapha of Gath.
Manoa the Father of Samson.	Publick Officer. Messenger.
Dalila his Wife.	Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMS. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsom draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet, 10
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To Dagon thir Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest

Thir Superstition yields me; hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His Godlike presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye
 Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a Beast, debas't
 Lower then bondsslave! Promise was that I
 Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him 40
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke;
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but my self?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it 50
 O'recome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensom,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60

Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know:
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferiour to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more then half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the Soul,
 She all in every part; why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
 So obvious and so easie to be quench't,
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And buried; but O yet more miserable!
 My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By priviledge of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more

To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
 Thir daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish't head unpropt, 120
 As one past hope, abandon'd
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O're worn and soild;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee,
 That Heroic, that Renown'd,
 Irresistible *Samson*? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 stand;

Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
 Ran on embattelld Armies clad in Iron,
 And weaponless himself, 130
 Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanc't,
 In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold

Ascalonite
 Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
 Thir plated backs under his heel; 140
 Or growling soiled thir crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of *Palestin*
 In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day:
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders
 bore

The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and massie Bar
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, seat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n. 150

Which shall I first bewail,

Thy Bondage or lost Sight,

Prison within Prison

Inseparably dark?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)

The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul

(Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)

Imprison'd now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells,

Shut up from outward light 160

To incorporate with gloomy night;

For inward light alas

Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth unparallel'd!

The rarer thy example stands,

By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high estate 170

Whom long descent of birth

Or the spear of fortune raises;

But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate

Might have subdu'd the Earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sam. I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air

Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

Chor. Hee speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,

The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief;

We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180

From *Eshtaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale

To visit or bewail thee, or if better,

Counsel or Consolation we may bring,

Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage

The tumors of a troubl'd mind,

And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

Sam. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,

How counterfeit a coin they are who friends

Bear in their Superscription (of the most 190

I would be understood) in prosperous days

They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head

Not to be found, though sought. Yee see, O friends,

How many evils have enclos'd me round;

Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,

Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwrack't,
 My Vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
 In every street, do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more then mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have paird,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

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

Sam. The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd 220
 Mee, not my Parents, that I sought to wed,
 The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The Marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd;
 She proving false, the next I took to Wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late)
 Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressours: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self,
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

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

Sam. That fault I take not on me, but transfer

On *Israel's* Governours, and Heads of Tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerours
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliverance offerd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 doer;

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Thir Lords the *Philistines* with gather'd powers
 Enterd *Judea* seeking mee, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best;
 Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
 The harass of thir Land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
 Toucht with the flame: on thir whole Host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Thir choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the Towers of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve;
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
 And by thir vices brought to servitude,
 Then to love Bondage more then Liberty, 270
 Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As thir Deliverer; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
 Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit 280
 Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings:
 And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
 Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
 Not worse then by his shield and spear
 Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,
 Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride

In that sore battel when so many dy'd
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

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

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to Men;
Unless there be who think not God at all,
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
As to his own edicts, found contradicting,
Then give the rains to wandring thought,
Regardless of his glories diminution;
Till by thir own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From National obstruction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can best dispence.

He would not else who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroic *Nazarite*,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride, 320
Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend Sire
With careful step, Locks white as doune,
Old *Manoah*: advise
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

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

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,

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

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

Man. O miserable change! is this the man, 340
 That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd,
 The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength
 Equivalent to Angels walk'd thir streets,
 None offering fight; who single combatant
 Duell'd thir Armies rank't in proud array,
 Himself an Army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spears length. O ever failing trust
 In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
 Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good 350
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
 I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
 And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind? 360
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
 Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men: then in an hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor, and Blind
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'whelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

Sam. Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father,
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I my self have brought them on,
 Sole Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge

Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A *Canaanite*, my faithless enemy. 380
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
 Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her highth
 Of Nuptial Love profest, carrying it strait
 To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
 And Rivals? In this other was there found
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd 390
 Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd in what part summ'd, that she might know:
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt 400
 She sought to make me Traytor to my self;
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
 With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch't, and wearied out.
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok't 410
 Her Bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To Honour and Religion! servil mind
 Rewarded well with servil punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse then this,
 That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son, 420
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure; our Foes

Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Thir Captive, and thir triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the *Philistines* a popular Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee *Samson* bound and blind into thir hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So *Dagon* shall be magnifi'd, and God, 440
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house.

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

And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words

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

480

Sam. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that sollicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How hainous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: A sin
That Gentiles in thir Parables condemn
To thir abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

490

500

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son,
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy self; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who evermore approves and more accepts
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Then who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more then for God offended.

510

Reject not then what offerd means, who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy countrey and his sacred house,
 Where thou mayst bring thy off'rings, to avert
 His further ire, with praiera and vows renew'd. 520

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

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

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

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

Sam. But what avail'd this temperance, not compleat
 Against another object more enticing?
 What boots it at one gate to make defence 560
 And at another to let in the foe

Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means,
 Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,
 A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
 And sedentary numness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure.
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 Till vermin or the draff of servil food
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death
 Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains.

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

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

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

Sam. O that torment should not be confin'd
 To the bodies wounds and sores

With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, brest, and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less then wounds immedicable 620
Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can asswage,
Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy *Alp*.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're
To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure. 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eie
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm 640
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies.
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise
In antient and in modern books enroll'd;

Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to mans frail life
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much perswasion sought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir sound 660
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above;
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers, what is man!
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temperst thy providence through his short course, 670
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st
 The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandring loose about
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
 Heads without name no more rememberd,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
 To some great work, thy glory, 680
 And peoples safety, which in part they effect:
 Yet toward these thus dignifi'd, thou oft
 Amidst thir highth of noon,
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
 But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eie, 690
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of Heathen and prophane, thir carkasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,

In crude old age;
 Though not disordinate, yet causless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike, both come to evil end.

700

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
 The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?

710

Femal of sex it seems,
 That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately Ship
 Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles
 Of *Javan* or *Gadier*

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,

720

An Amber sent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than *Dalila* thy wife.

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

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

730

But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event then I foresaw)

My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt

740

Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sam. Out, out *Hyæna*; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His vertue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
 With goodness principl'd not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off
 As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me *Samson*; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults:
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780
 To what I did thou shewdst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
 Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty
 E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, then in thy self was found.
 And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790

The jealousy of Love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
 As her at *Timna*, sought by all means therefore
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw then by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sate full of cares and fears
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Loves prisoner, not the *Philistines*,
 Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810

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

Sam. How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,
 I to my self was false e're thou to me,
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What Murderer, what Traytor, Parricide,
 Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
 But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage

To satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who tookst the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

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

Sam. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
 In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Bin, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe
 And of my Nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but over-powr'd 880
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then

Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
 Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest:
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and countrey; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
 Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy countrey, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold thir state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our countrey is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be:
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd, 900
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

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

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

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

Sam. No, no, of my condition take no care;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chor. It is not vertue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010
 Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That womans love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it)
 Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit;

If any of these or all, the *Timmian* bride
 Had not so soon prefer'd
 Thy Paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020

Successour in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosely disally'd
 Thir nuptials, nor this last so trecherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish't on thir Sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for hast unfinish't, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030
 Or was too much of self-love mixt,
 Of constancy no root infixt,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

What e're it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestin, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to vertue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embarqu'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One vertuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But vertue which breaks through all opposition, 1050
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore Gods universal Law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, nor dismay'd. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm?
Sam. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

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

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture then when first I saw 1071
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

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

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

Har. I come not *Samson*, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
 Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
 As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old 1080
 That *Kiriathaim* held, thou knowst me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd
 Each others force in camp or listed field:
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

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

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

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

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

Sam. Such usage as your honourable Lords
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with thir whole united powers 1110
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes

Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
 And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon, 1120
 Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear
 A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
 I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
 Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms 1130
 Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,
 Thir ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some Magicians Art
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf't wild Boars, or ruff'd Porcupines.

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

Har. Presume not on thy God, what e're he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off

Quite from his people, and delivered up
 Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160
 Into the common Prison, there to grind
 Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

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

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

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

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

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

I us'd hostility, and took thir spoil
 To pay my underminers in thir coin.
 My Nation was subjected to your Lords.
 It was the force of Conquest; force with force
 Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
 But I a private person, whom my Countrey
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
 Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts. 1210
 I was no private but a person rais'd
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
 To free my Countrey; if their servile minds
 Me their Deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to thir Masters gave me up for nought,
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it if my known offence
 Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellat 1220
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

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

Sam. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

Har. O *Baal-zebub!* can my ears unus'd
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

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

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

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

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

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

Sam. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
 Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons

All of Gigantic size, *Goliath* chief.

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

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

Chor. Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long opprest!
When God into the hands of thir deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
He all thir Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all 1290
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd

May chance to number thee with those
 Whom Patience finally must crown.
 This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More then the working day thy hands,
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind. 1300
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A Public Officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.
 Off. Ebrews, the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.
 Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
 Off. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say; 1310
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast,
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly;
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.
 Sam. Thou knowst I am an *Ebrew*, therefore tell them,
 Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites 1320
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.
 Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.
 Sam. Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort
 Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
 Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummets, Mimics,
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
 And over-labour'd at thir publick Mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
 On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
 Or make a game of my calamities?
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.
 Off. Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.
 Sam. My self? my conscience and internal peace.
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?
 Although thir drudge, to be thir fool or jester,
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
 To shew them feats, and play before thir god, 1340

The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

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

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

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson*; matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sam. Be of good courage, I begin to feel 1381
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.

If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

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

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

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

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

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

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
 Of Israel be thy guide
 To what may serve his glory best, & spread his name
 Great among the Heathen round: 1430
 Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Fathers field

Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee
In the camp of *Dan*

Be efficacious in thee now at need.

For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen. 1440
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such hast
With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while
He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at thir Feast.

I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

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

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

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

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numberd down: much rather I shall chuse

To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
 No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption all my Patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forgo
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

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

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

And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
 We unawares run into dangers mouth.

This evil on the *Philistines* is fall'n,
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eye-sight (for to *Israels* God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

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

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

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

Man. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By *Samson*.

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

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

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

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is dead. 1570

Man. The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost.
Yet e're I give the rains to grief, say first,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1580
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands. *Man.* Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes? *Mess.* Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to see him
Upon thir heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thy self! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than anough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold,
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand; 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high cheer, & wine,
When to thir sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was *Samson* as a public servant brought,

In thir state Livery clad; before him Pipes
 And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot before him and behind
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
 Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,
 Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall.
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,
 Came to the place, and what was set before him
 Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist.
 At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him; which when *Samson*
 Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revol'd.
 At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd 1640
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld.
 Now of my own accord such other tryal
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down thy came and drew 1650
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,
 Thir choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each *Philistian* City round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pulld down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.
Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold
 To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While thir hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, 1670
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
 Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt thir minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in hast for thir destroyer;
 They only set on sport and play
 Unweetingly importun'd 1680
 Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As thir own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated
 His fierie vertue rouz'd 1690
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning Dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.
 So vertue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begott'n bird
 In the *Arabian* woods embost, 1700
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay e're while a Holocaust,
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself
 Like *Samson*, and heroically hath finish'd 1710
 A life Heroic, on his Enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*
 Through all *Philistian* bounds. To *Israel*
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
 To himself and Fathers-house eternal fame;
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was feard,
 But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies
 Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
 (*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730
 To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequie and funeral train
 Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame thir breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt,
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns 1750
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns
 And all that band them to resist

His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

AREOPAGITICA

ARCEPOTICA

AREOPAGITICA

Analysis of the Order of Parliament (June 14, 1643), Against which the Areopagitica was Directed

1. The Preamble recounts that "many false . . . scandalous, seditious, and libellous" works have lately been published, "to the great defamation of Religion and government"; that many private printing-presses have been set up; and that "divers of the Stationers' Company" have infringed the rights of the Company.

2. "It is therefore ordered by the Lords and Commons in Parliament," (1) that no Order "of both or either House shall be printed" except by command; (2) *that no Book, etc., "shall from henceforth be printed or put to sale, unless the same be first approved of and licensed by such person or persons as both or either of the said Houses shall appoint for the licensing of the same"*; (3) that no book, of which the copyright has been granted to the Company, "for their relief and the maintenance of their poor," be printed by any person or persons "without the license and consent of the Master, Warden, and assistants of the said Company"; (4) that no book, "formerly printed here," be imported from beyond seas, "upon pain of forfeiting the same to the Owner" of the Copyright, "and such further punishment as shall be thought fit."

3. The Stationers' Company and the officers of the two Houses are authorised to search for unlicensed Presses, and to break them up; to search for unlicensed Books, etc., and confiscate them; and to "apprehend all authors, printers and others" concerned in publishing unlicensed books and to bring them before the Houses "or the Committee of Examination" for "further punishments," such persons not to be released till they have given satisfaction and also "sufficient caution not to offend in like sort for the future."

4. "All Justices of the Peace, Captains, Constables and other officers" are ordered to give aid in the execution of the above.

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND (1644)

THEY, who to states and governors of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good; I suppose them, as at the beginning of no mean endeavour, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds: some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure; some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected; and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most, but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion, far more welcome than incidental to a preface.

Which though I stay not to confess ere any ask, I shall be blameless, if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their country's liberty; whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a certain testimony, if not a trophy. For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. To which if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter, that we are already in good part arrived, and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery, it will be attributed first, as is most due, to the strong assistance of God our deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England. Neither is it in God's esteem the diminution of His glory, when honourable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates; which if I now first should begin to do, after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds, and such a long obligation upon the whole realm to your indefatigable virtues, I might be justly reckoned among the tardiest, and the unwillingest of them that praise ye.

Nevertheless there being three principal things, without which all praising is but courtship and flattery: First, when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise: next, when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed: the other, when he who praises, by showing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes, can demonstrate that he flatters not; the former two of these I have heretofore endeavoured, rescuing the employment from him who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium; the latter as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal, that whom I so extolled I did not flatter, hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion.

For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity; and that his loyalist affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery, and his plainest advice is a kind of praising. For though I should affirm and hold by argument, that it would fare better with truth, with learning and the Commonwealth, if one of your published Orders, which I should name, were called in; yet at the same time it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal government, whenas private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice, than other statists have been delighted heretofore with public flattery. And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial Parliament, and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and Cabin Counsellors that usurped of late, whenas they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking written exceptions against a voted Order than other Courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostenta-

tion of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden Proclamation.

If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanour of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published Order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece, than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages, to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him who from his private house wrote that discourse to the Parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democracy which was then established. Such honour was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country, but in other lands, that cities and signiories heard them gladly, and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion Prusæus, a stranger and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict; and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous.

But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labours, and those natural endowments haply not the worse for two and fifty degrees of northern latitude, so much must be derogated, as to count me not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior, as yourselves are superior to the most of them who received their counsel: and how far you excel them, be assured, Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear, than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking; and renders ye as willing to repeal any Act of your own setting forth, as any set forth by your predecessors.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves; by judging over again that Order which ye have ordained to regulate Printing:—that no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or at least one of such, as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every man's copy to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of Licensing Books, which we thought had died with his brother quadragesimal and matrimonial when the prelates expired, I shall now attend with such a homily, as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it to be those whom ye will be loth to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this Order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all

learning, and the stop of Truth, not only by disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil Wisdom.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre; whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing licence, while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical, as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the inquisition, was caught up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

In Athens, where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece, I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of; those either blasphemous and atheistical, or libellous. Thus the books of Protagoras were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt, and himself banished the territory for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know "whether there were gods, or whether not." And against defaming, it was agreed that none should be traduced by name, as was the manner of *Vetus Comœdia*, whereby we may guess how they censured libelling. And this course was quick enough, as Cicero writes, to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists, and the open way of defaming, as the event showed. Of other sects and opinions, though tending to voluptuousness, and the denying of Divine Providence, they took no heed.

Therefore we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene, or what the Cynic impudence uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid; and that Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius, is commonly known, and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom, as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon.

That other leading city of Greece, Lacedæmon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning, as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer, and sent the poet Thales from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding nought but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them; for they disliked all but their own laconic apothegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and roundels could reach to. Or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing; whence Euripides affirms in *Andromache*, that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after what sort of books were prohibited among the Greeks.

The Romans also, for many ages trained up only to a military roughness resembling most the Lacedæmonian guise, knew of learning little but what their twelve Tables, and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamens taught them in religion and law, so unacquainted with other learning, that when Carneades and Critolaus, with the Stoic Diogenes coming ambassadors to Rome, took thereby occasion to give the city a taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the Senate to dismiss them speedily, and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity; honoured and admired the men; and the censor himself at last, in his old age, fell to the study of what whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet at the same time, Nævius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon. Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libellous books and authors; for Nævius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation; we read also that libels were burnt, and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity, no doubt, was used, if aught were impiously written against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points, how the world went in books, the magistrate kept no reckoning.

And therefore Lucretius without impeachment versifies his Epicurism to

Memmius, and had the honour to be set forth the second time by Cicero, so great a father of the commonwealth; although himself disputes against that opinion in his own writings. Nor was the satirical sharpness or naked plainness of Lucilius, or Catullus, or Flaccus, by any order prohibited. And for matters of state, the story of Titus Livius, though it extolled that part which Pompey held, was not therefore suppressed by Octavius Cæsar of the other faction. But that Naso was by him banished in his old age, for the wanton poems of his youth, was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause: and besides, the books were neither banished nor called in. From hence we shall meet with little else but tyranny in the Roman empire, that we may not marvel, if not so often bad as good books were silenced. I shall therefore deem to have been large enough, in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write; save only which, all other arguments were free to treat on.

By this time the emperors were become Christians, whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practice. The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined, refuted, and condemned in the general Councils; and not till then were prohibited, or burnt, by authority of the emperor. As for the writings of heathen authors, unless they were plain invectives against Christianity, as those of Porphyrius and Proclus, they met with no interdict that can be cited, till about the year 400, in a Carthaginian Council, wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles, but heresies they might read: while others long before them, on the contrary, scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles. And that the primitive Councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable, passing no further, but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or to lay by, till after the year 800, is observed already by Padre Paolo, the great unmasker of the Trentine Council.

After which time the Popes of Rome, engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgments, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with: till Martin V., by his bull, not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wickliffe and Huss, growing terrible, were they who first drove the Papal Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting. Which course Leo X. and his successors followed, until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition engendering together brought forth, or perfected, those Catalogues and expurguing Indexes, that rake through the entrails of many an old good author, with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb. Nor did they stay in matters heretical, but any subject that was not to their palate, they either condemned in a Prohibition, or had it straight into the new Purgatory of an Index.

To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if St. Peter had

bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars. For example:

Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing.

Vincent Rabbatta, Vicar of Florence.

I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners: in witness whereof I have given, etc.

Nicolo Cini, Chancellor of Florence.

Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati may be printed.

Vincent Rabbatta, etc.

It may be printed, July 15.

Friar Simon Mompei d'Amelia, Chancellor of the
holy office in Florence.

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would bar him down. I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended, but went not through with. Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp:

Imprimatur, If it seem good to the reverend master of the holy Palace.

Belcastro, Vicegerent.

Imprimatur, Friar Nicolo Rodolphi, Master of the holy Palace.

Sometimes five Imprimaturs are seen together dialogue-wise in the piazza of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shaven reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge. These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies, that so bewitched of late our Prelates and their chaplains with the goodly echo they made; and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly Imprimatur, one from Lambeth House, another from the west end of Paul's; so apishly romanising, that the word of command still was set down in Latin; as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin; or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit of an Imprimatur; but rather, as I hope, for that our English, the language of men, ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters enow to spell such a dictatory presumption English.

And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up and drawn as lineally as any pedigree. We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity or church; nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad; but from the most anti-christian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were

ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb: no envious Juno sat cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it proved a monster, who denies, but that it was justly burnt, or sunk into the sea? But that a book, in worse condition than a peccant soul, should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamant and his colleagues, ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provoked and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation, sought out new limbos and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up, and so ill-favouredly imitated by our inquisitorial bishops, and the attendant minorities their chaplains. That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order, and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts, when ye were importuned the passing it, all men who know the integrity of your actions, and how ye honour Truth, will clear ye readily.

But some will say, What though the inventors were bad, the thing for all that may be good? It may be so; yet if that thing be no such deep invention, but obvious, and easy for any man to light on, and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have foreborne to use it, and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up, and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder the first approach of Reformation; I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchymy than Lullius ever knew, to sublimate any good use out of such an invention. Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason, that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit, as certainly it deserves, for the tree that bore it, until I can dissect one by one the properties it has. But I have first to finish, as was propounded, what is to be thought in general of reading books, whatever sort they be, and whether be more the benefit or the harm that thence proceeds?

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses, Daniel, and Paul, who were skilful in all the learning of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts; in Paul especially, who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian; the question was notwithstanding sometimes controverted among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable; as was then evidently perceived, when Julian the Apostate and subtlest enemy to our faith made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning: for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And indeed the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means, and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance, that the two Apollinarii were fain, as a man may say, to coin all the seven liberal sciences out of the Bible, reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems, dialogues, even to the calculating of

a new Christian grammar. But, saith the historian Socrates, the providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son, by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it. So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning; and thought it a persecution more undermining, and secretly decaying the Church, than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian.

And perhaps it was the same politic drift that the devil whipped St. Jerome in a Lenten dream, for reading Cicero; or else it was a phantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial; first to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading, not long before; next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition; insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of Margites, a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of Morgante, an Italian romance much to the same purpose?

But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions, there is a vision recorded by Eusebius, far ancients than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and, besides, has nothing of a fever in it. Dionysius Alexandrinus was about the year 240 a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books; until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience, how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loth to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought; when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so avers it) confirmed him in these words: Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and to examine each matter. To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians, Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author: To the pure, all things are pure; not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled.

For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God, in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, Rise, Peter, kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce, than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of

learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden; whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea errors, known, read, and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest. I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, He then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity.

How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. And therefore when He Himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer, which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us, that much reading is a weariness to the flesh; but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful: yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome. As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts; 'tis replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation: the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not appointed; these men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully.

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and un-

breathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness. Which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

But of the harm that may result hence three kinds are usually reckoned. First, is feared the infection that may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea the Bible itself; for that oftentimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus: in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader. And ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv. For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and that Eusebian book of Evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion?

Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able, and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights and criticisms of sin. As perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter, the master of his revels; and the notorious ribald of Arezzo, dreaded and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake, whom Henry VIII. named in merriment his Vicar of hell. By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either

by the north of Cataio eastward, or of Canada westward, while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely.

But on the other side that infection which is from books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy: and indeed all such tractates, whether false or true, are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch, not to be understood without a guide. But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists, and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people, our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot, since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft, which at first he took in hand to confute.

Seeing, therefore, that those books, and those in great abundance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation, and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed, and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing, and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold, how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea or without book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool, that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon and of our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books; as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet, than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid,

that to all men such books are not temptations, nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that Sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive. Which is what I promised to deliver next, That this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed; and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her.

It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered, that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered. To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course; which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority, indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth, in the book of his Laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy by making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an Academic night sitting. By which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts, that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law-keepers had seen it, and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates; both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place: and so neither he himself, nor any magistrate, or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour they knew would be but a fond labour; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of; it will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors.

Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony: who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state.

To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining, laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a commonwealth; but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work.

If every action, which is good or evil in man at ripe years, were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent? Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress; foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing;

he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force: God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue?

They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste, that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of truth? It would be better done, to learn that the law must needs be frivolous, which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

This justifies the high providence of God, who, though He commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth? It would be better done, to learn that the law must needs be frivolous, which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued court-libel against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us, for all that licensing can do? yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this Order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now, and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the Order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labour, Lords and Commons, ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged; after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned, and which

not; and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody, till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials, to make expurgations and expunctions, that the Commonwealth of Learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your Order may be exact and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do.

Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the Order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages, only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia, ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigour that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this Order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not; which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behoves him, there cannot be a more tedious and displeasing journey-work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, oftentimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking; who doubtless took this office up, looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their licence are testimony enough. Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it; and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the

salary of a press corrector; we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show, wherein this Order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning, and to learned men.

It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy: nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loth to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know that, so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur, if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth, wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him. If, in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of bookwriting, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no

idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of Learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy, as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made, ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic licence, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment? The State, sir, replies the stationer, but has a quick return: The State shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser, as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author; this is some common stuff; and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, That such authorised books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for licence to be printed, or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own, though it were Knox himself, the Reformer of a Kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash: the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost, for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season.

Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who

have the remedy in their power, but that such iron moulds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men, whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly-wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole Nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and licence it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulthers, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges? Had anyone written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read; it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole Nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title.

Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them, we cannot pretend, whenas, in those popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of licence, nor that neither: whenas those corruptions, which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our Ministers also, of whose labours we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the Gospel which is,

and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should still be frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism, and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the Ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations, and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser; that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vented in such numbers, and such volumes, as have now well nigh made all other books unsaleable, should not be armour enough against one single Enchiridion, without the castle of St. Angelo of an Imprimatur.

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your Order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honour I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those Worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun, it was as little in my fear that, what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition, the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of Parliament against an order of licensing; and that so generally that, when I had disclosed myself a companion of their discontent, I might say, if without envy, that he whom an honest quæstorship had endeared to the Sicilians was not more by them importuned against Verres, than the favourable opinion which I had among many who honour ye, and are known and respected by ye, loaded me with entreaties and persuasions, that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind, toward the removal of an undeserved thralldom upon learning. That this is not therefore the disburdening of a particular fancy, but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it, thus much may satisfy.

And in their name I shall for neither friend nor foe conceal what the general murmur is; that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing,

and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and so suspicious of all men, as to fear each book and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are; if some who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching shall come now to silence us from reading, except what they please, it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning: and will soon put it out of controversy, that Bishops and Presbyters are the same to us, both name and thing. That those evils of Prelaty, which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people, will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us: whenas now the Pastor of a small unlearned Parish on the sudden shall be exalted Archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove, but keep his other cure too, a mystical pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice Bachelor of Art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now at home in his private chair assume both these over worthiest and excellentest books and ablest authors that write them.

This is not, ye Covenants and Protestations that we have made! this is not to put down Prelaty; this is but to chop an Episcopacy; this is but to translate the Palace Metropolitan from one kind of dominion into another; this is but an old canonical sleight of commuting our penance. To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will after a while be afraid of every conventicle, and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting. But I am certain that a State governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a Church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge, cannot be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted in Religion, that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the Prelates and learnt by them from the Inquisition, to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser, must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men.

Who cannot but discern the fineness of this politic drift, and who are the contrivers; that while Bishops were to be baited down, then all Presses might be open; it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of Parliament, it was the breaking forth of light? But now, the Bishops abrogated and voided out the Church, as if our Reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the episcopal arts begin to bud again, the cruse of truth must run no more oil, liberty of Printing must be enthralled again under a prelatical commission of twenty, the privilege of the people nullified, and, which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan again, and to her old fetters: all this the Parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defences against the Prelates might remember them, that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at: instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," said the Viscount St. Albans; "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out."

This Order, therefore, may prove a nursing-mother to sects, but I shall easily show how it will be a stepdame to Truth: and first by disabling us to the maintenance of what is known already.

Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his Pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.

There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their Religion. There be—who knows not that there be?—of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds Religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he therefore, but resolve to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs? some Divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his Religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his Religion.

Another sort there be who, when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled, nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain Publicans that have the tonnage and poundage of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands, make 'em and cut 'em out what religion ye please: there be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly and how to be wished were such an obedient

unanimity as this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework, as any January could freeze together.

Nor much better will be the consequence even among the clergy themselves. It is no new thing never heard of before, for a parochial Minister, who has his reward and is at his Hercules' pillars in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English Concordance and a topic folio, the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a Harmony and a Catena; treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with the uses, motives, marks, and means, out of which, as out of an alphabet, or sol-fa, by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously, a little bookcraft, and two hours' meditation, might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning: not to reckon up the infinite helps of interlinearies, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear. But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and add to boot St. Martin and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made: so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plenteously to refresh his magazine. But if his rear and flanks be not impaled, if his back door be not secured by the rigid licenser, but that a bold book may now and then issue forth and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches, it will concern him then to keep waking, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counter-round with his fellow inspectors, fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better exercised and disciplined. And God send that the fear of this diligence, which must then be used, do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing Church.

For if we be sure we are in the right, and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching, and the people for an untaught and irreligious gadding rout, what can be more fair than when a man judicious, learned, and of a conscience, for aught we know, as good as theirs that taught us what we know, shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now thought cannot be sound? Christ urged it as wherewith to justify himself, that he preached in public; yet writing is more public than preaching; and more easy to refutation, if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is to be the champions of Truth; which if they neglect, what can be imputed but their sloth, or inability?

Thus much we are hindered and disinured by this course of licensing, toward the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment, if they will discharge that office as

they ought, so that of necessity they must neglect either the one duty or the other, I insist not, because it is a particular, but leave it to their own conscience, how they will decide it there.

There is yet behind of what I proposed to lay open, the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of incensing puts us to; more than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens and ports and creeks, it hinders and retards the importation of our richest Merchandise, Truth; nay, it was first established and put in practice by Antichristian malice and mystery on set purpose to extinguish, if it were possible, the light of Reformation, and to settle falsehood; little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran, by the prohibition of Printing. 'Tis not denied, but gladly confessed, we are to send our thanks and vows to Heaven louder than most of nations, for that great measure of truth which we enjoy, especially in those main points between us and the Pope, with his appurtenances the Prelates: but he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here, and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can show us, till we come to beatific vision, that man by this very opinion declares that he is yet far short of Truth.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when He ascended, and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint.

We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the Sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the Sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy Nation. No, if other things as great in the Church, and in the rule of life both economical and political, be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin hath beaconed up to us, that we are stark blind.

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince; yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dis severed pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneous and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a Church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral, and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theological arts.

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this Nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy.

Behold now this vast City: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty,

encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a Nation of Prophets, of Sages, and of Worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already.

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-reputed care of their Religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage: If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted, to make a Church or Kingdom happy.

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as it, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay rather the perfection consists in this, that, out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilarities that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.

Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see

that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour: When they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will be ware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps though over-timorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those

also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What would ye do then? should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city? should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government. It is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves.

Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that, unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

What would be best advised, then, if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to suppress opinions for the newness or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance, will not be my task to say. I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honourable number, a right noble and pious lord, who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and Commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him, I am sure; yet I for honour's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him, the Lord Brook. He writing of Episcopacy and by the way treating of sects and schisms, left ye his vote, or rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honoured regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that next to His last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to His disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that

desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances, as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world, and dedicated to the Parliament by him who, both for his life and for his death, deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not insignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge; hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage; drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged; scattered and defeated all objections in his way; calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument: for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth.

For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross? What great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief strong-

hold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another?

I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that, while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood and hay and stubble, forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a Church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms.

Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a Church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones: it is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the Angels' Ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind—as who looks they should be?—this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian that many be tolerated, rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery, and open superstition, which, as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpate, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and the misled: that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw itself: but those neighbouring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which, though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of Spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.

In the meantime if any one would write, and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving Reformation which we labour under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking licence to do so worthy a deed? and not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard, but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us; besides yet a greater danger which is in it?

For when God shakes a Kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, 'tis not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then

raises to His own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth. For such is the order of God's enlightening His Church, to dispense and deal out by degrees His beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it.

Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these His chosen shall be first heard to speak; for He sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places, and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith one while in the old Convocation house, and another while in the Chapel at Westminster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonised is not sufficient without plain conviction, and the charity of patient instruction to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian, who desires to walk in the Spirit, and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made; no, though Harry VII. himself there, with all his liege toms about him, should lend them voices from the dead, to swell their number.

And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meeting and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for our own? seeing no man who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of Truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those perhaps neither among the Priests nor among the Pharisees, and we in the haste of a precipitant zeal shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths, because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them, no less than woe to us, while, thinking thus to defend the Gospel, we are found the persecutors.

There have been not a few since the beginning of this Parliament, both of the Presbytery and others, who by their unlicensed books, to the contempt of an Imprimatur, first broke that triple ice clung about our hearts, and taught the people to see day: I hope that none of those were the persuaders to renew upon us this bondage which they themselves have wrought so much good by contemning. But if neither the check that Moses gave to young Joshua, nor the countermmand which our Saviour gave to young John, who was so ready to prohibit those whom he thought unlicensed, be not enough to admonish our Elders how unacceptable to God their testy mood of prohibiting is, if neither their own remembrance what evil hath abounded in the Church by this let of licensing, and what good

they themselves have begun by transgressing it, be not enough, but that they will persuade and execute the most Dominican part of the Inquisition over us, and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing, it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves: whom the change of their condition hath puffed up, more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise.

And as for regulating the Press, let no man think to have the honour of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that Order published next before this, "that no book be Printed, unless the Printer's and the Author's name, or at least the Printer's, be registered." Those which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libellous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man's prevention can use. For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught, will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that Court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of Religion or good manners there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behaviour. And how it got the upper hand of your precedent Order so well constituted before, if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to enquire most, it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolisers in the trade of bookselling; who under pretence of the poor in their Company not to be defrauded, and the just retaining of each man his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid, brought divers glosing colours to the House, which were indeed but colours, and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbours; men who do not therefore labour in an honest profession to which learning is indebted, that they should be made other men's vassals. Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this Order, that, having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier scape abroad, as the event shows.

But of these sophisms and elenchs of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what Magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if Liberty of Printing be reduced into the power of a few? But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue (honoured Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

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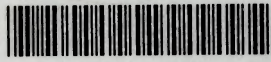
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